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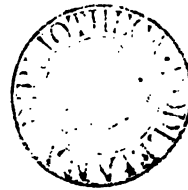
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THE
FAMILY TREASURY.

Edited by

THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT,

AUTHOR OF "LAWS FROM HEAVEN FOR LIFE ON EARTH," "LIFE OF DR. JAMES HAMILTON," ETC.



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THE

FAMILY TREASURY.

To Our Readers.



WE congratulate our readers and ourselves on the completion of another year's intercourse, and the commencement of a new season. Considering the tendency of the times to all manner of extravagance and fastness, it is something that a journal whose chief attraction lies in its "truth and soberness," should have gone steadily forward, and held its own.

We propose to maintain the same course for the coming year. It will be our aim to discriminate between what is good and what is evil in the spirit of the age. We shall not fly in the face of everything belonging to the latter half of the century which conflicts with the habits that prevailed when the century was young. Society is moving; but society has a right to move, and it is no desire of ours to arrest its progress. Everywhere the anchors are up; to heave them out again, and so abruptly arrest the motion, is neither possible nor desirable. Onward we must go; and they are the truest patriots who, acknowledging accomplished facts, busy themselves in taking an observation, or spreading a sail, or handling the helm, if so be they may guide the generation in the path of safety and peace. It is better that the raft should be gliding forward with the swollen stream, even at some risk from shallows or projecting rocks, than that it should lie all summer in the creek among the continental forests, where it was fastened by last winter's ice. We are not of those who think all is lost, when the vessel leaves the river, and the mariners can no longer moor her to a tree at night; for if we are out at sea, and can no longer see the land, we have lights fixed in heaven whereby we may determine our course,—we have a chart, and a compass, and a helm. We are exposed now to heavier surges; but if we are enabled to keep the right path, we shall make more rapid progress, and bring home greater gain.

We are not disposed to complain that our lot has been cast in a somewhat troubled time. We like a leaping river better than a stagnant pool. It is far better to be worn somewhat by work, than corroded by the rust of idleness. If there are "abominations in the earth," a Christian does not exhaust his duty by "sighing and crying" over them. "Up, guards, and at them!" is a very good motto for our warfare; and in one short phrase of Scripture we shall find both our strategy and our armament,—"*Speaking the truth in love.*"

Our readers will find in THE FAMILY TREASURY this year the usual variety of subject and method. The journal aims to reflect Christian life in its manifold relations and aspects. Didactic instruction will alternate with the narrative of fact. The appetite of the age for fiction will be met by wholesome food. A work of imagination may deeply stir the reader's affections, and at the same time mould them into truth and purity. It will be our aim, in conjunction with many fellow-labourers in

the same field, to rescue this species of literature from the degrading office of ministering to vanity or vice, and employ it as one of the "instruments of righteousness."

This year our younger readers will not be neglected. The Editor is ambitious of enrolling himself as an almost constant contributor to their department. Scarcely anything in his public life during the past year has proved more grateful to his heart, than the intimation, received from more than one family, that the journal is relished, and its arrival watched for, by the younger members of the circle.

There is much in the aspect of public affairs to encourage a Christian patriot. At home, the education of the people is making steady progress. In our relations with other countries, not only has peace been in point of fact maintained, but a new method of settling international disputes has been successfully inaugurated, which bids fair to become a precedent for other countries, and an immeasurable blessing to posterity. The successive efforts of the Papacy to regain its influence in Europe have resulted in failure; and at this day a liberty of conscience and of worship is enjoyed throughout the Continent such as we could not have dreamed of a quarter of a century ago.

It is true that the moral and religious condition of large classes in our own and other countries is fitted to afford much anxiety to all thoughtful disciples of Christ. People who are bent on the enjoyment of indolent ease have but a poor prospect. They are in the wrong place. This is not a good world for resting in; but it is a good world for working in; and if we are "fellow-workers with God," our labour will not be lost.

W. A.

"ANNO DOMINI."

A New Year's Hymn.*



"ANNO DOMINI!" Fairest words
That hail the new-born year:
Earth with her fulness is the Lord's;
Rejoice in Him, and fear.

"Anno Domini!" Hark! the chimes
Send forth the joyous tale,—
That in His hand are all our times;
His years shall never fail.

"Anno Domini!" Let His praise
Redeem the mortal span,
Though few and evil be the days
Allotted unto man.

"Anno Domini!" Earth was old;
Her eyes were very dim
With watching, while the ages rolled
Not reckoned unto Him.

"Anno Domini!" Prophets, kings
Had looked and waited long,
Ere One with healing on His wings
Awoke the angels' song.

"Anno Domini!" O the boon,
That we, when stricken sore,
Can taste a gladness all unknown
To joy itself of yore!

"Anno Domini!" Strong to save,
He gave the world new birth:
Roll, years of grace, spread wave on wave
God's knowledge through the earth!

"Anno Domini!" words we use
So oft as words of course;
Till on our hearts some day their news
Is flashed with kindling force:

"Anno Domini!" then we cry,
As 'twere a trumpet call;
We own the Day-spring from on high,
And on our knees we fall!

"Anno Domini!" Be it thus,
To bless both heart and ear;
Shine, Sun of Righteousness, on us,
And crown Thy glad New Year!

* The writer of these verses is indebted for the general idea contained in them to a story by Riehl.

Light out of Darkness.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER I.

MY DEAR OLD HOME.



YEAR!—one year!—only one year since the bright May morning that ushered in my eighteenth birth-day, in my old home in the little French village among the Vosges mountains. Only one year! Yet *then* life lay before me like an open book, with but the preface written, and its blank unturned pages bright with the sunny dreams of youth; *now* those leaves are filled, and the book itself seems closed, clasped, and laid on a shelf, with only one line untraced—one blank space left—just room for a name, a date, an age. When will that record be made? Ah, me! that I am only nineteen to day! O years! years! through how many must I tread life's pathway—that last year seemed so smooth, so bright, so rainbow-spanned—with bleeding feet, in darkness and alone?

In darkness and alone? Ah! faithless heart, not so! Not in darkness, for Christ is my Light; not alone, for he is with me always. He has promised it. He is the Truth, and he has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "I will not leave you 'orphans;' I will come to you." And I know he will. I know that having loved me, and made me his own, he will love me "unto the end,"—the end that now appears so far off, so long to wait for. I *know* he will comfort, guide, and strengthen me through the "little while" of time, and bring me safely at last to "the haven where I would be," to the "fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore" in the Father's house above. And he will not chide the sorrow, or check the tears that are poured forth on his breast. He too has wept.

What then? Shall I faint because the light of earthly joy and hope is quenched for me for ever—because the strong presence of human love

is gone from my side to return no more? What if father, country, home—all my earthly treasures have been swept utterly away by the hurricane of war? I have a Father in heaven, a better country, a home above,—“a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;” and my chief treasures are not lost, only garnered up into safer keeping than mine.

And if my life's story is ended, my life's work is not. Am I the only one to whom this terrible year has brought desolation and anguish? Alas! how many thousands of records besides mine have been traced in characters of blood and fire and tears, records beginning and ending alike in darkness! while to me, light, the true light, has come out of darkness.

Shall I not rather strive to comfort and help those my fellow-sufferers, going out "holding forth the Word of life," the true and only source of light and peace? Yes; I must seek now to fight *my* battles, to gain *my* victories, to conquer this gloom and depression and sickness at heart, these aching yearnings after the "might have been," by laying them all at His feet, who is touched, not only with our sorrows, but with our infirmities, and by going forth in his strength, leaning hard on him.

And He who wept at the grave of Lazarus is caring even now, I feel, for his poor sorrowing child, whose deep heart-wounds he alone can probe.

Sorely has that poor heart been tried to-day, roughly have those bleeding wounds been torn open, till nature's agony had well-nigh drowned the faint, sweet whispers of faith, and quenched the soft light of heavenly hope. Thank God! almost, not quite. The grace to help ever comes in the time of sorest need, and the voice that spoke to the terrified disciples on the midnight sea

sounding sweetly through storm and surge, seems now, even now, whispering in my ears the same tender words of cheer: "It is I; be not afraid." And I am not afraid.

That thought which came to me just now—of my life's finished story, so quickly told, lying shut up in a clasped book—has brought with it the wish to open once more those closed pages, and retrace thoughtfully and connectedly "the way the Lord hath led me." I will do so. I think it will help and comfort me; and perhaps, some time, some other stricken spirit, ready to sink like mine, and forget all but its pain, may read it, and be helped and comforted too.

How many such there must be to-day in Munich! For to-day the grand old city was all astir, to welcome its returning warriors, coming crowned, indeed, with the laurels of victory, but of victory how dearly bought the thinned ranks and worn frames of the conquerors too sadly showed. None *seemed* to think of that; sights and sounds and symbols of triumph were everywhere, but I am sure they were few who did not bear aching hearts amidst it all.

I was roused from sleep this morning by the loud roar of cannon! I started up in terror. Those to whom that sound has become familiar in its dread reality—who have heard those iron lips speak their ghastly language of blood and agony and death—can scarcely learn to associate it with rejoicing, still less with peace. I went to the window, and the sight of the roofs and domes and spires of the city, bathed in the golden glow of the morning sunshine, the multitude of flags floating proudly and gaily against the clear blue of the sky, the sounds of foreign words in strange voices from the workmen engaged in giving the finishing touches to the large arch that spans the street just under my window, and the distant tones of a band playing the now far-famed "Wacht am Rhein," soon brought to my mind where I was, and what was to be that day.

And then something—I know not what, for it came not as of old, laden with sweet scent of flowers, and glad sounds of bird and bee—something in the light touch of the breeze on my face opened the floodgates of memory, and brought back the past—oh, so vividly! It almost seemed as if spirit fingers were smoothing back my hair,

and lips of air pressing light kisses on my brow. I could not bear it, and turning from the window I closed the curtains, and hiding my face in my hands, wept bitter, burning tears, that brought no healing, and listened to the passionate cry in my heart, that One voice alone could silence.

But I did not seek that voice. I sat long in the darkened room, holding communion only with my grief; and when at last I went forth, I carried with me the deadly hidden pain, gnawing within, for I sought once more to bear my sorrow alone, and it crushed me to the very dust.

It is over at last—the hollow pomp of triumph—the streets are empty, windows and balconies are vacant, and those who lately occupied them are gone; some to rejoice in the presence of their loved ones, some to prepare for the festivities of the evening, but many—oh, how many!—to weep for the loved and lost, filling unmarked graves in a foreign and hostile land.

And I am of the last. There is joy, tempered indeed with chastened sorrow, in the household circle here; and in my jealous pain I could not brook it, so stole away here to muse upon the past. But, like healing balm, the dew of Christ's love has fallen afresh upon my heart, and there is no bitterness now mingled with the sad, sweet memories, that throng my mind's mirror. "When He giveth quietness, who can make afraid?"

My dear old home, how plainly it rises before me, with the old familiar places and sights and sounds! It stood on the outskirts of the little village of Drécy, about twelve miles north-east of the now well-known fortress of Belfort. The village was small and straggling, consisting of one long irregular street, with two shorter ones crossing it at the further end, forming an open space, or "Place," as the villagers ambitiously styled it; in the centre of which was a well, covered by a bell-shaped roof and crucifix, which supplied most of the cottagers with water, and was so excellent a gathering-place for the village gossips, male and female. The village itself stood on no direct road, though through it a rough winding one led across a spur of the mountain to the little town of Molineau; but at the extreme end, and exactly opposite our gates, a broad, open avenue of poplars led directly into the Belfort road, at

the distance of about half a mile. The people of Drécy were chiefly miners, employed in the neighbouring copper and lead mines. There were few houses beyond the dignity of cottages, some were mere huts; but each had its little garden, many its small field and vineyard. Sheltered from the north and east winds by the "Colline Rouge," as it was called, perhaps from the remains of an old red sandstone castle which stood there, it was as fair and bright a spot as one would wish to see. Ah! poor Drécy, how does it look in this day's sunshine? Not as last year, for the tempest of war has reached even that quiet nook. The little gray church, with its picturesque graveyard on the side of the hill, its rudely-carved wreaths and crosses and tokens of rustic affection, and the curé's small dwelling, with its honey-suckle-covered porch, finished off the street.

Then came our house, "*Le Petit Château*," as it was called, to distinguish it from the stately mansion of the De Maurences that frowned down on the village from the opposite hill. The large gates, with hinges so rusty from age, that I think it would almost have brought down the gray moss-covered pillars that supported them, had any one tried to open them, which no one ever had done since I could remember, faced, as I said, down the straight avenue that led into the Belfort road; and the small door beside them, which we used, opened into a paved court, surrounded with shrubs, and having a large fountain basin in the centre, with the moss-grown figure of a nymph holding a vase in her hand, from which water had once flowed; but the fountain, like everything else, was worn out and dilapidated. A flight of stone steps led into the entrance hall, guarded by two griffins of gray stone, similar to those which surmounted the pillars of the great gates—objects half of amusement, half of terror, to me in my childhood. The house was large, and built chiefly of wood in an oblong square, with a queer pointed turret at one end, and rows of high, narrow windows. The high pointed roof was of red tiles, with many dormer casements. Most of the rooms were unfurnished and left to the tenantry of rats,—far the most lively part of the inhabitants. On the southern side a large garden sloped down in terraces: more than half of it was waste, and the

trees, once clipped into shapes of bird or beast, had grown into uncouth monsters; and grass, fruit, and flowers alike ran wild. At the extreme end was a low wall, behind which the ground fell away rapidly into a narrow gorge, through which the little river Arle flowed over its rocky bed. At the bottom of this gorge was a bridge, where the rough, steep, bridle-path that skirted our garden led by a shorter route into the Belfort road. Oh, memory! memory! how often dost thou bring that bridge before me! Down each side of this path the woods swept close and thick—indeed, woods and hills were the sole features of our landscape.

A year ago these things were only endeared to me as the haunts of my childhood; the scene of many sweet, peaceful, and happy days. Now, every trivial point I have mentioned is linked—darkly or brightly—with some thrilling remembrance. The poplar avenue—the flight of stone steps—the arbour by the last garden wall—the path leading by the door in it up to the summit of the Colline Rouge—the bridge over the Arle, with the withered tree beyond—the curé's tiny dwelling—the little churchyard,—each has its part, its own story.

Such was the home in which last May found me dwelling, a quiet and dreamy, but happy girl; lonely, indeed, for I had no companions, no young friends. Our household consisted of my father and myself; Barbe and Pierre, two old faithful servants; Victoire, an orphan girl, whom Barbe had brought up; and Blaise Dufour, a hired boy of sixteen, who helped Pierre in the garden and with the rougher and harder parts of his work, for Pierre was already old and infirm.

Such was our household, almost patriarchal in its simplicity. My father was of ancient family, but poor: indeed, Barbe's excellent management and rigid economy alone enabled us to live in comfort; for beyond the château my father possessed little property, and was far too much engrossed with his beloved books to trouble himself about pecuniary matters, leaving all to Barbe. My poor, faithful Barbe! from the day when she led me, a weeping child of nine, from my dead mother's side, and told me she would be a mother to me instead of the one who had gone to heaven,—“whatever the priest might

say," she muttered,—she had been, next to my father, my best and kindest friend. Dear, faithful Barbe, so stern and almost forbidding in exterior and manners, so tender and true of heart! I believe she, too, has gone to Him who will not quench the "dimly-burning flax."

CHAPTER II.

MY PARENTS.

FOR three years after my mother's death, hers was the only care I knew. My father shut himself up with his books more closely than ever, and until at Barbe's earnest representation he roused himself sufficiently to place me in a convent at Vesoul, I ran wild. There I remained another three years, learning all the kind simple sisters could teach me, and returning at intervals only to find my dear father more absorbed, if possible, than ever in his studies. Though always kind and indulgent, his grave pre-occupied manner chilled me. I never thought of taking to him my little pleasures and difficulties for sympathy or solution; and by degrees, in the years that followed my mother's death, our intercourse became limited to our silent meals, at which he was frequently too much engrossed with a book or with his thoughts to notice me, and to the morning and evening salutation and blessing. Still I loved and revered him then, and hungered after tokens of his affection. How often have I lingered at his study door, which I never presumed to enter unbidden, or timidly followed him as he paced up and down the terraced garden paths, in hopes of getting one of those rare smiles of tenderness which sent my heart leaping for joy, or receiving some mark, however slight, of the love which I knew, in spite of his apparent coldness and indifference, lay deep in his heart for his little motherless girl.

But from the moment we met in the little convent parlour at Vesoul, when he unexpectedly arrived to take me home three months before the appointed time, all this has changed, and each day, each week, each month, but strengthened the bond that united us. I had not seen him for many months, nearly a year, and during that time I think we had both altered greatly. He had

been ill, and looked sad, worn and broken; and I had sprung up suddenly, they told me, from a child to a woman. The grave, still life of the convent, in which I was then the only boarder, may have helped to make me older than my years. Be that as it may, my father started when I entered the room, and after the first embrace, he held me from him and gazed long and earnestly in my face, his own working and quivering strangely with emotion. Then he said, in a low voice, shaken with some deep feeling, "Léonie, my child, your poor old father cannot do without you longer; he will not need you long. Are you willing to come home with him at once—to-day?"

Was I willing? Ah! I feel even now the joy that thrilled through me. My father needed me! I could be a comfort to him at last, could tend him, be with him as I so longed to! I could only reply by a passionately tearful embrace, in which the ice melted, never to close up between us again.

When I reached home, Barbe's first exclamation, as she viewed me with the proud gaze of satisfied affection, gave me the clue to my father's agitation. She said, "But certainly it is her mother over again!"

Yes; and the heart that seemed to have been laid in that mother's early grave, woke up to fresh life and love under the spell of the strong likeness they said had grown up between me and the girl many recollected as M. St. Hilaire's young bride, whom I remembered only as the pale, sad, drooping invalid. And so I settled down once more in the quiet home of my childhood.

Very calmly and quietly the time glided away, till that May morning came which was to be so eventful to me, so fraught with powers to influence me for time and for eternity. Very happily the time passed in the summer which followed my return from the convent; my father gradually regained much of his old strength, though he was then more than sixty years of age, and his figure was bowed, and his face pale and furrowed with long years of study and care, disappointment and sorrow.

I spent much time with him from the first. The mornings he always passed in his study, surrounded with books and papers; but it never disturbed him when I sat with my work in the

deep window-seat, or read some wild legend, some old story of romace, of knight or paladin, or pored over some ancient chronicle, or revelled in the sweet thoughts and bright fancies of my favourite poets, sitting in my low chair beside him, or on the little stool at his feet. Sometimes I could beguile him into laying aside his books for a time, and coming into the garden with me to admire the herbs and flowers, in which I took an especial pride, and cultivated entirely myself, with a little aid from Blaise or Pierre in the more laborious work. Sometimes I could persuade him to climb the hills with me, once or twice even as far as the old red castle on the Colline Rouge; and, as I grew in his confidence, he would tell of his deep thoughts; of the visions he cherished of benefiting, not his country only, but his age—not France only, but mankind; means by which the burdens of life were to be equalized, abuses corrected, and Earth made a Paradise. He would tell me, too, of his disappointments: how from time to time he had, as he thought, launched a great work into the world, and waited with triumphant hope for the stirring of the dry bones; and then met sneers, and ridicule, and anger, and found it by-and-by lying unsold on the shelves of the booksellers. And then he would tell me of the great work of his life, upon which he had been engaged for years, which he feared would be yet uncompleted at his death. He would even read to me portions he had written; and at last, when his eyesight began to fail, employ my willing fingers to add page after page to the great piles of manuscript heaped up at one side of his table, or to search out and read to him passages from the various authors whose works he consulted. I did not know then, I do not know now, how it was that he, who seemed to me so wise, whose mind was certainly a storehouse of knowledge, whose thoughts flowed in a strong current of eloquence and power, and appeared to me, at least, great and grand, should remain as he had done, unnoticed and unknown.

But one thing I do know, though I do not think it was that which made his writings unacceptable to men,—all his ideas, and dreams, and hopes were based on sand, because they rested on the foundation of man's wisdom, not of God's truth.

My father was a Deist. How I discovered this I do not know. He never spoke to me of his religious views, never suffered me to read or write anything for him which interfered with those in which I had been brought up. Yet the knowledge came to me. I did not fully realize it, but I saw that while he recognised God in creation he did not acknowledge him otherwise. I had no thought of God myself; my ideas of religion went no further than the *fêtes* and ceremonials of the Church in which I had been trained. I had no thought beyond this present life,—no sense of need or sin. But, as a child, my father's absence from mass and confessional had perplexed me, and I had often asked Barbe why it was. To this, and all other questions relating to my father's habits, or my dead mother's thoughts upon them, she only replied by a shake of the head and a heavy sigh;—and when Barbe chose to speak, no one could make her silent; when she chose to be silent, no one could make her speak.

But I am dwelling too long on this part of my story. Happy in my father's love, and in the simple pleasures of my home, these things did not trouble me. Barbe would never allow me to take any part in house-keeping cares. She ruled supreme; and, indeed, her strict economy and excellent management were only too necessary to eke out our narrow means. I had no companions; there were no girls in the village above the peasant rank, and poor as we were my father never forgot his family was one of the oldest in France, and would not have suffered me to associate with those whom he considered beneath me in birth and station. I did not feel the want. I had books in plenty; I had my garden and my needle, both occupations in which I delighted. Sometimes, indeed, I visited the cottages of the peasants and played with their children; often I took long rambles in the woods and up the steep mountain-paths, weaving at once bright garlands of earth's flowers and earth's hopes—dreaming brilliant dreams of a future in which my father should at length stand on the height towards which he had long toiled; while I—. But who cannot tell what a young girl's dreams would be, breathing as I did the atmosphere of chivalry and romance in my favourite books! Dreams indeed!—airy nothings!—bright and beautiful as a sunset

cloud, radiant with the rosy hues of hope, and fading as soon! A day came when I was to wake suddenly.

It was my birthday, my last birthday—only twelve months to-day—that the awakening came. How it all comes back to me, from my opening my eyes to the consciousness of the flood of sunshine pouring into my room and lighting up the dark red roofs of the village on the hill-side, even as it was illuminating the city spires this morning! From my window I looked on the village, nestling close among the woods; the latter stretching far to right and left, with the gray towers of the stately Château de Maurence rising above their vivid and varied tints of green, the mountain towering high above; and nearer, nearest of all, the little gray church, and the white marble cross on my mother's grave. The latter was always visible, but as I leaned through my window, and felt the soft breeze on my face, wafting up the dewy fragrance of the flowers and opening buds, bearing in the joyous carolling of birds, and the busy humming of insects, my eyes were fixed upon it, and my thoughts turned with unwonted intensity of remembrance to her who had so long been gone from our midst, so long lain unconscious of the beauty and gladness and life that had awoken round her resting-place as spring after spring came round.

And as my heart answered rapturously to all the sweet influences of life and loveliness around me, I felt a strange pity for her, gone from them all—shut out from them all. And then I thought, Where was she? Was heaven as fair as the smiling scene around? Could it be fairer? But was she in heaven? Was there not a terrible ordeal to be passed through before that heaven could be reached,—purgatory? Yes; but that terrible place was to cleanse from the taint of sin, to burn away all the dross of impurity and defilement contracted here below. And my gentle mother,—oh! surely there was no stain on her pure spirit; no fiery pangs were necessary to prepare her to join the other happy ones in the Blessed Virgin's presence. No; the blessed Mother of God had, we were told, a mother's tender heart, a woman's sympathy and love; and would not she welcome one so good and pure as my mother, and shield her in the awful and

majestic presence of her holy Son? But all was so misty, so vague to me. Then I remembered (somehow I had forgotten, or rather not thought of it for long,) that for the last few months, or it may have been years, of her life, she did not go as before to mass or confessional so regularly as Father Lefèvre wished; and I know he was angry with her about it. But then she was very weak and ill. And then flashed upon me the words that had so roused my childish wonder,—“In heaven, whatever the priest might say!”

Yes; I was sure of it. But heaven seemed very distant; a strange, far-off place, fenced off from my sight by a dazzling barrier of awful glory, and my heart yearned after the lost presence which had once been so precious to me. Should I ever rejoice in it again? How should I ever win those shining heights? God was so severe and terrible a judge—so very hard to please, and I had never even tried to please him,—how should I begin?

I strove to turn from these painful thoughts by recalling the days when my mother was on earth, and of earth, when no impassable gulf divided us. Vividly rose before me the pale, sweet face, so lovely in its faded beauty; the large, dark, wistful eyes, whose sad, far-away look, would change for one of such deep tenderness when they met mine; and the low, soft voice, so seldom heard, yet whose tones were to me the sweetest of earthly music. I could almost feel again the touch of the thin fingers stroking my head; the light weight of the wasted hand on my shoulder, as I guided her feeble steps, proud to think I was of use. And then the strange change in her look before the last parting. I recalled how I used to wonder what made mamma always so sad. I thought it was because she was ill, and going to leave papa and me, who loved her so dearly. “Very soon,” as she often told me; but still she lingered so long, that when the end at last came, it appeared to be a sudden shock.

CHAPTER III.

MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

OFTEN and often had I thought of all this before; but this morning all came before me with

startling clearness, and took a new meaning. I went over those last days again, from the one, when coming in from the garden loaded with mamma's favourite flowers to arrange in her room,—she did not leave the house, the autumn winds were too cold, she said,—and I never dreamed of her being weaker or worse. Coming in, as I said, out of the sunny garden, I saw Father Lefèvre on the threshold. He was a cold, grave, austere man, with a worn, sallow face, and dark, glittering eyes, deeply sunk in their sockets, and I always shrank from him in dread. I knew my mother feared him too. I had seen her clasp her hands as in terror when she saw him approaching, and her pale face was always paler, and a look of greater sadness, sometimes almost of despair, rested upon her set features and in the quiet agony of her dark eyes.

I was never present at those interviews. I would have stayed if permitted, for my thought was that he came to scold mamma for not going to mass. But he always dismissed me at once; and when I pleaded with her for permission to remain, she gently but decidedly refused.

That day I had not known of his coming, and mamma had sent me out into the fresh air while she rested. I remember how strangely pale and tired, even for her, she had looked; and my first feeling at the sight of Father Lefèvre was one of anger and annoyance against him for disturbing her. Not wishing to meet him, I loitered among the shrubs. But when I looked again, I saw him eagerly beckoning to me. Then I went quickly forward, and saw that his countenance was greatly agitated and paler even than its wont.

"Your mamma is very ill, Léonie," he said in a hurried and troubled tone; "you must not go into her room or disturb her. I am going for Dr. Duprât." And then he passed on quickly, before I could recover from the shock. Disregarding his injunction, I rushed into the boudoir, where I had left my mother. Oh, how what I saw then is photographed on my mind! Mamma lay back on a fauteuil, pale as death, and the front of her white dress was covered with a crimson stain. I rushed frantically up to her, shrieking out that Father Lefèvre had killed her, and imploring her to speak to her little Léonie once more. It was with difficulty Barbe pacified

me by assuring me, as well as her trembling lips would let her, that she was not dead; that Father Lefèvre had gone for the doctor; that he had not hurt her; it was her illness—she would be better. Then the doctor came, heated and panting with the haste he had made. His first care was to send me from the room with Susette, who was scarcely less terrified than myself; but I resisted going further than the closed door, where I sat among the bright blossoms I had thrown down, in a stupor of grief.

Presently Barbe came and told me my mother was better. She had opened her eyes, but she must not speak or be spoken to—must be kept very, very quiet. They had carried her to her bed, and I must be very good and still; and in a few days she would be better and able to see me. Soon the doctor too came and told me the same; but his cheery tones were more reassuring than poor Barbe's anxious face and tremulous voice, and I was something comforted.

But night came, and the next day, and the next, and brought no change. Dreary days, whose long hours dragged tediously through. My father was away. He had been written to, but could not arrive for some time; communications were somewhat uncertain, and travelling slow. Those weary days, when we crept about with noiseless steps and hushed voices, seem more like a dream than a reality. My mother had often been ill before, but I had always had access to her room at times, and this complete exclusion bewildered and distressed me. How I longed for my father's return! I used to sit in a window that commanded the poplar avenue, hour after hour, longing with that feverish intensity which makes the heart sick, for the sight of the post-chaise that should bring him home.

At last he came. It was the evening of the third day. The house was stiller than ever. Dr. Duprât had been again and again, and even his round rosy face looked pale and anxious. Barbe never left my mother's room. Susette was weeping and telling her beads. Father Lefèvre too was there; not in my mother's room, but pacing the hall with gloomy brow and folded arms. Many times he had come through those days; but the doctor and Barbe prevented his entering

the sick-room. For me, I could not dissociate his presence from my mother's illness, and I shrank out of his way: needlessly, for he was evidently too much engrossed with his own thoughts to notice me. Vexed, angry thoughts they were, I felt sure.

When at last I caught sight of the post-chaise coming rapidly up—the driver urging his wearied horses to their utmost speed—my heart gave a great bound of delight, as if my father's presence must bring relief from the terrible dread of I scarce knew what, that so pressed upon it. I hastened to the court-yard and stood just within the gate, to be ready, the instant it opened, to spring into his arms. For it was not till my dear mother's death had fallen like a blight upon the house, that the strange coldness and estrangement had sprung up between my father's heart and mine.

But at the first glimpse of his face I shrank back. Never shall I forget the ashy hue of his countenance—the look of agony imprinted on his set features and rigid lips! I suppose he knew he was in time. He did not seem to see me or Father Lefèvre, but passed straight to the room I was forbidden to enter. A great tearless sob of anguish shook my childish frame, as I felt the chance I had looked for so long, of entering that chamber with him, was past. But I would not let another slip. I seated myself on the floor by the door—listening—listening. But there seemed a stillness as of the grave.

Presently there were faint, confused sounds within; and raising my head from my hands, I saw Father Lefèvre standing there too, with a look of stern determination upon his dark, worn face. Suddenly—so suddenly and silently, I scarce saw the movement till it was completed—he opened the door and closed it upon himself. Then I heard low, hoarse whispers; Barbe's voice broken with sobs; Father Lefèvre's deep, hollow tones; and my father's, in short, sharp accents. Then, again, silence. I could bear it no longer. Noiselessly I opened the door and slipped in.

Then I saw—I see now—I shall see to the end—my sweet mother lying propped high with pillows,—her face white as the linen on which it rested,—the rich masses of dark glossy hair fall-

ing in tangled confusion round it. Her eyes were closed, and she looked so still, so marble-like, I at first thought she was dead. Beside her, holding one wasted hand in his, and gazing upon her with the same look of concentrated anguish that had so awed me when I first saw him, stood my father. At the foot of the bed, with hidden face and frame convulsed with sobs, knelt poor Barbe. Opposite my father stood Father Lefèvre.

No one noticed my entrance, till, with a cry of irrepressible grief, I threw myself upon the bed, crying, "Mamma, mamma, speak to me! it is your little Léonie! Oh, speak to me just one word, mamma!"

Barbe told me afterwards they thought she would never have spoken more, and, with mistaken kindness, would have prevented me entering, had I not done so unawares. But at my passionate cry, the white blue-veined lids quivered; a look of pain marred the strange beautiful calm of the gentle face, and slowly the dark soft eyes opened once more.

"My darling," she whispered, "my little white dove,"—her pet name for me, because I was so pale and small in those days: then her eyes closed wearily again.

She lay still, and we watched her in solemn silence. Child as I was, the strange calm of her face awed me, and I dared not speak again. It seemed to me as if a light rested upon it; as if my mother were changed, and yet the same. Before, even when she smiled upon me, there were sadness and unrest in her countenance. Now there was stamped upon it, not joy, not repose merely, but peace—peace unspeakable.

Then, in the stillness, there was a movement. Father Lefèvre again tried to speak, but was at once silenced by an imperious gesture from my father. Once more those dear eyes opened. They turned from one to the other with an appealing glance; and then—I cannot describe how it was, but a flash of life seemed to come back to the exhausted frame—only for a brief moment. She half raised herself on her pillows, and, turning upon all of us a bright, clear look of gladness and peace, she said, in a low but distinct voice, addressing my father,—

"Gustave, it is all over,—the darkness, the sorrow, the fear! I have sinned, but I am for-

given. And, Gustave, *it is true*. All is peace—peace—peace. Light has come out of darkness; and I found it here, in this.” She drew a small book from under her pillow, tried to raise it, but failed, and sank back exhausted. “Gustave—Léonie, my Léonie,” she whispered,—“for you—for you.”

She lay still a few moments; and then, opening her eyes with a look of wonderful gladness and brightness, she repeated slowly, gaspingly, “Yes, light—light—out—of—darkness!” Her last words.

Barbe rose and led me unresisting from the room. No one told me; but I knew she was dead. I saw her once more, and laid her favourite flowers over her. The reflection of that strange brightness and peace seemed to rest still upon the slumbering face. The next day they laid her to rest under the great chestnut tree by the church-yard wall. My father shut himself up in his study, and I was left with my grief, alone—oh, how alone!

But childhood’s grief, though sharper and deeper than most suppose, does not last long. Ere many weeks had passed, I had grown accustomed to my loss, and played and ran about as gaily as before. Still, I did not forget; and one of my best loved tasks was to deck her grave with flowers.

Often and often that strange scene on her death-bed had recurred to me, and I had longed to know what it all meant. What was the light that had come, that made her brighter and happier in death than I ever remembered her in life? I asked Barbe. But she either could not or would not give me any answer. Once I had asked, after a fruitless search, for the book she had held in her dying hand. But Barbe crossed herself with an invocation to the Virgin, and said Father Lefèvre had taken it. And then I remembered, what I scarce noticed at the time—that the day she died the priest had lingered long in my mother’s boudoir. And when, in my aimless wanderings through the darkened house, I went listlessly in, I saw him with a little pile of books and papers before him, which he was evidently preparing to take away.

I almost think, had he remained in Drécy, I should have ventured to ask him for it, as I

thought my mother’s broken words had pointed to that book as specially for my father and me. But he had left immediately after, and I had never seen him since. By degrees I grew to think less and less about it, and at length forgot, or at least ceased to recall it.

But that bright May morning, as I stood and looked at the joyous sunlight flooding the spot where she had lain in darkness more than nine years, all came back, as I said before, with an intensity of remembrance, and startling clearness of realization, unlike anything I had previously experienced. I had not meant to dwell so long upon these scenes, but the vivid recalling of them that morning is so linked with the revolution in heart and life which was to begin that day, and the reminiscences themselves are so infinitely sweet and soothing, now I have a key that explains all that was so puzzling to me then, that I have been drawn on into writing all this. I know now that a power, stronger than that of memory—an influence weightier than that of mere natural emotion and affection, was upon me that morning. Depths were stirred in my being that were never reached before. I believe that Spirit whose workings are like the viewless wind, coming whence we know not, going whither we know not, bringing we know not what on its rushing wings, was breathing the breath of life on my soul. Thoughts deep and solemn rose in my mind—Life—Death—Eternity. I looked at the fair scene around me:—life was there—life was mine! I looked at the many graves in the churchyard:—there was death. And beyond, eternity. Life was mine then; it had once been the portion of those who lay there—now, it was death and eternity! And death and eternity would one day be my lot too.

Never before had I in any measure realized the awful import of that solemn word which now seemed ringing through the inmost recesses of my being, like an alarm-bell: Eternity—eternity—eternity: the mysterious—the endless—the unknown!

I know now it was God’s voice that spoke within me in those thoughts. There was nothing in my training, in my associations, in what I knew of religion even, to arouse such.

Close to my mother’s grave was a flower-

covered mound and plain wooden cross. There lay bright laughing Désirée Blanc, the prettiest, merriest girl in the village last spring. Who would have thought of death for her? And her look the last time I saw her, a few days before her death, which had haunted me for days, but had then caused me no deep thought—only tears—recurred to me.

I said something about her being better when the warm spring weather came. She did not answer; but, oh, the look in those bright, mournful eyes, so infinitely sad and wistful! I tried again to cheer her, but she said, in her low, gasping voice:—

“No, Mademoiselle—I am dying. I know it—I feel it. And I do not know where I am going;—it is all so dark,—so dark;” and she shuddered.

“Cannot Father Fontaine help you?” I asked.

“No,” she said; “no, no, he does not help me. He says all will be well at last, if I have the last rites of the Church. But I want to *know*; and it is all dark,—oh, so dark!”

Her mother entered and I left, bearing with me the haunting gaze of those pleading eyes. I looked at her grave and thought of this. *She knew now*. And how soon might not I know? Oh, for the secret which brought such light to my mother’s last hours! Oh, for the book in which she said she found it! And suddenly I resolved to ask my father about it. Sometimes, now, that long unspoken name was mentioned between us. I would ask him that very day. He must know; and the hunger of my heart was too great to brook delay, even at the cost of displeasing or paining him;—I must ask. And with these solemn thoughts in my heart, I spent the bright hours of that birthday.

CHAPTER IV.

MY MOTHER’S LEGACY.

IT was a rare thing for the monotony of our quiet household to be broken in upon by visitors; yet that day, when I longed with feverish restlessness of impatience to be alone with my father, to make the plunge I longed but dreaded to make, two strange gentlemen from Besançon arrived before the hour at which I used to join

my father at *déjeuner*, and remained the whole day. They were literary men, and I knew my father would too thoroughly enjoy so unwonted a pleasure to allow them to depart, while there was a possibility of detaining them. For a time I worked in the garden, then took a book, and tried to read; but vainly. The new deep thoughts that had been so suddenly aroused that morning were still filling my mind. I could not rest, and at last I went out; first to my mother’s grave, where I lingered long; then far away through the wood-paths, and up the steep mountain side—the same teeming freshness and beauty of life around me—the same turmoil of unrest and uncertainty within. The golden rays of the setting sun were bathing the young fresh foliage of the woods, the dark walls of the ruined castle, the grim gray towers of the stately old *château*, the lowly homes of the village, with living light, when I returned—but the churchyard lay in shadow. And the shadows deepened round my heart.

Finding the visitors still in my father’s study, I went, led by the same strong impulse that had so strangely influenced me all day, into my mother’s boudoir. Since her death, it had been unused and rarely entered; everything remained exactly as she had left it, except the book-shelves, several of which were quite empty—others held only a few volumes. As I raised the *jalousies*, and the golden sunset light poured into the room, the faded hangings and dust-covered furniture were brought into strange contrast with its freshness and purity. And they brought, too, my mother’s last words,—“Light out of darkness.” Around me the mute tokens of the past, the silent recorders of my mother’s daily life—of what it had been, rather,—lay telling of decay and death. But from above, through the high narrow window, over the lower part of which a dense mass of tangled jessamine had fallen, came that beautiful light. Earth and Heaven contrasted. And as I looked up into the deep blue patch of sky visible through the clear upper panes, and watched a light fleecy cloud glide slowly past, tinted richly with the amber radiance that pervaded everything, from my soul’s depths went up a dumb prayer for light, a voiceless cry for help.

I think I felt that day as a child might feel when he discovers that the narrow but sunny

path along which he has been carelessly tripping, gathering sweet blossoms, chasing gay insects, listening to glad sounds, borders upon a yawning abyss, into which a loosened stone, a careless step, a giddy moment might plunge him, and finds he is alone. No one to clasp his outstretched hand; no one to hear his feeble cry for help! O how I longed for the light which my mother had found! the light in which now I *knew* she dwelt. I had thought that out through the long hours of that eventful day; had thought, or rather *felt* it out. God, I knew, was the source of all created light. Was he not too the fountain of all revealed light? Was not that light on her dying face from him? And had that light been given then, to be quenched so soon by death? No; I felt it was rather as the first ray gilding the mountain-peaks, telling of a fullness of day to come. My mother was with God, and I had resolved to seek God!

But how? I knew not. Strange, no thought of the forms and rites of my Church occurred to me then, as stepping-stones to that knowledge. All seemed so new, so wide, so far beyond human help. With a thought of the book I so longed to possess, I turned to the rifled shelves, and took up volume after volume. A missal, poems, lives of the saints, simple books of science and history, household guides,—nothing to help me. Father Lefèvre had taken good care of that.

Mechanically I turned over first one and then another, mechanically and aimlessly; but He who watches the sparrow's fall, and marks the young raven's cry, was looking in love and pity on me. He understood, for he had roused the blind yearning of my heart; and he sent me a message of love, disguised as one of wrath and terror, from an unexpected source.

From the leaves of a book I took up with listless fingers and unseeing eyes, fluttered a tiny sheet of paper. I stooped and picked it up. It was yellow with age; and in the tremulous, faded characters, I recognised the tracings of my mother's feeble hand. The words were new and strange to me. I knew nothing of their inspired source, yet my soul thrilled and quailed before their power. Written in uneven letters, telling all too plainly of weakness and suffering, the living words searched into my soul like fire. I have

that paper still—one of the few treasures saved from the wreck of my earthly all. It bore these words:—

"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."

"God is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look upon iniquity."

"The righteous God trieth the very hearts and reins."

"O Lord, thou hast searched me, and knowest me."

"Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising. Thou understandest my thought afar off."

"Thou compassest my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways."

"For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether."

"Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me."

"Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it."

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

"If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

"Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

"If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me."

"Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

"God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

"For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

And below, as if added after, in a still feebler hand:—

"There is—*ONE* Sacrifice for sins."

"*ONE* Name whereby we must be saved."

"*ONE* Mediator between God and men."

That was all; but it was enough. The "two-edged sword," quick and powerful, pierced my heart, burning into it "like fire;" breaking it

asunder "like a hammer that breaketh the strong rock in pieces."

When, or for what purpose, my mother had written these searching words, why she had placed them in that book, I shall never know on earth; but I believe that I shall "know hereafter," when the secret workings of God's gracious plans for bringing his people to himself, when still "blind," "by ways that they know not," shall be revealed. Then I think it will be shown that He who sees the end from the beginning, guided that feeble hand, and prompted that trembling heart, to trace the living words that should be the means of rousing the child she so fondly loved, for whom, I doubt not, she prayed so much, from the sleep of sin, of deadly error and ignorance.

Little did Father Lefèvre think, when he so carefully carried away every trace of my mother's "heresy," that a tiny paper, in one of those harmless, ordinary books, would frustrate all his schemes.

Holding the paper in my hand, I stood as spell-bound. But what a tempest was at work in my soul, doing in a few brief moments what years often fail to do! It brought me, a poor, naked, helpless, shivering sinner, into the awful, searching, actual presence of the living God! A God, the terrible beams of whose ineffable, unapproachable light, blazed full into the very inmost recesses of my heart, the hidden depths of my being; and yet a God of such immaculate purity, such awful holiness, that no spot or stain, no shadow of defilement, could possibly be tolerated by him! A God, too, from whose presence there could be no escape, from the cradle to the grave—no, nor beyond! By night and by day—sleeping and waking—thinking or speaking—behind, before, around, above, beneath—an awful, actual, living, abiding Presence! It was around me then. I felt it. It had been around me since I had drawn the first breath of life—unfelt, unacknowledged, unknown.

Yes; and unworshipped, unserved. For with one mighty sweep of an invisible hand, the veil that covered my sight was withdrawn, and I saw how hollow, how empty, how meaningless had been the vain forms and childish rites I had looked upon as worship. More; what mockery, what insult, they had been to Him who claims to be worshipped "in spirit and in truth."

And then, that solemn judgment-seat, with the terrible form of an angry Christ enthroned upon it, lightnings in his hand, and thick thunder-clouds around him—as I had once seen it depicted in a dark old picture—rose before me. The solemn question, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" awoke with fresh power that awful monotone "Eternity," that had been resounding through my heart's secret chambers all day.

But those last words, in some indefinable way, brought a gleam of hope. They told of a way that might be found. Others had found it, and might not I! They spoke of *one* Name in which there was salvation, *one* Sacrifice for sins, and of *one* Mediator between God and men. There was salvation, then—there was a sacrifice—there was some thing, some one, to come between my shrinking soul and its God. This kept me from despair. One day I might find the meaning of this. I have found it now. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

How long I stood there I cannot tell. I heard sounds that betokened the departure of the guests, as one hears voices in a dream; but I did not move. But at last I caught my father's voice calling my name, wonderingly, a little impatiently. Then I started, and found the red glow of evening had faded; and as I looked up, I met the bright, pure gleam of the first star. I had loved to watch it, but now it appeared to me like a calm, pure, clear eye, looking down from heaven into my very soul; and hastily folding the paper, and concealing it in my bosom, I went at once to my father.

I found him weary and chafed and sad. The strangers had brought tidings from the outer world, which rarely reached us in that quiet spot, and then only as dim echoes of long-past things—tidings of disquiet and unrest, mutterings of a coming storm. They spoke of a corrupt administration, a tottering throne, a neglected and ignorant and discontented people, an idle and disorganized soldiery. They told of rumours of war, of a leap into the dark to sink or save a falling dynasty: a war, too, that would be specially bitter to us personally—a war with the great German people, and we half Germans ourselves. My father was French, but the fresh years of his

youth had been spent in Germany. There he had dreamed his first day-dreams, and formed the one friendship of his life—none the less lasting because the hand of death had made it a memory ere its first fair bloom of promise had faded or ripened into fruit. My mother was German.

But I think it was less in its French or German aspect that my father grieved at the prospect of strife, than over the blight of his life-vision, the receding of that mirage of universal brotherhood and fraternity of nations that had lured him on so long. But it is not of these things I mean to speak. I am no politician, only a simple woman,—not even a patriot. How often I have thought of the poor French soldier, lying bleeding to death in the fatal streets of Sedan, who asked, hearing a wounded German stretched beside him lifting up his voice in prayer to CHRIST—

"Are you then a Christian?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Why then do we fight you?"

Oh, kings and princes and statesmen, who would not rather bear his own share of suffering, than your burden of responsibility! But this is idle talking: such things will be, must be, till the end come, and the Prince of Peace reign gloriously.

For a time we spoke of these things, my father and I; and I feared the opportunity I had so longed for would not come. But at last there

was silence, and my heart beat thick and fast with the intensity of conflicting feeling,—fear of grieving or displeasing my father, and longing desire to hear what my heart so hungered and thirsted after. I felt it must be at once, if at all: soon Barbe would enter with lights, and the right moment be lost.

In a voice thick with emotion, I stammered—"Papa, it is my birth-day to-day, you know; will you grant me a birth-day favour?"

"Surely, my child," he answered; "if I can." Then, feeling how the hand I had laid on his trembled, he exclaimed, in a tone of almost startled surprise, "Why, Léonie, my darling! what is this? Why do you tremble? Is the favour you mean to ask so great, or am I so terrible to you?"

The loving gentleness of his voice, and the fond clasp in which he took my trembling hand gave me courage, and I said—"No, no, dear papa—at least, the favour is great to me, and I am afraid of paining you by asking it."

He was silent, so I continued—"Papa, I want you to tell me about my mother."

I felt him start, and his hands clasped mine convulsively. But the ice was broken, and I told him all—all that I have written here—all about her, I mean, only touching lightly upon the workings within my own spirit, concluding with a burst of passionate tears, the result of the day's overstrain and conflict.

MEMORY.*

MITHRIDATES, king of Pontus, had an empire in which two-and-twenty languages were spoken; and it is asserted that there was not a province in which he could not administer justice, nor a subject with whom he could not converse in his own dialect, and without the aid of an interpreter. But the royal linguist was eclipsed by the late Cardinal Merrofanti, who died as recently as 1849. This wonderful man was the son of a carpenter at Bologna, and acquired his first knowledge of the classical languages by listening to the scraps of Latin and Greek which came through the open casement of a school-room window near which he was working. To the boys

inside the tasks were irksome enough, but the stolen waters were sweet to the poor lad who could not pay for such learning; and with his wonderful retention of words, and with a grammatical intuition which has never been thoroughly explained, he went on acquiring till, at the age of seventy, he could converse in upwards of fifty languages, besides possessing some knowledge of at least twenty more. Basque is the most difficult language of Europe; but Merrofanti was at home in both its dialects. Germans he could address either in high Saxon or in the *patois* respectively of Austria and the Black Forest. With Englishmen he never misapplied the sign of a tense—a feat of which few Scotchmen or Irishmen can boast. When Dr. Tholuck visited the Vatican he was amazed at the correctness with which Merrofanti kept up the dialogue, first in Arabic, then in Persian; and to mention nothing more, he was so thoroughly master of Chinese that he could preach in the College

* From a volume of *Miscellaneous Lectures* by the late Dr. James Hamilton, about to be published by Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. As might be expected, the lectures teem with treasured facts appropriately applied, and sparkle all over with the subdued humour which characterized the style of the gifted and lamented author.—*Ed.*

of the Propaganda to the students from the Celestial Empire.

Of Dr. John Leyden, the distinguished Orientalist, many mnemonic feats are recorded. Amongst others, it is mentioned that after he had gone to Bombay a case occurred where a great deal turned on the exact wording of an Act of Parliament, of which, however, a copy could not be found in the presidency. Leyden, who before leaving home had had occasion to read over the Act, undertook to supply it from memory; and so accurate was his transcript that when, nearly a year after, a printed copy was obtained from England, it was found to be identical with what Leyden had dictated.

Richard Porson had a remarkable memory. On one occasion when some friends were assembled in Dr. Burney's house at Hammersmith, in examining some old newspapers which detailed the execution of Charles I., they came on sundry particulars which they fancied had been overlooked by Rapin and Hume; but Porson instantly repeated a long passage from Rapin in which these circumstances were all recounted. Once, when in the shop of Priestley the bookseller, a gentleman came in and asked for a certain edition of Demosthenes. Priestley did not possess it, and as the gentleman seemed a good deal disappointed, Porson inquired whether he wished to consult any particular passage. The stranger mentioned a quotation of which he was in search, when Porson opened the Aldine edition of Demosthenes, and, after turning over a few leaves, put his finger on the passage. On another occasion, calling on a friend, he found him reading Thucydides. His acquaintance asked him the meaning of some word, when Porson immediately repeated the context. "But how do you know that it was this passage I was reading?" asked his friend. "Because," replied Porson, "the word occurs only twice in Thucydides; once on the right hand page—in the edition which you are using—and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and accordingly I knew to which passage you referred."

Within the range of our own experience most of our readers must have encountered examples of ready or retentive memory. The last time that the writer visited a college contemporary distinguished for his scholarship, he found him with a Greek Testament in his hand. On asking him if he had not got it all by heart, he replied that he scarcely thought he had, but he believed that if any phrase were given he could tell the chapter and verse where it occurred, and repeat the context. We tried him with passages till we were wearied, but it was impossible to puzzle James Halley; and we believe that the trial might have been extended to the Greek tragedians and Homer with scarcely inferior success. A gentleman who used to attend our church once offered to repeat verbatim any sermon, on the following day, without taking a single note; the only stipulation which he made was that he should be warned beforehand, so as to keep his attention fixed at the time. Frequently these powerful memories are filled with matters of ques-

tionable value. An appraiser, who lately lived at Hampstead, could enumerate all the shops from Temple Bar to the Pump in Aldgate; and from being able to tell all about every corner house in London, who lived in it, and what business was carried on in it, he went by the sobriquet "Memory Corner Thompson." Mr. Paxton Hood knew a man in London who could repeat the whole of Josephus; and William Lyon, an itinerant actor well known in Edinburgh a hundred years ago, used to gain wagers by committing to memory overnight the *Daily Advertiser*, and repeating it word for word next morning.

One of the most curious branches of geological science originated with that sagacious and accomplished man, Dr. Henry Duncan of Ruthwell. In 1828 he observed in certain sandstones the footprints of tortoises, and, following up the cue thus furnished to a suggestive mind, the Dumfries-shire discovery has expanded into a separate little science called *Ichnology*. It amounts to this: Myriads or millions of years ago the tide was out, and the beach was smooth, and soft, and flat, and there fell a shower of rain, and pitted the surface in a particular way; or it was hail, which made its own particular mark. Then came a little salt-water lizard, or a crab sidling along, or frog the size of a well-fed pig, leaping and waddling by turns, and on the micaceous mud each inscribed the whole history of that day's proceedings—a little autobiography or Pilgrim's Progress in the genuine reptilian or batrachian handwriting; and there it remained till the tide gently rose, and with fine sand or clay filled up the impressions. And now that the whole is converted into rock, there comes some exploring Miller or Mantell, and turns over the stony leaves, and reads the record as plain as if it had been printed yesterday.

Many psychologists maintain that if an impression is once made upon the mind, it remains for ever. And there are certain seasons of life or certain circumstances when—if we may use the metaphor—the receiving surface is peculiarly susceptible, and when the impressions made are deep, and sharp, and definite. So is it in childhood and youth. The objects then familiar, and the texts, the hymns, the languages then mastered, become a life-long heritage, and, like the footprints of the cheirotherium in the sandstone of Saxony, it may have been a pulpy tablet on which they were first projected, but in the interval it has petrified, and they are now engraven in the rock for ever. We might go further, and add that, on the whole, people remember the things in which they are really interested, or the things which it is very much for their interest to remember. In the one case, like the fine mixture of argillaceous sand left by the retiring tide, and ready to take in and retain the minutest traces—the mental tablet or mnemonic organ is in a state of spontaneous receptivity, and without any trouble on your part the interesting object will make its own mark, and will survive for days, for years, perchance through all existence. In the other case, you

have very probably to deal with a resisting recipient ; but if at last you prevail, you may find him none the less a faithful conservator. The Church of Rome has studded Europe and the Holy Land with fossil foot-prints—with the life-like impress, heel and toe, of saints and Scripture worthies. But although Protestantism alleges that the footmarks on St. Paul's Rock and elsewhere are more indebted to monkish tools than to miraculous sandals, there can be no doubt that now they are made they are sufficiently permanent. And as there are subjects for which our minds are not always soft and plastic, we must have recourse to the hammer and chisel. A school-boy has no difficulty in recollecting in the month of May every bank and bush where a nest is built or in progress ; and he can tell the exact number of eggs which were that morning reported in the census of ever so many separate establishments—wrens, titmice, finches, and linnets. These facts are interesting, and impress themselves. But "The verb agrees with the nominative before it in number and person"—"9 times 6 are 54, 9 times 7 are 63"—although facts important and indisputable, are not particularly captivating ; and yet the ingenuous youth has an interest in retaining them. Pains and penalties are involved in forgetting them. Accordingly, by dint of diligence, he does after a fashion get them inscribed on the reluctant stone—chipped and chiselled into that mysterious Runic pillar where, long after the statistics of birds' nests have crumbled away, rules of syntax and multiplication tables stand forth with triumphant distinctness.

The memory may be strong where the intellect is weak ; but without the former faculty there can be no intellectual growth. For, stripped of all mystery, what is memory ? Is it not the mind's power of retaining its

possessions ? If sensation, perception, attention, are the collecting faculties, memory is, what Sir William Hamilton has called it, the "conservative faculty"—the custodian of the collected treasures. In point of fact, we know that every mind from an early period possesses this power. In virtue of it the infant soon learns to distinguish its mother from all the world, and in virtue of it the inarticulate sages of our race—those little Pythagoreans who have not yet finished their twelve months' novitiate of silence—have laid the foundations of a most valuable experimental philosophy. They have made the discovery, and they retain the conviction, that fire burns—that there is a certain point beyond which, if puss's good-nature is taxed, it is pretty sure to give way—that, in cases of collision, action and reaction being equal, it is inexpedient to butt violently against bed-posts and the legs of chairs and tables. The first use of the conservative faculty is to treasure up experiences like these—just as one of the first uses of the reasoning or comparing faculty is to generalize them and draw deductions from them ; and with the help of these two faculties your little philosopher on all-fours has already taught himself more important lessons in the art of self-preservation than any which he will afterwards learn, even although he should attend Dr. Hassall's sanatory lectures, or study Sir John Sinclair on the art of longevity. If he had no memory, he would forget that the candle burned his finger yesterday, and so he would put it into the flame this evening ; if he had no judgment, he would see no necessary resemblance between the red poker and the ignited gas-cone ; but having both, he learns to "walk," or rather to *creep* "circumspectly," and grows cautious in his dealings with cats and candles, and such other dangerous friends or open enemies.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS AND THEIR RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

PART I.

AMONG the cultivated grounds not far from the city of Rome," writes the Christian poet Prudentius, "lies a deep crypt with dark recesses. A descending path, with winding steps, leads through the dim turnings ; and the daylight entering by the mouth of the cavern somewhat illumines the first part of the way. But the darkness grows deeper as we advance, till we meet with openings cut in the roof of the passages, admitting light from above. On all sides spreads the labyrinth, woven dense with paths

that cross each other, here and there opening into chapels and sepulchral halls." *

This description of the Catacombs in the fourth century is equally applicable to their appearance in the nineteenth. These wonderful excavations are situated, for the most part, near the great highways leading from Rome. According to the Cavaliere Di Rossi, the most eminent authority upon this subject, there are forty-two of these early Christian cemeteries. They so encompass

* "*Haud procul extremo culta ad pomaria vallo,*" &c.—*Περὶ στήφανον, Ὑμνος 10.*

the city, like a military circumvallation, that they have been called "the encampment of the Christian host besieging Pagan Rome, and driving inward its mines and trenches, with the assurance of final victory."

After descending a steep and narrow stairway, the traveller enters a long passage, varying from two to five feet in width, and from five to twelve feet high, arched, and occasionally protected with masonry, and plastered. The walls are completely honey-combed with graves, in tiers one above another, like shelves in a library or berths in a ship. They are of all sizes,—from an infant's to that of a full-grown man. They are generally closed with tiles of terra-cotta or slabs of marble, put edgewise in a groove or mortise cut in the rock, and fastened with cement—on which the marks of the trowel may be seen as fresh as if made yesterday. Many of the slabs are broken, revealing the bones or dust and ashes of the dead within. Others still retain the inscriptions—to be hereafter mentioned. Some of the tombs—called *arcosolia*—are excavated in an arched recess, and covered by a horizontal slab.

There are numerous passages, branching off at right angles, forming a complete network of corridors, often extending over many acres. Signor Michell Di Rossi, who has carefully surveyed and mapped several of the Catacombs, computes that the aggregate length of these galleries amounts to 876,000 mètres, or 587 geographical miles. The average number of graves is about five on each side, for every two yards and a half; which would give the enormous aggregate of 3,831,200. This seems an almost incredible number; but we know that for nearly four centuries almost the entire Christian population of Rome, which even at an early date was of great extent, was buried here.

There are also numerous chambers, or *cubacula*, varying from eight or ten feet square to as much as twenty feet square in certain isolated examples. These are often plastered, and adorned with paintings in fresco. They are sometimes ornamented with stucco columns and mouldings, and lined with marble or mosaic. They generally occur in pairs, on opposite sides of the gallery. Those of the smaller size were probably family tombs; and those of larger dimensions, places of meeting or

of worship. Sometimes four or five were grouped together, affording space for eighty or a hundred persons; and the whole were illuminated by a shaft or *luminaria*, opening to the sky. Here, during the storms of persecution, the primitive Church took refuge; meeting by stealth for the celebration of the rites of religion, and burying in these silent recesses the holy dead. Here reposed the proto-martyrs and confessors of the faith—the forlorn hope of the army of Christianity—their holy dust making a true *terra sancta* of these gloomy vaults. Here arose the funeral hymn, the chant of praise, the voice of exhortation or of prayer; no less acceptable to God than if from the stateliest of human temples.

Often beneath this deep there is a lower deep—or even as many as four or five sets of galleries on different levels, each being excavated as the one above became filled with graves. The worse than Cimmerian darkness of these gloomy labyrinths was illumined by terra-cotta lamps, placed in niches at the junction of the principal galleries, or suspended from the roof. Multitudes of these lamps have been found *in situ*, and are preserved in the various museums of Rome.

When the age of persecution passed away, the Catacombs continued to be invested with a deep and pathetic interest, as the cradle of the faith, the refuge of the Church during the storm of calamity, and the sepulchre of the saints and martyrs; and it became an object of ambition to share the resting-place of those who had been so holy in life and so glorious in death. In course of time these feelings degenerated into a superstitious reverence for the martyr-shrines; and numerous pilgrims came from afar to pay their devotions amid these sacred scenes. Commodious entrances were constructed, easy stairways hewn in the rock for the accommodation of visitors, and many of the principal tombs were adorned with marble and votive offerings.

With the barbarian invasion and the breaking up of the Empire, subterranean sepulture ceased; and the Catacombs were given up to pillage by Goth and Vandal, who destroyed many of the sacred monuments in their search for supposed hidden wealth. During the gathering gloom of the Middle Ages, when faction, civil war, and anarchy laid waste the land, and even the classic

mausoles above ground were converted into armed fortresses, these gloomy vaults became the rendezvous of insurgents and conspirators. Frequently armed bands of the retainers of hostile houses—the Montagues and Capulets of the day—met in these subterranean vaults, and the war-cry of Guelph and Ghibelline rang through the hollow corridors, and bloodshed and cruelty desecrated the spot sacred to religion and the ashes of the sainted dead.

In course of time all knowledge of the Catacombs became entirely lost; and it was not till the revival of learning in the sixteenth century had stimulated the minds of men to the study of the past, that this treasury of Christian Evidences was rediscovered, and again thrown open to the investigation of mankind. To Father Antonio Bosco, a Roman priest, is the honour due of unveiling to the sight of Europe the ancient monuments of the faith buried in their depths. Sustained by a lofty enthusiasm, he spent thirty-three years groping in these gloomy corridors, threading their tangled labyrinths—sometimes lost in their intricacies—deciphering the half-effaced inscriptions, and copying the remains of early Christian art. D'Agincourt was another original explorer in these mines of Christian antiquity. He came to Rome near the close of the last century, with the intention of spending six months in the study of the Catacombs. But the absorbing interest of the subject so grew upon him, that he remained for fifty years, collecting the materials for his magnificent posthumous work, "*Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens.*" The literature of the Catacombs is very voluminous,—chiefly in the Latin and Italian languages. Arringhi, Bottare, Boldetti, Marchi, and Di Rossi, have all written ponderous tomes on the subject; and in French, M. Raoul Rochetti, the Abbés Gawone and Gerbet, and M. Perret. The work of the latter consists of seven magnificent folios, published at the expense of the French Government, and costing about £100 sterling.

The origin of the Catacombs was long erroneously attributed to the pagan quarrymen or sand-diggers, who supplied the materials for the innumerable palaces, temples, baths, theatres, and private buildings of the adjacent city. Recent examination of the geological formation in which

the Catacombs are constructed refutes this theory. They are not excavated in the compact and rock-like *tufa lithoide*, from which the building-stone was hewn; nor in the more friable *tufa pozzolano*, out of which the sand was dug; but in the *tufa granolare*, an accretion of volcanic scoria of intermediate position and hardness. It is probable, however, that the early Christians made use of the pre-existing *armariæ* as masks to the entrance of the Catacombs; as we still see at those of S. Agnese, where the passage descending to the subterranean sepulchres dives abruptly down from the old pagan excavation above. They were doubtless also used as at least partial receptacles for the excavated débris, of which it is difficult to conceive how they disposed otherwise.

The present condition of the Catacombs is one of the utmost dilapidation and ruin. Many of the galleries and chambers are filled with earth, either by the falling in of the walls, or by infiltration through the roof or through the crumbling *luminaria*. This was frequently done, also, by the hunted Christians in time of persecution, in order to prevent the pursuit of their heathen foes. The *luminaria* are frequently choked with rubbish or overgrown with weeds, and have become sources of danger to the horseman traversing the Campagna. The once stately entrances have in many cases so fallen in through age as to resemble more a fox's burrow than a passage for human beings. The paintings of the *cubicula* are often spoiled by dampness, or begrimed by the smoke of the innumerable torches of visitors during successive ages. As the pilgrim to these chambers of silence and gloom walks through the vaulted corridors his footsteps echo strangely down the distant passages—the graves yawn weirdly as he passes, torch in hand—deep mysterious shadows crouch around—the air is hot and stifling, and seems laden with the dry dust of death. Most of the inscriptions have been removed, and are affixed to the walls of the different churches and museums of the city.

About eleven thousand of these inscriptions have been carefully examined and classified; and nowhere else can we find such direct and important testimony concerning the spirit and character of the primitive Christians as in these humble epitaphs of the early centuries. By their careful

study we may follow the development of Christian thought from age to age—we may trace the successive changes of doctrine and discipline—we may read the irrefragable evidence, written with a pen of iron on the rock for ever, of the purity of the primitive faith, and of the gradual corruption it has undergone. "What insight into the familiar feelings and thoughts of the primitive ages of the Church," remarks the learned and eloquent Dean Stanley, "can be compared with that afforded by the Roman Catacombs! Hardly noticed by Gibbon or Mosheim, they yet give us a likeness of those early times beyond that derived from any of the written authorities on which Gibbon and Mosheim repose.....He who is thoroughly steeped in the imagery of the Catacombs will be nearer to the thought of the early Church than he who has learned by heart the most elaborate treatise even of Tertullian or Origen." In this era of critical investigation of the very foundations of the faith, it will be well to examine the vast body of Christian evidences as to the doctrinal teachings of the primitive times which have been handed down from believers living in or near the apostolic age, and thus providentially preserved as a perpetual memorial of the faith and practice of the golden prime of Christianity.

While we should not expect to find in these inscriptions a complete system of theology, we would certainly look for some definite expression of the religious belief of those who wrote these memorials of the dead. We would expect some reference to the lives of the departed, to the virtues of their character, and to the hopes of the survivors as to their future condition in the spirit world. In this expectation we are not disappointed. We find in these inscriptions a body of evidence on the doctrine and discipline of the primitive Church, whose value it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. We are struck with the infinite contrast of their sentiment from that of the pagan sepulchral monuments; and also by the conspicuous absence, in the earlier and purer period of Christianity, of the doctrines by which the Church of Rome is characterized, and by which it proves its alienation from the true, apostolic, and holy catholic Church of Christendom. We shall also find references to some of the

numerous heresies which, like plague spots, began to infect the Church even in the early centuries, some of which found ecclesiastical patronage at Rome.

Protestantism, therefore, has nothing to fear from the closest investigation of these evidences of primitive Christianity. The science of epigraphy yields no warrant for the doctrines and practice of the modern Church of Rome. There is not a single inscription, or painting, or sculpture, before the middle of the fourth century, that lends the least countenance to her arrogant assumptions and erroneous dogmas. All previous to this date are remarkable for their evangelical character; and it is only after that period that the distinctive peculiarities of Romanism begin to appear. The wholesome breath of persecution and the "sweet uses of adversity" in the early ages tended to preserve the moral purity of the Church; but the enervating influence of imperial favour, and the influx of wealth and luxury, led to corruptions of practice and errors of doctrine. Her trappings of worldly pomp and power were a Nepus garment which poisoned her spiritual life. Hence the Catacombs, the rude cradle of the early faith, became also the grave of much of its simplicity and purity.

PART II.

In the investigation of early Christian epigraphy, the determination of dates is of the utmost importance, as it is only inscriptions of the earlier and acknowledged purer period of the Church which can bear authoritative testimony as to primitive doctrine. We will take the inscriptions as given by the Cavaliere Di Rossi, the most eminent living authority on this subject, in his great work, "*Inscriptionæ Christianæ*;" but while accepting his facts, and acknowledging his candour and honesty of research—which qualities we will seek to imitate—we cannot in all cases accept his conclusions. We will endeavour to examine the subject from a strictly philological and scientific point of view; and, anxious only to discover truth, will seek to avoid the *odium theologicum*, that compound of vinegar and gall which has lent such bitterness to religious controversy.

The first dated inscription possessing any doc-

trinal character occurs in the year A.D. 217.* It is taken from a large sarcophagus, and commemorates PROSENES RECEPVS AD DEVM. V. NON..... "Prosenes received to God, on the fifth day before the nones of....." We have here the earliest indication of doctrinal belief as to the condition of the departed; but it is no dark and gloomy apprehension of purgatorial fires, but the joyous confidence of immediate reception into the presence of God.

An inscription of date A.D. 234 is accompanied by the first examples of the fish and anchor, symbols which afterwards became so common, but with no other distinctively Christian feature. In the next year, A.D. 235, occurs the following epitaph, in which there is possibly an intimation of immortality in the expression *de sæculo recessit*—"retired from the world," or from the age.† The epithet "very sweet daughter" is peculiarly appropriate to the Christian character, although common on pagan tombs:—

AVRELLIA DVLCISSIMA FILIA QV.E
DE SÆCVLO RECESSIT
VIXIT ANN. XV. M. IIII.
SEVERO ET QUINTIN COSS.

Aurelia, our very sweet daughter, who retired from the world in the consulate of Severus and Quintinus. She lived fifteen years and four months.

In the year A.D. 238, on a sarcophagus which bears the first extant representation of the Good Shepherd, we find the following touching inscription. It conveys nothing doctrinal beyond the phrase "most devout," or "God-loving"—expressive of the youthful piety of the deceased. The mention of the duration of the illness is very rare in these epitaphs. The yearning affection of the father is beautifully expressed in the last clause:—

ΗΡΑΚΛΙΤΟΣ Ο ΘΕΟΦΙΛΕΚΤΑΤΟΣ ΕΖΗCEN
ΕΤ[η] Η ΠΑΡΑ Η[μερας] ΙΓ' ΕΝΟΗCEN ΗΜ[ε]Ρ[ας] ΙΒ'
ΞΑΝΘΙΑC ΠΑΤΕΡ ΤΕΚΝΟ ΓΑΥΚΥΤΕΡΟ ΦΩΤΟC ΚΑΙ ΖΩΗC.

The very devout Heraclitus lived eight years and thirteen days. He was ill twelve days...Xanthias his father to his son sweeter than light and life.

The next example merely gives the consular date, A.D. 249, and the assurance that the deceased sleeps—DORMIT—a distinctively Christian

* The earlier ones express merely the consular dates, and in one instance only the name and age of the deceased.

† The use of *recede* in the sense of "to die" is classical; but in the above form is unknown in pagan epigraphy.

synonym for death. In the year A.D. 268 occurs a fragment, on which one may with difficulty decipher the inscription, by the parents, "to their well-deserving son, who lived twelve years and eleven months." The chief interest attaches to the last line,—

VIBAS INTER SANCTIS [sic] IHA.

May you live among the holy ones!

The meaning of the last three letters is unknown. The natural ejaculation of the sorrowing friends, expressed in the preceding words, is certainly no indication of the later Romish practice of prayers for the dead, or the intercession of the saints, but is merely the yearning desire of the human heart for the happiness of the dear departed.

The next dated inscription, of the year 269 A.D., is of a very barbarous character—Latin words in Greek letters, not engraved but rudely painted on the slab. It is evidently, as is indicated by the wretched grammar and orthography, the production of extreme ignorance. It requires a strong dogmatic prepossession to detect in its incoherent language any meaning beyond the attestation of the sanctity of character of the deceased. After giving the date, it reads thus:—

ΑΕΥΚΕC·ΦΙΑΕΙΕ·CΕΒΗΡΕ·ΚΑΡΕCΕΜΕ·ΠΟCΟΥΕΤΕ·
ΕΑ·ΕΙCΗΕΙΡΕΙΤΟ·CΑΝΚΤΟ·ΤΟΥΟ·

READ: *Leuces filiae Severae carissimae posuit et spiritui sancto tuo.*

Leuce erected this (memorial) to her very dear daughter and to thy holy spirit.

Nothing further of dogmatic import occurs till the year A.D. 291, when we find the following example of barbarous Latinity. The grammar and spelling are atrocious; and, as will be noticed, the pointing by no means indicates the proper division of words:—

EX VERGINIO TVO BEN
E MECO VIXISTI LIB ENIC
ONIVGA INNOCENTISSI MACERVONIA SILVANA
REFRIGERA CVM SPIRITA SANCTA.

READ: *Ex virginio tuo bene tecum vixisti, libens in conjugia innocentissima, Macervonia Silvana. Refrigera cum spiritibus sanctis.*

Macervonia Silvana, thou didst live well with me from thy maidenhood, rejoicing in most innocent wedlock. Refresh thyself among the holy spirits.

No candid interpreter can discover in this rude epitaph anything beyond the expression of a

natural desire for the beatitude of the beloved one among the sanctified.

There is nothing further in this century of doctrinal import, nor is there anything that can in the least degree favour the assumptions of Roman controversialists till the latter part of the fourth century; but much that is directly opposed to Romish doctrine.

In the epitaph of a youth twenty-two years of age, of date A.D. 310, we find the beautiful euphemism for death, *ACCERSITUS AB ANGELIS*—"called away" (literally, sent for) "by angels." There is no doctrine of purgatory here. The Christian soul, like Lazarus, is borne of angels to Abraham's bosom, and not, like Dives, to tormenting flames, albeit called of purgatorial efficacy to cleanse the pollutions of the flesh. In an epitaph of date A.D. 329 occurs the still nobler expression,—

NATUS EST LAURENTIUS IN ETERNVM
ANN. XX. DORMIT IN PACE.

Laurentius was born eternally in the twentieth year of his age. He sleeps in peace.

The primitive Christians had no doubt of the immediate happiness of those who died in the faith. They were incapable of the blasphemous thought that the atoning blood of Christ was insufficient to wash away their guilt, and that, therefore, they were doomed to penal fires.

"Till the foul crimes done in their days of nature
Were burned and purged away."

All the expressions applied to the death of the righteous indicate the assurance of their spirits' peace and rest and happiness. Thus, in addition to the examples already given, we have, A.D. 338, *BENE QUIESCENTI IN PACE*, "resting well in peace;" A.D. 348, *REQUIEVIT*, "entered into rest;" A.D. 353, *PAUSABIT*, "will repose;" A.D. 355, *QUIESCIT*, "he rests"—not *REQUIESCAT*, "may he rest," as the Romanists write, but the joyous assurance of present repose in the peace of God; A.D. 359, *IVIT AD DEUM*, "he went to God;" A.D. 363, *SEMPER QUIESCIS SECURA*, "thou dost repose for ever free from care;" A.D. 369, *VOCITUS (sic) IIT IN PACE*, "when called (away) he went in peace."

Sometimes these pious sentiments are expressed more fully, as in the following example, in which the body is represented as

"A worn-out fetter that the soul
Had broken and thrown away."

PRESBYTER HIC SITVS EST CELERINVS NOMINE DICTVS
CORPOREOS RVMPENS NEXVS QVI GAVDET IN ASTRIS.

Here has been laid a presbyter, called by the name Celerinus, who, breaking the bonds of the body, rejoices in the stars—i.e., in heaven.

The Christian mourners sorrowed not as those without hope. Their loved ones were "not lost, but gone before." In the following, faith exultingly beheld the dear departed with the white-robed multitude before the throne :—

PRIMA VIVIS IN GLORIA DEI ET
IN PACE DOMINI. NOSTR. XP.

Prima, thou livest in the glory of God, and in the peace of our Lord Christ.

LYCIUS DORMIT ET VIVIT
IN PACE XO.

Lucius sleeps and lives in the peace of Christ.

In the following the deceased is represented as comforting the mourners by the thought of the felicity of the blessed :—

LEVITE CONIVX PETRONIA FORMA PVDORIS
HIS MEA DEPONENS SEDIBVS OSSA LOCO.
PARCITE VOS LACRIMIS DVLCES CVM CONIVGE NATE
VIVENTEMQVE DEO CREDITE FLERE NEFAS.

I, Petronia, the wife of a deacon, the type of modesty, lay down my bones in this resting-place. Refrain from tears, my sweet daughters and husband, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God.

The first inscription at all favourable to Romish doctrine is the following barbarous example, of date A.D. 380 :—

HIC QUIESCIT ANCILLA DEI OVEDE
SVA OMNIA PEPENDIT DOMVM ISTA
QVEM AMICE DEPLENS SOLACTVMQ. REQUIRVNT
PRO HVNC VNVM ORA SVBOLEM QVEM SVPERIS
TITEM REQVESTI ETERNA REQVIEM FELICITAS CAUSA MANEBIT.

Here rests a handmaid of God, who out of all her riches possesses but this one house; whom her friends bewail and seek for consolation. O pray for this thine only child whom thou hast left behind. Thou wilt remain in the eternal repose of happiness.

This yearning cry of an orphaned heart for the prayers of a departed mother is, however, but a slight support for the stupendous system of the invocation of the saints; and this example is near the close of the fourth century, when the primitive purity of the faith had already begun to be corrupted. But even in the fifth and sixth centuries the vast proportion of the inscriptions were of a highly evangelical character, and were entirely antagonistic to the most cherished doctrines of the Church of Rome.

The Christian view of death is always, in striking contrast to the sullen resignation or blank despair of paganism, full of cheerfulness and hope. Its rugged front is veiled under softest synonyms. The grave was considered merely the temporary resting-place of the body; while the freed spirit was regarded as already rejoicing in the presence of God, in a broader day and brighter light and fairer fields than those of earth. The following examples will illustrate the pious orthodoxy of those early Christian epitaphs. In the year A.D. 383 we find the following sentiment:—

ANIT ETHERIAM CVPIENS CÆLI CONSCENDERE LVCEM.

She departed, desiring to ascend to the ethereal light of heaven.

In A.D. 393 we read:—

LIMINIA MORTIS ADIET
EVTYCHIVS, SAPIENS, PIVS, BENIGNVS
IN CHRISTUM CREDENS PREMIA LVCI ABET (*sic*).

Eutychius, wise, pious, and kind, believing in Christ entered the portals of death, and has the rewards of the light (of heaven).

Of the same year is the following:—

DVLGIS ET INNOCES (*sic*) HIC DORMIT SEVERIANVS IN
SOMNO PACIS
CVIVS SPIRITVS IN LVCE DOMINI SVSCEPTVS EST.

Here sleeps in the sleep of peace the sweet and innocent Severianus, whose spirit is received into the light of God.

In an epitaph of date A.D. 399 occurs the sentiment—

NEC REOR HVNC LACRIMIS FAS SIT DEFLERE
CORPORIS EXVTVS VINCLIS QVI GAVDET IN ASTRIS
NEC MALA TERRENI SENSIT CONTAGIA SENSVS.

Nor do I think it right to lament with tears him who,

(To be concluded next month.)

freed from the fetters of the body, rejoices among the stars, nor feels the evil contagion of earthly sense.

Of somewhat similar import is the following:—

HIC REQUIESCIT.....QVÆ A DEO INTER EXORDIA VIVENDI
DE HAC LVCE SVBLATA EST VT IN MELIORE LVGINE VIVERE
MERERETUR.

Here rests.....who was snatched away by God in the very beginning of life from the light (of earth), that she might be worthy to live in the more glorious light (of heaven).

We find also such expressions as the following: A.D. 500, SEMPER FIDES MAISIBET (*mansebit*) APUD DEUM, "ever faithful he shall remain with God;" LOTICUS HIC AD DORMIENDUM, "Loticus laid here to sleep;" QUIESCIT IN DOMINO JESU, "he reposes in the Lord Jesus;" IVIT AD DEUM, "he went to God;" CORPUS HABET TELLUS ANIMAM CÆLESTIA REGNA, "the earth possesses the body, but celestial realms the soul;" MENS NESCIA MORTIS VIVIT ET ASPECTU FRUITUR BENE CONSCIA CHRISTI, "the soul lives unknowing of death, and consciously rejoices in the vision of Christ;" SALONICE ISPIRITUS TUIS IN BONIS, "Salonica, thy spirit is in bliss." A martyr's triumph over death is expressed in the lines: "Paulus was put to death in tortures in order that he might live in eternal peace." In the following we read the language of a mother's affection struggling with her tears:—

MACVS PVER INNOCENS
ESSE IAM INTER INNOCENTIS COEPISTI
QVAM STAVILIS EST TVI HÆC VITA EST...
COMPRESMATVR PECTORVM GEMITVS
STRVATVR FLETVS OCVLORVM.

Macus, innocent boy, thou hast already begun to be among the innocent. Unto thee how sure is thy present life.....Hushed be this bosom's groaning! Dried be these weeping eyes!

WHAT TO ADMIRE; AND HOW TO DO IT.

NOTHING serves to reveal a man's character more clearly than his admiration does. Whenever we discover what it is that a man admires, and what are his reasons for admiring it, we have got most of the information needed to complete a diagnosis of his moral and mental characteristics.

Every one of us admires; and in doing so we yield to a natural and powerful impulse. This impulse has, doubtless, been implanted in us for the wisest purpose;

but, like everything else which goes to make up the complex unity called man, this universal tendency to admire may be abused as well as wisely yielded to; and, according to our use or abuse of it, will it help to elevate or to degrade our characters.

Admiration must not be regarded as being merely the gratification of a taste. The most important moral principles are involved in every exercise of it. Whenever we admire a quality in another, our admiration goes to intensify, in its possessor, the quality admired.

Besides this, our admiration of any quality helps, in some degree, to form a sort of public feeling in its favour; and in this way each of us exercises his own influence in educating, happily or unhappily, the popular judgment. But however much, or little, our admiration may influence others, it never fails to affect our own characters most seriously. Our moral natures appropriate and assimilate the quality which we admire in others; and, though we may be unconscious of it, the admiration serves to make us like the person whom we admire. In this way, there are few means of moral education which are so potent as admiration; and the judicious Christian parent will take care to keep the minds of his youthful charge well supplied with proper objects.

We need never be in want of objects to admire. God is the One Great Object of our highest worship; and his works are to be sought out that we may delightedly admire them, and worship him through our devout admiration of them. And God's Word is quite as full of marvels as God's world is. If the geologist has not yet exhausted the wonders of the earth, nor the astronomer the wonders of the sky, as little has Christian research discovered all the priceless secrets of the Bible. And God is also to be traced and admired in his adorable providence. The life of each of us is full of its wonders; and, next to the blessed Bible, the book which may be most profitably conned by the thoughtful Christian is the record of the Lord's dealings with his individual self, as he will find it written on the tablets of his own memory. And, besides all these, there are the wonders of grace, the workings of the divine Spirit in the lives of Christian men. Every holy thought, every loving act, every consecrated life is the fruit of his gracious operation. To the anointed eye, the world everywhere and Christian life in all its phases are full of God; and if he be a God that seems to hide himself, it is to excite our search that we may discover and admire his works; and if our search be honest, however imperfect, it cannot fail to be rewarded.

There are a few who formally, and in so many words, refuse to admire anyone. They profess to think that such admiration is a sort of idolatry of the creature. But for all their grand professions, these apparent exceptions to the rule turn out, when looked at, to be no exceptions at all. They do quite as much in the way of admiration as their neighbours; only, in their case, admiration, like charity in the proverb, always begins at home; while, unlike genuine charity, it always ends at home as well. It is from mere pride and envy that they are so morbidly afraid of the sin of a moderate admiration. Humble love is never afflicted by any of these green-eyed fancies. Of course, it is quite possible that a man, admiring the human instrument, may, like the Jews in the days of our Lord, make an idol of it, while He to whom all the glory is due may be overlooked. This is bad; but is it any better when self-conceit, craving for an idol, cannot travel so far from home to find

one, as to go even to John the Baptist? However, these scrupulous tithers of the mint and anise generally relax their favourite rule, when it threatens to hinder any one from offering to themselves a few grains of the idolatrous incense.

Pride cannot stoop to admire others; it prefers to criticise. How can it admire, when to do so implies generally some inferiority in the admirer? In its right place, the admiration of a good thing is the dutiful homage which a good man pays to a goodness confessedly superior to his own. But how can pride prefer this lowly place? Not a few, though they lack the candour, seem to be of the opinion of old Kiskanah, a North American Indian, who said, "It is very strange that I never meet with any man so sensible as myself." This remark is paralleled by a similar one from the opposite pole of social life. The late Margaret Fuller Ossoli once said: "I know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own." Whatever might be the profundity of Kiskanah's judgment, or the grandeur of Signora Ossoli's intellect, many would decline the possession of them if it entailed the compensating drawback of the accompanying self-conceit.

Admiration, to be truly useful, needs to be both controlled and educated. To receive the full benefit of it, and to exercise all its influence judiciously, we need to be taught both what to admire, and how to do it. Our admiration, at first, is always immature and injudicious. Those of us who have advanced any length through life, can, on looking back over past progress, see that we have passed through stages of admiration, corresponding to our own stages of mental and moral development. When we were children we could do no other than admire as children; but happy are they who, in regard to the highest objects, have reached a stage where as men they have put away childish things.

Pascal, in his "Thoughts," speaks of three different kinds of glory, each of which has its own circle of devout admirers. There is, first, the outward and visible splendour of this world's glory, the pomp of courts, "the buckram and prunello" which play so prominent a part on the stage of life. There are many who admire glitter of this sort; but their admiration shows them to be in moral and intellectual childhood. Infinitely above this, as Pascal states it, lies the realm of intellectual grandeur, the glories of which are utterly invisible to the thoughtless crowd who admire the tinsel of the other. Infinitely above this second region, again, lies a third world, the realm of divine love; which is as completely hidden from the keen eye of intellect as it is from the idle gaze of sense. Only the pure in heart can behold its glories, for they alone can see God. This is the kingdom of holiness, in which Christ is King; the splendours of which are as much superior to the highest triumphs of intellect, as these are superior to the glitter and parade which are the delight of the foolish. Let the Christian seek to educate himself into an increasing

capacity for enjoying the beauties of this loftiest region; and when he is able to find his sweetest pleasures here, he shall have little admiration to waste on things that cannot be admired, without lowering in some degree the character of the admirer.

An incident in the life of Telford sets before us an illustration of two kinds of admiration, the childish and the more judicious; though neither of the two has respect to the highest objects. When Telford undertook to hang his suspension bridge across the Menai Strait, he made one of the most daring attempts which the bloodless heroism of peace had ever proposed. So soon as the first chain had been extended from land to land, a foolhardy cobbler in the neighbourhood crawled along the links to the centre. Perching himself uncomfortably there, at a considerable height over the ocean, he sat on his dangerous seat until he had sewed a pair of shoes; which done, he crawled back along the chain to *terra firma*. Here was courage too, though of the crudest kind—courage rather in the unsmelted ore than in the metal; and, of course, many of those who witnessed the rash and useless feat applauded it immensely, for they could appreciate heroism like this, infinitely better than they could appreciate that of Telford. The judicious, however, preferred to admire the engineer, and to condemn the cobbler.

In the exercise of admiration, we must not allow ourselves to be carried away by the multitude. There is a danger of this. A somewhat severe censor of human weaknesses says: "Such a goose is man, and cackles over plush-velvet grand monarchs, and woollen galley-slaves; over everything and over nothing;—and will cackle with his whole soul merely if others cackle." Neither should we be carried away by our own feelings, for they will equally mislead us. As little may we allow ourselves to be made the dupes of our own imagination—a very common case, indeed, in the choice of objects to admire. It is because they follow imagination that not a few think so enthusiastically of the distant, while they despise the near. They see the blemishes of the object at hand, but fancy has room for free play when it decorates the distant unknown with every conceivable excellence. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico sumitur*. All that would be needed to disenchant the idolater, in this case, would be an introduction to his idol. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view" might serve for a motto to a good many things.

It is because of this undue activity of imagination in the ignorant, and because this activity of imagination is necessarily left without control, from their lack of a well-cultivated judgment, that, in this class, the faculty of wonder invariably exaggerates the wonderful quality possessed by any object of their admiration. Forming, in this way, an increased estimate of the object admired, they go on to offer it a still more admiring homage—to wonder more, to exaggerate more, and to admire more, till the furthest limits in this direction are reached, and the poor heart becomes bankrupt. There is a cave

in India which for long enjoyed the reputation of being interminable. Tradition told of an adventurous Rajah, who had set out to explore its unknown depths, and who took with him one hundred thousand torch-bearers and one hundred thousand measures of oil; but he and his company were lost for ever in the immense chasm. Now the cavern has been lately explored, and has been found to be smaller than one of our ordinary city churches! Perhaps it is to the working of this principle in rude and ignorant ages that we owe in part the origin of polytheism. The popular hero, first immensely admired, and then as a consequence, having his admirable qualities greatly exaggerated, passed through succeeding stages of admiration and exaggeration, till he who at first was the people's hero ended by being made the people's god. By all means let us admire; but let our judgments be enlightened, and in strictest accordance with truth.

We read in the earlier chapters of Genesis that the strong rude men before the Flood admired the gigantic. The men of renown in that age were all mighty men, men of violence, giants. And neither the giants nor their admirers have yet become quite extinct. The world has still a weakness for giants; and if a man will only be gigantic, though it should be in folly or in wickedness, the world, or at least a large section of it, will put him in her calendar of saints. She despises the small, or the common-place; but she will permit a man to be as bad as he pleases, or even to be as good as he pleases, if he will only be either on a scale which is vast enough to overpower her imagination. The life of the blessed Saviour, the meekest and lowliest of men, is a constant rebuke to the world for its idolatry of the striking; and so too should the lives of his disciples be.

In according approbation, the judgment of God and that of fallen sinful man never happen to coincide. How could such harmony be expected, when the one dwelleth in the light, and the other loves the darkness rather than the light? That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God. On the same brow on which man sets the seal of his highest approval, God never sets his; nay, he not unfrequently places on it the brandmark of his extreme displeasure. In his inmost heart, man always prefers some Barabbas to Jesus; for, to the fleshly eye, the latter has no beauty of any kind wherefore he should be desired. Set before him a Jacob and an Esau, and he will be almost sure to think the latter the lovelier character of the two. It is remarkable that the Phœnician of Greek literature, so greatly admired, and, in several respects, apparently so admirable, is the very same people of whom the Bible speaks under the name of Canaanites,—that loathed and loathsome race whose enormities were such that their polluted land spued out her filthy inhabitants.

From this extreme divergency of judgment between the holy God and sinful men, as to what is worthy of approval, there continually arises a source of much difficulty, and an occasion of much temptation, to the ear-

nest Christian; while, at the same time, it is of the utmost importance that, in this as well as in other spheres of duty, the servant of Christ be faithful to his Lord. Since admiration tends to intensify those characteristics which are admired, in the person who possesses them, making him either the better or the worse for the admiration bestowed on him; since it always influences the popular judgment and feeling in favour of the qualities admired; since it invariably affects the moral and spiritual character of the person who admires—it is of unspeakable importance that, in according this admiration, the Christian never cease to feel that he is Christ's witness, Christ's servant, and in some respects Christ's representative. If he be placed in the circumstances of an ordinary Christian, it is probable that in no sphere of life which lies open to him, is his influence for good or evil likely to be so powerful, as in this of giving or withholding his admiration. If silence sanctions, much more does express approval. To most of us, this may be the chief talent with which we have been intrusted, in order that we might trade with it; but which we may also bury in the earth, or, worse still, may so grievously misuse as actually, by means of it, to comfort the sinner and help the wicked. Admiration, properly looked at, is a lower exercise of precisely the same faculty which, in its highest exercise, becomes worship; and just as a consistent Protestant, in a Romanist country, would not uncover his head before the Host in the streets, even though all around him be kneeling in worship, so neither may the devout Christian admire, though the world around him be worshipping its idol, and be clamouring angrily on him to join it in the homage; unless, indeed, he can offer his admiration in his capacity of a hearty Christian.

Alas! how much forgetfulness of duty and unfaithfulness to trust prevail on this subject. How can two walk together in their appreciation of common objects of admiration, enjoying heartily each other's fellowship, unless they be agreed in their estimate of the thing admired? and how can there be such enjoyable unanimity between earnest Christians and the Christless world? What is it that they have in common to admire? On most leading subjects of interest, they have scarcely a whit more in common than an earnest Protestant and a zealous Romanist have, when they meet the Host in the streets.

If the early saints, in the fervour of their first love, were a little too vehement in the eagerness with which they turned aside from an evil world—a world between which and themselves they felt that God's own hand had planted the impassable barrier of that primeval enmity which for centuries had lain between the two seeds of Genesis iii.—we, on our part, are little tempted to make the same mistake. Our peculiar danger lies in the opposite direction. We fail to declare with sufficient clearness that our sympathies, our expectations, our interests, our admirations, are all necessarily different from those of a world lying hitherto in wickedness.

Of course there are many things even in this evil world which, as Christians, we may approvingly recognise; nay, which we may not refuse to honour. Not to speak of moral virtues of every kind—the “whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report”—all of which the Christian will instinctively approve of, there are also those social distinctions which God has been pleased to institute. All these we ought cheerfully to recognise and honour; but those distinctions which are merely worldly and conventional, we may recognise only in so far as we can serve our Lord by our recognition of them. The relationship between parent and child, between the master and his servant, the ruler and his subject, the wise and the ignorant, the aged and the young—these are all divinely appointed; and the inferior honours God when, in a proper spirit, he honours the superior whom God has set over his head. But where, for instance, are we ever charged to give any honour, of any kind or degree, to mere wealth, whether of gold or lands, and this quite independently of the use to which the riches may be put? Where has it been appointed to us to reverence the man who, trusted with gifts of intellect, profanes them to the most mournful uses? If the rich man be a father, by all means let his children honour him; if he be a master, let his servants honour him; if he be a magistrate, let his office be honoured in the honour paid to its occupant; if he be learned, let him be honoured for his learning; if good, for his goodness; but on no account let him receive admiration or reverence because of his mere possession of wealth. The rule is, “Honour all men;” and the rich man is always entitled to his share of the respect which is to be given to every human being; but let no additional reverence be shown to him simply because he happens to be the unfaithful steward over so many bags of money. John Baptist did not so accord his admiration, nor did Paul, nor did Christ. It is not meant to insinuate by these remarks that a lively Christian will be in any danger whatever of giving honour to mere wealth by itself, say, in the hands of a wealthy scoundrel; but it is more than insinuated that many worthy Christians are in danger of unconsciously according to wealth a certain amount of consideration, when they measure out the various degrees of respect which fall to be bestowed on honoured brethren. The same good man will not always receive the same regard because of his moral and spiritual worth alone, which he would have received, if, in addition to the moral and spiritual worth, he had also possessed half a million of money.

In so speaking, we do not mean to affirm that the consideration of a man's earthly riches can have no place whatever in helping us to form a proper estimate of the honour which we ought to accord to him. For several reasons it certainly ought to be considered; and perhaps chiefly for this, that the employment to which a man puts his wealth will affect most materially our view

of his moral and spiritual excellence. But let us see that we do not allow ourselves to admire for a wrong reason, even when our admiration may be resting on the right man. Though we may on no account admire mere wealth, we ought to admire heartily the grace which is frequently given to the wealthy Christian, and to praise God for raising up faithful witnesses of this class. Yea, while we give a high place in our inmost hearts to the martyr whom the world crowns with thorns—the courageous man, who, in front of gibbet or of stake, has faithfully confessed his Lord—let us accord at least an equal place to the other, and sometimes the nobler martyr—the martyr whom the world attempts to crown with roses; who, amid all the luxuries of life, finds little sweetness in them compared with what he finds in the manna of the Word; who, while others bow the knee to him, bends his own in lowliest humility before the only King, and who also bows his head meekly before the least of all the little ones, in whom he recognises the children of that King. It is comparatively an easy thing to forsake the world when it drives us out, but it needs more grace to rebuke the world when it is smiling its sweetest; to condemn the world when it fawns and flatters us; to break with the world, like Moses, when it presents us with its all, and by all our acts to declare plainly that, smitten with the love of another country, the glory of the world has ceased to be glorious in our eyes. Yea, such men we admire with all our powers of admiration; while, beside them, but placed not a hair's-breadth above them, we honour also the other martyr, the heroic man who witnessed for his Saviour in the flames. In these days, and in this land, few of us have opportunity to attain the blessed martyr's death; but God gives every unit of us ample opportunity for living, in one or other of its many forms, the equally noble martyr-life.

It is never to the money itself, therefore, but to the faithful grace displayed in the proper use of it, that the Christian is to accord his admiration. A remark like this seems so very trite, that it is apt to be despised as a mere truism. And yet, alas! though our heads be so well instructed that we can treat such a statement as the stalest of commonplaces, our hearts are so far behind our heads, that practically we often live as if the truism were not really true. When Christ was on the earth, he once sat down over against the Temple treasury, and noted the gifts which were dropped into it. Wealthy donors cast in their wealthy offerings as they passed; but not one of these awoke on that solemn face the faintest sign of gracious approbation. The gentle features retained their expression, as if the face had been cut in marble. At last a gift was cast into the box which, all at once, kindled the soft eyes with a strange radiance, and covered the sorrowful face with a pleased smile. And what sort of gift was it which had power in this way to stir the soul of the Man of Sorrows? It was the very poorest offering of the very poorest of widows; possibly the paltriest, in its money value, of

all the gifts that had been given that day. But a gift of love has quite another value besides that which a banker assigns it, when it lies on his counter; and in its spiritual excellence this poor widow's poor gift stood quite apart from all its companion-gifts—it was perfectly unique. Her gift included herself and her worldly all; she gave her entire living, and her whole heart. Now, though Christ is no longer on earth, his treasury still is; and his Church is here to represent him in visible presence. Donors are still pouring in their gifts, and many of these are still, as formerly, very handsome. But who now is happy enough to win the Church's commendation? Alas! so imperfectly does she enter into the spirit of her Lord, that she reserves the most of her smiles for that class of gifts which he regarded with perfect apathy—the large gift, which, after all, may be but a small percentage out of a much larger superfluity. As for the poor widow's mite, it is too often overlooked;—no, not quite overlooked; for, unseen, the Lord still sits beside his treasury, still notes the offerings, and shall by-and-by adjust more righteously the present ill-distributed approval. What comfort may be gathered from this story by the godly poor! What a model does it furnish to the godly rich, who will need generally to multiply their offerings manifold, ere they attain to the same high approval! And what a lesson does it give us all in the proper exercise of this responsible talent of admiration!

Even when the object of admiration is altogether worthy of it—I speak chiefly of mental and moral qualities—the inexperienced are in danger of making a mistake in the drawing of practical inferences, a mistake which is often productive of the most melancholy results. Seeing a man to be possessed of one quality in a very eminent degree, the groundless inference is hastily drawn, that he will equally excel his fellows in other respects; and hence he is rashly intrusted with responsibilities which, it may be, he is more than usually incompetent to discharge. It would, in most cases, be a much safer inference to argue the other way, and to say, Since this man so manifestly excels on one side, he is sure to have some compensating deficiency on another. As the proverb says—“A long tongue and a short hand.” The records of statesmanship, of literature, and of general social life, are filled with illustrations of this. Let France admire if she will, and let her profit if she can, by the gushing sentimentalisms of her Lamartine; but let her by no means be tempted to make him her president: let Rome applaud the matchless oratory of her Cicero, or accept instruction from his pen, but let her choose some one with a stiffer tongue to be her consul. It is of immense practical importance to every one of us that we limit our admiration to the actual excellence which the admired man possesses, and that we refrain from crediting him with qualities which he has not, and perhaps could not possibly have.

As one instance of the application of this principle, we may refer to the present unhappy janglings between

scientific men and theologians. Several of our leading men of science take up a hostile attitude towards revealed truth; and young inexperienced thinkers are in danger of according a respect to these men's words, when they speak of divine things, somewhat commensurate with the admiration which is universally accorded to them as men of science. Now this is a complete mistake; and to the youthful admirer of these men it may be a fatal one. Masters in their own department of science, these men,—the Tyndalls, and Huxleys, and Owens of the day,—are scarcely even babes in theology; and their utter incompetency to handle successfully the one set of truths arises out of the very qualities which have given them such eminence in the other. They have succeeded so wonderfully in their investigation of natural phenomena, simply because they have so devotedly and so exclusively confined their attention to such subjects; but this same exclusive addictedness to the natural, with its consequent neglect of the supernatural, has so narrowed their mental range that their minds cannot work at all out of the familiar groove. The methods of ascertaining spiritual and scientific truth are so entirely distinct, that exclusive devotedness to either for a lifetime will render any man unfit to deal with the other. So far, then, from receiving the dicta of purely scientific men on questions connected with theology with that reverent regard which one would accord to the scientific statements of the same men, I should look upon their ability to investigate such extra-professional questions as being greatly less than that of an average intelligent working-man. The absurd proposal recently made by some of them, to subject supernatural phenomena to scientific tests smells most rankly of the shop, and indicates how completely their all-engrossing devotedness to physical science has miseducated them, has unfitted them for handling in a proper spirit alien and loftier subjects.

We admire the patient research of scientific men, and accept their guidance in their own peculiar walk; we admire still more heartily the spiritual attainments of the lowly and gracious Christian, familiar with his Bible, nowhere so much at home as in his closet, and ever walking Enoch-like with God: but, just as we would assign no value whatever to the opinion of this latter, on questions which fall to be solved, not by the Bible, but by the spectroscope, so we would assign no value to the opinion of the purely scientific man on questions which are to be satisfactorily solved, not by a self-reliant science, but by a reverent faith. The two regions of truth are quite distinct, let them be kept distinct; and let the evidence for any alleged fact be examined in accordance with its own principles. This modest course, however, is what the savants referred to scorn to take. They are the people, and wisdom shall die with them. As haughtily as ever religious fanatic refused to examine with care the proper evidence for a scientific finding, they on their part refuse to examine in a becoming spirit the peculiar evidence for the super-

natural. They are in their own way as bigoted as a Paul Cullen, as one-sided, as self-conceited; and with all their boast of reason, they are quite as unreasonable.

Admiration may seem to the thoughtless to be a very slight thing; and the influence which it may have in forming the popular judgment, and thereby in giving ultimate shape to the conduct of a whole people, is very apt to be overlooked; but it is nevertheless of tremendous importance. What a noble and stirring episode in Jewish history is the story of the Maccabees! There is scarcely a grander narrative of courageous devotedness to be found in the preceding annals of that remarkable people; and we can easily understand that this story of Judas and his fellows could have been told only of men whose prior national history had been such as that of Israel. Had it not been for the predecessors of Judas, and had it not been for the national admiration accorded to them for centuries, Judas himself would scarcely have been possible. And how many must have had their zeal quickened in after ages by the narrative of these courageous men; so that in this way they continued to live for centuries in their influence upon their people. But this popular admiration had an unfavourable as well as a favourable aspect. It must have gone far to form, and to foster, the popular ideal which the Jews came to cherish of the character and work of their expected Messiah. It led them to think of the promised Deliverer as being similar in character, though operating on a grander scale—to think of the coming Christ, in short, as being just another Maccabee, only more gigantic. And thus the national admiration of Judas and his fellows came to be one of the elements which worked together to produce this dreadful issue,—that when Christ came to his own, his own received him not, but rejected him with scorn, and nailed him to the cross. It awakens the gravest reflections, when one connects in this way the national admiration of a hero with the nation's greatest crime; and remembering that we too are as fallible as they, we feel that we need to put our admiration, and all else, under the guidance of a wisdom that is higher than our own.

We have not time to dwell on the way in which we ought to express our admiration. By all means let us manifest our high approval of the good, not in loud and windy sentimentalisms, but, so far as is possible, by patient imitation of it. This is the highest style of praise. Every noble act, every devoted worker, calls to us through our very approval of him, "Go thou and do likewise." If we yield to the appeal, our admiration of the good shall not only go to encourage the good man, but shall help to make us partakers of his goodness; while, if we content ourselves with idle words of praise, the unfruitful admiration will become sentimental and insincere; it will tend to slacken the whole of our own moral machinery, and to cast it out of gear.

It is bad policy, as well as culpable vanity, to lay traps in order to catch admiration for ourselves. If we strive rather to cultivate goodness, content with the honour

which cometh from God alone, man's approval shall be sure to follow us sooner or later. But this morbid craving for admiration will, if indulged, unspeakably debase ourselves; and the more we strive to win it, the less likely shall we be to succeed. Indeed, if a man be eager enough, his very eagerness will secure him, not admiration, but contempt. Even though the vanity which prompts these efforts should not be discovered—a very improbable contingency, indeed—his efforts to procure admiration will scarcely fail to secure the opposite. For, in proportion to the expectations of excellence which he leads his fellows to cherish will be the un-

avoidable recoil, when, on fuller knowledge, they discover that he lacks the excellences which he led them to expect. In this case they will naturally avenge themselves for the disappointment; and he has himself to blame, if he now receive a degree of respect as much below his real merits as the respect which he desired to receive was above these merits. Humility is the surest way to honour, though it does not always seem to be the shortest; while pride as certainly leads to contempt and to utter destruction. "Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

J. D.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE warm grasp and cordial greeting I received from George Hay Stuart, as I set my foot for the first time on the platform of the railway depôt in Philadelphia, made me almost forget that the broad Atlantic separated me from home. No man in the United States is more widely known, or more universally respected, than Mr. Stuart; and no man has more deeply at heart the best interests of the land of his adoption. Connected officially with one of the smallest and most exclusive of the Protestant sects, and clinging to it conscientiously, in spite of ill-judged ecclesiastical censure—almost amounting to persecution—no man in any Church has broader sympathies with universal Christendom. His work in the Christian Commission, when, with a well-organized band of helpers, he carried material succour and spiritual consolation to the wounded and dying on the battle-fields of the South, and to the maimed and sick in the hospitals, has won for him a place and a memorial in the first rank of Christian heroes. And this is only a part of his work—a part which the fame of a mighty war threw out into bolder relief, and made visible to all the world. The best energies of his life, George Stuart has devoted to the cause of humanity. In every region of the States where a great enterprise is to be initiated on behalf of missions, Sunday schools, the coloured races, the Indian tribes, or other schemes of philanthropy,

he is always there, stimulating by his enthusiasm and inspiring by his eloquence.

Under the kind and skilful guidance of such a man, I had ample opportunity, brief though my stay was, of seeing Christian life and work in Philadelphia.

I arrived on Saturday, and Mr. Stuart had only returned the day before from a Sunday-school convention at Chicago; yet all arrangements had been made for me. On Sunday I was to preach in Calvary Church for Dr. Humphrey, Moderator of the General Assembly, in the morning; give an address at the communion in Dr. Wylie's church in the afternoon; and preach for him in the evening—visiting some schools in the interval. On Monday I was to address the united weekly meeting of the ministers of Philadelphia; on Tuesday give a lecture on Palestine; and on Wednesday deliver a missionary address in Dr. Boardman's church. The programme was formidable; and when filled up with sundry speeches in the schools and colleges I visited, afforded ample employment for a four days' sojourn. Work, however—unremitting, enthusiastic work—is the genius of Americans, and the source of success both in Church and State, and I did not shrink, while enjoying their generous hospitality, from taking my full share.

When going to Calvary Church on Sunday morning, Mr. Stuart led me, in passing, into his own, which happened to be on our way. It was

communion Sabbath, and a large body of the people had already assembled in the lecture-hall. He asked me to address them; and I never saw a congregation, to all outward appearance, more deeply impressed with a sense of their duty and solemn responsibility in the prospect of sitting down at the Lord's table.

Calvary Church is a fair type of the ecclesiastical buildings which are now springing up with such wondrous rapidity in the various cities of the United States; and it struck me as far in advance of the generality of churches in this country—I mean, of course, in its adaptation to the requirements of Protestant worship. It is not a miniature cathedral, built as if on purpose to show how closely a modern architect can imitate a medieval structure, and how entirely he can forget, in doing so, the wants of a Christian congregation. It is a building so planned that the preacher can address with ease the whole audience, and the audience can hear distinctly what he says to them. It seems to me that there can be no piety in a massive Gothic pillar when it hides the face of Christ's minister; and there can be no righteousness in a Gothic roof when it prevents a congregation from hearing the gospel message. I may be wrong; but I think it is quite possible for a church to be made beautiful, without at the same time being made useless. Architectural skill, in my opinion, is shown, not so much in the elegant proportions and grand contour of an edifice, as in its perfect suitability to the purposes for which it was designed. The Christian people of America are adopting this view. They are throwing aside, as unworthy the enlightenment of this nineteenth century, that architectural sacerdotalism, if I may so call it, which has made so many recently erected churches in Britain—and among them not a few belonging to Presbyterians—almost useless for the purposes of rational worship. They know, and they have come to act upon the knowledge, that the service of God in the sanctuary is a service of the intellect and heart, and not of mere ritual and form. They feel that God is a spirit, and they therefore build their churches in such a way that they can worship him in spirit and in truth. Yet, while such is the case, there is nothing to offend the eye or shock the

most refined taste. There is an appropriateness and a beauty in design and equipment which tend to encourage attendance on the house of God. Pews, passages, and pulpit are furnished with the elegance, and sometimes the luxury, of a modern drawing-room. Persons of the most delicate constitution can therefore attend church, and enjoy the ministrations of the Word, without encountering the torture of hard, ill-constructed seats, or the risk of cold and rheumatism. When will our ecclesiastical architects, instead of resting content with servile imitation, imbibe the true spirit of their great predecessors, and create a style in all respects suitable to the wants of modern times, and to the simple forms of evangelical Protestantism? Let us have clear light, and good ventilation, and comfortable pews, and perfect acoustic arrangements,—all combined with refined taste, and such an amount of chaste ornamentation as may accord with the social status of the worshippers.

I was impressed, too, with the completeness of the ecclesiastical establishments in America. Each church has attached to it a suite of buildings adapted for carrying on most efficiently the various departments of congregational work. The Sunday schools are fitted up with due regard to the wants and duties of both teachers and scholars. The semicircular class-benches of polished pine or oak, each having its dozen of little arm-chairs, are models of neatness and comfort. The children seem to enjoy them amazingly. They feel at home in those tidy seats and spacious and elegant rooms, where they have warmth in winter, and perfect ventilation in summer. The consequence is, that the schools are crowded by the children of all classes, rich and poor alike. Then there are waiting-rooms and committee-rooms for the teachers, the ladies, and the office-bearers of the congregation, and for the minister's Bible-classes—not, however, the cold, bare, cheerless barracks, with wooden benches and uncarpeted floors, with which we are so familiar here; but rooms furnished to correspond with the social position and home habits of those who are expected to frequent them. The people of America, whatever their status may be, are thus left without the excuses which one hears so frequently in this country, if they absent themselves from

the house of God, or fail to discharge the duties required of them in the several departments of church work.

In the afternoon, I was taken by young Mr. Stuart to a Sunday school which is reckoned one of the sights of Philadelphia. It meets in a large unfinished building in one of the poorer districts of the city. Some fifteen hundred children were present when I entered, and nearly half as many spectators crowded into the "Strangers' Gallery." People—strangers, I mean—seem to go to it as they go to the theatre or the opera—for amusement. They may join, it is true, in the opening hymn, and hear a few sentences of the opening prayer; but their chief object, evidently, is to gaze down on the mass of children away in the area below. I examined as closely as circumstances permitted the working of the school, and the impression left on my mind was, that while the excitement of numbers and parade may possibly attract a few scholars and teachers whom it might be difficult to reach otherwise, yet the whole is not satisfactory. I believe a series of smaller schools, judiciously located, and carefully managed, would do far more good among the masses. I could not but think, as I sat for a time in the Strangers' Gallery, and afterwards on the platform below, studying as well as I could the vast assemblage, that the admission of strangers is a great mistake. They can do no good there; and they might be far better employed elsewhere. There might also, I thought, be more teaching in the school itself, and less time taken up with forms and introductory exercises. Still, with all its drawbacks, it is a noble institution, and a grand example of Christian work. The school, I understood, was organized and is sustained mainly by the labours of one man. All honour, then, to that young Christian merchant, who is devoting so much of his great talents and administrative skill to the training of children for the kingdom of his Master.

WEEKLY MEETING OF MINISTERS.

The ministers' meeting on Monday was to me of the deepest interest. It assembled in the new and splendid building of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. Some seventy or eighty

of the clergymen of Philadelphia and the surrounding country were there, with others from different parts of the United States, who were on a visit to the city, and availed themselves of this opportunity of seeing their brethren. The meeting is held every Monday at eleven o'clock, and continues an hour and a half. It is presided over, I believe, by the ministers in rotation. After devotional exercises, there is a free conference on the state of religion generally. Each one has an opportunity of relating whatever may have taken place of interest in his own district, and whatever difficulties and hindrances he may have encountered. Counsel is asked, advice is given, plans are formed, co-operative missionary enterprise is organized, and united prayer is offered to Him with whom alone is success. Ministers are themselves more closely linked together; they become familiar with the character and extent of each other's labours, trials, and successes: the young learn wisdom and prudence from the old; and the old are in turn stimulated to new efforts by the fresh zeal and energy of the young. Such meetings carry one back in imagination to those days when the apostles and disciples assembled in an upper room in Jerusalem or Antioch, and when, untrammelled by cold forms and laws of debate, they consulted as earnest men regarding whatever might best promote the common cause; and they sought by prayer the presence of that dear Master who had so recently promised, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The meetings have proved, as I learned, eminently useful in fostering brotherly love and leading to brotherly help. They are centres of vital power which is felt over the whole city. Might not the example set by the ministers of Philadelphia be imitated with advantage in the cities of our own land? Meetings so conducted, free from the formality of church courts, could not fail to give a higher tone to ministerial intercourse, and bring down a more abundant blessing upon ministerial labour.

The Board of Publication is one of the great schemes of the Presbyterian Church in the States. It was founded to select, publish, and disseminate a sound religious literature in a cheap and attractive form. It has done a great work; but it is questionable, now that facilities for the publica-

tion of books on every subject are so numerous, whether it is necessary to keep up an expensive establishment for that which may be done, I believe, as effectively through the legitimate trade.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

In Philadelphia one sees the national system of education in its most advanced form ; and in this respect, I believe, America is setting an example to the world. The system aims at making education, up to a certain grade, free, efficient, non-sectarian, and universal.—“Our schools,” says an able advocate, “are established for the masses, the commonwealth of mind, rich and poor alike—for the common benefit and the common protection, regardless of the accidents of life.....And the system is to be judged, not by exceptional cases, but by the pervading atmosphere of intelligence and moral culture which it diffuses throughout society. Its blessings fall upon the community, not in interim showers, but, like the dews of heaven, unseen, unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty which they contribute to promote.”—It is supported by a tax which all are required to pay, because, it is rightly said, all reap the benefit. The last Report of the Board of Education contains the following admirable remarks on a nation's duty as regards the education of the young—remarks which deserve special attention in our own country at the present time :—

“The education of the young is a subject, the importance of which has been so long tacitly acquiesced in, and so often ably argued, that a complete statement of its claims upon the consideration of the citizen is neither expected nor desired in this place. It is nevertheless true that too many who should understand and estimate it at its real value are so absorbed in the pursuit of wealth and the development of a material prosperity, that they not only fail to appreciate the public-school system, but regard the taxes levied for its support as onerous and excessive.

“Strangely enough, they forget that education is the essential preliminary to the material progress to which they devote themselves, and in which they so rejoice. The industrial activity of the day, with the material wealth in which it

results, is of comparatively recent growth. It is due to the quickened energies of the inventive intellect ; which are due, in their turn, to the increased and increasing intelligence of labour. Need it be added that the intelligence of labour is due entirely to the diffusion of education among the masses, which is peculiarly and pre-eminently the boast of modern times? The wealth, therefore, that groans under the burden of the school-tax, and would seek its diminution, or, at least, evade its legitimate increase, owes its existence to the education which it contemns.

“Intelligence and skill are no longer confined to classes, but are developed by our free system wherever they are found. The labourer sees his interest in the increased productiveness of machinery, and seeks to contrive it. The supposed conflicts of labour and capital are daily being reconciled ; and not only are the known resources of the community more carefully husbanded, but new means of wealth are opened up ; so that the prospect is literally unbounded.

“When we consider, moreover, that the inventions of the past fifty years are but an earnest of those which are certain to be made as Science continues her investigations and discoveries, we must acknowledge the obligation to provide with an enlarged liberality for the instruction of the masses, which, in the future as in the past, must precede as an indispensable condition all material progress and prosperity.

“Costly though it be, we thus see that education secures a direct pecuniary return that infinitely overbalances the original outlay.

“It is important that this argument, although it is doubtless the lower and utilitarian view of the question, should be urged persistently and forcibly upon the tax-payer. Important as economy doubtless is in the administration of public affairs, there is no department where there is more danger of it being misapplied than in this. There are many things in which cheapness may constitute a recommendation ; but teaching, which is, in truth, incapable of valuation by the rude and imperfect standards of the market, may be obtained at a cost so reduced as to deprive it of all its worth, and render it a source of injury rather than of benefit. Let it be hoped, then, that henceforward the low cost of our school

system shall no longer be its vaunt, but let our aim rather be to increase its efficiency, its thoroughness, its comprehensiveness, in the confidence that, however much it may cost, the community will not only be better, more intelligent and happier, but in the end actually *richer*, through its agency.

"Another view in close connection with the foregoing is, that the continued prosperity of a community depends not only on the multiplication of its resources, but also upon the intelligence and skill with which those resources are managed and distributed. Of a surety, education, and education universally and freely diffused, is essential to secure this intelligence and skill. Especially is this so in a country which, like our own, assumes to be self-governing.

"The complicated relations between capital and labour are not only difficult to comprehend, but they give rise, if not understood, to those ignorant and dangerous jealousies between the rich and the poor, which, in France to-day, are sapping the foundations of society.

"Educate the masses, and you reduce the number of the poor by teaching labour how to make itself rich. Educate the masses, and you teach the poor that capital is their best friend, without which their estate would be tenfold more wretched.

"Government, too, is a science which only intelligence can master. Good government is the only security for prosperity; and what hope of good government can there be, with us, without the widest diffusion of education among those masses who at last shape and control the administration of its every department.

"Were there time, these arguments could be enforced in detail, so as to insure conviction in every doubting mind; but enough has been said to suggest the line of thought. Enough has been said to show that education, not merely in its elementary, but in its higher branches, should be provided at least to that point where the youthful mind can be safely trusted to follow up and perfect its own development. It is a mistake to suppose that the rudiments are all for which a free system should make provision. We ought rather to emulate our German contemporaries, who, in their burgher schools, prescribe a

range of study as broad, nay, in some respects even broader, than that pursued in our High School."

These are weighty words. They go to the root of the matter, and state with all plainness a nation's duties. Education in these days is power. Brute force and mere material resources, however great, are comparatively valueless without it. We see the want of education among ourselves in those pernicious "strikes" which are shaking the very fabric of society. Were the masses properly educated, "strikes" would be unknown, for it only requires a sufficient amount of intelligence to see their utter folly and to raise the working-classes above them.

The educational system of the United States is thoroughly non-sectarian, and yet Christianity is not ignored. One of the fundamental rules provides that, "At the opening of each session of the schools at least ten verses of the Bible shall be read, without note or comment, to the pupils, by the principal; or, in his absence, by one of the assistants. A suitable hymn may also be sung." The existence of God, his universal sovereignty, our obligation to hear and obey his laws revealed in the Bible, are thus laid down as a firm foundation in the mind of every child. He is taught to look upon the Bible as the basis of his faith and the grand source alike of intellectual enlightenment and material prosperity in his country.

I visited the schools of all grades, from the lowest to the highest. In the thoroughness of their training, and in their adaptation to the requirements of a great Christian country, they could scarcely be surpassed. The Normal School especially, in which nearly six hundred females are being educated as teachers, excelled anything I had ever seen. By the courtesy of the principal, I was permitted to enter every class-room and hear the lessons and examinations. The teachers, with one or two exceptions, are females, and the instruction is chiefly oral. The teacher stands, uses no book, has the whole class under command, questions each pupil in turn, or at will. The answers must be given promptly and clearly. There is no hesitation, no waiting. I heard examinations in history, geography, arithmetic, algebra; and the way in which the questions were put, and the answers given, showed that both

teachers and pupils were thoroughly trained. The classes pass from teacher to teacher every hour. It struck me, however, that the strain upon the teacher's mind must be very severe. She is compelled to conduct five distinct classes, upon different subjects or different departments of the same subject, each day.

The pupils were summoned to the public hall half an hour before the usual time, that I might have an opportunity of seeing and hearing their exercises in concert. They first read together a few verses from the New Testament; and they read with such precision of emphasis, and such accuracy of expression, as to make it manifest to every thoughtful listener that they fully understood the sense. Then they sung a hymn with great taste. Two of the girls next recited select pieces of English; and afterwards a number, at my request, engaged in gymnastic exercises, which form a part of their regular school training. The postures were admirably chosen, and nothing, in my opinion, could be better adapted to develop the physical powers and preserve the health, while at the same time giving grace to every movement. At the close I was asked to address them; which I did with a great deal of pleasure. It is not surprising that under such an admirable system the highest qualities of mind and heart should be brought into full play, and that the principal should be able to report that, "Correct deportment and a proper regard for right have generally been manifested; evidently the result of sound moral principle, based upon the religious sentiment which seems to pervade the school and mould the actions of the pupils."

I also inspected the High School for boys, and found it equal in efficiency, though somewhat different in the mode of instruction followed. The instruction is thoroughly practical. Every department is conducted with a view to life-work. No expense is spared in providing the highest talent and most complete apparatus for training the young to take their places, and fill them honourably and successfully, in the commonwealth. A basis is surely being laid by the educational system of the United States for greatness, grandeur, and stability, such as no nation has ever yet attained to.

AMERICAN MISSIONS.

The missionary meeting in Dr. Boardman's church was the last I attended in Philadelphia, and it was one of the most gratifying. I saw there, with equal surprise and delight, a crowd of the leading people of the city assembled to hear a simple address upon missions. It showed me how thoroughly the American Churches are imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and it indicated one secret of that wonderful success which those Churches have achieved in their missionary operations both at home and abroad. In fact they have long come to regard Christian work and mission work as correlative terms. The one implies the other. Mission work is the natural and necessary action of a living Church; and it will be extended and successful just in proportion to the amount of inherent life. In this respect also America is setting an example to the Christian world. When in Pittsburg, my kind friend the Rev. Dr. Howard put into my hand an interesting pamphlet of his, recently published, which contained the following graphic sketch of the origin and progress of Presbyterian Missions. Its perusal may serve to stimulate some in the mother country:—

"Since the work of Foreign Missions has been conducted by the General Assembly, there has been a steady, healthy, and most encouraging growth. From one mission in 1833, we have grown, in less than forty years, to thirteen missions; from one station in 1833, to over two hundred stations in 1872; from five or six missionary labourers in 1833, to nearly eight hundred, one hundred and twenty-eight of whom are ordained missionaries, in 1872; and from a contribution amounting to a little over \$3,500, to a contribution amounting to nearly \$334,000, of which about \$24,000 were raised by the children of the Church.

"Less than forty years ago, the Presbyterian Church in the United States held up, by a single sick, albeit a heroic, faithful, resolute hand, a solitary torch of gospel light in all the eastern part of the vast continent of Asia, and one other by an equally brave and devoted hand on the continent of Africa: now, though we cannot say of our Presbyterian missions as some one has

said of the British Empire, 'the sun never sets upon it,' yet we can say that the sun as he rises in the east scarcely greets the land until he finds our mission in Japan; then, as he pursues his western way, he looks down at our mission at Shanghai, with its press of movable Chinese type, first used by our missionaries in that vast empire, and which is destined to revolutionize the art of printing in its original home; then a little further he finds Ningpo, with its numerous Presbyterian congregations, and then Tungchow, with its deep religious interest, and Peking, the capital of the empire, with its earnest labourers and a government college, at the head of which is a Presbyterian minister, who went abroad as a Presbyterian missionary; a little further west, and considerably to the south, he beholds our mission at Canton, with the veteran Happer, from amid our own western Pennsylvanian hills, at its head; and then, as he continues his journey to the west he meets our missions in Siam and among the Laos; and presently his glowing eye lights upon that glorious cluster of missions in Northern India, the first-born of the whole family, with its teeming presses, its schools, its churches, its native pastors and native teachers. He scarcely loses sight of these till he finds our Persian mission, founded by the American Board—a mission most interesting, as being among a people who, as it seems to me, are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. The sun still continues his course, passing over the ruins of buried empires amid the mountains of Lebanon and on the shore of the Great Sea, and on the borders of the favoured

land where Christianity was cradled looks down upon our prosperous mission in Syria.

"But even yet he has not seen all that God is permitting our beloved Church to do in this great behalf. As he pursues his westward way, he observes our quiet but earnest and faithful labourers in Italy, Belgium, France; and as he passes on, glancing far to the south, he finds that our Church has representatives among the dusky peoples of Africa, in Liberia, among many of her towns, at the Gaboon river, and on the island of Corisco. And now, leaving the Old World and crossing the Atlantic, among the first things that meet him as he gazes down upon our own Continent, are our missions in North and South America—among the descendants of the 'Friend of God' in New York, and among the Portuguese and Spanish-speaking populations of Brazil, the United States of Colombia, and Mexico. And then, as he passes on to his setting, he beholds our faithful missionaries labouring to christianize our Indian tribes, the Senecas, the Chippewas, the Omahas, the Creeks, the Seminoles, and others; and finally, as he completes his circuit of the heavens, he looks upon our Chinese mission in California.

"Now are not these wonderful things? Has there not been marvellous and encouraging growth? Less than forty years ago a little spark of holy fire was struck in the Old Second Presbyterian Church down here in Diamond Alley [Pittsburg], and, behold, it has kindled a flame that almost encircles the globe! It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

Such is Christian work in America.

LIZZIE IRVINE:

A YOUNG IRISH SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

(Concluded.)

SHE read her Bible very much. She read also other good books of a stimulating character, especially religious biographies. Those she did read she went over carefully, and sometimes again and again. "M'Cheyne's Memoir and Remains," and "Rutherford's Letters" seemed her choicest favourites. She liked also the lives of Payson, Hewitson, Adelaide Newton, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Winslow. She told me she had derived much benefit from Boardman's "Higher Christian Life." She had

been taught by the Spirit before she saw the book that she must look to Jesus for sanctification as well as justification; that we are not only *made alive*, but *kept alive*, by faith in Christ. But she saw this more clearly through reading Boardman. From the time of her conversion she had ever been aiming at a closer walk with God. Sitting outside in the summer nights, and looking up to the clear moon and stars, she used to ask God to make her holy and Christ-like. At length she was enabled to realize much of the love of Christ, and

to have communion with him about nearly everything, small and great, temporal and spiritual. She seemed to live almost constantly in his presence, not only when praying to him, or working for him, but even when sitting—to sit before him, and enjoy his company, as that of a dear friend, when not a word was spoken. And I suppose this is the secret not only of a higher Christian life, but of the highest Christian life. She told me she had been enabled to cast herself upon Jesus for holiness in her every-day walk, and to expect him to work out all his good pleasure in her, in a way she had not formerly done. *Casting herself upon Jesus*, seemed one of her favourite phrases. She wished to hang upon him hour by hour, and moment by moment. She said she had derived much benefit from 1 Corinthians i. 30: "*But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*" Also from Psalm lv. 22: "*Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.*" She mentioned what delight she had in meditating on Exodus xiv. 14: "*The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.*" But perhaps her favourite text in her latter days was Hebrews vii. 25: "*Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.*" Some of these texts are noticed in the following letters.

She refers to this subject of a deeper work of grace in the heart and life, in a letter to her brother, who was a student of theology, dated January 1870:—

".....But let me not dream over it in that way; it was so ordered by Jesus. I do love to watch the guidings of his hand. I feel assured, if we watch, we shall see him both in minute and great things. At first the dealings often appear dark. Looking longer, we discern the all-wise, unerring Hand making all things work together for good.

"Dear W. J., when we reflect we are both travelling Zionward, it is really humbling how little we talk of it by the way, and urge each other forward. We are almost unacquainted in that way as to what progress we are making, or our experience in the Christian life. I often think, if we told it more, we might be mutual helps. Many a sorrow and joy might be sympathized with. We meet with both in our heavenly way. My path has been watered with many a tear. I've had inward and outward trials, but I am sure all was needed.

"Dear W. J., surely we should aim high in the Christian life—to live holy. I think there is a secret of sweet attachment to Jesus, a close acquaintance and intimacy with him, that some Christians attain. 'Tis then the believer looks down into his loving heart, feels its beatings towards him, shares his secrets. (The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.) The affections are strongly entwined around him. He learns to copy his example, and lives a holy life. Surely, W. J., you and I may attain to this. It is thus our efforts for the salvation of others will be successful. Thus

yours will be a successful ministry. To attain to it we must be much in prayer—dwell much in communion with Jesus, not only morning and night, but often should our thoughts and desires be stealing after Jesus in ejaculatory prayer. Hewitson said, 'A converted soul should never rest till every thought, word, and action was in communion with Jesus.' When I think of those who have shone brightly in the Christian life, and look at myself, I am often ready to despair of ever being holy. Were he not mighty, I could never think it of such as I am; but he is; and *I tell him I expect him to make me holy and useful.* He is the same Saviour as in days gone by, and can make you a holy and successful minister. Oh, what a high privilege is yours! What noble employ, to be an ambassador for Christ! It was surpassing love that designed this honour for you. Surely we should be loyal to him who has loved us so well. We are now commencing another year. How quickly time is passing! Soon we will be landed in eternity; then let us, at the beginning of this new year, afresh dedicate ourselves to Jesus, and take as our motto, '*Live for eternity.*' Soon nothing else will satisfy. Let us totally consecrate ourselves to him and his service. What precious souls we may be the instruments of winning! Many opportunities may offer if we embrace them. 'Tis glorious work. The joy of winning souls is deep and real."

In a letter to the young lady who taught her French and drawing, written nearly at the same date, she says:—

"MY DEAR MISS S.,—I love to think our friendship will not be for a little while, and then have an end for ever. No; though our paths here may yet be far severed, we shall be one in Jesus for ever, and meet at home never more to part. All our ways are in the hands of Jesus. I often think what a dark path it would be, how sad to look forward, were we not sure of such a guide,—none else but Jesus, all-wise and ever-loving. I had some thoughts lately on a verse that appeared to me most wonderful: '*The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace*' (Ex. xiv. 14). The Lord goeth forth to the battle for us, and we may be quiet. Inward corruptions are great. The war with the flesh is terrible; but the Lord shall fight for us, and we shall overcome. Jesus has prayed that we might be sanctified, and we shall be sanctified wholly. Our strong enemy would tear us from the side of Jesus if he could; but our Royal One won't give us up. He fights for us.

"In temporal things we do not know what is best for us, but we give our ways into his hand. He fights for us.

"In our longings to bring immortal souls to Jesus, the enemy will oppose us; but the Lord shall fight for us, and make us the instruments of winning many. The barriers sometimes appear many between us and our heavenly home; but Jesus ever fights for us, and we may hold our peace. Strange to think, wonderful love,

we may be quiet on his breast who leads us on! He will win the battle for us, and we shall arrive at home.

"I was picturing to myself in imagination our meeting with Jesus. I thought how deep, deep love will beam from his eyes, as he welcomes his followers whom he wooed and drew to himself. Then we shall be satisfied. Entire happiness cannot grow in this barren soil; but there our happiness shall be complete. There we shall be fully satisfied. Yet with all these anticipations, often indeed would I give full vent to my feelings in tears when I think how far I am behind, how unlike I am to Jesus. But you know I dare not indulge in this too much, though indeed it is a great relief, and it is sweet to get doing so, when the heart is full. Oh, that the Heavenly Gardener would come and water every plant that he has planted in our hearts, that they might grow luxuriantly! Then would our Beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits."

Another letter to the same, in which she seems to feel like Rutherford—"I dare avouch, the saints know not the length and largeness of the sweet Earnest, and of the sweet green sheaves before the harvest, that might be had on this side of the water, *if we would take more pains.*" She writes:—

"20th September 1870.

"My fifteen days' stay at the shore at Newcastle has been beneficial to my health. I am a good deal stronger, only my head is still very ill, preventing me from being able to read or write much. And I am told, if it does not be better, I must leave off teaching in the Sabbath school for a while. I am not sure whether I will be compelled to do this or not. If I must, I shall certainly feel it very much; for I do love the work. But I know I need no little refining. O how sweet to be pure!—perfectly holy, and with purified company! How sweet to drop all these imperfections and weaknesses, and be altogether like Christ! And this we shall one day be. Happy prospect! but I feel I am blind, I am lame, I do not half see the importance of pressing forward. I cannot run with any quickness. More and more am I convinced, that to be in Christ is only the first step. What high attainments we may arrive at even here! I like the verse, '*He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.*' Jesus is able to make us as holy, as useful, as like himself, as it is possible for redeemed sinners to be on earth. The fountain is full from which we are to draw. We know Jesus is honoured by us asking large things. Trying him, we shall find him faithful. He can open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing richer than we can receive."

In her note-book are the following entries:—

"18th September.—Last Sabbath my heart was filled with joy again by seeing another of my class (L. J.) show signs of anxiety. Glory to Jesus! Last week felt happier—O how great is his goodness to me!

"December 25th.—Now I am near the end of this year. I look back. I've had joys and sorrows, many smiles and many tears, many sins and shortcomings, waste of time. Alas, I do not feel progress in holiness! I have seen myself a little better, and oh, how terrible the sight! Oh, I feel in speaking, in thinking, in understanding, I am a child, yea, a beast before God. Oh, that the day were come, O glad day, O happy day, when I shall be grown up, when these childish things shall be gone! Oh, the time when I shall have that perfect love (I mean not sinless perfection in heaven), but when I shall be filled with Jesus as all my desire—when I shall be able to say, no matter how dearly I love any below, I love them not compared with Jesus—to say understandingly, really with Rutherford, 'I would not give a drink of cold water, for all earth can give.' Oh, I feel I'd give the world to experience this. Oh, hasten, come quickly, Lord Jesus!"

The last entries in her note-book are the following:—

"March 1871.—Mrs. L—— found peace. F—— H—— found peace.

"April.—Had to give up my class in the Sabbath school—I am very ill and weak. I have little prospect of soon being with them again—if ever.

"July 1871.—My dear One, whom I desire to love with all my heart's warmest, truest, fullest, most intense affection, attachment and love, oh listen to my prayer. Thou hast said, 'Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will do it.' I ask:—

"To be filled with all the fulness of God; that these vices and passions be uprooted; that I may be made as holy as possible on earth for a redeemed sinner to be; that I may yearn after thyself alone—not so much the attainments as after thyself; that thy glory may be dearer to me than my own heart; that I may have a passionate love for souls; that I may have strong, mighty faith; that I may be as useful as possible for me to be; that I may have love, so that all other love will not be love beside; that I may have exceeding abundantly above all I can ask or think; that I may have all that thy blood has purchased for me; that I may soon feel the answer coming, and wish it sooner; that I may be in pain and ready to die, to see him that my soul loves at home in glory.

"O Jesus, Jesus, here I have written all I can now remember, for my own personal need. I ask not little things, but look for far above what I know to ask. My plea, thy promise,—'Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will do it.' I am one with thee, joint-heir with thee. In thy name, my Lord Jesus, I ask. Thou wilt do it. I expect."

It was in October 1871 that she was with us for a fortnight. She was in very delicate health at the time. On the day she came, her brother, who drove her, forgot to take her travelling-bag out of the car, and left taking it with him, and with it all her change of cloth-

ing. In her weak state of health this was rather a serious matter. I started off, hoping to overtake the car, yet expecting to have to run a long distance. Not far from the manse, however, I found it stopped. Something had gone wrong with the harness, which was being put right. She afterwards told this to some of her scholars, as an illustration that they should pray to Jesus about everything. While I had started off to run, she had gone up-stairs to pray; and Jesus had heard her.

She was very much what one would expect from reading her letters and note-books, except that she was much more cheerful than these would indicate. Sometimes she laughed most heartily—real ringing laughter. In the preceding sketch we have incorporated most of the information she gave us about herself, and we have little to add. Her aim was very simple and concentrated. 1. To love Jesus with all her heart. 2. To be holy to the uttermost. 3. To be the means of saving every scholar in her class, and as many others as possible. On the evening before she left us, we agreed to pray for each other. I suggested that we should ask that both might be filled with the Spirit, and be made holy to the uttermost, as I saw that Heb. vii. 25 was uppermost in her mind. This was agreed to. After a moment, she said, "There is a third thing I *would* like you to ask for me."—"What is it?"—"That I may have a *most intense love* for Jesus. I would like to have a *most intense love* for Jesus." So we agreed to pray that we might be (1) Filled with the Spirit; (2) Have a most intense love for Jesus; and, (3) Be holy and useful to the uttermost. Is not this opening of the mouth wide most pleasing to God? Is he not much better satisfied with great petitions than with small ones? They are like himself, and he more readily answers them. One of our great sins is "limiting the Holy One of Israel." She wished to avoid this.

She read her Bible very much while with us. I asked her what means she found most useful in keeping Christ before her mind. She said she read a chapter in the Old Testament, and one in the New, each morning; and that she selected two or three verses out of them for meditation during the day; and that she found this one of the most useful. She loved the Song of Solomon, and seemed to realize clearly that Christ was her Husband, and to enter deeply into the spirit of the Book.

She prayed evidently very often, not only retiring after each meal, but while sitting silently on her chair in the sitting-room. I remarked to her that, seeing the Lord had blessed her efforts for him as he had done, she must have prayed much for her class. She said they were often upon her heart during the week. "And were you enabled to expect that the Lord would convert them?" "Yes; he gave me a considerable measure of faith when I prayed for them."

There did not seem any pride or vanity about her, though by nature she was very ambitious. She seemed afraid of being lifted up on account of her success, and asked God to make her humble. The Lord turned her

ambition into a good channel, and made her ambitious to be holy and useful here, and to be near Christ in heaven, and to learn much of him, and enjoy much of him there. She wondered if she would be permitted to recline on Jesus' bosom, and talk to him as John did on earth. This was what she desired. I don't suppose that the Lord has any fault to find with such ambition. It pleases him. It gratifies him greatly. It sends a thrill of pleasure through his heart. Would that we were all ambitious after that fashion!

One day I said I supposed she would like to get better, if it were the Lord's will, and work for Jesus a little longer.

"Yes, if it were God's will, I would like to live a little longer for two reasons. First, I would not like to be taken away till I was more like Jesus. And second, if he were pleased to spare me I would like to live to serve him. But chiefly for the first reason." At another time, when speaking of her health being so restored that she could work for him, she burst into tears. The thought of it seemed to overcome her.

She gradually grew weaker and weaker till she died. Yet, by distributing tracts, and lending books, praying for a blessing upon them, she sought to be useful to the very last. One day her minister, Rev. Mr. McIlveen, whom she very highly esteemed, asked her to write out a short account of the conversion of some of her scholars, that he might make use of it in the Ballynahinch Sabbath school. She did so. We have already given a fuller account of the same in her letters to her fellow-teacher, and therefore will not repeat it here. We will give that portion of it which refers to one of her scholars who had died:—

"A— showed signs of anxiety. She burst into tears. 'Why do you weep?' I asked. She would not tell. 'Is it because you wish to come to Jesus?' 'Yes.' In a few days I went to see her. 'Have you found peace?' 'Yes,' she replied; but would say little more about it. I could get little but 'yes,' or 'no,' in answer to my questions. I felt discouraged. Perhaps she is not really changed, I thought. However, I resolved to watch and see. Still she appeared earnest and attentive. One Sabbath I said to her, 'Are you as happy as you used to be?' 'Far happier,' was the reply. Gradually my fears about the reality of the change began to remove. She grew ill and unable to come to the Sabbath school; and soon it was evident the seeds of consumption were sown. She knew it, but showed no signs of grief, always appearing cheerful and happy. She often said to me, 'All my hope is in Jesus.' 'Could you get your choice,' I asked, 'would you get better, or not?' 'I would far rather go. I would like to see Jesus.' At length, what I watched and longed for came. Her naturally reserved manner was thrown off. She spoke freely to every one who saw her, warning them to come to Jesus, telling them what she had found in him, and that there is no other way to heaven but by him. Her

father, mother, sister, and brothers, she took one by one, and talked to them very earnestly. Her mother, seeing her very severe suffering, said to her, 'A—, you are very ill.' 'Yes, I am very ill; but, ah! what about it all: one half-hour in heaven will make up for it.' To one of her class who had come to see her she said, 'Hasten to be ready: I will come to meet you, and to meet our teacher.' She wished to write a letter to the Sabbath school and her class, but was too weak. 'What is the world to me now besides Jesus?' she remarked. Once she lifted her well-worn Bible and clasped it to her breast. The last chapter she requested to be read to her was the 55th of Isaiah. She was filled with joy. One whole night she sang 'Hallelujah to the Lamb.' And now she has joined the ransomed round the throne, to sing for ever the praises of the Saviour she loved."

At the same time that Lizzie Irvine wrote this account of her class, she wrote a short address to young Sabbath-school teachers, which she gave also to her young pastor, that he might make use of it in his school if he pleased. It may be useful to other teachers.

"DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—If really saved yourselves,—if, really, you have tasted the sweetness that is found in Jesus, you will doubtless be yearning for the salvation of those immortal souls committed to your charge. Do not say, I am too young—too inexperienced; Jesus will not show me the fruits of my labours. Not so; he will do it; he will, in answer to prayer. I remember when first I wished for success. How delightful it would be, I thought, could I see the hand of Jesus at work among them; could I only hear one ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' I prayed, I watched, Sabbath after Sabbath. At length his hand was stretched out. I saw signs of anxiety—real anxiety, I believe. Oh, how delighted I was! What joy I felt that Jesus was indeed working!

"If you have not already, you too may feel this joy. Tell them much of Jesus. Hold him up before them, that they may be attracted by his loveliness, and ask, invite, entreat them to come to him; to come now. Everywhere you meet them, speak a word for Jesus. Bring each one of your precious charge by name before the Lord, and ask, and seek, and wrestle for her salvation. Go from your closet to your class; pray by the way to the Sabbath school; pray much; and He who longs to fold the lambs in his arms, will not deny your request. Then will you indeed realize that it is sweet to work for Jesus; that it is not toil when his approving smile is upon you.

"Visit your scholars during the week; visit them not only when sick or absent. You cannot be rightly familiar with your class, unless you know them at home. You may feel a little timid at first, as I did, wishing I were back before I had well started. This timidity will vanish before the welcoming smile of your scholar. The parents also will soon welcome you, and look for your visits almost as much as their children; and you will

find your leisure hours spent in this way really delightful.

"Dear young teachers, be earnest, be faithful. Perhaps the time is near when you must part with those dear ones. Every moment is precious. You know not how soon will be your last opportunity to tell them of a Saviour's love. Surely their souls are too precious to lose; and surely our Saviour is too precious for us not to be in earnest when the work is for him. Will we not labour? Will we not toil? Will we not be in earnest when it is for Jesus, for him who loved us and gave himself for us? And oh, how sweet, when the work is finished, to hear the 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' and to meet those for whose salvation we yearned, over whom we wept when on earth—how sweet to meet them at home!

"Give him all the glory to whom it only belongs. Our success will cease if we take the glory to ourselves. It belongs only to Jesus; 'tis his work from first to last, though he condescends to use us as instruments. Thank him for owning your labours, and go on with your glorious work."

And now she came to die. We might have thought that one who walked so closely with Jesus would have died in rapture. But Jesus saw good that it should be otherwise. Her latter end was *peace*, but not *rapture*. She walked through the dark valley by faith, not by sight. The reasons for this we cannot tell. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Perhaps to comfort others who may be cast down. Perhaps it was needed for herself, that patience might have its perfect work. As Rutherford says, "The lintel-stone and pillars of his New Jerusalem suffer more knocks of God's hammer and tools than the common side-wall stones." When her body was weak, the devil was allowed to attack her, and suggested that she had never been converted at all. She did not believe this; but for the time her confidence was shaken. On a scrap of paper, written in pencil, is the following sad record, every word of which, however sad, shows the Christian. None else could have written such lamentations:—

"February 1872.—Sitting alone. Weeping, weeping. The cause is: first, I do not realize the presence of Jesus. I do not enjoy prayer. I feel it just prayer and nothing more. No manifestations of his presence drawing out my heart in sweet communion. Second, I do not feel I am growing, and am wondering is anything wrong. I cast myself on Jesus for sanctification. I believe he taught me so. I asked him to do his own work. Surely I should be growing. My prayers seem to be shut out. I do not feel that desire for his glory above everything else—love for souls, &c.—for which I have long been praying, anything increased. Also passions and corruptions not subdued. And the dreadful thought, I may say for the first time since I thought I was saved, has even crossed my mind—viz., that after all might I be unsaved? Also my distress is increased

by the thought that my life must be spent rather uselessly, and not filled up with work for Christ, as I passionately longed for. I am also ashamed of the grave appearance I have before others; for oh! how can I be joyful that am weighed down with sorrow? When will the night of weeping be past, and the morning of joy appear? I am very, very weak in body; but this would not cause the sadness." [Yes, dear friend, it had much to do with it.]

A few days before her death, I received a letter from her, giving a somewhat similar account, though scarcely so gloomy. She said she had been reading M'Cheyne, and that two passages in his works had been the means of disquieting her mind. Near the close, she said, "Oh, it is miserable not to have the assurance I continually enjoyed before." I wrote advising her to cease reading M'Cheyne and everything else but her Bible, and giving her such encouragement as I thought she needed. In the end, I told her what Duncan Matheson once said to a person like her:—"What! you perish? I tell you, woman, if you went to hell, the devil would say, 'What is that woman doing here, aye speaking about her Christ? Put her out, put her out, put her out!'" When she came to this part, she laughed heartily, and it seemed to give her some comfort. Persons will go in the next world to the place for which they are fitted. There is great truth in what John Newton said one evening at a party. He had mentioned that a young girl had died. "And how did she die?" asked a young lady. "You have forgotten," replied the good man, "to ask a far more important question." "Why, sir, what can be more important than how one *dies*?" "Yes," said he, "it is far more important how one *lives*."

Death arrived on March 23, 1872. A few minutes before her departure, she said, "I don't doubt my salvation." The Rev. Mr. M'Ilveen was present and had prayed. The Rev. Mr. Davis, "her dear reverend friend," for whom she had much affection, on account of great kindness shown to her during her illness, just then came in. He had not been long engaged in prayer, when her spirit went to be for ever with the Lord. "*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.*"

She was buried on the 26th, in the graveyard of First Ballynahinch Presbyterian Church,—the Revs. Messrs. Shanks, M'Ilveen, and Patton taking part in the funeral services. The children of the Sabbath school sang round the open grave a hymn which she dearly loved—*Rest for the Weary*.

Reader, should not Lizzie Irvine's life put you and me to the blush? She did not live long; she had not many outward advantages; she had few opportunities of usefulness. Yet how much she glorified God, and how many sinners she led to Jesus! She was indeed "a vessel meet for the Master's use." But is not Jesus as able and willing to use us, if we put ourselves into his hands? Are we in earnest at all? Have we given Jesus more than half a heart? Does the love of Christ constrain us as it did her? Shall we not henceforth live to him who died for us and rose again? Let us live for eternity—*live for eternity—LIVE FOR ETERNITY*. The lesson of her short life is just the old motto of John Eliot, missionary to the American Indians—"Prayer, and pains, with faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything." W. J. P.

LESSONS FROM THE PAST APPLIED TO THE PRESENT

BY WILLIAM G. ELSMLIE, M.A.



ONE of the shrewdest sayings in the Book of Ecclesiastes is contained in the words—"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun." Most wise men, since Solomon's day, have been very much of the same opinion, and have therefore adopted the salutary habit of receiving alarming announcements of unprecedented events and startling speculations with a degree of coolness and a want of agitation very aggravating to the promulgators. But, just as in days of old every newly discovered land was immediately peopled with all sorts of horrible hobgoblins, so there is always a class of persons ready to find in every remarkable event nothing less than the end of

the world, and to build on every fresh scientific discovery all manner of sensational theories, while those unfortunate people who are ignorant how very often the same farce has been played over since the world began, are immediately filled with fear and perturbation. It may therefore be of some profit, as well as interest, to look for a little at a few simple considerations, suggested by the general course and character of human thought in the past, which ought to influence our attitude in the present.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes a man in surveying the history of human thought, is the immense variety and divergence of opinion amongst the leading thinkers of every age. This phenomenon is readily explained by the manner in

which schemes of philosophy originate, and the treatment they subsequently undergo. Every great system of thought may be regarded as the fortifications raised by an earnest and powerful man to enable him to hold his own against the mysteries and terrors and temptations of life that pressed in on his soul and threatened to enslave him. No sooner are these erected than they are occupied and defended by a band of eager disciples. But in course of time the defenders fall out among themselves, and the old battlements are altered and discarded, till finally they stand, like the ancient forts in which our ancestors used to resist their foes—ruined, solitary, and useless, except in so far as they furnish materials for the erection of more modern habitations and defences.

The record of the rise and fall of each successive philosophy is like the story of the Tower of Babel, which was built to surmount the world's evils and reach heaven's security. For a time the building progressed, but gradually there appears a confusion of tongues among the builders, and all that remains is a ruin, which stands a melancholy monument of its helpless impotence to accomplish what was expected of it.

Now, when we remember the original diversity of the great systems, arising from the varied character and circumstances of their founders, and add to this the innumerable modifications of them produced by successors, we cannot wonder that many who repaired to the schools of philosophy with high hopes have returned grievously disappointed, and altogether hopeless of arriving at any conclusion amid so great a strife of tongues. It seems to me, however, that there is "a more excellent way" of dealing with the confusion than to take refuge in absolute philosophical scepticism. When the scientific investigator finds that the results of his observations do not agree, instead of adopting any one of them, he takes the average, or mean, as likely to come nearest the truth. Now, though I know the suggestion will appear to the sincere believer in philosophy detestable as well as absurd, why should I not apply the same method to discordant philosophical speculations. And should the results obtained coincide with the common notions of mankind, my confidence in the practical goodness of my method will be increased. Thus, in

the sphere of metaphysics, I shall neither hold that all existence is matter, nor that all existence is mind ; but I shall conclude that it is partly both. Again : in the department of ethics, when an Epicurean secularist assures me that temporal well-being should receive all my attention, and on the other hand a Stoic ascetic maintains that moral well-being is alone worthy of a wise man's care, I shall take the middle course, and attend to both. As a final example of the extremes to which philosophers will go, take on the one hand those optimists who declare the world and mankind to be in a perfectly satisfactory condition, and on the other hand Schopenhauer, who pronounces this world to be the worst possible of all worlds, and existence a constant endurance, partly miserable and partly horrible ; thus coinciding with the Buddhist doctrine that the greatest good that can happen to a man is to reach Nirvana, where his soul is extinguished like a lamp blown out, and he is finally at rest, having no longer anything to fear, no longer anything to expect.

Such sweeping and one-sided representations remind one of a certain Pea, which in early summer sat in the upper end of the shell and looked down on its five brethren below, and—whether from this unbrotherly habit or for some better reason—it took to philosophical pursuits, and began to speculate concerning the external world. Now, it had never been outside of its shell to observe the world directly, but seeing that its shell was green, and that its five brethren were green, and finally that itself was green, it came to the conclusion that all the world was green ; and, like other modern scientific disciples of Hume, it thought that its reasoning was strictly logical. But, as the summer grew hotter, the pea-shell and its inhabitants, to their grief and dismay, became aged and wrinkled and yellow ; and now the philosophical pea, observing sadly that its shell was yellow and its five brethren yellow and itself yellow, concluded that all the world had likewise become yellow ; and again it was convinced of the soundness of its argument.

This little fable makes it unnecessary for me to state elaborately that over-drawn theories in philosophy are simply the result of fixing the

attention on one set of phenomena to the exclusion of all others. Whatever circumscribes a man's sphere of observation, will inevitably narrow and thwart his conceptions. A goldfish, that has spent its whole life in swimming slowly and solemnly round a glass-globe, must necessarily have a very contracted idea of the watery universe, and a very monotonous but very bigoted conception of an orthodox fish's chief end in life. And we can understand and sympathize with the feelings of a certain goldfish when its glass-globe was overturned, during a flood, by the stream which had entered the house, and when, notwithstanding its most solemn remonstrances concerning the folly and danger of leaving the old paths, it was remorselessly swept through the window and carried rapidly down the river towards the open sea. The theological tinge which the language has spontaneously assumed, would seem to suggest that the vice of narrowness is not confined to the sphere of secular thought.

Another consideration suggested by the history of human thought, is the necessity of distinguishing between what is *fact* and what is *inference*, in every philosophical and scientific theory. There is, in every speculation having any claim to scientific attention, a certain proportion of facts which are undoubtedly true; and a superstructure of inference or conjecture, which may or may not be true. But in both cases we must distinguish the element of fact and the element of inference, since a very different degree of confidence is due to these respectively; while, from failing to make this distinction, people fall into the error of ascribing to inferences—which are often mere conjecture, and are at best no more than probable—the certainty which belongs to the facts alone. We shall select one or two examples, from the materialistic theories so prevalent in our own country, and still more so on the Continent.

In Germany, the materialistic party is composed partly of metaphysicians and partly of scientific investigators. As a specimen of the first, take Feuerbach, who has transformed Hegel's deification of Universal Spirit into the deification of the Individual Spirit:—"Man (as such) is man (in the common sense of the term): man with man—the unity of 'I' and 'Thou'—is God." Hence he has to maintain that Egoism

(or self-ism) is the ultimate principle of all culture and of all worship; the source of all vices, and also of all virtues. What a man eats, that he is: without phosphorus in the brain, there is no thought; indeed, it is the phosphorus that, strictly speaking, thinks in us: and so on. Here, again, is the creed of materialism, stated from the scientific view-point, by Moleschott:—"Man is simply a natural phenomenon, an evanescent product and element of the circle of life.....Each man is the sum of his parents and nurse, of place and time, of air and weather, of sound and light, of food and clothes. His will is the necessary result of these causes, bound to a natural law.....as the planet to its orbit, the plant to the soil.....Thought is a movement of matter, a transposition of the substance of the brain. Apart from phosphorus, there is no thought; and consciousness is nothing but a property of matter.....When the body dies, man ceases to exist: the only immortality is, that when the body is disintegrated, its ammonia, carbonic acid, and lime serve to enrich the earth, and to nourish plants which feed other generations of men."

This system has, unquestionably, an alarming appearance, for it cannot be denied that it rests on certain indubitable facts; but when we disentangle these from the inferences, we shall find that the facts in themselves are perfectly innocent, while the inferences are altogether unwarrantable, and therefore are also harmless.

For instance, one of the most plausible arguments of the materialistic school, in support of the theory that organic and inorganic forces are on the same plane, or are so correlated that the one may be transformed into the other, is derived from the dogma of spontaneous generation, which was long regarded, not as a mere hypothesis, but as an ascertained and established fact, because people had failed to distinguish in this theory what was fact and what was inference. Thus, it was an observed fact that living organisms appeared in water exposed to the atmosphere, and it was assumed that those were transmuted inorganic matter. Again, in 1856, a German investigator, Krause, found that in certain diseases of the lower animals the blood was full of vegetable spores, and it was inferred that these were transformed blood corpuscles. Now, many men of

science, tacitly transferring the certainty of the facts to their inference from the facts, regarded spontaneous generation as indubitable. But more careful investigations have shown that the inference is in no known case correct; and Professor Huxley, who is honest enough to confess he is wrong when it is proved to him, had recently to acknowledge he had been going a little too fast. And this confession must have cost him no small effort; for so convinced was he at one time of the possibility of producing living protoplasm from dead matter, that he looked forward to the actual performance of the feat by chemistry with nearly as much confidence, and quite as little reason, as the old alchemist in the second part of Faust, who holds forth in the following boastful strain:

"We chemists now indulge the expectation,
By mixing, after careful computation—
Since all depends upon a right selection—
Some hundred drugs, according to direction,
And, boiling these into a fine quintessence,
To properly compound the human essence;
Subjecting this to more manipulations,
To boilings, solvings, manifold filtrations,
And cautiously avoiding error and disorder,
We thus shall fashion men quite easily to order."

Here is another doctrine of materialism, stated confidently enough, by Karl Vogt, the celebrated German naturalist:—"Physiology declares itself definitely and categorically against individual immortality, and generally against all representations that rest on the assumption of the special existence of a soul; it recognises in the spiritual activities functions of the brain as the material substratum." When we examine the proof of this assertion, regarded as certain by many men of science at home and abroad, we find that it consists of a few undeniable facts and a quantity of most astounding inference. Thus it is a fact that thought is invariably accompanied by certain vibrations in the matter of the nerves and brain. This is *fact*. But when physiologists proceed to assert that these movements of the brain-matter are themselves the conscious thoughts and emotions and volitions, this, it will be observed, is mere *inference*. And further, it is as gratuitous an inference as it would be to assume that the picture on the retina of the eye is sight, or the vibrations of the tympanum hearing. On this principle of reasoning, we should have to hold that shame is nothing more than the determination of blood to the face in blushing; and that sorrow is nothing

more than a flow of water from the eyes in the shape of tears, and a spasmodic escape of air from the chest in the form of sobs: in which case, Spenser's description in the "*Faerie Queen*" of the grief of a hypocritical woman would acquire a universal applicability:—

"Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water."

A necessary corollary of this physical conception of mental activity is, that there is no such thing as free agency. This, again, is mere assertion, and yet it is amazing what confidence sensible men have in its correctness. Thus, Huxley says: "The physiology of the future will gradually extend the realm of matter and law, until it is co-extensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action." This is a prediction which has frequently been made—for instance, by Epicurus, by Hartley, by Condillac, and by many others—but it still occupies a place in the category of unfulfilled prophecy; and, in addition to this, it has so little ground to stand on, that I can only account for Huxley's making it by supposing that he has mixed up fact and inference, and, above all, that he has been carried away by professional prejudice. It is related that a scientific gardener, whose great hobby was mathematical symmetry, punished one of his boys for misconduct by inserting him in one of two large ornamental flower-pots which stood in front of the entrance to the garden, and happened to be empty. Perceiving that this had a one-sided effect, he fetched another and innocent child, and, forgetting the claims of justice in his regard for harmony, inserted him in the opposite pot. Now, as this gardener, from a too exclusive devotion to symmetry, had come to forget the great law of moral justice, and to view his offspring as on a level with ornamental shrubs; so Professor Huxley, from an excessive regard for uniformity and universal generalization, would seem to have lost sight of the grand fact of free agency, and to consider human beings on a level with stocks and stones, and other senseless things.

These few simple instances sufficiently show the necessity, in measuring the pretensions of any theory, philosophical, scientific, or, I may add, theological, to distinguish between what is fact and what is inference, and to attach to each its respective importance. Were this more carefully

attended to, we should witness less arrogance and bad logic in the statement of scientific and philosophical theories, and less unreasonable outcry and alarm on the part of orthodox but timid spectators.

Hitherto we have confined our attention to theories where the inferences were manifestly unwarranted, but there are cases where the inferential element is at least logical, and must therefore be regarded as more or less probable. Does history throw any light on the value of such theories? We think it does, and that its verdict is adverse just in proportion to the amount of inference in them. Thus in every department of science it is amazing what vast numbers of theories have seen the light, flourished for a short time, and then passed into oblivion. It would be well if we could have an exact calculation of the rate of mortality among scientific hypotheses; for by applying it to the numerous existing generation we should doubtless have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that nearly all of them are doomed to perish and decay, and leave nothing valuable behind them save the skeleton of facts on which they were framed. Turning to the history of philosophy, we find that here the carnage is still greater, and the remains of imperishable fact of necessity scantier. It is remarkable how rapidly one system rises and displaces its predecessor. Take Germany during the first half of the present century, and you have Kant succeeded by Fichte, Fichte by Schelling, Schelling by Hegel; and since then we have a perfect swarm of philosophies in Schleiermacher, Herbart, Schopenhauer, Beneke, &c.;—in fact, “their name is legion.” The same process has gone on uninterruptedly since first men were driven to seek to solve the mysteries of existence. And there is something very pathetic in the history, when you remember how each system was wrought out by a strong and earnest soul, and with what high hopes it was launched by the founder and his disciples, who confidently thought that it was destined to bear all mankind over the stormy waves of mystery and fear and doubt, safe to the firm land of knowledge and peace and certainty. And now it lies on the shore of that great sea, a battered and abandoned wreck, and men struggle as painfully and helplessly as ever to surmount the billows of uncertainty that rise and threaten

to engulf them. Therefore it is that we say the teaching of history leads us to be very wary of putting much reliance on inferential attempts to explain or interpret facts. The verdict of history is, that when the products of every age have been sifted, the result is a very small portion of grain and a very enormous heap of chaff. Surely, then, the proper frame of mind for us is, to remember that much which we regard as probable—nay, as certain—may be wrong, and is at best incomplete. Yet men are very slow to learn this lesson, and still they continue to publish their theories with an unflinching confidence, which is at once comical and touching, and is doubtless to be ascribed to the blindness of parental affection, which can see no fault in its offspring. Hence, although every great field of inquiry is white with the skeletons of previous attempts to solve the mystery, inventors still start off their own attempt without the slightest doubt that it is destined to succeed where all its predecessors have failed. For instance, so many theories have at various times appeared proclaiming that they had exposed and finally refuted Christianity, that most men of sense have come to receive the announcement as coolly as people do those bills which advertise the appearance of second-rate actors, “positively for the last time.” Indeed, so suspicious has the cry of “Christianity exposed” become, that one would think a respectable man of science would be reluctant to employ it even if he had certainly accomplished the feat. Yet there must be a mysterious fascination about such statements; for I find that prudent man, Professor Huxley, proclaiming that when he read Darwin’s *Origin of Species*, he was convinced “that teleology, as commonly understood, had received its death-blow at Mr. Darwin’s hands.” Now, without insinuating that the wish was father to the thought, I do not wonder at Professor Huxley’s thinking that Mr. Darwin had finally annihilated the argument for God’s existence from the evidence of design in nature, but I do wonder at his telling it, since it is a wise rule never prematurely to indulge in public rejoicings over the news of an enemy’s death, especially in the case of a foe that has been already frequently declared defunct, but that has a singular faculty of always turning up again none the worse of its reported decease.

Without giving more examples of the advisability of distinguishing fact and inference, and of speaking with due caution, in the departments of science and philosophy, I proceed to observe that history teaches the same lessons to theologians. They, too, must carefully distinguish between the statements of revelation, which are certain, and their own interpretations and inferences, which are by no means equally reliable, and ought always to be maintained with becoming modesty. The history of theology presents a sad array of abandoned and dilapidated theories, consisting of ungrounded inferences and false interpretations; and even sober and well-balanced orthodoxy has not unfrequently had to recede from positions which it once defended as absolutely certain and essential to the truth of Christianity. I shall only mention, as examples, the allegorical school of interpretation, the strictly historical character of the Book of Job, the immobility of the Earth, the creation of the world out of nothing in six days of twenty-four hours—and so on. These lessons should teach us, while defending our view with all our might, not to claim the attribute of *certainly* for our interpretation, which it has no right to; and, above all, never to stake the credit of Christianity on the truth of our theories. Yet I suspect a conviction of infallibility is as strong among us as it was in our clerical forefathers, when Cromwell, trying in vain to convince them of their folly in supporting Charles, besought them, “by the bowels of their common Christianity, to believe that it was just within the bounds of possibility that they might be mistaken.” To show, however, that presumptuous dogmatism is not confined to the orthodox, take the following quotation from Ewald, whose Commentary on the Old Testament Prophets (whom he regards as having been little, if at all, more inspired than himself) closes with these words: “The ignoring and stiffnecked denying that this book of mine contains a perfectly secure foundation for the right interpretation of the Prophets, appears to me to border very closely on the sin against the Holy Ghost.” Such being his estimate of his own utterances, it will not surprise the reader to find him denouncing an adverse reviewer in the following terms: “Most assuredly, had Olshausen lived in the time of the apostles,

he would have been one of the most cold-blooded and dangerous of their persecutors and crucifiers.” Contrast such presumptuous arrogance with the following sentences from the Preface to Rothe’s “Theologische Ethik:”—“I have no desire to maintain against others that my view is correct, and theirs not;.....nay, I know that I am incorrect, for even at the best it is but a drop that I have drawn out of the ocean. If therefore any reader—judging from the confidence with which inventors of philosophical systems are wont to regard their work—should ask me if I find full satisfaction for my mind in my principles, I can only smile. Woe is me, if God and the universe did not remain overwhelmingly greater than my conception of them!” Need I say that the reverent humility with which Rothe introduces to his readers the greatest modern system of ethics, is the same spirit which breathed in the greatest of the apostles when he said—“Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known”?

Once more I remark, that these features of the history of human thought ought to affect our attitude to the antichristian speculations of the age. If, instead of indulging in vague denunciations, which only serve to reveal their ignorance and anxiety, Christian men would learn the lesson of the past, we should have less of that spirit of ill-concealed terror and misgiving in the unlearned Christian world; and we should witness in the learned defenders of our faith more of what Sir Walter Scott describes as—

“The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

But it may be asked, What of Professor Huxley’s boast, that “extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules”? It is a very strong statement of a very commonplace fact; and the fate of the few extinguished theologians should serve as a warning to weak-minded brethren not to stray out of their proper pastures. But how has it fared with men of science and philosophy who have attempted to solve those mysteries that are impenetrable to man’s unaided reason? I take up a History of Philosophy and Science, and as I survey the long

line of skeletons of defunct theories, I feel the prospect to be very like that presented to the eyes of the prophet who was "set down in the midst of the valley which was full of dry bones : and, behold, there were very many in the open valley ; and, lo, they were very dry."

I turn to the History of Christianity, and looking back to the first centuries, I behold the religion of Christ born into a world possessed by the giant forms of Platonism, Stoicism, Epicurism, and Paganism ; and I watch the tiny stream grow stronger and overwhelm these obstacles to its progress ; and gradually it expands into a river broad and deep, whose banks are strewn with the wrecks of countless barriers that were raised to stem its tide : and I know that this river will flow on triumphantly, till it swells into a mighty ocean that will "fill all the earth, as the waters cover the sea."

Finally : it is instructive to note that history shows the connection between the thought and life of an age to be the same as that between an epidemic and the general health of a community. The epidemic is not the cause, but the result of a low sanitary condition ; yet when once established, it increases the previous depreciation. So the philosophy of an age is not the cause, but the result of the general tone of feeling ; but once evolved, it feeds the tendency that fostered it.

In our age, philosophy and science have assumed a materialistic and utilitarian aspect ; and, as we should expect from the teaching of history, we see that the general tone of thought and feeling is of a worldly, material, matter-of-fact character. The age has been one of unexampled commercial enterprise and prosperity, and thus attention has been fixed on outward and temporal good, until this has attained an exaggerated value, and the subjective, the ideal and the spiritual, have fallen into the background. There is a strong tendency to ignore the future life, and concentrate every effort to secure well-being in this life. The motto of secularism—"To live and die for this world"—is more or less present in many hearts. If there be a future life, say they, we know nothing of it. This life we have ; let us make the best of it : "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." What is hell but the dream of disordered minds ? and may not heaven be nothing more

than the vision of green trees and cooling streams that floats in the mirage before the eyes of the traveller dying of thirst in the desert ? "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain"—what is that but the last variation of the refrain we are always singing and hoping, "Hard times come again no more" ?

And what of that strange story of One who came to save the lost ? What say we of Christ ? And the sad answer comes, that he is the creation of broken hearts that had lost their earthly friends or been deceived, and who therefore dreamed of One who feels for them in heaven, and who is ever faithful and true. This feeling is beautifully expressed in the sad words of Matthew Arnold, when, after describing how Christ lived in the warm faith of the early believers, he adds :—

"Now He is dead : far hence he lies,
In the lorn Syrian town ;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down

"From David's lips this word did roll—
'Tis true and living yet :
'No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt.'"

On the other hand, worldly prosperity is regarded as the *summum bonum* ; success is worshipped ; and the one unpardonable sin is to fail to secure as large a share as possible of life's prizes and men's applause.

With such a spirit largely pervading certain classes of society, can we wonder to find, both in thought and in life, a strong antagonism to Christianity ; a system whose great principle is, "Seek first the kingdom of heaven," and whose Founder gained no earthly crown except a crown of thorns ? We must, therefore, set ourselves to solve the problem how best this sickness of the age may be met and healed. The answer seems to me to be something like this : If you would do good service in opposing this spirit of worldliness that has got possession of our age, it is not necessary that you should, like the first preachers of Christ, turn wholly away from the pursuits and honours of secular life. Nor must you imitate the hermits of the Middle Ages, who sought to save themselves from the hardness and corruption of the world by flight. But there is open to you a way more

commonplace, yet perhaps harder of accomplishment,—I mean, by entering the battle of life, and showing that you can conquer its prizes and yet hold them at no more than their proper value; thus manifesting that you have learned that most difficult of all lessons for the soldier of the Cross, “to be in the world, yet not of the world.” Following thus in your Master’s footsteps, you will come to know more fully what he meant when he said, “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I

unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” And turning wearily away from the restless questionings and doubts of men, you will ever find fresh beauty in the words of the psalm—“Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child. Let Israel hope in the Lord from henceforth and for ever.”

ITALIAN GLEANINGS.

SUPPRESSION OF RELIGIOUS HOUSES.

THE great political question of the day in Italy turns on the bill recently brought into Parliament for the settlement of the religious corporations of the capital. All through the autumn this subject has been discussed by the press; and endless as were the rumours set afloat regarding the expected measure, it was generally believed by those supposed to be well informed of the intentions of Government, that the new proposals would be considerably different from the law of 1865, by which the religious bodies of the rest of Italy were suppressed. These anticipations have not been verified by the actual result, the bill lately laid before the Chamber by the Minister of Worship having for its basis the extension to the province of Rome of the law now in force in other parts of the kingdom. A good few exceptions are made in favour of the houses of generals of orders, and of foreign corporations. The sum total of the revenues for the disposal of which the new law must provide, amounts to no less than £287,680 sterling. It is proposed to establish three separate funds with this money;—one, called the Hospital Fund, formed of the property of corporations which maintained hospitals; a second, called the School Fund, composed of the property of teaching corporations; and the third, named the Parochial Fund, derived from the property of corporations which had a church and parish. The discussion of this bill, which is expected to come on in the course of this month or the next, will be looked for with deep interest, more especially when the spirit and bearing of the contending parties are taken into account. The newspaper press has commented severely on the feebleness and timidity with which the Government has acted in dealing with the Jesuits and their property; and argues, from the tenderness shown to that body, that the authorities want the courage to proceed with the necessary reforms in a resolute manner.

ALIENATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

But whatever may be the attitude of the Government and its critics, the Church shows no signs of flinching. She refuses with as steady persistence as ever to recognise any of the consequences of recent changes. In particular, she has made a most pertinacious stand on the application of the law passed seven years ago for the suppression of the religious houses of the Italian Peninsula. This opposition has lately taken a most disagreeable shape in the southern parts of the kingdom. For some time back it has been reported that the Roman Curia had issued orders to the Italian bishops and clergy to withhold the usual benediction from all persons wishing to marry, who had acquired ecclesiastical property, except on condition of their expressing their readiness to preserve it for the Church, and restore it to the former owner whenever an opportunity should present itself. It turns out that this report was substantially correct. A case of the kind described having actually arisen at Majuri, in the district of Naples, the clergy refused the nuptial benediction, until the parties contracting marriage had made the required declaration. The *Opinione* of Florence now publishes the text of the document sent by the Papal Court to the bishops and archbishops of the kingdom on this subject. The question was put thus: “Whether or how those can be absolved who have acquired or possess Church property alienated from the demesne?” The Roman Curia gave the following reply: “Penitents are not to be absolved who possess this property, unless they shall first deliver to the ordinary of the place, or to other ecclesiastical persons selected throughout the diocese by the same ordinary according to his discretion, a declaration signed by them in the presence of witnesses, in which they shall, for themselves, their heirs and successors, submit to the following conditions:—

“1. That they retain the said property for disposal by the Church; 2. That they preserve the said property

for useful purposes ; 3. That they discharge the pious obligations attached to the same ; 4. That they aid with the revenues of the said property the pious places and persons whom they concern ; 5. That they warn their heirs and successors of the obligations incurred by this declaration, that they also may know how to act."

It is plain that these instructions place the Catholic who possesses Church property beyond the pale of the Church. He cannot receive absolution from his confessor, he cannot contract a religious marriage, he cannot act as godfather at the baptismal font, nor receive in the last moments of his life the comfort of the sacraments, unless he first subscribe a declaration which destroys his right of property.

REFRACTORY ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH.

The Penitentiary Court of the Vatican has despatched to the bishops of Italy the following instructions, in the form of question and answer :—

Quest. Is it lawful to sing the *Te Deum* on the occasion of a proclamation by the *intruding* government, or other like circumstance ?

Ans. No.

Q. Is it lawful to illuminate one's own house on the occasion of the inauguration of the new government, or other like circumstance ? and likewise, is it lawful to wear the badges of the new government, such as cockades, tricolours, &c.

A. No ; unless there is serious danger impending, or occasions of scandal feared.

Q. Is it lawful to enlist in the National or Civic Guard, which the *intruding* government is organizing for its defence in the usurped provinces ?

A. No.

Q. Is it lawful to take part in the election of councillors and municipal representatives ; and may the persons elected take office as municipal councillors and magistrates ?

A. Provided they do not countenance acts contrary to the laws of God and the Church, and provided they abstain from taking the oath to the *invading* government, they shall be tolerated.

Q. In what manner must reparation be made for the public scandal given by those who ask absolution from censures incurred in these times, when such reparation is difficult and perilous ?

A. Reparation for scandal is of divine right, and ought to be made in the way which the bishop or confessor may judge best.

Q. Must they who demand absolution first undertake to make good the losses sustained by the Pontifical Government during the present troubles ?

A. It will suffice if they declare their readiness to obey the commands of the Holy See.

THUNDERS OF THE VATICAN.

From a correspondence which appeared in the columns of the *Nazione*, a leading Florence newspaper, we ex-

tract the following details of the various descriptions of fire-arms reported to be at present stored in the Vatican for Papal purposes :—

In the magazines of the Court of the Belvedere there are six pieces of artillery, somewhat old, but in excellent condition, and duly supplied with ammunition. In the Vatican garden are kept twelve pieces of rifled artillery, of large La Rochefoucauld calibre, forming the reserve of the Pontifical artillery : these guns are heavy, but quite capable of being moved, and have their full supply of ammunition. Lastly, in the Vatican armoury there are the following :—

FIRE-ARMS.

Snider Rifles	8,000
Remingtons	2,000
Muskets	20,000
Fire-arms of various kinds	20,000
Revolvers	400
Total	50,400

LETHAL WEAPONS.

Cavalry Sabres	10,000
Daggers	10,000
Total	20,000

Here is enough to equip a real army whenever the Pope and his partisans should wish to try a *coup de main*. Let it be observed that by the terms of the capitulation agreed to, on the 20th September 1870, between Cadorna, the Italian general, and General Kanzler, the Papal commander, it was declared that all arms of every sort, belonging to the Holy See, should be delivered up to the Italian officials. Let it also be observed that in the above list of the thunders of the Vatican, we have not mentioned the various armed corps which reside in the Vatican, and which are all armed to the teeth. These corps are the Noble Guard, the Swiss Guard, the gendarmes, the Palatine Guard, and the agents of police. These people are thoroughly organized, and receive their orders from General Kanzler, who has his staff and ordnance officers. The Pontifical commander, according to the same report, frequently calls his officers together, and recommends to their special attention the *Italian theory*, as being the most recent, and because, when the time comes, it will be adopted.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY IN ROME.

In noteworthy contrast with the foregoing, we observe that the printing of the first edition of the New Testament was completed in Rome some weeks since, under the auspices of the Italian Bible Society. This edition consists of ten thousand copies, and is expected to be followed by others of still larger size. The publication of the following circular letter is the best answer possible to the disparaging reports recently raised by Romanists in this country regarding the progress of evangelical work in the Eternal City :—

ROME, 16th November 1872.

CHRISTIANS OF ITALY,—It is with profound gratitude to the Author of all good, that we, the undersigned, in

name of the Committee of the Italian Bible Society, announces to you all the publication here in Rome of the **NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST**, under the auspices of our Society. The fact of this publication being made on the banks of the Tiber, nay, even at the gates of the Vatican and of the abominable dungeons of the Inquisition, will certainly attract your attention and sympathy. And it is on this account that we appeal to all the evangelical Christians of Italy to put themselves in possession of this New Testament. We cherish the firm confidence that none of you will refuse the privilege of purchasing at least one copy, which costs not more than fifty cents.—Your devoted brethren in Christ,

COTE. W. NELSON,
RAVI VINCENTO,
SCIARELLI FRANCESCO,
WALL JAMES.

The Italian Bible Society has intimated that it is extremely anxious to procure a copy of the edition of the New Testament published in 1849 at Rome, during the time of the republic, by Signor Paul of Geneva, and burned in great part by the Pope immediately after his return from Gaeta. If the Society could obtain a copy, it would preserve it as a valuable relic in its archives.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY IN ROME.

The Baptists, whose unwearied missionary zeal is beyond all praise, have opened a new place of worship in the Borgo Vecchio, right in front of the Basilica of St. Peter's. We believe that the following notice, which has been circulated through Rome, refers to schools which are about to be opened in the same place:—"Signor W. C. Van Meter, founder of the great Free School for the children of New York—a school which, under the well-known name of the 'Howard Mission,' has, since 1861, received, educated, and maintained upwards of eleven thousand pupils of various nationalities—cordially invites you to come and enrol your children in the registers of the said school, in order to obtain for them the right of entrance. The instruction, which will follow the municipal programme as far as possible, will be communicated to the pupils every day of the week, except Thursday and Sunday, from nine to three. At mid-day the pupils will receive a modest but substantial meal. On Sunday morning there will be a Bible-class from nine to eleven, at which persons of all sorts, besides the pupils and their parents, may be present."

PORTRAIT OF AONIO PALEARIO.

Signor Francesco Sciarelli announces in a letter to the *Corriere Evangelico* the discovery, in the Municipal Library of Veroli, of the original portrait of Aonio Paleario, which lay there neglected in a corner. At the bottom of the picture is an inscription, which declares him the first in eloquence after Cicero, and recalls his having been condemned to the stake as a heretic by Pope Pius V. This library belonged, up to 1870, to the episcopal seminary; and it is known how the priests of

last century strove to compass the destruction of the portrait; but being opposed by the townsmen, who threatened to set fire to the seminary if they did so, they contented themselves with huddling it away into a corner of the library. There it has been discovered by Spina, a photographer at Rome, who, after many difficulties, has at length succeeded in obtaining copies of it.

FATE OF THE SALESIAN NUNS.

It will be remembered what an outcry was raised last year in Italy and elsewhere by the wrong-headed conduct of the lady-superior of a girls' school at Padua, conducted by Sisters of the Salesian Order. A government inspector had visited the establishment, and, among other questions, asked the young ladies, "What is the capital of Italy?" "Florence," replied the scholar to whom the question was put, in a clear and decided tone of voice. The inspector, seeing there was something wrong, turned for an explanation to the lady-superior, who thereupon informed him that it was quite proper to teach the geography of Italy in this way, *so long as the government set the immoral example of taking what was not its own*. Shortly after the inspector gave in his report, and the school was closed by orders from head-quarters. But the still more humbling sequel of the story remains to be told. A correspondent writing the other day from Padua informs us, that after the shutting up of the seminary the sisters who used to teach there without diploma have been reduced to the alternative of giving up teaching or going up for examination to obtain certificates. "It was a strange sight," says the writer, "to see these nuns, clad in black, with their white hoods, sitting beside the girls of the normal schools, for the purpose of being questioned by the examiners of an excommunicated government." At Padua, our fellow-countryman, the Rev. Henry Pigott, who has a large and flourishing upper girls' school in that city, had been appointed one of the examiners in modern languages; and on this occasion a Methodist minister was seen seated in the examiner's chair, whilst nuns of the Sacred Heart took their places among the candidates for examination! A more radical change could hardly be imagined.

STATE OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

The government and the press could have afforded to treat the "sweet unreasonableness" of the good Sisters of Padua with the contempt it deserved, had they not been convinced that this case was a type of the general condition of public instruction throughout the country. The Italians have begun in consequence to awake to a sense of the danger they run by leaving education in the hands of men and women who are the declared enemies of the State. Some twelve years ago there were, what with regular and secular clergy together, more than sixty thousand ecclesiastics in Italy, the great majority of whom acted at that time, and act still, in an educational capacity. With this staff of instructors, Italy

ought to be one of the best educated countries in the world. Instead of that, however, there were somewhere about seventeen millions of people who could not read or write,—an aggregate of ignorance which is not as yet much diminished. Two grave evils have always been associated with the priestly system of instruction. The first of these is the practice of occupying the educational ground for the sheer purpose of minimising the amount of knowledge communicated, and so keeping the pupils in a condition of the grossest ignorance. The way in which this is managed has been shown in the case of the Salesian Sisters. That this was no isolated case, the more thoughtful and observant Italians are perfectly assured. Massimo d'Azeglio used to say that the secret of the priests consisted in perpetually making the child study without learning anything. But the second evil is, in a political point of view, not less alarming or less mischievous than the first. It is now found that in the hands of a bigoted priest every school may be turned into a focus of insurrection and a nursery of rebellion, in which the child, under sanction of the most sacred names and most venerated influences, is taught to hate and despise the national institutions. That this is no

fanciful statement is proved by an order of the day, voted in the course of last year by the general assembly of the Cavour Circle. The order ran thus: "The assembly having heard the statement of the commission, proving that in the schools managed by, or dependent on, ecclesiastics in Rome, and especially in the elementary ones, the pupils are trained to hatred and contempt of our present institutions, charges the President of the Circle to present an address to the Minister of Public Instruction, praying him to organize an efficient system of inspection for the same schools, in accordance with the laws now in force." It is manifest that with a system productive of such results, little peace can be enjoyed, and still less progress made, by a nation which has such long and heavy arrears in almost every department of human activity to clear away. It is to be hoped, however, that the government will soon feel itself sufficiently strong to take up a firm and vigorous tone in dealing with the Old Man of the Vatican, and that one of the first results of this new policy will be the remodelling of the whole system of national education on the principle of lay instruction.

T. T. G.

The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

[It is proposed in this Series to present some of the more outstanding and articulately expressed analogies between grace and nature which abound in the Scriptures. In some cases, the exposition will be permitted to expand into the dimensions of a discourse; and in others, it may be confined within the limits of a paragraph.]

I.

ADAM A TYPE OF CHRIST.

"Adam....who is the figure (type) of Him that was to come."—ROM. v. 14.



HIS is the earliest of all the types: in time, it comes first; in position, it lies deepest. There are none before it—none beneath it. Bowing down from heaven in love, God the Spirit grasps the first fact of man's history, and therewith prints the lesson of man's redemption. There was no delay, for the King's matter required haste. The Giver was prompt and eager; the receivers have been indolent and slow.

Mark the nature of the relation that subsists between a type and its letter—between a seal and its impression. There is at once likeness and diversity; they are the same, and yet they are opposite. The type, whether it be a single letter or a varied landscape, is of the same size and shape as the object which its impress leaves

behind; and every several point or turn in the one has an equal and corresponding point or turn in the other; and yet there is a complete and pervading difference, or rather contrariety between them. Look first to the engraving on a seal, and then to the image which it has left on wax: the two are in certain aspects the same, and yet they are reciprocally opposite. They agree, and yet they are antagonist. The left of this is the right of that: where this reveals a hollow, that exhibits a height; where this is shaded, that lies in the light. In their whole aspect they are the reverse of each other.

After this manner is Adam the type of Christ. In some aspects there is a likeness; and in others, not only diversity, but contrariety. Observe first the *agreement*, and then the *difference*.

I. The agreement or similarity.

1. Adam and Christ were the true sources or heads of their respective families.

There are two conceivable methods of constituting humanity. Whether both were possible, in consistence with all the attributes of God, we cannot tell. One is, to make men such that each should be absolutely independent of all, and the conduct, good or bad, of any one should have no effect, physical or moral, on the condition of any of the rest. The other is, to constitute the race such that the first man should be the head and source of humanity, and that the state and tendencies of all should be determined by the standing or the falling of this one.

This latter method our Maker has adopted; and it is useless to agitate the question whether the other method would, in its own nature, have been honourable to God, and salutary for men. When the bird is shut up within an iron cage, it is better for itself that it should not dash itself against the bars. It was in an attempt to be as God that our first parents fell. If we would escape their fault and fate, we should abandon speculations on what might have been, and address ourselves to what is. We are men—creatures with a short lease and a narrow boundary. Let us leave with God the things that are God's, and evidently require omniscience for their solution, and let us mind our own business.

In point of fact we all come into the world with darkened minds and wayward hearts. As water flows down and sparks fly up, human beings, as they emerge successively into consciousness, turn aside into sin, and fall into suffering. The grandest of God's works is most awry and out of joint. The highest creature falls farthest short of fulfilling its destiny. The Scriptures, acknowledging this fact, explain it by the *Fall*. Some people complain much of the difficulties which they find in the Scriptures regarding this subject. A serious mistake is made, however, in the statement of the question. The difficulty lies, not in the Scriptures, but in the fact: it would have been all there although there had never been a Bible. Creatures, manifestly the head of creation, having an intellectual and moral nature in conjunction with an exquisite physical frame, under the government of a Being

who is at once omnipotent and beneficent, lie weltering in sin and suffering, like the sea when it cannot rest. This state of things has endured from age to age, without intermission, and without mitigation. This is the difficulty: all the difficulties that you meet in the Bible are small when compared to this. The aim of the Bible is to throw light on the darkness; but even if some parts of the scene remain obscure, we have no right to lay the blame of the obscurity on that which, to some extent at least, has brought us light.

The first man, according to the actual constitution of humanity, stood as head and representative of the race. His fall brought all down. At the head he stands, and from him the long line stretches away down the course of time. Two hundred generations constitute the links of the chain, and its length extends to six thousand years. At first the line of march is narrow; on the apex one; and behind him two or three walk abreast: broader and broader grows the stream as it recedes from the source, until, in our day, the file of march is a million of millions deep. Adam, like the point of the wedge, stands on the summit, a unit alone; the generations in the ranks immediately beneath him are numbered by tens, and anon by hundreds, until they have in our day reached a number that can indeed be expressed in figures, but cannot be adequately comprehended by finite minds.

On the other side stands the second Adam—he that was to come. Alone he stands at the head, and his also shall be a numerous offspring. Here and there, in the earliest ages, appears a righteous Abel offering faith's sacrifice, or a righteous Enoch walking in newness of life with God. Yonder a Noah preaches righteousness over a world lying in wickedness; and here an Abraham is called from his home and his kindred to a better country and a higher life. Broader now is the line of their marching since Christ came in the flesh. Already a multitude, whom no man can number, tread the pilgrim's path, and shall in due time enter the joy of their Lord. All the redeemed in heaven and on earth are Christ's,—their life as certainly flowing from, and dependent on him, as the natural life of humanity flows from the first man.

The chief feature of similarity between the figure and the greater fact which it predicts is, that each stands for all his own; and this principle of God's government, introduced at the beginning, runs through to the end.

The line of march was suddenly changed at the resurrection of Christ. Then the column left the narrow track of Palestine, and overflowed on the wide field of the world. Admitted into the capital of the Gentiles when Jerusalem fell, it speedily found a larger sphere and became a more numerous company. As centuries pass, it grows still greater; and now we look wistfully forward to that time when it shall reach from sea to sea—when the kingdom of Christ shall absorb the kingdoms of the world—when the stream of the second Adam's children shall be co-extensive and coincident with that of the first.

2. These two representatives stood side by side from the first, and redemption began to flow from Christ as soon as sin was brought in by Adam. The promise did not tarry; it sprang at the gate of Eden, an echo of the curse. When the first man fell, and so entailed on all his posterity an inheritance of woe, Christ, within the veil unseen, began to be the head of a new and saved family. In eternity within he dwelt, and there he began to act the head of the redeemed, the moment that the first man outside became the head of a fallen race. An impenetrable partition veiled off the unseen from the eyes of men; but the Redeemer within the veil, delighting from the first in his saving work, approached the curtain, and often permitted softened rays of his glory to shine through.

Let a veil be hung up impervious to light and vision; it may yet be such that a magnet within will, when brought near the boundary, attract kindred objects on the outer side. You may observe them to quiver and move, and lift themselves mysteriously off the ground. The magnetic power from within grasps the objects that lie without, and leads them whithersoever it will. Under the Patriarchal and Jewish economies many felt the drawing of Christ's love who never with the bodily eyes beheld Christ. Caught by the deepest affections of their souls, they arose from the dust, and quivered tremulously after him, whom having not seen they had yet learned to love.

Similarly in the days of his personal ministry, although he manifested himself only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, he had compassion on the surrounding heathen, and hastened forward to the day of their redemption. On one occasion he walked to the boundary of his allotted sphere, and touched the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. In that outer land a Syrophenician woman felt the drawing of his love, and followed him—the first-fruits of the Gentiles to Christ.

3. Another point of likeness lies in this, that on both sides equally it is by birth that the members are united to their head and his destiny. It is by birth that we are knit to our inheritance of sin. If we had not descended by birth from a fallen father, we would not have been in this condition of sin and misery. The thought sometimes presses for admission—What if we had never been born; or if we had descended from the holy?—but the conception is too hard for us. The mind cannot bear its weight; to entertain it long would overwhelm our faculties. Not only is the thing impossible of attainment; the conception of it exceeds our power. We have been born to this inheritance of sin and suffering; we cannot shake it off. We may weep over the discovery of our sad condition, and cry with an exceeding great and bitter cry, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" but to that cry, apart from the gospel revealed, no comforting answer can ever come. The depths saith, "It is not in me:" it is not in earth, it is not in heaven, to cause that to be not, which is. By birthright our dark heritage is ours, and the link that binds us to it we cannot break. We are in it, and cannot escape.

But be of good cheer, prisoner of hope: the chain that binds you by birth to the first Adam, it is true, cannot be broken; but if by a corresponding new birth you are one with the second Adam, you have no cause to weep. Greater is He that is for you than all that be against you. You cannot, indeed, escape from being a man; but if you are a new creature in Christ Jesus, the second birthright is as irrevocable as the first. If you are once born, nothing can separate you from your heritage, except to be re-born. But if you are born again, nothing can separate you from your new inheritance. Both birth-bonds are indis-

soluble. Though the weight of a world were fixed to you, and flung into infinite space, it would not avail to wrench you off your stem in Adam, with all the twofold death that it involves ; but though all the weight of a world were fixed to a member of Christ, and flung free into infinitude, it could not separate the living member from the life-giving Head. It is a fixed principle of natural science that species do not change. In the material department of God's creation there is no way over from one nature to another : once in a nature always in it, without a new creation. But that which is impossible with man is possible with God. He has undertaken in the gospel to make a *new* creature. As the principle operates in the first Adam's posterity, so it operates in the second Adam's posterity. "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39).

II. The difference.

The chief point of contrast lies in this, that whereas Adam's seed derive from their head sin and death, Christ's seed derive from their Head righteousness and life. This birth is meanness, that is honour ; this birth is darkness, that is light ; this birth is death, that is life.

One of the strangest facts in human history, —a fact which I suppose angels desire to look into, and yet shudder when they see—is that multitudes of the human race are proud of their first birth, and do not give themselves any concern about a second. They count the little great, and the great little ; the evil good, and the good evil. Woe to them that so turn upside down the very ground themselves must stand upon !

This contrast between the type and the thing which it represents, is over all. The two are in this respect not only unlike each other, but complete and absolute contraries.

Under this, however, there are many specific points of difference.

1. While Adam's seed in this world possess the moral nature of their head complete, Christ's seed possess the moral nature of their Head only in part. We get the evil in full, the good only

in part. It comes about in this way : When we derive a sinful nature from the first man, we have previously no other and better nature, that may mingle with it and mitigate its evil : we possess the evil all, and the evil only. The imagination of the thoughts of his heart are only evil, and that continually. In me, that is in my flesh—in all that I derive from man my father—there dwelleth no good thing.

But on the other hand, the regeneration is not the birth of a being who did not previously exist. It is the getting of a new nature, indeed, and that a holy one, through union in spirit with Christ, the holy Man ; but it is gotten by one who previously possessed an evil nature, and that evil nature is not wholly cast away. It is cast down from the throne, but not cast forth from the territory. It no longer reigns, but it continues to disturb. The old mingles with, and spoils the new. The two contend against each other ; and there is not peace, but a sword. The actual life of a Christian, accordingly, is neither wholly carnal nor wholly spiritual—it is neither a straight line in the direction of goodness, nor a straight line in the direction of badness ; it is a sort of diagonal, traced by the opposite pressure of the two forces. (See Rom. vii.).

The union with Christ in the regeneration is likened to the grafting of a fruit-tree. Now the tree at the first, which springs from seed, is wholly evil—root and branch. When it is grafted it is made good ; but not so completely as it was originally made evil. Its head is taken away ; but its root, and lower portion of the stem, are left living in the ground. On this old stump a new and good branch is grafted. It is the new branch that grows upward and bears the fruit, but it must lean on and get its life-sap through the old root and stem of the old evil tree. Although the good head engrafted always brings forth good fruit, the old evil root is continually putting forth shoots and buds and blossoms of its own, that are evil, and that waste the strength which should go to the good.

A similar defect, from a similar cause, adheres to Christians as long as they are in this life. They are still the same persons that they were before. The lower parts remain : the physical frame and the intellectual faculties remain ; it is

the higher or spiritual nature that has been radically changed. The old spirit has been taken away, and a new spirit inserted. The seed of Christ in the higher part, has been inserted in the seed of Adam in the lower part; and, alas! the fruit that grows even on a Christian tastes of the old corrupt root on which it still stands and grows.

In some way, we know not how, the remnants of the old will be filtered out in the dissolution of death; and nothing shall enter heaven that would defile its golden streets, or be a jar in its new song.

2. The two bands are not equally numerous. Adam's company includes absolutely the whole of the human race; Christ's company is contained within it, and is therefore necessarily smaller, as the whole is greater than a part.

1 Cor. xv.: "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." These words do not intimate that the two companies are co-extensive and coincident: no man with his eyes open can read the words in their connection, and think that this is their meaning. The meaning is, In Adam, Adam's all die; in Christ, Christ's all live. It tells that all who are in Adam die, and all who are in Christ live; but it does not tell how many either company contains. We know certainly from other scriptures that Adam's company consists of all the born, and Christ's of all the born-again. To cleave to the letter here, and understand it to announce that all the human race are actually saved in Christ, contradicts the whole spirit of the Scriptures, and makes both their exhortations and their warnings of none effect.

God's creatures of the old and new creation seem to envelop each other, after the manner of a sphere within a sphere, the most precious being embedded in the heart. Humanity, comparatively small in bulk, is surrounded by the mightier mass of the inferior creatures, the beasts that perish. Men, immortal, made in God's image, lie in the heart like the kernel, and all inferior organized beings encompass it like a huge husk. The husk will in due time rend and rot and return to the dust. But within the mass of humanity that remains is an inner seed, encased around by a harder, rougher shell. In the heart of humanity

lie the regenerate—the true, vital seed of the kingdom; and the crust that surrounds them, compact and highly organized though it be, will crumble and be cast away. The Bridegroom and they that were ready went in to the marriage; and the rest were shut out. When the Earth and all that it contained has passed away, Christ and Christians will remain, inheritors together and alone of the eternal life.

3. Another point of difference. Although we inherit this corruption from the first man, we personally have no immediate relation to him. We inherit directly from our own immediate forefathers. With Adam personally we have no personal relation, in the matter of a descending moral taint. Although it came from the first man originally, we received it from the last that stood before us in the line. If we could suppose our first progenitor to be from this time forth annihilated, we should remain in the same state, as to inherited corruption. We derived it not immediately from him, but from our nearest father.

It is not thus in the relation between Christ and Christians. It is from him that their life flows as its fountain: but further, each generation of believing men, down to the end of the world, continue to draw their spiritual life and justifying righteousness directly and immediately from the person of Emmanuel. It is not that Christ gave forth a germ of new spiritual life, once for all, and that each new generation of Christians derive their better life from those that went immediately before them. No; the new creature does not propagate its kind. A Christian now gets his life as directly from Christ as those who lay in his bosom or sat at his feet. Death once imparted at the sources of humanity, runs down its stream; but life imparted to one man by the God-man Christ, needs to be equally imparted to every saved sinner, by personal relation with the Saviour. If the first Adam were annihilated, the born of the human race would still be born in sin; but if Christ were no more Christ, there could be no more for any man a new, a holy life.

The difference is somewhat like that which may be found in nature between a tree propagating its kind by seed on the one hand, and a tree sustaining its branches on the other. When once

the seed is ripened and cast, the progenitor tree may be burned ; but from the seed trees of the same kind will spring. But even when the branch has been put forth by the tree, the branch is every year, and all the year, directly dependent on the tree. If the tree should die, all the branches would die too. The corruption we inherit from Adam, as the seed has come from the tree ; the new life we can only have in Christ, as the branch lives in the vine. Adam might say, I was the tree, and ye grew from the seed which I shed ; but Christ says, I am the vine, ye are the branches.

And as Christians hold directly of Christ, Christ holds individually by Christians. The Vine bleeds and languishes when the branches are torn away. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" The Head endures pain when the members are injured. How safe is that life which is hid with Christ in God !

4. Yet another point of difference. The gain by the second Adam is greater than the loss by the first. The Scripture intimates, indeed, that there is a likeness,—that Adam is a figure of Christ. But having made the intimation of the similarity, it proceeds immediately to intimate that there is also a dissimilarity : "But not as the offence, so also is the free gift. For if through the offence of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many." (v. 15.) The gain in Christ is not merely the loss that we sustained made up. He pays our debt, and makes us rich besides. He sets free the slave, and makes him a son. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." A blessed word this "much more" !

There is a mystery here. We may stand on the brink of this great deep, and reverently gaze into its far-receding, limitless light ; but this is a thing which we cannot fully comprehend ; and attempts to be wise in it above what is written

may do us serious harm. In Christ we are far better than we would have been as unfallen children of Adam. Had we entered the society of heaven as men that had kept their first estate, we should have been accepted as perfect men ; but when a ransomed sinner is admitted to the joy of the Lord and the company of angels, he enters as one with Him who sits upon the throne. With man unfallen, there would, as far as we can see, have been no incarnation of the Eternal Son. God in Christ would not have been so near to us : we would not have been so near to him. The un-fallen would have been good servants ; but the ransomed, by brotherhood of nature with the Divine Redeemer, have attained the place of beloved children.

Great was the joy set before our Redeemer when he undertook our cause : great is the joy he is reaping now when his work is finished. He has gotten a multitude, like the stars of heaven, nearer to himself, and higher than the angels. God compels evil to become the instrument of good on a wider sphere than this world. When a portion of the angels fell, that fall, by omniscient forethought and infinite love, was so directed that it set agoing a process which never ceased until it had raised from the dust a countless family of God's children to a higher place than angels ever held.

This hope might be the source of unmeasured joy to believers. This union to the Lord that bought us, and this destined elevation to sit with him upon his throne, should surely cheer us in the house of our pilgrimage. This promised dawn should give us songs in the night. But he who hath *this* hope in *Him* should purify himself even as He is pure. No unfair or foul thing should lodge in the bosom of the man who is already in a flutter of expectation,—as not knowing what moment he may be called into the presence of the Great King.

FAMILY PRAYERS.



TAKE first the statement that unless our children are saved in early life they probably never will be. They who go over the twentieth year without Christ are apt to go all the way without him. Grace, like flower seed,

needs to be sown in spring. The first fifteen years of life, and often the first six, decide the eternal destiny.

The first thing to do with a lamb is to put it in the arms of the great Shepherd. Of course, we must observe natural laws. Give a child excessive meat diet,

and it will grow up sensual, and catechism three times a day, and sixty grains in each dose, won't prevent it. Talk much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip, and your children will tattle. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend, and they will go to destruction.

But while we are to use common sense in every direction respecting a child, the first thing is to strive for its conversion; and there is nothing more potent than family prayers. No child ever gets over having heard parents pray for him. I had many sound thrashings when I was a boy (not as many as I ought to have had, for I was the last child, and my parents let me off), but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. I cannot forget it, for I used often to be squirming around on the floor, and looking at them while they were praying. Your son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of transgression, but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check, and a call, and perhaps his redemption.

Family prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work, that we hustle the children together. We get half through the chapter before the family are seated. We read as if we were reading for a wager. We drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with amen for the first depôt. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance; and we had better not have had any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all around; it would have taken less time, and would have been more acceptable to God and them.

Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson setting the foxes' tails on fire, or the prophecy about the horses, black and red, and speckled, unless you explain why they were speckled. To read these portions without explanation to the children, is not rightly to divide the Word. Rather give the story of Jesus, and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the Sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions. Make

the exercise so interesting that little Johnny will stop playing with his shoe-strings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things he knows without your telling him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn, if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appropriate, and gladly solemn.

Family prayer also fails when the whole day is not in harmony with it. A family prayer, to be worth anything, ought to be twenty-four hours long. It ought to give the pitch to all the day's work and behaviour. The day when we get thoroughly mad upsets the morning devotion. The life must be in the same key with the devotion.

Family prayer is infinitely important. If you are a parent, and are not a professor of religion, and do not feel able to compose a prayer, get some one of the many books that have been written, put it down before you, and read prayers for the household. God has said that he will "pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon his name."

Prayer for our children will be answered. My grandmother was a praying woman. My father's name was David. One day he and other members of the family started for a gay party. Grandmother said: "Go, David, and enjoy yourself; but all the time you and your brothers and sisters are there, I will be praying for you." They went, but did not have a very good time, knowing that their mother was praying for them. The next morning, grandmother heard loud weeping in the room below. She went down and found her daughter crying violently. What was the matter? She was in anxiety about her soul—an anxiety that found no relief short of the Cross. Word came that David was at the barn in great agony. Grandmother went and found him on the barn-floor, praying for the life of his soul. The news spread to the neighbouring houses, and other parents became anxious about their children, and the influence spread to the village of Somerville, and there was a great turning unto God, and over two hundred souls in one day stood up in the village church to profess faith in Christ! And it all started from my grandmother's prayer for her sons and daughters. May God turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, lest he come and smite the earth with a curse.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

PILLOW-PRAYERS.

BY S. S. H.



Who knows nothing of pillow-prayers is ignorant of one of the sweetest modes of prayer practicable to man on earth. In heaven we may have no need of pillows, as it is said we are to have none for the sun. Nor shall

we there have any need of the night in which to rest us; but here there is a night, and we need it. The day with its engrossments being gone, it is a most favourable time for the gathering in of our thoughts upon ourselves, our sins, our wants, fears, and hopes,

and then the turning of them up towards heaven. This is what the Psalmist is apparently referring to in his words, "When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate upon thee in the night-watches." That he uttered many a pillow-prayer is a thousandfold more than probable. "I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night." "I prevented the dawning of the morning and cried." Those cries were prayers before the dawn of day.

If these prayers of the pillow, however, be begotten only of sheer evening sloth, we may say of them that they are "bastards, and not sons." But if they are the legitimate children of weakness, excessive weariness, sickness, or other similar circumstances, then are they of the true house and lineage of Heaven, coming down in kindredship all the way from Bethel, where the over-jaded Jacob had his angelic vision on his pillow of stones.

Many a timid boy at boarding-school, with boisterous room-mates about him, has kept alive his prized communion with his Father on high, and so, perhaps, saved

his soul, by means of his silent pillow-prayers. Boys, try them. Girls, don't neglect them. Invalids, with your eyes so often held long waking in the night season, distrust not the pillow-prayers. Hundreds are continually climbing to heaven by them as on a ladder. If you perchance fall asleep in the act, do not fret about it; for what opiate from the shop of the apothecary is so harmless as such an out-breathing of your holiest desires upward? What is sweeter than to lose yourself in such a prayer? for prayer is simply a form of thought toward God, and nothing can be more fitting to the very last moments of daily consciousness than such thoughts.

Fellow-sinner, try the pillow-prayer; for prayer is a track which the grace of God is as naturally inclined to follow as electricity in its nature is inclined to follow the wire of the telegraph. And then, oh, the dispatches!—of a value which no cable-wire or other ever carried. Not to be estimated with silver or gold, or a multitude of rubies.—*Christian Weekly*.

The Children's Treasury.

OLD ELI: A STORY OF ALSATIAN COMMON LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF ALSACE."

CHAPTER I.

OLD ELI AND SWISS ANNA.

"When I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not."—Ps. lxxi. 18.

ELIAS KABEL had come to Alsace a young and vigorous man. Born in Mecklenburg, where he was early left an orphan, he had been brought up in Herrenhut by his godfather, an able carpenter, who taught him his own trade. After his godfather's death he set out on his travels, and at length took service with a worthy carpenter in our town, who soon learned to like and trust the quiet, diligent young man, and in a few years raised him to the position of foreman.

Eli's training in Herrenhut had not only made him clever at his trade, but had given to his mind a serious turn; so that he soon became the counsellor of all his fellow-workmen, who regarded him with respect, and listened willingly to his advice. At the roofing of every new house, when the poles decorated with light-coloured ribbons were set up, and a feast was given to the workmen, Eli was the so-called "gable orator;" and his speeches were so pithy and instructive, and the songs he sung in his deep bass voice so beautiful and well chosen, that the wild apprentices would become silent

and listen as earnestly as if they were in church, and the town's-people would gather in crowds to hear him.

On the death of his master, in whose house he had lived for many years, Eli went to board with Swiss Anna. This honest woman was a native of Aargau, and earned her "crust of bread," as she said, by washing, cleaning, and garden work. For the last she was particularly famed; and she much preferred working in the open air to scrubbing floors, or listening all day to the gossip of the women in the public wash-house.

Eli and Anna soon became accustomed to one another, although in character they were very different. Eli was gentle, silent, and dreamy, and, except at his trade, in which he had few equals and no superior, the most unpractical being in the world,—careless in his dress, and disorderly in his room. Anna was lively, quick of hand and of tongue, and scrupulously cleanly and orderly. No one could sweep a room so thoroughly, wash clothes so white, or make a garden bed so neat as she. She was never in want of work, and whoever had secured her for one day's work always wished to have her again.

Her little room was perfectly clean; the floor strewn with fine Rhine sand; the small panes of the window clear and transparent as plate glass; the large old-fashioned oak table polished till it shone; and the bed with its red-checked curtains looked comfortable and inviting. Anna herself, in spite of her hard work, was always clean and neat; and when she went to church on Sundays in her picturesque Swiss costume, with the full black petticoat, the wide snow-white sleeves, the silver chain on the velvet bodice, the blue and white striped apron, and the black cap with its edging of broad lace, the children of the neighbourhood gathered in groups round her door to see "how Swiss Anna had made herself so fine to-day again."

Anna and Eli lived together on the best of terms, up to this one point of cleanliness and order. Eli, as we have said already, kept his room in terrible confusion: he planed, cut, and hammered there, as in a timber-yard; threw down his leather apron and his saw on the freshly-made bed, left his clothes lying about on the chairs and among the tools; smoked his pipe and shook out the ashes among the shavings which usually covered the floor, to the horror of Anna, who declared, and not without reason, that without her to look after him he would have set the house on fire and been burned in it long ago. Eli let her talk till she was tired, listened with a smile, and sang or whistled a favourite air. But whenever she ventured, as she now and then did when he was away at his work, to clean out his room, and "make it decent," as she said, the otherwise gentle man would become really angry, would scold, and threaten to leave her and seek board with some one who would not torment him with everlasting sweeping and cleaning, or meddle with his things, which he liked to have always at hand, but which he declared he never could find after her so-called clearing-up.

Once the threats had nearly become earnest, and there was a regular quarrel between them. Eli had nailed up over his bed a little shelf, and on the shelf stood an old pewter can, decorated with faded ribbons and withered flowers, and fastened to the wall by a little iron chain. Eli set a high value on this "can of honour," as he called it; for he had inherited it from his old master, and in former days, when he was still young and strong, the famed and popular "gable orator," the can had been decorated for every roofing ceremony with fresh ribbons and flowers, and filled with good old wine, and he had always held it in his hand while he delivered his oration and repeated the customary blessing on the house:—

"This house, O Lord, do thou watch o'er;
Protect, in mercy, roof and door;
Drive want and sorrow far away;
Give food sufficient for each day;
And bring us all, as time goes by,
Into a blest Eternity."

But when the business had come into the hands of the young master, and the town became always larger, more populous, and more French, the can was super-

seded by bottles and glasses; and it seemed to Eli as if he too were set aside with the old can, and was now foreman and gable orator only in name. The young master wanted to imitate in everything the Frenchmen from Paris; and it would soon be necessary for him, in his old age, to take lessons from the young apprentices—mere bunglers at the noble carpenter's trade. "Yes, believe me, Anna," he would say, "that was the golden age for our town, when the can of honour was respected, and when our burghers were still true-hearted, honest Germans. But now, with French talk and French manners, our people are left without honour and without faith. My old godfather in Herrenhut used to impress this precept upon me, 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man.' But now it is all the other way; the old are pushed into the corner, and the young expect to be honoured, and think that they know and understand everything better than we with our gray hairs."

Anna could not make out what Eli meant by all this,—had not she lived so long in Alsace, and nobody spoke French to her; but it was true, and she had always heard it, that when one got old, one was worth nothing. But it was quite right of him to value the old can as a remembrance; only he should not let it be destroyed by rust and dirt. It looked as black and sooty as if it had been hanging for years in the chimney, and she had so often wished to clean it; and then he got angry, as he always did when she tried to help him and keep his things in order. Here Eli began to whistle, and Anna had again preached to deaf ears.

But once in the spring, when Eli was to be away for a whole day, Anna insisted on getting into his room, "to clean out the whole winter's dirt." When she had done this to her satisfaction, her eye fell on the poor old rusty can, and she determined to finish her work by cleaning and polishing it; thinking that Eli would surely be pleased, on his return, to see it shining like silver. She climbed on the bed to reach the little shelf, but found that the little chain to which the can was attached, was so firmly nailed to the wall, that all her efforts were insufficient to remove it. Meanwhile Eli had returned unexpectedly; and on seeing Anna on his bed tugging at the chain and trying to pull the large nails out of the wall, he got into a terrible passion, raged at her, and swore with an oath (the first she had heard from his lips) that he would beat black and blue the first impertinent woman who dared to lay a finger on his can!

Poor Anna crept trembling down from the bed, fled to her own room, and told the landlady, who came up to see what the noise was about, that she was frightened out of her wits, for Eli was going on more wildly than her departed husband used to do when the wine got to his head—"and he drank very bad wine."

Eli was now in earnest about going away, and began to look out for board elsewhere. For several days he kept his door always locked and the key in his pocket,

so that Anna could not even get in to make his bed. "Not that I care," she grumbled; "if he won't have it made, let him lie on it as it is." But by degrees old habit and good nature conquered in the hearts of both; and after Anna had promised never to try to clean the old can again—"she would rather see it rusted and destroyed a hundred times, than see Eli in such a passion again,"—Eli gave in too, and peace was restored. So the two old people ate their crust of bread together for many years, without either of them being able to lay by anything for a rainy day. When they were young there were no savings-banks; but there was a lottery, and Anna, who would have liked very much to get rich, put many a hard-earned shilling into it, and sometimes even a crown, when she had dreamt of a number, or of the age of some person, and the washerwomen told her to venture on that number and she would be sure to win. But instead of winning anything, she several times got into debt; and then it was Eli who, out of his week's wages, helped her in her need. He had never put anything into the lottery, for his godfather in Herrenhut had taught him that such things were "wiles of the devil." But Anna declared "Eli was as careless and disorderly about his money as in everything else, and no one, least of all himself, knew what became of it. Besides his board, his few clothes, and his small supply of tobacco, he spent nothing on himself. He never went to the tavern, never drank or gambled; and yet he always got quit of his money. He would lend to every one that asked, and never remember how much or to whom. She had often borrowed from him, and he never asked whether he would get it back, or when; for he was a kind man, and that was the truth."

Meanwhile they had both grown old and feeble. Anna said, "I am of no use now." Eli would get dizzy when he climbed on the scaffolding, the axe trembled in his hand, and he could no longer move the heavy beams. He had now, in reality, only the name of foreman and gable orator, and must resign both offices to a younger, stronger man, whom his master (the young master, who was gray-headed himself now) had appointed to assist him. In short, it had gone with him as with his old can; and that, said Anna, was not because of the French talking, but simply from old age.

And one severe winter, when the potato disease had reached its height, and food, house-rent, and everything else was dear, old Anna was laid aside for many weeks by a disease in the joints. Eli did his best to keep her from want,—spent all his earnings and tended her as well as he could. But he could earn very little now, he suffered much from rheumatism himself; and then he was so awkward and disorderly in the house, that poor Anna heaved many a deep sigh, and her patience was sorely tried. And when the summer came, and she got better, her limbs remained so stiff that the doctor advised her to go for a time to a watering-place in her native Aargau. To take her there, and to pay the expenses of her illness and the debts of the winter, Anna

had to sell, with a heavy heart, a little piece of garden ground which she had bought during her husband's lifetime, and where she cultivated potatoes and vegetables, which had brought her in many a penny.

But in the familiar air of her dear Aargau she soon felt well and happy. The healing springs brought something of the old strength back to her enfeebled limbs; and a visit to her birth-place, a little village near Schinznach, where she was heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained by her cousin Vreneli, her last living relative, completed the cure. But after having spent about six weeks in Switzerland, she began to feel an irresistible longing to return home "to her work, and to old Eli, who had no one to look after him, and was left lonely and uncomfortable while she was enjoying herself." And when her cousin pressed her to remain, she answered, "No, no; it's time I was home. Three nights I have dreamt of fire—God protect us; and Eli is as senseless as a child, with his pipe and his smoking among all the rubbish that filled his room. Who knows what may have become of him? I will have no peace now till I get back, so you must let me go."

Unfortunately, Anna's presentiment had not deceived her; and our old friend had in her absence proved the truth of the proverb, "Misfortunes never come single." A few days after Anna's departure, fire had broken out in the town. Eli, forgetting his age and his weakness, climbed on the roof to help in extinguishing it, became dizzy and fell down on the street, a burning beam falling on the top of him, and crushing his leg. He was carried to the hospital, where the leg was amputated; but before it healed, sores broke out on the other leg, which the doctor feared would never heal. So in the course of a few weeks old Eli had become a helpless cripple.

When Anna, on her return, learned from the landlady of his misfortune, she hastened at once to the hospital. She found the old man on his bed of pain, wan and wasted, but with a cheerful face and a beaming eye. He stretched out his hand to her, saying, "Welcome, Anna. I am very glad to see you again, I have been wearying for you so. Since you left, the Lord has taken away one leg from me; but he has given me two wings in exchange. Blessed be his name."

At this speech Anna opened her eyes wide, and thought Eli must be in a fever and wandering. She had expected to find him depressed and discouraged, and had been wondering what she could say to the poor fellow to comfort him. But now he looked so contented, as if good instead of evil had happened to him; and what in all the world he meant by the wings, she could not understand.

"I am so glad that you are here again," repeated Eli, shaking her by the hand. "To-day, or to-morrow, they are going to try to fasten on the wooden leg on the stump there; and when, by God's help, I am able to hobble about on it, I would like to come home to you, to my dear little room. You will take me in, will you

not, Anna? although I have become such a helpless creature that you will have twice as much trouble with me as before.

When Eli now raised the bed quilt, and Anna saw the stump of the one leg, and the other wound round with bandages, she could not keep back her tears: she clasped her hands together and exclaimed, "Good God, Eli, what is man!"

"A poor, miserable worm, Anna, made of dust and ashes; and yet a highly honoured being, for he is 'the dearly bought property of the Lord Jesus,' as the catechism says which I learned in Herrenhut, and have forgotten so long."

"Will the wooden leg hurt you very much, and do you think you will be able to walk with it?" asked Anna after a pause, just to have something to say; for she understood Eli less and less, and wondered at him more and more: she had never heard him talk like that.

"Oh, well, I suppose it will hurt, perhaps a great deal at first, and then afterwards not so much; but what does a little pain matter? it will not last long; we don't live for ever. And as to the walking, I am afraid you will have to do that for me—did I not say that I would give you twice the trouble now?"

"I will do what I can, Eli," answered Anna, still more astonished; "but—"

"But now that Eli is a poor old cripple, who cannot earn anything, what shall we live on? That is what you are thinking, Anna; is it not?"

"It's not for want of will, Eli; if I were as strong as I used to be, I would soon earn enough for us both. But you see I am not of much use now either."

"Never mind, Anna. I was anxious and troubled about it too, and had nearly despaired, when a verse of a hymn that I had learned in the Bible-class at Herrenhut came into my mind:—

'O my soul, trust thou for ever
In thy Shepherd's tender care;
He is God, and liveth ever—
He is near thee everywhere.

'Art thou sick, or sad, or needy?
Knock with boldness, he will hear:
To help thee he is ever ready;
Pour out thy heart into his ear.'

And then I thought to myself, I will take courage, and pour out my heart before Him, and tell him all my troubles;—how we two were both old and feeble, and I was now a poor lame cripple, who could not work at all, and did not like to beg. 'O God,' I said, 'thou knowest all this better than I can tell it thee; and thou wilt also know how to help us.'

"And what did he answer?" asked Anna, with folded hands and open mouth.

"What did he answer, Anna?

'Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is;
Thy path unsullied light.'

Yes, so we used to sing in Herrenhut. First came, quite unexpectedly, the young master to visit me; and he said, 'Eli, since you have served me, and my father before me, faithfully for so many years, and have now met with this misfortune, I will give you a yearly pension of a hundred and fifty francs,'—yes, Anna, he said 'a hundred and fifty francs,' and paid me the first quarter there and then! And secondly came the other gentleman, he whose manufactory was burned, and said to me, 'Eli, as you have met with this accident in trying to help me, it is only right that I should do something for you;'—and listen, Anna, he pressed a roll of ten five-franc pieces into my hand! Yes, yes, it is as I tell you, and five times ten is fifty. Thirdly, there came the captain of the firemen, and gave me ten francs; and afterwards one and another, and none with empty hands. And now, look here, Anna,"—and he drew out a leather bag from under his pillow—"here is the answer from my Father in heaven, before whom I poured out my heart. He sent the young master, and the captain, and all the rest to me. He has given us this store for the coming winter (there are more than a hundred francs) of his own will, and out of his great mercy and loving-kindness."

"Well, well!" said Anna, who still stood with folded hands, looking now at the bag, now at Eli, "you are talking like a clergyman to-day, where did you learn it all?"

"And fourthly," continued Eli, brightening still more, "though my legs are lame, I have still, thank God, the use of my hands, and can work away at home and make wooden spoons, salt-dishes, trays, bird-cages, mouse-traps, and such things, which will bring us in many a penny."

"And then your room will be in a worse mess than ever, Eli!"

"Never mind, Anna; you can sweep it and clean it to your heart's content every Saturday; I promise you that. Even my can of honour—;" here Eli suddenly stopped, grew red and embarrassed, and looked as if something very disagreeable had unexpectedly come into his mind, and disturbed his pleasant visions.

"No, Eli, I have vowed that I will never touch the can again as long as I live, for I believe it has bewitched you."

And really it seemed as if the very mention of the can had made Eli silent and out of humour. Anna thought that he had never forgiven her for having wished to clean it, and said to herself that it was really too bad of him to bear malice so long. But after all, she was glad to see that he had still his old whims and fancies, or she would have feared that he would soon die, he spoke so strangely, and was altogether so altered.

But the landlady solved the riddle when she asked for Eli, and said that she had heard that he had become a Piétist in the hospital. This startled Anna, and she got angry, and said if he had really done that she could never forgive him.

But when the woman began to warn her about taking Eli back, saying she should consider it well, for the old lame man would be a heavy burden to her ;—the pension was all very well ; a hundred and fifty francs was a pretty bit of money, but it would not go far in a year, would not much more than pay the rent ; the potatoes were diseased again, bread was always getting dearer ; and there would be another hard winter ;—then Anna was softened again, and answered :—

“Am I to desert him, now that he is a poor, helpless creature, and has nobody else in the world to care for him ? No, indeed ; and if he was ten times a Pietist, I would feel it a sin if I did not do all I could for him, and share my last crust of bread with him.”

When Anna returned next morning to the hospital, she found sitting by Eli's bed, a little pleasant-looking woman, who had brought him some fruit, and was now reading from the Bible the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son.

“Alas,” thought Anna, “it is all true what the landlady said ; Eli is a Pietist, for there sits Mrs. Lindfelder, and she is one too—I know her well.” She made a very cross face, and determined to be very short and surly, to show Mrs. Lindfelder that she knew who she was, and did not wish to have anything to do with her. But the woman read God's Word so earnestly and impressively, old Eli lay so still in his bed, with his pale face and folded hands, and listened so reverently, that Anna soon forgot her anger, involuntarily folded her own hands, and when the reader concluded, her heartily spoken Amen joined with old Eli's.

When Mrs. Lindfelder had finished, she held out her hand to Anna, and said kindly, “You are going to take old Eli home and nurse him. That is very good of you, and God will bless you for it.”

Anna took the offered hand hesitatingly, and was at a loss for an answer ; but Mrs. Lindfelder did not seem to notice it, and continued : “I am glad to see you back again, Anna, for my own sake, as well as Eli's. Our garden is a disgrace to be seen. With the house work and the little girl, I can get nothing done to it ; and even if I had time, I could not do it so well as you. Come for three or four days to me, as soon as you can,—the sooner the better. And, as long as I remember, you will be doing Eli's washing as before, and no one can do it better ; but my niece Josephine will undertake the ironing and mending. And bring your own chemisettes too, Anna ; Josephine has learned to iron very nicely, and will starch and dress your sleeves, so that you will be delighted with them.”

Now the snow-white, full, starched sleeves, were Anna's weak point ; so she smiled, quite pleased, and said she would be sorry to trouble Josephine with them.

“Trouble !” answered Mrs. Lindfelder, “don't speak of that. You are undertaking a true labour of love to this poor old man, and it is our duty as Christians to help you as much as we can.”

Eli's patience and cheerfulness continued the same,

though he had still to remain many weeks in the hospital, and to suffer much pain, before he was able to hobble about a little on his wooden leg. Meanwhile Anna, with Mrs. Lindfelder's help, had made his little room as comfortable as possible, and set her house in order again after her long absence. And she could not understand how it was that from every side kind gifts poured in on her ;—potatoes, wood, coffee, sugar, old linen, and even a few bottles of wine, and an old cushioned arm-chair for poor Eli. She had never felt herself so rich before.

It was the blessing of God, Mrs. Lindfelder assured her, which never failed when one tried to serve the Lord Jesus in the person of one of his suffering brethren.

At last Eli was brought home in a carriage. That was a fête day for all the inhabitants of the house, and of the little street ; for all loved the gentle old man. Anna and the landlady wept, first for joy, and then for grief, when they saw that he had to be lifted out of the carriage by two men, and carried up the steep stair. But Anna's room up-stairs had a holiday air ;—the table was spread, and the cushioned chair stood at the head of it ; for Anna had prepared coffee, and invited the landlady, and Mrs. Lindfelder, with her dear little Lena, her two wild boys, and her niece Josephine, to partake of it. All gave Eli a hearty welcome ; and the two boys, Dresy (Andreas) and Hammy (Abraham) stood one on each side of the arm-chair, with an important air, as if they were the king's footmen, ready at a sign from their mother to push it backwards or forwards, to the right or to the left.

When Eli was seated in the comfortable arm-chair, and the boys, in contemplation of the steaming coffee-pot, the new bread, and the apple-cake (which their mother had baked and brought with her), at last ceased pushing it about, he uncovered his head, folded his hands, and said in a trembling voice, while great tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks : “My Lord, and my God, I thank thee : thou hast done great things for me.”

Here the landlady gave Anna a slight push, and nodded her head towards Eli, as if to say, “Was I not right ?”

“The Lord bless your going out and your coming in, Eli,” said Mrs. Lindfelder, and held out her hand to him.

“And look here, Eli,” began the pretty Josephine—“see what our little Lena has brought you !” and she laid on the table two shirts which she had made in her spare minutes, and had bought the stuff for them out of her little savings. Then followed two red and blue pocket-handkerchiefs. “These are from the boys. And this cap,” she continued, with glancing eyes, “this is for you, dear old Anna.”

Anna opened her eyes wide : such a beautiful velvet cap, with such fine broad lace, she had never thought to possess. “But, Josephine, where ever did you get the beautiful velvet, and the costly lace ?”

"The dressmaker where I was ironing the other day gave me the velvet for you ; and young Madame Millner sent me the lace, for she had heard that I wished to make you a Sunday cap, and had got the velvet already."

"Did I ever see the like!" cried Anna again and again, in the joy of her heart; "you dear little Josephine, what a lovely cap it is!"

But now it was time to think of eating; and Dresy, who was called at home the professor, because he was always first at school, and had set his heart on being a learned man, at a sign from his mother folded his hands and said aloud, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast given us." And in spite of the nods and winks of the landlady, Anna said with the rest a hearty Amen to the prayer. And now the coffee was poured out, the cake handed round, and there were not in the whole world happier people than the little party gathered round the old table in Swiss Anna's room. Mrs. Lindfelder played the hostess, and was particularly attentive to old Eli's comfort; Anna was perfectly happy, and got up every two or three minutes to admire her new cap, which lay on the bed; the landlady soon felt quite at home too, and quite forgot the suspicious company she was in; Dresy and Hamny ate their cake with such a good appetite, that Anna remarked, laughing, that "the boys ate as if they were starving;" and little Lena on Josephine's knee crowed and laughed, and beat on the table with a pewter spoon, till the others laughed too with the happy child.

"Well, well!" cried Anna, "who could have told, Eli, that we would ever be so well off!"

The old man smiled and looked up, as if to say, "I know whom I have to thank for it all." But he was evidently wearied now, and the women pushed him in the chair into his own room, and got him to bed. There, too, everything had a holiday look; for Anna had been sweeping and dusting to her heart's content. Only the can of honour she had not touched, but had blown the dust from it as well as she could, with an old pair of bellows.

It was so pleasant to Eli to find himself again at home, in his own comfortable bed, among the old familiar surroundings, that he folded his hands again, and looked beseechingly at Mrs. Lindfelder. She appeared to understand him, and drew a little Testament from her pocket.

Then Eli said suddenly, "I remember now! I must have a Bible too. My godfather gave me one the day I was confirmed. But what can I have done with it? Anna, look into my old chest there; it must be somewhere about, for I know I never gave it away."

Under a confused heap of torn shirts and stockings, rags of old clothes, rusty nails and screws, old songs, stories of robbers and murderers, faded paper ribbons and withered flowers, which she threw grumbling on the floor, Anna found at length the holy book. She opened and shut it once or twice to shake out the dust, and

turning up her nose, cried, "Pooh! it must be a long time since it tasted the fresh air. How long has it been lying down there, Eli?"

"Oh," he answered hesitating and ashamed, "since,—yes, indeed, since I left Herrenhut I have not had it in my hand! And look again, Anna; the hymn-book of the Moravian Brothers must be there too, out of which, in my youth, I learned by heart the beautiful hymns that are all coming back to me now;—yes, at this moment, as if I heard again the singing in Herrenhut, as we used to sing together when my dear old godfather was living!"

"That is something like it," said Anna, laying an old torn book, from which also she had shaken much dust, beside the Bible on Eli's bed.

"Oh, you dear companions of my youth," cried the old man with tears in his eyes, "how could I ever forget and neglect you so long! And I would not have remembered you now, had not God had mercy on my poor soul."

"He is indeed the Good Shepherd, who seeks his lost sheep until he finds it," said Mrs. Lindfelder, much moved.

"Yes, even when he has to draw it out from under a burning beam, with a broken leg, he is not ashamed of it, but 'lays it on his shoulder, rejoicing, and'—how does the beautiful parable go on, Mrs. Lindfelder?"

"And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

Eli, who had been turning over the leaves of his Bible, now exclaimed joyfully, "Look here; here is still the mark I put in the last time I read in it. It was on the day my godfather died. 'Read me that psalm again, my boy,' he said when he was about to die; 'I would go before my Lord in heaven with praise and thanksgiving.' Oh, dear Mrs. Lindfelder, if you would read this psalm to me now," begged the old man, holding out his Bible to her with trembling hands.

Mrs. Lindfelder read the 103rd Psalm. When she had finished, Eli lay quite still, with folded hands and closed eyes: in a low voice he repeated, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Then he smiled and fell asleep as quietly as if he were hearing in his sleep the praises of the angels.

"If one did not know it," said Anna, after a pause, to the other two who were standing with her beside the bed, "no one would ever think that Eli had met with such a great misfortune!"

"It has not been a misfortune for him, Anna, but the greatest good fortune that could have happened to him," said Mrs. Lindfelder.

"Good fortune to lose a leg, and become a poor cripple!"

"Ah, Anna, the leg would soon have mouldered in the dust with the rest of the body, when 'in a little

while' we shall have to carry old Eli to his grave. But his good fortune and his blessedness is, that now in heaven, before the angels of God, there is great joy over him."

"In heaven, over Eli! how do you know that?"

Mrs. Lindfelder laid her hand on Eli's old Bible and

said earnestly, in a voice full of emotion, "Here, Anna, it is written that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. And the peace of a heart which has found its Saviour, and experienced his mercy, may be plainly read on Eli's happy face." M.

Life Lessons for the Children.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

1 PET. v. 7.

THE heavens declare the glory of God ;" so saith the Scripture. But I listen, and hear no voice ; I look up, and see no letters of fire on the blue field above, spelling out his great and terrible name. Who can, by searching there, find out God ? None : thou art a God that hidest thyself.

We must learn about him first in his Word. He has revealed himself there. All this world is hidden from view in the night : when the sun rises you behold its beauty. So we are all ignorant of God, till Christ come to reveal him : the light of the glory of God shines to us from the face of Jesus.

But when we have once become acquainted with him in his Word, and are at peace with him through the love of Christ, we may meet him, and hold intercourse with him as "our Father," in all his works and all his ways.

I propose in this paper to point out some marks of his kindness and care in the AIR THAT WE BREATHE.

To prepare the way for this lesson, we must first take a glance at the provision made for supplying the world with water. Water is necessary both to animal and vegetable life. It is thought that the moon has no water. It is a burnt and barren world. It could not be the home of living creatures. It is a dreary, lonely place. How unlike the beautiful Earth which God has made and prepared as the home of his children !

Vast quantities of water are stored in our seas ; and an abundant supply is brought to our doors for use. Not an atom of the mass is ever lost. The soiled water is carried away by the drains and rivers ; and the clean water is brought by the clouds, and poured in rain upon the hills. The water that comes to us in springs and streams of crystal purity, is the same that flowed away in a very polluted state by the rivers to the sea. When it is drawn up to the clouds, it is distilled and purified ; all the filthiness is left behind.

The blood in a living body is very like the water supply of the world. The blood is the life. When it escapes, life fades away. But by being sent in secret

channels down through all the members of the body, the blood is rendered impure. When used, it is like used water, not fit for use again until it undergo a cleansing process. The water, when it is made foul by use, is taken to the sea, and there purified ; but where can we find a great vessel into which the blood of our bodies may be poured in order to be cleansed ? There is such a vessel prepared within the body. The lungs are two immense lobes, in structure somewhat like a sponge. The blood, after being used, is poured through small pipes into these vessels, that it may there undergo a renewing process. But how can the impurities be removed from the blood, after you have got it into the lungs ?

Here the air comes in ; and here you will see the use and the value of air. When you draw in breath, you bring a large quantity of atmospheric air into the lungs ; there it comes in contact with the blood, only a thin membrane lying between them. Now, the air is made up mainly of two ingredients,—as one might mix water and milk in a vessel,—and the air so composed has power to draw into itself all the impurities that float in the blood, as a dry sponge drinks up drops of water. The air, during the few moments that it remains in the lungs, licks up all the foreign particles that floated in the blood, and leaves the blood pure. Then, in shorter time than I have taken to tell it, you force out the air that you drew in ; and it in going out carries all the impurities away. This process is repeated about fourteen or fifteen times every minute all the time of your life, without ceasing, night or day.

One set of pipes, called *arteries*, carry the pure blood from the lungs and heart all through the members, to sustain life ; and another set of pipes, lying nearer the surface, called *veins*, bring back the used blood, to be filtrated in the reservoirs. If blood flow from a wound, you may tell whether it comes from an artery or a vein. That which flows in the artery is bright red, that which flows in the vein is much darker.

In the same way two leaden pipes lie close to each other inside the wall of an inhabited house ; one brings the pure water in, and the other carries the foul water

out. If one of these pipes should spring a leak and flood the room, you could tell whether it was the supply-pipe or the waste-pipe that had given way ; for the supply-pipe if broken would give out clean water, the waste-pipe foul. Thus, you perceive, we could not live without air ; but neither could we live without water. True ; yet the air is much more constantly needed, and therefore it is much more fully supplied. Although water is abundant in the world, some trouble is needed to reach it. We must either go to it, or bring it to our houses. If I were thirsty, I could go myself to the well, or send another ; and although the journey should occupy an hour, I would survive ; I could bear the thirst until the water reached me. But when I need a mouthful of breath, if I could not obtain it till somebody should bring it from the well,—alas for me ! I should be dead long before my messenger could return.

Our Father in heaven knew this, and mark how richly he has provided. Water is plentiful enough and near enough, although we do not live beneath it like the fishes. But if air were not more plentiful and nearer, we should all die. We are plunged into the ocean of air, and live in it as fishes live in water. The air is so vast that it encircles all the globe to a depth of about forty miles. It lies over us, and presses gently on our lips, at all times, and in all places. When we need breath—and we need it many times every minute from the cradle to the grave—we have no more to do than simply open our lips, and it gushes in. Make an *emptiness* in your chest, and it is instantly filled with air. This is a marvellous example of wisdom and love in the creation of a world. “He careth for us.”

But I have said that our *expiration*—that is, the air thrown out of the lungs in breathing—is charged with manifold impurities, like foul water flowing from the

city towards the sea ; is there no danger lest the constant outpouring of contaminated air from unnumbered millions of living creatures, should, in the long run, defile the whole stock of air that floats in the firmament ? This danger is averted by another wonder of wisdom and fatherly thoughtfulness. Vegetables—that is, all trees and plants, great and small, that grow on the ground—have lips on their leaves, and breathe as well as their betters. Now, according to the proverb, “What is one man’s meat is another man’s poison,” the impurities which animals throw out in breathing are the very life of the vegetables. They drink greedily in all the off-scourings, and thrive upon them. Indeed, vegetation would languish if it did not get in the air those things that are refuse to us. If that refuse were left in the air, our breath would be poisoned ; but the leaves of plants kindly lick up all these, and so we obtain the breath of life in its purity again.

Thus in every breath you draw you may see marks of our heavenly Father’s kindness and care. When he made the earth and the sea and the air, he made them to suit us and the lower creatures that surround us. With infinite skill he poured various ingredients together to constitute the atmosphere, so that it should absorb and carry away the waste and refuse from animal life ; and then created the herbs of the field with such a nature that they should live upon that waste, and so keep the air ever sweet and new. “How manifold, O Lord, are thy works ! In wisdom hast thou made them all.”

The love of Jesus is like the air of heaven ; it presses mightily but softly upon us all around. “Lo, I am with you alway.” “Behold, I stand at the door, and knock ; if any man open, I will come in.”

WAKING DREAMS.



ARE they only dreams—these thoughts of
ours
When the Earth is hushed to rest,
When flowers are folded beneath the stars,
And birds are quiet in the nest ;
When something comes that we cannot see,
And whispers a word—‘Eternity’ ?

And memory tells of a time gone by
When the world was not so dear,
When the higher life seemed a real thing,
And we felt as if Heaven were near.
Is God not willing, as then, to bless ;
Has Earth grown greater or Heaven less ?

We may long for sleep, but it will not come,
For the Spirit is here to-night ;
And we see in darkness many things
That we cannot see in light ;
And we hear a voice, oh ! not in vain,
Calling the strayed sheep back again.

I think, when our race is almost run,
And Earth but a shadow seems,
We shall know these thoughts were the living
truths,
And the rest were but fading dreams ;
And, thanking God that the dreams are past,
Awake to the real life at last.





Light out of Darkness.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER V.

A FALSE STEP, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. . . . It is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God."—*JER. II. 13, 19.*

FOR some moments my father did not speak, but he at once raised me very tenderly from my low seat, and pressed me closely to his heart; then I knew he was not displeased, but feeling *with* me. I felt his tears mingling with mine, but just then Barbe's step was heard in the passage. I hastily took my usual seat; and after placing the lamp on the table and closing the shutters, she left the room without noticing our unwonted agitation.

Then my father rose, and unbuttoning his vest, drew out a small case which was suspended round his neck by a ribbon, and which he wore next his heart. Going up to the light, he touched a spring, and the locket sprang open. He silently placed it in my hand.

It was the portrait of a singularly lovely girl of about my own age. I knew at once it was my mother's; and though the sweet face I remembered was but the shadow of the bright countenance before me, something in it recalled to me the last expression it had worn. And yet it was not like; it was very unlike. Here the sweet lips smiled, and the starry eyes glowed, and the round smooth cheek flushed as a rose with a conscious light of earthly love and happiness and hope. That other light was not of earth.

I stood and gazed upon it. What had so changed that fair, joyous being, in the few years

that had passed between the taking of that portrait and the closing of the grave upon her, who must have sat for it in such a happy flush of hope and joy? And how could they think *me* like this radiant creature?

A sigh from my father broke upon my reverie. He read my thoughts in the questioning eyes I raised to his face. "Yes," he said, "Léonie, she was changed indeed when you knew her; you, of course, remember your mother only as the pale, sweet, fragile Louise St. Hilaire,—*that* is Louise Eberhardt, and Louise Eberhardt before the sorrow that changed herself, and her whole life, had fallen upon her. And it is only right you should know all I can tell you of her whose memory your young heart has so faithfully and tenderly cherished.

"It is a tale of sorrow, dear child, a tale that wrings my heart even yet to dwell upon; and I have only kept it from you so long because of the pain it must give your young sensitive spirit. I have thought many times whether it would not have been her wish that I should tell you all; but I was ignorant of the vivid remembrance you had of her, herself even, till of late, and I never thought your memory reached even further. Bound by a solemn promise not in any measure to interfere with your religious belief, I judged it best to leave the past untouched upon—little dreaming that past was still present to you. But I think I am glad for this last barrier to be

broken down between us. Though it will bring but a sorrowful knowledge to you, it will bring relief to me : a shared burden is a lightened one.

"When first I saw Louise Eberhardt, Léonie, she was a year younger than you—far more beautiful, my child, as that portrait and your mirror will tell you. Still, as you know, you have a something in voice and eye and manner that is a reproduction of herself, and irresistibly strikes all that knew her, perhaps more as the Louise I married than as the Louise I first knew.

"But let me begin from what, apart from her beauty and sweetness, first gave her a claim on my heart. You have heard me speak of the years I spent in my youth at Munich—of my friend Conrad von Edelstein. I have told you how the noblest and truest heart that ever beat was wrung when the fair girl he had wooed and won, was, by what means he never knew—his heart was too true to doubt her truth—forced, or persuaded, or dazzled into marrying another of higher birth and greater wealth. You know how, before he had lain long in his early grave, I stood beside it and rejoiced that he was spared the bitter knowledge of his Una's hard fate—the slighted and miserable wife of an utterly lost and ruined spendthrift.

"Time went on : Conrad had been lost to me twenty years : life's struggle had been a hard one, lonely and isolated from all love and sympathy as I had been, when one morning I woke to the knowledge that an old grand-uncle—my nearest relative—had died, and that this house, with his small property, had lapsed to me as heir-direct. I was then engaged in writing a work which demanded much thought and quiet, and I at once resigned my occupation at the University of Leipsic, where I was residing, and took possession of this house. Fortune threw our faithful old Barbe, then a comely matron, in my way, and she was at once installed as house-keeper.

"I had not been long settled in my new abode, when one morning the Comte de Maurence was ushered into my study where I sat writing. He came to entreat me to superintend, for a few hours daily, the classical studies of his third son, Eugène, whom he described as a youth of great promise.

"At first I was unwilling to spare so much time from my work ; but the earnest solicitation of the Count, and still more, the knowledge that larger funds than were at my disposal (for my uncle's little property was completely overwhelmed with debt) would be required for its publication, induced me to accept his proposal, especially as he offered liberal remuneration. His family consisted of two sons by a former marriage, Eustace and Claude ; my pupil Eugène, and several daughters by the second.

"One day, a few weeks after the commencement of my duties, I met your mother, Léonie. She was governess—German governess to the Count's younger children. It is not necessary to say how I discovered that she was the only and now orphan child of my Conrad's faithless and unhappy Una. Her father, Baron Eberhardt, I knew, had died in poverty and shame years before, his estates had passed to a distant relative, and his widow and child had been left all but destitute. I learned this before I met Louise, and my heart yearned to her for Conrad's sake.

"And when I met her I loved her ; loved her with all the fervour of a first passion—all the depth and stability of mature manhood. I knew there could be no hope of her returning that affection. *She* was the very personification of youthful loveliness ; *I* a gray and furrowed and toil-worn student,—older than my years in appearance and manner. And I soon saw, with the eagle eye of jealousy, that she and Claude de Maurence loved each other. I saw it before others suspected it—before, I think, they avowed it to themselves. And I watched their growing affection with an aching heart. To me it could make no difference, except as it affected the future of my beloved Louise. And I could see nothing but difficulties and trouble ahead. The De Maurences, I knew, would never consent to the union of a son of their house with one in a position they considered menial, and bearing a branded, if noble, name. Claude, too, was intended for the Church ; and this probably rendered his family more blind than they would otherwise have been to this growing attachment to the beautiful governess.

"It was just at this time, Léonie, in the first flush of happy and requited, if secret love, the

portrait you hold in your hand was taken. An artist who came to the château to take a family group of the Count and Countess with their children, enraptured with the lovely face of Louise, prevailed on her to favour him with a sitting, and Claude induced him to paint him this miniature secretly.

"The time was approaching for Claude to take orders. His doing so was constantly spoken of, and I knew matters would thus soon be driven to a crisis.

"Meanwhile a shadow had fallen on your sweet mother's fair brow—a shadow never more to be lifted from it. I thought it was anxiety—dread of discovery—fear that Claude might be torn from her;—but it was not so. It lay in a deeper cause. Like so many women whose earthly prospects have been blighted, Una Eberhardt had turned in her last days to the shadowy mysticisms of religion, and had strongly imbued with the same idealities the young sensitive spirit of her child. What her mother taught her was the revealed truth of the Deity she had received with unquestioning confidence, and had learned to look upon the Bible as the one sole guide, the only unerring counsellor of her faith, her life, her all.

"But Claude, too, was an enthusiast. He had been brought up from the cradle in the dogmas of the Roman Church: they had been so wrought into his earnest, resolute, thoughtful temperament, that they formed, apparently, a very part of his nature. Much of his time had been spent in a monastery. His mother had died at his birth. His father was a stern, proud man, who showed little tenderness to his children. So Claude's reserve became asceticism; his depth and earnestness of purpose, fanaticism; and all the powers and affections of his being seemed concentrated on one object—the *Holy Church*, as he thought it.

"Then Louise crossed his path, drew out the hidden depths of tenderness in his long-closed heart; and after a struggle with himself, he was ready to sacrifice his anticipated career of service to his idolized Church for the happiness of calling her his own. But on one point he was still firm. Louise must become of his religion, or they must part: and if they parted—for ever!

Léonie, you know I do not believe in these

things—in their reality, I mean: in the power exercised by their imagined truth over sensitive spirits, and highly-wrought physical organizations, I have seen only too lamentable proofs. The ideal fell before the real;—Louise gave up her faith and adopted that of her lover, because she loved him, not because she believed in the truth of his convictions. But from that day the sunshine slowly faded from her face.

"It was not long ere the storm broke. It matters not how. It is enough it did come. The family confessor, a stern and bigoted Jesuit—to whose absence, I believe, Claude's having yielded at all to what he ever considered a deadly sin in one vowed to the service of the Church might be attributed—returned; and his sophistries easily convinced the infatuated young man that the only way to atone for his guilty attachment to an earthly love, was to leave her at once and for ever, and to take priestly vows.

"At once and for ever! Hard words—harder hearts that prompted them! Claude did so. He was not even permitted to speak a word of farewell to his Louise. The only token he was allowed to send her was her portrait (the very one you hold), coldly and sternly given her by the hands of Father Ambrose. How he bore it I know not. I never blamed him. All the guilt rests with the system and training that could so warp and fetter a man's heart and judgment.

"But your mother—the poor, crushed, broken flower! I took her to my heart, Léonie. She came as soon as Claude's vows were taken. The château could be her home no longer—imbittered with so many painful memories. She had no friends. I knew she could never love me; but I loved her—oh, how well! and I could give her what she needed—protection, refuge, home,—and be content to ask nothing from her but trust and acceptance, and such kind of love as she could give me, when time should, perhaps, have in measure healed the wounds of her poor heart. I told her this, and she came—my stricken dove.

"We were married the day after Claude received orders, and the family soon after left the château. As you know, the old Count is dead, and the present one rarely visits this seat. Of Claude I have never heard. Gradually my poor Louise revived, and regained somewhat of cheerfulness—

for my sake; for she loved me as a friend and father, if not as a wife loves. Then you were born; and for a time she appeared to be fully happy in her care of you. But, as time went on, some secret care or sorrow was evidently preying on her spirit: her health failed, and gradually—so gradually, I cannot trace the beginning—she faded into her grave. Still, it was not for Claude she mourned. Not that she forgot him; not that the loss of him, to one of her clinging temperament, could fail to be a life-long bereavement; but, I believe—I am sure—it would have become a chastened, subdued sorrow, and that, with my love and yours, she would have been content and cheerful, and quietly happy. No; it was that one dark remembrance that poisoned her whole life. She believed that she, like Peter, had denied her Lord, and could not realize that she was forgiven, as the Bible tells us he was.

"She seldom spoke of this grief. You can understand what it was to me to see her slowly but surely wasting her life away, in vain regret for an imaginary error. I could not comfort or help her. She knew my reason rejected the myths and fables that had been the curse and bane of her life. Strong words, Léonie;—you start! I bound myself, by a solemn promise to your mother, while yet you lay an unconscious babe in your cradle, that I would never, by word, or deed, or influence consciously exerted, interfere with your views on these subjects. But reviewing the past—remembering how my darling pined away under the weight of a cruel superstition,—I have been irresistibly impelled to speak as I feel. Forget it, if you can, my child. I would not, could not, be untrue to my promise to *her*, even to save your young life from the same blight. And to some, not placed in the same position as my Louise, the theories of religion are, perhaps, less harmful than helpful. There is a God, Léonie,—creation tells us that; but what are we to him? what is he to us?—A Being—but enough of this. Be happy, my child, and believe what you will, so it casts no shadow on your path.

"For a time your mother conformed, outwardly at least, to the creed she had adopted. But there came a time when she ceased to do this. Then began the disputes with Father Lefèvre

which you remember so well. Then came the end. You will understand it now. The book she spoke of as having given her light and peace, was the New Testament. How or when she obtained it, or if she had had it all those years, I do not know. Father Lefèvre neither sought nor obtained permission to rifle her desk and shelves as he did; but I cared for nothing then. She was gone, and with her all the sunshine of my life. Ah, forgive me, my child! In my bitter sorrow I shut even you from my heart—from my life rather. You were always in my heart, Léonie.

"And now, my daughter, you know all. And I think it is well. I am nearing the ordinary age of man. I may soon leave you, my Léonie; but I hope, ere I do so, to find you a protector,—to leave you in the home and heart of one I can trust: and, when I am gone—." Here his voice failed him, and he held out his arms. I sprang into them, and for a time we wept together.

Then my father recovered himself, and laying his hand upon my bowed head, said, in fond, tremulous tones, "My Léonie must not dwell upon this tale of sorrow. The dear mother has been long at rest,—her heart has long ceased to throb and thrill; and my child must not let the remembrance of her grief weigh down her own bright spirit."

A sudden impulse seized me,—I could not keep back the burning words that *would* come; and throwing myself on my knees beside him, I exclaimed, in a voice that seemed not my own, it was so deep and calm and strange,—

"Father, father, it *was true*!—I know it, I feel it. Oh, father, my father! it was true, *true*, true—all that my mother believed—all that she suffered. There is indeed a God, and a God who has to do with us; a God with whom we have to do, here and in eternity. And I feel—I know my mother is with him now. It was his light she found; his light that shone in her dying face. Oh, father, father! we have not light; we do not know even how to seek it. Oh that we had my mother's book! that book in which she found God's light! Father, shall we not seek it together?"

My voice failed, and then my father raised me, saying tenderly, yet coldly and constrainedly,

"Léonie, this has been too much for you; you are excited—overwrought; go to rest now, my child: when morning comes you will see differently. And if you love me, Léonie, do not dwell on the past, but live in the present."

Then he cared for me as if I had indeed been the child he called me. He rang and asked Barbe for refreshments—of which I stood in need, for I had eaten nothing since morning; made me take biscuits and wine; and then, lighting my candle, bade me a tender good-night.

Yet something in the tone of that "good-night" made me understand, as fully as many words, that the subject of which we had been speaking was to be renewed no more between us. I sank on my knees beside my little bed; but no words of prayer—only a voiceless yearning for light, in what I felt to be indeed thick darkness, came. Then I threw myself down and slept, worn out with the feeling and conflict and excitement of the day.

CHAPTER VI.

WAR.

"Without were fightings, within were fears."—2 COR. vii. 5.

AFTER that eventful day, for many weeks my outer life went on as before. Summer beauty glowed around me, summer pleasures filled my outward life; but in my heart it was winter. The impression, that the tone of my father's "good-night" implied that no more must be said on the subject that now engrossed almost every thought, was a right one. He never, by word or look, alluded to what had passed between us. The only token of it was his greater tenderness to me, and an increased desire to make my life happy. Sometimes I caught his eye fixed anxiously on my face, which I knew was paler and more thoughtful than its wont.

For I could not silence the voice that had first spoken in my soul on that ever-to-be-remembered day. At times I tried hard to do so, and almost succeeded; but I always thought its tones were clearer when I had partially closed the ears of my mind to them for a time.

Again and again I read the words I had found in my mother's writing, and I knew—I felt they

were God's words. And each time I read them they came with fresh power, and the trouble of my soul grew deeper. I attended the services of the Church as before, but with an instinctive feeling that not in them should I find help. I believed my mother had the truth, and she did not meet it in them. Once I sought help from Father Fontaine; but he, good, kind, easy man, had no wisdom beyond that of this world, and very little of that. He could only speak of the Church, the saints, and talk of penance and empty, meaningless prayers. So all I could do was to cry blindly to God for mercy, for light, and wait.

Thus the summer drifted on. And not in my heart alone was conflict begun. The storm-cloud had burst! War had been declared! Through the length and breadth of the land the din of warlike preparations was heard: troops were passing and repassing. The martial spirit of the nation was aglow. Past glories and future triumphs were eagerly discussed by the many; present unpreparedness and future disaster gloomily hinted at by the few. Even our little community was stirred to its core; for there were few homes that had not a deeper and closer interest in the strife than victory, glory, or defeat. Husbands, brothers, sons, friends in the ranks—those were the magnets that drew the Drécy minds and hearts to camp and field. In our household, our maiden Victoire had her soldier-lover François to make the war an engrossing topic to her; but beyond the village youths who were in the army, my father and I knew positively none who would have to take part in it, our lives had been so secluded; and if we had distant relatives, I had never seen or heard of them.

My father chafed and fretted sorely at times, but devoted himself with redoubled energy to the completion of the book which he so fondly hoped, and, in spite of past failures, so assuredly believed, was to open men's minds to better aims and broader views, and to put an end to the ever-recurring repetition of the terrible war-dramas, the *last* of which was, he thought, even then begun. How to end, I think, was almost indifferent to him, so it tended to the one great result which had been the dream of his life.

Barbe and Pierre, Blaise and Victoire were

unanimous in prophesying speedy success to the arms of "La Belle France."

For me, I think, my heart was too much occupied with its own new and daily-increasing struggles to take more than a partial interest in what appeared *then* a thing to concern me and mine so little. Ah! how little we know how soon "the bow drawn at a venture" will send the arrow home to our hearts through "the joints of the harness"! in what a terrible tempest the "little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand," will break upon our heads!

And before the first bullet had claimed war's first victim, I had enough to engross all thought and energy at home. The Death-angel appeared on our threshold; and though his entrance was delayed for a time, the shadow of his presence never left my home. One golden July evening, going into my father's study after a long ramble in the woods—I often sought by bodily weariness to lull the disquiet and pain of my anxious, guilt-oppressed spirit,—I found my father lying back, as one dead, in his chair. But it was not death. He was carried to his bed, and it was many hours before he recovered any measure of consciousness—many days before he was pronounced out of danger—many weeks before he could rise from his couch and partially resume his old habits.

"An overtasked brain, and general breaking-up of the constitution," the doctor had pronounced to be the causes of his illness. Not his words, but the pitying tenderness of his tones as he gently evaded the questions I put to him, made the truth only too clear to me that the time could not be very far distant when I should have no father. This consciousness naturally deadened my interest in all else. I rarely left his room by day: Barbe watched by night.

Meanwhile, events which held the gaze of all Europe fascinated were transpiring. Disaster followed disaster, catastrophe succeeded catastrophe; tidings of bloody defeats—loss—ruin—confusion—chilled all hearts with horror and despair!

Soon to the dark catalogue of the misfortunes of unhappy France were added, an invaded soil—a captive sovereign—a disorganized army—a besieged capital. But the spirit of the nation

awoke to the hour of danger. What if her bravest and best were laid low—her soldiers prisoners—her provinces overrun by ever-increasing legions of the foe! From every hearth, through the length and breadth of the land, recruits were hastening to fill the vacant ranks. All would yet be well. So the loyal hearts of her brave and generous people spoke.

But it is not with the progress of the war—save as it trampled under its iron heel all that was bright and precious in my earthly path—that I have to do. The close of September found my father wonderfully restored—able even to resume his pen; though he now lived entirely up-stairs. Dr. Duprât earnestly strove to dissuade him from continuing a task to which his strength was so unequal; but in vain. Indeed, his entreaties only urged him to greater efforts. I believe he thought the time was short, and was feverishly desirous of completing the labour of years.

I was so constantly occupied with him,—his failing strength and impaired sight rendered my services in reading to him, searching out passages in various authors, and often in writing whole pages of MS., so indispensable,—that I had little leisure to think by day; and at night I was weary, and slept the heavy dreamless sleep of youth. Yet there was ever an under-current of anxious thought—not only, or most, for my own soul, but also for my father's. He was drifting into that eternity which had become so awful a reality to me—approaching the presence of that God of light and holiness and power, before whom he must inevitably stand. Oh! what would it profit him if he, after all, gained the whole world's ear and applause, and lost his own soul?

But I could do nothing, say nothing: I felt the childish forms and rites of the Church in which I had been brought up could be but mockeries of that Spirit of light who would pierce through the flimsy coverings of outward devotion, and see the hollow void within. And I knew not how to pray. Now, indeed, I know that those unuttered groanings of heart were prayer—the first breathings of God's Spirit within me; but then I looked on prayer as a high and holy exercise, needing a light, a wisdom, a power, a sanctity, I too keenly felt I possessed not.

Very wonderful have been His ways with me—

faithful and just, and abounding in mercy. Naturally, I should have sought comfort in the intercession of saints, the repetition of forms of prayer, and all the opiates with which Rome seeks to quiet the awakened conscience. But I think God taught me at once to see plainly that all worship, all service of him, must indeed be "in spirit and in truth." Was it not an answer to my mother's prayers, that her one little ewe lamb might be kept from the fangs of the wolf? I believe it was.

CHAPTER VII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—ISA. lxx. 24.

OCTOBER came;—more Frenchmen in Germany, more Germans in France. Soldiers had been constantly passing and repassing along the high-road since the war commenced: at first French; but now they were Germans—always Germans. Already we dwelt on conquered territory. Occasionally, a band had diverged into the village, and made trifling "requisitions;" but until this time we had been tolerably free from the burdens of war, considering our nearness to its seat. But our turn was to come only too surely.

Late on one of the first days in October my father had laid aside his writing, and was dozing in the fading light of the hazy autumn afternoon. I was sitting dreamily in the deep seat of a window looking down the poplar avenue, when my ear caught the too well known tramp of a body of horse; and at the same time I saw two mounted Germans riding leisurely out of the village towards the house. They must have previously passed when I was engaged with my father, as they evidently belonged to the same troop that was traversing the Belfort Road. I drew back in surprise and annoyance, as they halted before our gates, faced about, and gazed intently up at the house. Then one dismounted, and after apparently writing some words in chalk upon the gate, sprang back into his saddle, and with his companion rode quickly away.

I was not long left in doubt as to the meaning of this. Soon after, a body of dragoons rode

rapidly down the avenue. The foremost halted before the gates, and the words, "Twenty here!" were shouted out. Several stopped; the rest rode on into the village. One or two dismounted, and endeavoured to force open the great heavy gates. The rusty hinges resisted all their efforts.

They then turned to the small side-door, through which they one by one entered the courtyard.

All this passed in less time than it has taken me to describe. The probable meaning of the scene struck me with dismay. Twenty rough Germans billeted upon us! and my father so ill and feeble! The last few days he had been much worse again;—my heart sank within me, but I had little time for thought.

Some of the soldiers led their jaded beasts round to the stable-yard, others began knocking at the house-door—at first moderately enough, but on its not being immediately opened, they commenced battering it in a manner that threatened to bring down posts and all. My father started up in alarm. I hastened to his side, saying, as calmly as I could, "Dear papa, do not be alarmed—it is only what we have long expected—a party of soldiers billeted upon us. We have been fortunate to escape so long, and must make the best of it now."

A fresh shower of blows followed, accompanied by violent shaking of the door, and angry calls to open it.

"Where is Barbe, or Pierre? Surely they are in the house!" said my father apprehensively.

"Ah! I know," I said; "Barbe was saying only yesterday she would never let the Germans cross the threshold; they might batter in the door if they would."

"But resistance will only make matters worse;—they will come in," said my father, rising feebly. "I must go."

But I held him fast, saying, "No, dear papa; I will call Barbe, and tell her to let them in. I am not afraid;" and before he could detain me, I was in the corridor.

The noise continued. In the hall stood Barbe, pale and resolute. I called, "Barbe, Barbe, open the door; do you not see you are making things worse;—let them come in, and give them what they need."

But before she could reply, a number of soldiers rushed into the hall, having entered by the back door, guarded by the less determined Pierre. Quickly they put Barbe aside, and the whole noisy crowd rushed in, vociferously demanding food and drink.

Fearing Barbe would refuse it even then, and further exasperate the weary and hungry men in whose power we were so completely placed, I ran down part of the staircase, and succeeded not only in catching her eye, but in attracting the attention of two or three of the nearest soldiers, and a comparative hush ensued. I called, "Barbe;" and they made way for her to pass, without offering to molest her.

"Barbe," I said, "do not, for my sake—for my father's—go on with this foolish resistance. Give them all in your power that they ask for;—this noise and excitement will kill my father." Then raising my voice, I said, in such German as I could command,—*"Soldiers, the servants will see your wants supplied;—may I beg you to be as quiet as possible, in consideration of my sick father."*

As I spoke, my father himself appeared, trembling and agitated, at the end of the corridor. Hearing the entrance of the men, he was coming, feeble as he was, to seek and protect me. Their angry looks and tones softened at sight of me; some even signified a ready and good-natured assent. Then I turned quickly, and hastened to help my father back to his room.

There we sat listening to the babel of sounds below,—I thinking compassionately of Barbe and poor pretty timid Victoire. It grew dark; and when I lit the lamp, I saw with distress how the shock and agitation had told upon my father. He lay feebly back in his chair, looking! oh, so old and worn. Several times I rang, but no one answered. "Barbe cannot come yet, my child," papa said. I longed for some stimulant to revive him, and dared not go below.

But presently we heard Barbe's quick short step in the passage, and sharp decided tap on the door. I rose and unlocked it. Barbe entered, bearing the tray with preparations for our dinner—we then took our meals in the ante-chamber of my father's room—and a look of intense perplexity and annoyance on her face. Setting

down the tray with a violence that showed how her equilibrium was upset, she said,—

"There, at last!—it is hard work I have had to save your dinner even from being devoured by those wild beasts. Such eaters! What is to become of us, if they stay, I am sure I cannot tell. They will eat up everything; and drink—why, they would empty the Rhine itself! Ah! if that stupid Pierre had but prevented them coming in;—and now they will kill the master with their shouting and roaring." Then first noticing how exhausted my father looked, she hastily began to prepare the table.

"Well, my good Barbe," said my father, "it is an unfortunate position for us all; and you, I am afraid, will have the worst of it; but resistance would be worse than useless,—it is but the common usage of war. We may have worse than this to bear."

"Worse than this!—worse than having your own house treated like a common cabaret—rough, drunken fellows, shouting for this, that, and the other—going from room to room—helping themselves to whatever they fancy—making rude jests in their mongrel talk!—why, I can tell you, house and larder and cellar will not recover it for months!"

"Ah! Barbe," I said, "I know it is hard, but, after all, they will soon be gone."

"Soon be gone!—I am not so sure of that. Why, one fellow, who could make shift to speak some sort of French, told me they might stay a week or more! They were worn out with fatigue, and were waiting for fresh troops to join them before they moved south."

"A week!" we echoed in dismay.

"Yes, so he said; but I think less time than that will serve to kill the master, and you too, and make me crazy, if already I forget myself so as to stand talking when it is an hour past dinner-time, and monsieur faint with exhaustion;" and she hurried down, reappearing with Blaise, and a second tray with the eatables.

The boy looked pale and scared. "Where is Victoire?" I asked.

"That is more than I can tell, mademoiselle; she ran away up the stairs like a hunted cat at first sight of the soldiers, and I have not seen her since. And this boy shakes and stares like

a kitten in the snow, moonstruck idiot, as he is. And as for Pierre—oh! he cannot be too polite—cannot do enough to show how Frenchmen can cringe before their enemies now-a-days. ‘Yes, sir,’—‘Certainly, gentlemen,’ she continued, with an exaggerated reproduction of poor Pierre’s polite timidity, in the shape of low bows and sickly smiles and pleasant tones. “It makes me sick! If I was a man, or a boy either”—and darting a look of unutterable scorn at the trembling Blaise she left the room, as though it were too small to contain her and her wrathful indignation any longer.

We seated ourselves at the table, and took our sorrowful meal in silence—in silence, at least, as far as our own voices were concerned; for the men in the great dining-room below were beginning to make the old house ring again with their shouts and songs and laughter. Blaise carried down the scarcely tasted viands, visibly brightening up under the assurance from my father that he would be neither shot nor carried off.

Then we sat still, while the uproar below increased. It shook my father’s enfeebled nerves terribly, I saw. But what could be done? I watched a bright fever-spot come into each wasted cheek; and when at some louder burst he opened his eyes wearily, I saw how bright and blood-shot they were. His brow was hot, and I could see the throbbing of the swollen veins on his temples. And Dr. Duprât had said great excitement would be fatal—even slight agitation might bring on another attack! I bathed his head with eau-de-Cologne, and longed for help—the help I knew not how to seek, or where.

At last a still louder shout and roar of merriment drew a moan from his lips, so feeble, so suffering—I could bear it no longer. Lightly kissing his burning forehead, and saying, “I will be back directly, papa dearest, I want Barbe,” I slipped from the room, affecting not to hear his feeble protest. On the corridor I met Barbe, looking the impersonification of impotent distress and fury.

“Oh! mademoiselle, is it not frightful?” she began.

“Barbe,” I answered, in a quick, decided tone, “something must be done; it is really killing my father. Could not you or Pierre ask them to

be quieter? Tell them my father is ill—will die if—;” I could not finish.

The anger died out of Barbe’s eyes, and tender love and pity took its place. “My poor lamb,” she said, “do you think I have not tried, knowing that even the rattling of the shutters on windy nights has tried the dear master almost past bearing? I have tried, mademoiselle, again and again; but they will not listen. Many are drunk, and all too merry and satisfied with their change of quarters—woods and ditches for the dining-room of a château—to listen for a moment to an old woman like me. No, my child, it is no use. They will go to rest some time, I suppose. They say they must have beds. They must find them for themselves, then—I have locked the best bedroom doors; they may take their pick of the rest.”

“Then, Barbe,” I said with sudden resolution, “I will go to them. They will listen to me; they did when I spoke before. I am not afraid—I will go at once.”

But Barbe caught my dress. “Mademoiselle, mademoiselle!” she cried, “you do not know what you are thinking of. You must not, you must not!—you don’t know what they may say or do.”

“But they listened when I spoke from the stairs, Barbe; they will again—at any rate I must try.”

“No, no, mademoiselle,” she almost screamed; “you, so young and so pretty, among all those rough men—alone!” She shuddered.

“Then come with me, Barbe.”

“My child, my presence would only be the signal for a fresh volley of ridicule: my manner and dress amuses them, it seems.”

“Then I must go;—nay, Barbe, I WILL go,” I said, gently but resolutely disengaging my dress from her clasp.

“Oh! and no one near to help! If they insult you—oh! Blessed Mary! Holy Virgin! for thy dear Son’s sake protect her!” she prayed as I turned to descend the stairs.

My knees trembled, my heart beat wildly, as I reached the hall and distinguished more plainly the rough voices and foreign tongue. My courage gave way. Could I do it? Was there no help? Suddenly, before I knew what I was doing, I sank on my knees, raised my clasped hands, and cried in an agony of supplication, “O

God, do thou help me ; for no one else can." A sudden consciousness that *He* was there, he who was above all, he who could help, sprang up in my mind. I could say no more. But new strength rose in my heart. Dark and ignorant as my soul was, a beam of light had penetrated it. Little as I knew of God, I believed he was good and great and merciful. I believed it then ; hitherto I had only thought of his awful purity and searching holiness. Now, in the depths of my soul I *felt* he was merciful as pure—pitiful as strong. And I felt sure he would help me in my great need.

And help was near, though from a wholly unexpected quarter. His Word tells us he can make even enemies friends to his chosen ones. I rose from my knees and turned with fresh resolution and new-born hope of help from above towards the dining-room door. As I did so, a figure emerged from the passage leading from the back part of the house. That passage was in shadow, but faintly illumined by the dim light of the lamp that hung over the part of the hall where Barbe and I stood. Still there was light enough to show me that the figure was that of a young man in the uniform of a German officer. My white dress, standing as I did immediately under the light, must have come out in strong relief from the surrounding gloom, and apparently caught his eye at once. He paused, hesitated a moment, and then advanced towards us, removing his cap and bowing low. As he came into the full light of the lamp, I saw a tall, well-knit figure, an open, pleasant face, with broad white brow and clear blue eyes. All this I took in at a glance.

Very keen and comprehensive was the quick look with which he regarded Barbe and me. "Pardon, mademoiselle: I fear my men have been disturbing you greatly—if this is the way they have been conducting themselves!" he said, his brow darkening at the din he now seemed to hear for the first time.

He spoke in good French, with a manner of respectful courtesy that at once dispelled my fears. "Oh, sir!" I answered, in a tone of earnest entreaty, "if you have any influence with the soldiers—if you are their officer—will you try to make them quiet? My father is ill, *very* ill; I fear this noise may kill him even."

"I will do so at once," he replied. "Mademoiselle, will you wait here a moment?"

So quickly that I scarcely saw the movement, he reached forward one of the hall chairs, and placed me in it—for with agitation and excitement I was scarcely able to stand—and opened the door of the room where the men were carousing, closing it after him.

There was instantaneous silence, with the exception of the sounds of chairs pushed back and feet scraping on the floor, as they rose to their feet—the invariable custom of German soldiers in the presence of their officers. Upon it broke the clear, calm voice of the stranger, uttering a few words in stern, decided tones. Then the door re-opened and he returned to us.

Speaking in the same gently courteous tones, he said, "Mademoiselle must believe how greatly I regret that she and her father should have been so disturbed by these noisy fellows. I trust they will pardon it. I can promise it shall not occur again,—at least to the same degree," he added, smiling slightly; "it is not always possible to keep the spirits of the men in due bounds, especially when a roof overhead and a well-spread table are such rare luxuries."

I could only stammer out my thanks as I rose to go.

"Nay," he said, "thanks are certainly not due to me: it is surely enough that I and this part of my band are compelled by the laws of war to trespass on your hospitality for a few days; it is simply my duty to prevent the abuse of it. I must entreat your pardon for them, and ask you to believe it was thoughtlessness, rather than wanton rudeness or cruelty, that made them forget, what indeed they were probably ignorant of, the presence of sickness."

"Indeed they were not," broke in Barbe. "Again and again I told them they would be the death of the master, and got nothing but gibes and jeers for my pains. And if you had not come in when you did, Mademoiselle Léonie would have had a taste of the same. Nothing could persuade her not to try what *she* could do."

His eyes rested on me with such a look of questioning wonder, I could but say, "It was for my father—I could not bear to see his suffering—I thought they might listen to me;" and the hot

blood rushed to my face as I looked back on my purpose of entering alone that room full of rough soldiers.

But there was an expression of reverence and pity on the young German's fine face as he said, "Thank God, I came when I did! My duties in the village with the rest of the troops detained me so long, and I went round by the stables first. And now, mademoiselle, will you return to your father and assure him from me no avoidable annoyance shall be caused him or your household, or injury done to his property? It is not in my power to withdraw the men who are quartered here;—for some days necessity forces me to claim his hospitality for them and myself; but I can, and will, prevent a recurrence of this evening's disorder. I will now, if this old lady will kindly assist me," turning politely to Barbe, "attend to the sleeping accommodation for my men. With my supervision they will probably be content with less—certainly with whatever is allotted to them."

Again thanking him, I ascended the stairs with an infinitely lightened heart. There was an inexpressible something in the young officer's voice and look and manner, which from the first glance at once claimed and won my confidence. I immediately felt he was one to be trusted—trusted implicitly—and I did so. I no longer felt I had neither helper nor protector. While he was in the house I felt secure of both.

I found my father as I expected, restless and uneasy at my absence, wondering anxiously at what detained me, and at what was the cause of the sudden quiet. He was greatly relieved by my account of the young captain's kindness and consideration.

"Ah!" he said, "Léonie, depend upon it there are many noble hearts under German uniforms—I knew one that beat beneath it once," and he sighed.

I knew his thoughts were of the friend of his youth, so long lost and mourned, so faithfully loved and remembered! I took my usual place on the low seat at his feet, and we sat silently listening to the distant sound of footsteps going up and down the long passages in the less used parts of the house. Presently we were startled by a succession of piercing shrieks; but

on going to the door to listen, I found it was but Victoire's discovery that the dreaded soldiers were approaching the hiding-place she had chosen. They ceased, and all was still.

After a time Barbe entered with a much more satisfied face than she had hitherto worn. She told us all were settled for the night—thanks to the good Captain, in whose praise she was enthusiastic. He was then in the library, she said. She finished by admitting she supposed she must unlock the best chamber for his use—a great concession, showing how wonderfully his chivalrous behaviour had turned the tide in his favour—and asking how she was to treat him: would he live alone? or would my father wish to see him? He was a gentleman, and so pleasant and kind—and he might give us some information as to the progress of the war. Evidently he had won her confidence and trust, as I felt he had done mine.

My father looked doubtfully at me, and said, "What do you say, Léonie? he seems, by your account and Barbe's, to deserve our courtesy in exchange for his own."

"I think so, papa," I said; "besides, it will be less trouble to Barbe if he shared our meals, and she will have her hands full."

"Well, let him come up then.—Barbe, present my compliments, and invite your 'preux chevalier' to join us when he has completed his duties."

Barbe looked surprised, but not displeased; and went to execute her commission.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RECOGNITION.

"Love is strong as death. . . . Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."—SONG OF SOL. viii. 6, 7.

IN a few minutes footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, and Barbe ushered in the German captain. And then followed a strange and unexpected scene.

How plainly it all comes before me! The ruddy glow of the wood-fire that blazed on the open hearth—for the evenings were already chilly—dancing fitfully on the faded gilding of the cornice and half-effaced paintings on the ceiling; now bringing into clear relief the pictures

on the dark-panelled walls, the heavy antique furniture, and the quaint ornaments on the large Indian cabinet that occupied one side of the small apartment; now leaving all in shadow, save where the clear pale light of the small silver lamp on the table burned steadily, in those moments of gloom, showing out my father's figure on the darkened background of the room with an effect that would have enchanted an artist. I see him now as he looked then, my dear, dear father; with his pale, intellectual face, contrasting strongly with the crimson chair against which he leaned; his long gray hair gleaming like silver in the subdued light; his white, wasted hands, resting on its carved arms; the shrunken outlines of his form but half concealed by the folds of the dark dressing-robe that enveloped it;—face and figure and attitude alike too sadly and too plainly betokening weakness and decay; to me—coming orphanhood and desolation.

The door was behind us as we sat, and hidden by a folding screen. The flickering glare of the fire had momentarily died down as the young officer entered and advanced towards my father. Just as he began to speak a few courteous words of apology and regret, the half-burnt pieces of wood fell together and a bright flame shot up, vividly revealing his countenance and form.

Suddenly my father started up, illness and languor alike forgotten, exclaiming, "Conrad, Conrad von Edelstein!" Then, sinking back into his chair, he murmured, "No, no—it cannot be—fool that I am, it cannot be!"

I had risen terrified, and stood by his side, fearing the excitement had so shaken his nerves as to produce delirium. The stranger looked from him to me in utter surprise, and said,—

"Sir, that is certainly my name. I am Conrad von Edelstein; pardon me when I say I am wholly ignorant how it should be known to you; but, believe me, I most deeply regret it should be so in connection with all the trouble and annoyance of which I have been the very unwilling cause, to you and your daughter to-day."

His eyes rested anxiously, inquiringly on my face, as I applied restoratives to my father, who was half fainting from agitation and the sudden movement he had made, and was quite incapable of speaking.

"Conrad von Edelstein was the name of my father's dearest friend," I said, in answer to his appealing look.

"Ah! that may explain it. I had an uncle Conrad, to whom, I have been told, I bear a striking resemblance. It is possible that I, coming as an enemy, ought to be a friend—would that it were so!"

"Any one of the name and blood of Conrad von Edelstein," said my father, slowly and with difficulty, "must be welcome under my roof, whatever may bring him beneath it. And if you are indeed the nephew of my life's one friend, I bid you thrice welcome. And it must be so," he said, gazing into the frank, noble face that bent over him, as its owner took the two trembling hands stretched out towards him; "you have Conrad's very face—the same broad brow—the clear-cut features—the same eyes—ah! the very look. It seems as if my Conrad's soul were looking into mine once more from out of them."

And I thought there was nothing strange in my father's fancy. So tender, so pitying was their expression. The strong, brave young spirit that lit them, was evidently deeply touched by the life-long devotion of which my father's agitation witnessed. It deepened as the frail old man bore added testimony to the strength and duration of that devotion by continuing,—

"He was such as you when the grave closed over him, and I was younger than he." And, drawing the young man to his heart, he folded him in his arms, and literally wept over him.

It did not strike me then as it did afterwards, how marvellous was the intuition by which he was convinced of our guest's identity with his friend's nephew. For, beyond the acknowledgment of having an uncle Conrad, whom he was said to resemble, the stranger had in no wise confirmed his conviction. Indeed all had passed so quickly, no time had been given him to do so.

Releasing him at length from his embrace, my father turned to me, saying, "Léonie, I no longer wonder that you found courtesy and protection—a von Edelstein could give no less." Then turning to Captain von Edelstein, he said, "This is my daughter, Léonie, Conrad." His voice faltered as he pronounced, with a tone of lingering, tremulous tenderness, the long unspoken name.

The young soldier respectfully and gently took my offered hand and held it in his own while my father continued, "You may imagine how my heart has ached and trembled for her—my pure white flower—my only, motherless child. A houseful of soldiers and no protector! But now I do not fear; I commit her to your charge: one bearing the name of my noble friend can never be so unworthy of it, and of the blood that runs in his veins, as to allow one breath of insult to blow upon one so young and fair and unprotected as she is!"

"I trust I need not say your confidence is not misplaced, sir," replied the latter; "while I remain in this house, Mademoiselle Léonie need fear nothing. It will be only too great a pleasure if I can, in any small degree, be a helper to her under these trying circumstances. A protector from my soldiers, I assure you, she would not require. Boisterous they may be, but no lady need fear them. To-night, my absence, and the excessive enjoyment of such comfortable quarters after a fortnight's incessant marching and camping out, and some hard fighting, led them to indulge in the indecorous mirth which annoyed and alarmed you; but you have nothing more to fear. In offering my help and protection, mademoiselle, would that I could substitute friendship," he said, now pointedly addressing me; "but, alas! I cannot hope you can accept that from one in this garb," glancing at his uniform.

"That is needed to complete your likeness to my friend," rejoined my father; "he wore the uniform of a dragoon regiment—almost the same as your own; and, as for the cause of your being in this house, I have too little sympathy with this unhappy war to let it stand as a bar to my feeling friendship for a man whose duty leads him to fight against us in it. And now, Captain von Edelstein, let me hear that you really are the man I take you for. Take that seat" (pointing to one opposite), "and tell me of your family."

I must not attempt to detail the conversation that followed, as I think I could, it seems so stamped in my mind,—almost, I believe, the very words. But it would take long to do so, and there is no need. A few sentences served to establish our guest's identity. He was the only son of the youngest brother of my father's friend,

who, like himself, had been in the army, and had died when he (Captain von Edelstein) was quite a child. His uncle Conrad had been dead many years before his father's marriage, his mother had never even seen him; but his uncle Rudolph, who had inherited the family estates, and of whom he had known little, had remarked at their last meeting, some two years before, on his striking resemblance to the brother who had been cut off in the bloom of a most promising youth. He had resided with his widowed mother and sister in Munich, where they were still living. He had never heard my father's name,—a fact easily accounted for by the early death of his own. For some time the conversation lingered over Munich. My father had many questions to ask—many brief but pregnant histories to hear. Then they spoke of various topics—literary, scientific, and general. I sat and listened with rare enjoyment. It was so new to me to *hear* a conversation; and this was one worth listening to. The stranger was a man of intellectual tastes and cultivated mind, and my father evidently keenly relished the having some one upon whom he could whet his long unused weapons of argument.

In some things their opinions differed widely. I saw, running like a scarlet thread through all the stranger said—God; absolute trust in, reverence for, and submission to Him. It was not that their conversation turned on religious topics; indeed, I thought my father studiously avoided them,—doubtless on my account; but reference to, and acknowledgment of God, seemed ever falling, naturally and unconsciously as it were, from Captain von Edelstein's lips. It was strange, very strange to me; and, as I watched the varied expressions pass over his face from my shaded seat, the conviction grew upon me that Conrad von Edelstein had the light I so yearned after—he knew God, and God was light: knew him, not to fear and tremble in the dust before him; but knew him as an over-ruling providence, as a protector, a helper,—it even appeared, as a friend.

At last my father turned to the subject the young Captain courteously acknowledged he had avoided, as one which it might be painful to discuss with him. But when asked, he frankly gave us his opinion of the position in which our unhappy country was placed. He acknowledged she had

vast resources as yet undrawn upon, that armies were springing up as mushrooms, and that the spirit of the nation was rising to the emergency; but all, he said, would but lengthen the struggle. France might strain the strength and endurance of Germany to the utmost, but conquer her—*never!*

Not as she then was. Confusion, mismanagement, collapse, had been the history of her old armies; defeat, discouragement, and destruction waited on her new ones. The raw, unprepared masses, would be blown away like froth before German discipline and experience. The struggle might, he feared would be, long and terrible—perhaps was only even begun; but of what the end would be he had no doubt. He spoke with

generous warmth of the bravery of the French soldiers in the earlier engagements, with earnest compassion of the sorrow and misery he had witnessed. More than once his deep tones faltered as he recorded some thrilling tale of heroism, of patience, of suffering. My tears fell fast. I had scarcely realized before, the harrowing scenes which were daily being enacted so near to me—which might so soon be brought to my own door,—ay, within it!

At length Barbe brought in coffee; after which our guest—we no longer felt him to be stranger or enemy—took leave of us for the night, for my father was worn and weary with the exciting incidents of the day.

HOW THE PASTOR OF THE DESERT WOODED HIS BRIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," ETC.

A page in the story of one of those obscure heroes who, in the dark days between the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the Revolution, brought to their fellow-Protestants that living water which was indeed the blood of the men who went for it in jeopardy of their lives.

FAIR lamb of my flock in the desert
fed,
Through thorny paths have thy
feet been led;

Yet never, in sunshine, in storm, or in mist,
Have they failed to keep the appointed tryst.
In the lonely forest, on hill-sides bleak,
Where our psalm was drowned by the wild
wind's shriek;

On the vessel's deck, in the ocean's cave,
Where our organ-peal was the thundering wave;
When our path was tracked by the horsemen
dread,

And the bullets whistled, the swords flashed
red,—

Still thy pale pure face and thy thoughtful
brow

Looked up to mine, as they do e'en now.—
Who knoweth what life hath in store for thee?
Lay thine hand on thy heart, and answer me.

"What if it befell thee to give that heart
To one who on earth had an exile's part?
Doomed to wander forlorn o'er mountain and
plain,
In the burning sun, in the drenching rain;

Not even a stone to pillow his head;
Fed by God's hand, as the sparrows are fed?"

She raised her blue eyes, with tear-drops dim,
And softly said, "I should follow him."

"My child, think once more; for I speak to thee
Of things that have been, and again may be.
One day, perchance, thou wilt sit at home,
Watching and wondering, 'When will he
come?'

Lo, steps at the door! Hark, a voice in the
street!

Up springs the watcher—oh, what does she
meet?

A rude litter of planks, a cloak-covered form,
With a wound in the side and the blood gush-
ing warm.—

Say, would thy heart break 'neath its burden
of pain,

Or melt into tears, like the summer's first
rain?"

From cheek and from lip the bright roses have
died,

Yet, calm and unflinching, the maiden replied:

"My hand on his heart, if the least throb I found,
I would just say, 'Thank God!' and bind up the wound."

"But what if a darker, more terrible doom
Enveloped thy life with its mantle of gloom?
If the fell ghastly arm of the dread gallows-tree
Were stretched over all that is dearest to thee?
With the rope on his neck and the torch in his hand,
Alone on the ladder of death see him stand;
Not a pitying eye in the gazing crowd;
Not a farewell word, for the drums beat loud:
So he treads in the way that his Master trod;—
Couldst thou suffer all this, and yet trust in God?"

There was mystic fire in her blue eyes' glow,
As prompt she made answer, soft and low:


"Yea;—and bless Him for grace to His martyr given;
Then look up to Him, and look on to His heaven."

By an altar of stone, on the wild sea-shore,
Where their voices mingled with ocean's roar,
In the midst of a company true and tried,
The Pastor stood forth with his chosen Bride.
With a calm spoken vow they joined hand and heart,
To hold one another till death should them part;
Together partook of the bread and the wine,
Of their Lord's dying love the token and sign;
Thus giving mute witness, far stronger than speech,
He was dearer to both than each was to each.
Then, as forth on their path of peril they trod,
Their portion and shield was their Saviour and God.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS AND THEIR RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

PART III.

HE doctrine of the Resurrection, which is peculiarly the characteristic of our holy religion as distinguished from all the faiths of antiquity, was everywhere recorded throughout the Catacombs. It was symbolized in ever-recurring representations of the story of Jonah and of the raising of Lazarus, and was strongly asserted in numerous inscriptions. As the early Christians laid the remains of the departed saints in their last long resting-place, the sacred words of the Gospel, "I am the resurrection, and the life," must have rung with strange power through the long corridors of that silent city of the dead, and have filled the hearts of the believers, though surrounded by the evidences of their mortality, with an exultant thrill of triumph over death and the grave. This was a recompense for all their pains. Of this, not even the malignant ingenuity of persecution could deprive them. Even though the body were consumed, and its ashes strewn upon the waters or

sown upon the wandering winds, still—still the Lord knoweth them that are his, and counts the dust of his chosen. Tertullian ridicules the heathen for believing the doctrine of metempsychosis, and rejecting that of the resurrection. "God forbid that he should abandon to everlasting destruction," he exclaims, "the labour of his own hands, the care of his own thoughts, the receptacle of his own Spirit!"

The hope of the resurrection is often strikingly expressed in the Christian epitaphs. The following example is of date A.D. 544:—

HIC REQUIESCIT CARO MEA NOVISSIMO VERO DI
PER XPM Credo RESURGITUR A MORTUIS.

Here rests my flesh; but at the last day, through Christ, I believe it will be raised from the dead.

The next is from the Lapidarian Gallery in the Vatican:—

RELICTIS TVIS IACIS IN PACE SOPORE
MERITA RESURGAS TEMPORALIE TIBI DATA REQVETIO.

You, well-deserving one, having left your [relations], lie in peace; you will arise: a temporary rest is granted you.

In an epitaph of the year A.D. 449, we read:—

RECEPTA CÆLO MERUIT OCCURRERE XPO
AD RESURRECTIONEM PRÆMIUM ÆTERNUM SVSCIPERE DIGNA.

Received into Heaven, she deserved to go to Christ, [and was] worthy to receive the eternal reward of the resurrection.

In the following, from the Catacomb of Naples, Christian confidence adopts the sublime language of Job:—

CREDO QVIA REDEMPTOR MEVS BIBIT [sic] ET NOBISSIMO DIE
DE TERRA SVSCITABIT ME IN CARNE MEA VIDEBO DOM.

I believe, because that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day shall raise me from the earth, that in my flesh I shall see the Lord.

More briefly is this cardinal doctrine asserted in the following:—

IUSTVS CVM SCIS XPO MEDIANTE RESVEGET.

Justus, who will rise with the saints through Christ.

HIC IN PACE REQUIESIT LAVRENTIA QVI CREDIDIT
RESURRECTIONEM.

Here reposes in peace Laurentia, who believed in the resurrection.

For terse brevity the following would be hard to surpass: "Clementia, tortured, dead, sleeps, will rise."

The very idea of death seems to have been repudiated by the primitive Christians. "*Non mortua, sed data somno*," says Prudentius, in paraphrase of the words of our Lord; "She is not dead, but sleepeth." So also a Christian epitaph asserts: ALEXANDER MORTUUS NON EST SED VIVIT SUPER ASTRA, "Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars." Hence the catacomb was designated the *cæmeterium*, or place of sleeping; and the funeral vault the *cubiculum*, or sleeping chamber. The dead were not "buried," as the pagan expressions *conditus*, *compositus*, *situs* indicate; but *depositus*, "laid down" in their lowly beds, till the everlasting morn should come, and the angel's trump awake them—consigned as a precious trust to the tender keeping of mother Earth, and "lying in wait for the resurrection." The saints were "fallen asleep" in Jesus; and on the bridal morning of the soul, they would awake with his likeness, and be satisfied. The primitive Christians believed that the Power which called a Lazarus from the tomb could wake to life again the slumbering millions of this valley of dry bones—vaster far than that of Ezekiel's vision—

till they should stand up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

But this sleep was a sleep of the body only, not of the soul. The primitive Christians were assured, as we have seen, of the immediate happiness of those who died in the faith. They believed that being absent from the body they were present with the Lord; that as soon as they passed from earth's living death they entered into the undying life and unfading bliss of Heaven. Though surrounded by the mouldering bodies of the saints in Christ, the eye of faith beheld their glorified spirits, starry-crowned and palm-bearing, among the white-robed multitude before the throne of God. They admitted no thought of a long and dreary period of forgetfulness, nor probation of purgatorial fires, before the soul could enter into joy and peace.

The sublime reflections with which St. Cyprian concludes his treatise *De Mortalitate*, nobly express the grand consoling thoughts which sustained the primitive Christian, and which sustain God's saints in every age. "We are but pilgrims and strangers here below," he exclaims; "let us then welcome the day which assigns to each one of us his resting-place, and restores us, released from this world's bondage, to the joys of Paradise. What exile longs not to return to his native land? Who that hastens home desires not a prosperous wind, that he may the sooner embrace the objects of his love? Our true native land is Paradise; the patriarchs are our true ancestors;—why then do we not hasten, yea run, to behold the land of our birth, and to behold our kinsmen? It is a large and loving company that expects us there—of parents, brothers, sons—a mighty multitude, evermore assured of their own salvation, but anxious still concerning ours. O the joy on either side, when we shall look upon them and embrace them! O the bliss of those celestial realms, where no fear of dying enters! O the rapturous prospect of life for evermore! There the glorious choir of the apostles awaits us; there the exulting company of the prophets; there the countless army of martyrs, crowned because they strove unto death, and conquered! To them, brethren beloved, let us eagerly hasten; let us long to be with them the sooner, that we may the sooner be with CHRIST!"

What a striking contrast to these holy hopes is the pagan's blankness of despair concerning the future! Compared with this assurance of blissful immortality, how cold and cheerless are their shadowy Elysium and their unsubstantial visions of the spirit-world! how terrible the gloomy realms of Tartarus—dark Lethe's stream, and Styx, and fiery Phlegethon! Like a gleam of heaven's sunshine in a dark benighted age are these rude inscriptions of the early Christians. Sublimier is their lofty hope—reaching forward beyond this world, and laying hands of faith upon the eternal verities of the world to come—than the imperishable renown of classic sages, or the Roman poet's boast of earthly immortality—*Non omnis moriar*.

Even the high philosophy of Greece, and the noble Stoicism of the Roman mind, affords no consolation to the soul brought face to face with the solemn mystery of death. A forced, a sullen submission to the inevitable, is all that they can teach. They shed no light upon the world beyond the grave: *DOMVS ÆTERNA*, "an eternal home," and *SOMNVS ÆTERNALIS*, "an eternal sleep," is written on their tombs, frequently accompanied by an inverted torch, the emblem of despair. To them death is an unsolved and insoluble problem. Their loftiest reasonings lack authority to satisfy the mind. It is the gospel of Christ alone which brings life and immortality to light, which appeases the soul-hunger of mankind, and meets the yearning cry of the human heart.

Even the thoughtful mind of Pliny can extract no comfort from the various theories concerning the future state, but looks forward to annihilation as the universal doom. "To all," he says, "from the last day of life is there the same lot that there was before the first; nor is there any more consciousness after death than there was before birth."* Of Agricola, the wise and good, the philosophic Tacitus can only say, with an incredulous sigh, "If there be a place for the departed spirits of the just, if great souls perish not with the body, mayest thou calmly rest."† "That the manes are anything," says Juvenal, "or that the nether world is anything, not even boys believe,

except those still in the nursery."* In sullen submission to fate the pagan submits to the irrevocable doom. When the name has issued from the fatal urn, he leaves for ever his woods, his villa, and his pleasant home, and enters the dread bark which is to bear him into eternal exile.† Even the wisest sages of antiquity can only fan the embers of their hopes into a flickering flame, and cry, "Ha! I have seen the fire."

The following are examples of the melancholy and despairing spirit often breathed by pagan epitaphs:—

INFANTI DVLCESSIMO QVVM DII IRATI ÆTERNO SOMNO
DEDERVNT.

To a very sweet child, whom the angry gods gave to eternal sleep.

PREVENERE DIEM VITÆ CRVDELIA FATA
ET RAPTAM INFERNÆ ME POSVERE RATE.

The cruel fates anticipate the day of life, and place me, snatched away, in the infernal bark.

The desponding view of life in the following is like the bitter experience of the Hebrew moralist, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

DECIPIMVR VOTIS ET TEMPORE FALLIMVR. ET MORIS
DERIDET CVRAS ANXIA VITA NIHIL.

We are deceived by our wishes, misled by time, and death derides our cares: anxious life is naught.

Of similar character is the following, recalling the complaint of Job, "Man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down:"—

VIVE LACTVS QVINCVNQVE VIVIS. VITA PARVVM MVNVS
EST. MOX EXORTA EST SENSIM VIGESCIT. DEINDE SENSIM
DEFICIT.

Live joyful, whoever thou art [that livest]. Life is a small gift. It is scarcely sprung up when it imperceptibly flourishes, and then imperceptibly declines.

The following is remarkable for its misanthropy:—

ANIMAL INGRATIVVS HOMINE NVLLVM EST.

No animal is more ungrateful than man.

The inspired apothegm, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out," is illustrated in the following:—

EX OMNIBVS BONIS SVIS HOC SIBI SVMPSERVNT.

Of all their wealth, they possess only this tomb.

* "Ese aliquid manes et subterranea regna
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur."

—Sat., II., 149.

† See that saddest but most beautiful of the Odes of Horace, *To Delium*, III. :—

.... "et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ."

* "Omnibus a suprema die eadem quæ ante primum, nec magis a morte sensus ullus aut corporis aut animæ quam ante natatem."

† "Si quis piorum manibus locus, si non cum corpore extinguitur magnæ animæ placide quiescas."—*Vit. Agric.*

We find also the expression—analogue to that of Scripture, “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.”—

MATER GENUIT ME. MATER RECIPIT.

Mother [Earth] nourished me: she receives me again.

Sometimes the cold consolation is offered, that others are also the subjects of sorrow and death, as—DOLOR TALIS NON TIBI CONTIGIT UNI, “so great grief affects not thee alone;” NEC TIBI NEC NOBIS ETERNUM VIVERE CESSIT, “neither to you nor to us was it granted to live for ever.”

More painful even than the gloomy Stoicism of many pagan inscriptions, is the light Epicurean tone which frequently occurs; as, for instance, the following, in which life is compared to a play:—

VIXI. DVX. VIXI. BENE. IAM. MEA.
PERACTA. MOX. VESTRA. AGETVR
FABVLA. VALETE. ET. PLAVIDITE.

While I lived, I lived well. My play is now ended; soon yours will be. Farewell, and applaud me.*

In the following, the sentiment is still more Anacreontic—it breathes the true pagan spirit: “*Carpe diem*: seize the day; pluck each flower of pleasure as you pass; press all life’s nectar into one frenzied draught, and drain it to the dregs. Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die.” Even in the solemn presence of death, the soul, unawed by the dread shadow of the future, turns regretfully to the vanished pleasures of earth, and finds its only consolation in the thought of their enjoyment:—

D.M. TI. CLAVDI. SECVNDI
HIC. SECVM. HABET. OMNIA
BALNEA. VINVM. VENVS. CORRVMPVNT. CORPORA
NOSTRA. SED. VITAM. FACIVNT. R.V.V.

To the divine manes of Titus Claudius Secundus. Here he enjoys everything. Baths, wine, and lust ruin our constitution; but—they make life what it is. Farewell! Farewell!

The following expresses the very essence of coarse sensualism: QUOD EDI ET BIBI MECUM HABEO; QUOD RELIQUI PERDIDI, “what I ate and drank, I have with me; what I left, I have lost.” Compare the moral antithesis of the sentiment, expressed by John Wesley: “What I gave away,

* In a similar vein the dying Emperor Augustus inquired if he had played his part well, and asked the applause of his courtiers:—

... “ὅδε ἀπόρων
καὶ νύκτες ἡμέαι μετὰ χάριος ἀντιφεύρου.”

I have still; what I kept, I have lost.” It is for evermore a truth of loftiest meaning, He that saveth his life, shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for Christ’s sake, shall gloriously and for ever find it.

Frequently the pagan epitaphs contain an outburst of scorn or defiance of the unjust gods that sit aloft and make their sport of human woe, as is seen in the following example:—

PROCOPE. MANVS. LEOB. CONTRA. DEVM
QVI. ME. INNOCENTEM. SVSTVLIT.

I, Procope, lift up my hands against God, who snatched away me, innocent.

In an epitaph in the Lapidarian Gallery, a bereaved mother, in the bitterness of her soul, cries out,—

ATROX O FORTVNA TRVCI QVÆ FVNERE GAVDIES
QVID MIHI TAM SVBITO MAXIMVS ERIPITVR
QVI MODO IVCVNDVS GREMIO SVPERESSE SOLEBAT
HIC LAPIS IN TVMVLO NVNC IACET ECCE MATER.

O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death, Why is Maximus so suddenly snatched from me? He who lately used to lie joyful on my bosom, This stone now marks his tomb.—Behold his mother.

But the holy teachings of Christianity revealed to the weary and heavy-laden souls of men, aching with a sense of orphanage, the loving fatherhood of God, and produced a spirit of meekness and resignation altogether foreign to the pagan mind. Of pathetic interest, as illustrating this fact, is a Christian fragment, of date circ. A.D. 600, on which we may still read the familiar words, expressing the imperishable thought which has been a source of consolation to bereaved ones in every age,—

QVI. DEDIT. ET. ABSTVLIT
OMNIA. BENEDIC.

“Like a voice from among the graves,” says Dr. Maitland, “broken by sobs, yet distinctly intelligible, fall those words upon the listening ear,— ‘Who gave, and hath taken away: blessed [be the name] of the Lord.’”

“The yearning of the human heart, that
Aches for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that’s still,”

and the hunger of the soul for communion with the dear departed, in the loving tryst of the silent land, are pathetically expressed in the following prayer of Furia Spes:—

PETO VOS MANES SANCTISSIMÆ [sic].....MEVM CONIVGEM
.....HORIS NOCTURNIS VT VIDIAM ET ETIAM VT EGO DVLCIVS
VT CELESTIVS APVD EVM PERVENIRE POSSEM.

I beseech you, most holy spirits, that I may behold my husband in the midnight hours; and also that I may more sweetly and swiftly go to him.

More common, however, is the feeling of hopeless severance expressed by the frequent valediction, VALE, VALE, LONGUM VALE, "Farewell, farewell! a long farewell!"—or, sadder still, VALE ETERNUM, "Farewell for ever!"

PART IV.

It remains to notice some inscriptions from the Catacombs which are claimed as indicating the prevalence in primitive times of certain Romish dogmas, which are regarded by Protestants as erroneous. There occur, for instance, frequent examples of acclamations addressed to the departed, expressive of a desire for their happiness and peace. These acclamations have been quoted by Romanist writers, as implying a belief in purgatory and in the efficacy of prayers for the dead. Many of these examples, it may be observed, are not precatory at all, but simply declarative: as—SALONICE ISPIRITUS TUUS IN BONIS, "Salonica, thy spirit is in bliss;" PRIMA VIVIS IN GLORIA DEI ET IN PACE DOMINI XR, "Prima, thou livest in the glory of God, and in the peace of Christ our Lord."

But there are others in which the expression assumes a distinctively optative form. Some of these may be of comparatively late date, as the *graffiti*, or inscriptions of pilgrims near the more celebrated shrines. But others are unquestionably part of the original epitaphs. We find, for instance, such expressions as—VIVAS, "may you live;" VIVAS IN DEO, ZHC EN ΘEO, "may you live in God;" VIVAS IN ETERNO, "may you live for ever;" ETERNA TIBI LUX, "eternal light to thee;" ESTOTE IN PACE, "be in peace;" VIVAS INTER SANCTOS, "may you live among the holy ones;" DORMITIO TUA INTER DICARIS [AIKAIOIC], "may your sleep be among the just;" DEUS TIBI REFRIGERET—SPIRITUM TUUM REFRIGERET, "God refresh thee—refresh thy spirit;" EIPHNH COI, "peace to thee;" EN EIPHNH TOT TO INETMA, "in peace be thy spirit." These, it will be per-

ceived, are not intercessions for the dead, but mere apostrophes addressed to them—as is apparent in the following: ΖΩΤΙΚΕ ΖΗΧΑΙCEN ΚΤΠΙΩ ΘΑΠΠΙ [sic], "Zoticus, mayest thou live in the Lord: Be of good cheer." They were no more prayers for the souls of the departed, than is Byron's verse—

"Bright be the place of thy rest."

But the wish sometimes takes the form of a prayer for the beloved one; as,—MNHCEHC IHCOTC O KTIIOC TEKNON EM....., "Remember, O Lord Jesus, our child;" MNHCH ATTOT O ΘEOC EIC TOTC AIΩNAC, "Remember him, O Lord, for ever." These intense expressions of affection of the ardent Italian nature, that would fain follow the loved object—"though lost to sight, to memory dear"—beyond the barrier of the grave, are surely a slight foundation on which to build the vast system of mercenary masses for the dead. Yet they are the only evidences that keen Roman controversialists can adduce from the Christian inscriptions of the first six centuries. And, be it remembered, these inscriptions were not a formulated and authoritative creed, framed by learned theologians, but the untutored utterances of humble peasants,—many of whom were recent converts from Paganism or Judaism, in which religions such expressions were a customary sepulchral formula. The following are examples of the prevalence of this practice in pagan epigraphy:—DI TIBI BENEFACIANT, "may the gods be good to thee;" OSSA TUA BENE QUIEScant, "may thy bones rest well;" SIT TIBI TERRA LEVIS, "may the earth be light upon thee;" XAIPE, ETHIAOEI, ETAPOMEI, "Rejoice! a safe voyage, a prosperous journey;" ΕΥΤΥΧΕΙ ΚΤΡΙΑ ΚΑΙ ΔΩΗ COI OCIPIC TO ΨΤΧPON ΤΑΩΡ, "be of good cheer, O lady; and to the Oairis give to quaff the cooling water;" EN MTPOIC COT TEKNON H ΨΤXH, "in precious odours be thy soul, my child;" BENE VALEAS MATER ROGAT TE UT ME AD TE RECIPIAS VALE, "farewell—thy mother prays, O take me to thyself again—farewell." In the Jewish Catacomb at Rome, these acclamations are far more common than in the Christian inscriptions. The following is a characteristic example: MARCIA BONA JUDEA DORMITIO IN BONIS, "Marcia, a good Jewess, thy sleep be

among the good." On many modern Hebrew tombstones are the words, "Let his soul be bound up in the bundle of life."

Small wonder, therefore, that those Christian converts, who had been brought up in Pagan or Jewish superstition, should retain traces of this ancient custom, so congenial to the sympathies of the human heart, unprescient as they were of the baneful results to which it would lead. Their freedom of language had not yet been restricted, as Bishop Kip remarks, to the cold rules of ordinary logic, by the fear of deadly heresy. We know, indeed, from the testimony of the Fathers, that mention of the dead was frequently made in the prayers of the Church. These prayers, however, were often thanksgivings—*εὐχὴ εὐχαριστήριος*—for those who had fallen asleep in Christ, or commemorations of their virtues for the improvement of the living.* Many of the Fathers vigorously protested against the idea that the dead can be benefited by any prayers on their behalf, strongly asserting their changeless state in the other world.† The notion, however, of the efficacy of these prayers, gradually crept into the Church; but that they were not conceived to procure remission from purgatorial flames is evident from the fact, that, even at a comparatively late period, they were offered on behalf of the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and saints, and even for the Virgin Mary herself, who were all believed to be in the immediate presence of God. But at length even this tremendous error found entrance into the Church, and gave into the hands of a mercenary hierarchy the keys of heaven and hell.

But in the testimony of the Catacombs is no trace of that torturing doctrine which hangs the heart on tenter-hooks of dread suspense, and wrings from the lacerated affections a dole to a hireling priesthood, for the exercise of their ghostly functions in delivering the souls of the departed from burning flame. There is no hint in their cheerful art and pious epitaphs of the Dantean horrors, the worse than Sisyphean toil, and torments more dire than those of Tantalus, under

the intense conception of which the heart of Christendom, for centuries, was wrung. No; the early Church believed the pious dead already to enjoy the ampler life, the more ethereal air and sweet beatitude of Paradise.*

Associated with the Romish practice of praying for the dead, is that of praying to them; for which there is still less authority in the testimony of the Catacombs than for the former. There are, indeed, indications that this custom was not unknown; but they are very rare and exceptional. In all the dated inscriptions of the first six centuries, 1374 in number, there is only *one* invocation of the departed. It is that of the year A.D. 384, already given, in which, from the heart of an orphaned and ignorant girl, in the hour of her bitter sorrow and bereavement, is wrung the cry, *PRO HUNC UNUM ORA SUBOLEM*, "O pray for this thine only child." The few undated inscriptions of similar character are probably of as late, or, it may be, of much later date than this; and the invocation is almost invariably uttered by some relative of the deceased, as if prompted by natural affection rather than by religious feeling. Thus, we have such examples as the following:—*PETE PRO FILIIS TUIS*, "pray for thy children;" *ORA PRO PARENTIBUS TUIS*, "pray for thy parents;" *VIBAS IN PACE ET PETE PRO NOBIS*, "may you live in peace, and pray for us;" *VIBAS IN DEO ET ROGA*, "may you live in God, and pray;" *IN ORATIONIBUS TUIS ROGES PRO NOBIS QUIA SCIMUS TE IN XP*, "in your prayers pray for us, for we know you to be in Christ." In an inscription of the latter part of the fourth century, Pope Damasus invokes the assistance of St. Agnes in the line—

UT DAMASI PRECIBUS FAVEAS PRECOR INCLITA MARTYR.

O illustrious martyr, I beseech you to aid the prayers of Damasus.

This is indeed Romish doctrine; but it only shows the departure from the primitive faith at this late period. "If this doctrine," says Bishop Kip, "so much in unison with many of the deepest feelings of our nature, had been held by the primitive Church, we should have found it written

* "Ut ex recordationes eorum proficiamus."—*Orig. in Rom. xil.*

† "Quando isthinc excessum fuerit, nullus jam locus poenitentiae est, nullus satisfactiones effectus."—*Cypr. ad Demet.*, § 16. The modern Greek Church offers prayers for the dead, without accepting the doctrine of purgatory.

* The doctrine of purgatory was first preached by Gregory the Great; and this fiery realm, so rich in revenue of tears and blood, was afterwards formally annexed to the papal dominions by a bull.

broadly and clearly everywhere through these epitaphs. Its proof would not be left to half-a-dozen inscriptions, among thousands which plainly declare the reverse." How different from these lowly crypts is a modern Roman sepulchral chapel, with its ceaseless appeals by the dead for the prayers of the living, and by the living for the prayers of the dead,—with its ever-recurring *Orate pro anima*, and *Maria Sanctissima, ora pro nobis*. We search in vain through all the corridors of those ancient sanctuaries of the Christian faith for a single example of these now universal Romish formulas.

The invocation of saints probably sprang from the superstitious reverence paid to the martyrs after the age of persecution had passed. Thus was created, in course of time, a vast celestial hierarchy, endowed with the attributes of Deity,* usurping the mediatorial office of Christ, and rivalling the polytheism of paganism. The primitive Fathers repudiated the worship of any saint or angel, or the intervention of any mediator with God but Christ. "We worship the Son of God," writes the Church of Smyrna, "but the martyrs we only love."† "We sacrifice not to martyrs," says St. Augustine, "but to the one God—both theirs and ours :‡ nor is our religion," he indignantly adds, the worship of dead men."§ "It is the devil who has introduced this homage of angels," says St. Chrysostom ;|| and the Council of Laodicea (A.D. 361) forbade their invocation as idolatrous, and a forsaking of Christ.¶

We now turn from these polemical subjects to the consideration of the doctrines, common to Christendom, of the trinity of the Godhead, and the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. We know from the testimony of ecclesiastical history, that numerous heresies sprang up in the early centuries with reference to these august themes ; but no

evidence accuses the Church in the Catacombs of departure from the primitive and orthodox belief in these important respects. Frequently, indeed, these cardinal doctrines are so strongly asserted as to suggest that it is in designed and vigorous protest against the contemporary heretical notions.

The doctrine of the essential divinity of the Son of God is repeatedly and strikingly affirmed. Not only are the symbolical letters, Alpha and Omega, frequently associated with the sacred monogram, in allusion to the sublime passage in the Revelation descriptive of the eternity of Christ, but his name and Messianic title are variously combined with that of the Deity, so as to indicate their identity. Thus we have the expressions : ZHCHC IN AEO XPICTO [*sic*]*—EN ΘΕΩ ΚΤΡΕΙΩ ΧΕΙCΤΩ [*sic*]*—VIBAS IN CHRISTO DEO—IN DOMINO JESU, "may you live in God Christ—in God the Lord Christ—in Christ God—in the Lord Jesus." Or the divine attributes are still more strongly expressed, as in the following : AEOTC XPICTOTC OMNIHOTEC [*sic*], "God Christ Almighty;" and DEO SANC. XPO UN LUC [*sic*], "God, Holy Christ, only light." An impression on the plaster of a grave definitely asserts that Christ is God,—CHRISTUS EST DEUS.

Mention is made of the three persons of the Trinity separately, in several epitaphs, in which the deceased is said to sleep IN DEO—IN CHRISTO—IN SPIRITU SANCTO ; and collectively in the following, of date A.D. 403 :—

QVINTILLIANVS HOMO DEI
CONFIRMANS TRINITATEM
AMANS CASTITATEM
RESPVENS MVNDVM.

Quintilianus, a man of God, holding fast the doctrine of the Trinity, loving chastity, condemning the world.

In later examples from Aquileia and other places, we find the formula : IN NOMINE SANCTÆ TRINITATIS—PATRIS ET FILII ET SPIRITUS SANCTI, "in the name of the Holy Trinity—of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Patristic evidence informs us that both these doctrines were strongly held by the primitive Christians. The doxologies, benedictions, and baptismal formulæ of the ancient liturgies, were all in the name of the Triune God. The pagan Lucian satirizes the Christian doctrine of "one in three and three in one : " Έν εκ τριων, και εξ ενος

* "Qui lumine Christi
Cuncta et operta vides longæque absentia cernis."

Paulin. Nat. vi.

See also the Litany of the Saints in the Romish Missal.

† Υμνῶ τοῦ Θεοῦ προσκυνοῦμεν τοὺς διὰ μαρτυρίας ἀγαπήμεν.—Euseb. H. E., iv. 15.

‡ "Nec.... sacrificimus martyribus, sed uni Deo et martyrum et nostro."—De Civ. Dei., xxii. 10.

§ "Non sit nobis religio cultus hominum mortuorum."—De Ver. Relig., cap. lv.

|| Οὐ δέβητος τὰ τῶν ἀγγέλων ἐκτελεῖται.—Hom. i.

¶ Οἱ δὲ Χριστιανοὶ ἀγγέλους οὐμαζοῦν.—Can. 85. The Council of Trent, however, thought differently. The "saints" of the primitive Church, says Schaff, were the whole body of believers, and not a narrow spiritual aristocracy, as in the Romish Church.

τρία. In response to the heathen accusation of worshipping a mere man—"a crucified impostor"—the Christians reply that he is also God. In contrast with the sublime monotheism of the latter, Tertullian ridicules the absurd polytheism of the heathen. "We say, and before all men we say," he exclaims, "and torn and bleeding under your tortures we cry out, We worship God through Christ."†

Such, then, is the testimony of the Catacombs concerning the doctrines of the early believers,—a testimony more favourable to the general character of ancient Christianity than the writings of the Fathers, or the ecclesiastical historians of the times; probably, as Dr. Maitland remarks, because "the sepulchral tablet is more congenial to the expression of pious feeling than the controversial epistle, or even the much-needed episcopal rebuke." We know, indeed, from these latter

sources, that heresy, strife, recrimination, and mutual anathemas, early disgraced the religion of peace and love. But no sounds of this profane controversy disturbed those quiet resting-places of the Christian dead. The expression of faith and hope and joy and peace,—the peace of God that passeth all understanding,—everywhere appear. The stricken and sorrowing believer burst not forth, like the heathen, in passionate complainings and impotent rage against the gods; but bowed in meek submission to His will who doeth all things well. With devout and chastened spirit he bore the ills of life, and with calm confidence and holy joy he met the doom of death—

Not like the quarry slave, at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approached his grave
Like one who wrapped the drapery of his couch
About him, and laid down to pleasant dreams."

SAMUEL MORSE, INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

ADAPTED FROM A SWISS MAGAZINE.



WHEN, in November of last year, a fearful storm broke over the coast of America, the Meteorological Bureau, by means of the electric telegraph, was able to flash the warning of what was coming to all its stations along the Atlantic coast, as far as the Gulf of Mexico. Warning signals were put up at the different stations, from five to fifteen hours at least before the arrival of the storm; so that many vessels, warned in time, were able to take refuge in some haven of safety before the threatened danger came. That was one of the many occasions when the enormous value of the wonderful discovery of the electric telegraph was evidenced in a most remarkable way.

Samuel Finley Morse, the discoverer of the electric telegraph, died suddenly on the 2nd April of last year, at a good old age. It was no wonder that America was proud of this man, with his clear bright eye, and his hoary head, which had been the home of so much great, and acute, and holy thought. So proud was she of him, that even in his lifetime a statue of him was erected in the Central Park, New York, on June 10, 1871.

Few mortals have been so highly honoured by the great ones of the earth, or been decorated with so many badges of distinction. Princes and kings vied with each other in doing him honour; and yet there is a fact concerning him, which, though it brought him no crosses or orders in this life, is now of more value to him than

all the honours that man can bestow, for it has insured him the "crown of glory which fadeth not away,"—a fact which we delight to record,—he was a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is also worthy of remembrance, that Morse attained his great results, not by a happy chance, or fortuitous accident, but by ardent, severe, and patient toil, and after a very assiduous and hard-working life.

Samuel Morse was the eldest son of Jedidiah Morse, and was born, on 27th April 1791, at Charlestown, Massachusetts. His father was pastor of the Congregational Church of that place, and was a man who acquired a considerable name as an author, particularly through his geographical handbooks, which made him known as one of the founders of scientific geography in America. We may add, that his works were so highly valued in his day, that they were spread through England, France, and Germany, by means of new editions and translations.

Young Samuel Morse pursued his studies at Yale College till 1810, when, being desirous to devote himself to the pursuit of art, he came to England, in order to study under Benjamin West, then perhaps the most celebrated painter of the day. He learned from him to such good purpose, that his first work for competition—a dying Hercules in sculpture—gained the gold medal of the Adelphi Society. He returned to America in 1815, to give himself up to the pursuit of his profession. In 1829, we find him again in Europe, making an art-

* Ἀνεσκόλασιν ἀνὸν σοφιστήν.—*Luc. de Mort. Perigr.*

† *Apol.* 22.

tour, with the object of thus bringing his studies to a successful close. A call which he received, to be Professor of the History of Art in the University of New York, took him back to his native land sooner than he had intended. The voyage home took place in the autumn of 1832, and was a remarkable era in his life.

The ship in which he crossed the Atlantic was, as he himself expressed it, "the cradle of the invention which has found a means of girdling the globe;" for it was on this voyage that the first dim conception arose in his mind, which left him no peace till he had completely carried it out in the remarkable invention which then first began to float before his view.

Even at the university, Samuel Morse had already occupied himself much with chemical and physical science; and his taste for such studies had received a strong stimulus from some lectures delivered, in the winter of 1827, by Freeman Dana, in the Athenæum of New York, on electro-magnetism. In his own essays of that time, many subjects are treated of quite beyond the province of art.

But it was on his voyage home from Europe that the first dawning light of the new discovery rose on him. There, on the wide ocean, it happened that he held some conversations, with one who apparently was well versed in the matter, on the new discoveries lately made in France as regards the affinity between electricity and magnetism. He could not help pondering the subject of these conversations with the most intense earnestness; and the thought impressed itself deeply on his mind that it *must* be so,—that it is possible, by means of the electric spark passing along the wire, to communicate thought to others at a distance, with lightning speed. Before he left the ship, not only had the invention of the electric telegraph already had its birth within his brain, but he had begun to make drawings which should serve for the practical execution of the already completed discovery.

During this same year, by enormous diligence, he achieved the bringing into existence of part of his apparatus; and in 1835 he completed the first telotype machine. Still he worked on, secretly and alone, at his great discovery; and it required the labour of two full years to bring the invention to such a completeness as would warrant him in laying it before the public.

The first exhibition of his discovery happened in 1837, and the experimental wires were carried along the roof of the University buildings in Washington Square. The trial of his invention, thus made before others, was so completely successful, that Morse felt that he might now undertake the going to Washington, to lay it before Congress, and to seek from it the means for bringing his important discovery into practical application. But vehement opponents set themselves against the undertaking, and for six long years Morse had to endure all manner of derision, mockery, scorn, and enmity, on account of his fantastic and chimerical project, as it was deemed. But he bore all calmly, waited quietly from

year to year, and, with God's help, allowed no hindrances to perplex him or turn him aside from his object.

He had, however, already given up all hopes of reaching his goal through means of assistance from Congress, when, on the morning of 4th March 1843, he received the astounding intelligence that, in the sitting of the midnight before, 30,000 dollars had been voted to him, for the construction of an experimental telegraphic line between Washington and Baltimore!

This first line of telegraph was completed in 1844, thus binding together Washington and Baltimore by means of a mode of communication of a rapidity before undreamed of.

In the twenty-eight years which have elapsed since then, the slender thread which Morse had spun from his busy brain, and cast out across the fields of his fatherland, has spread into a giant network that encompasses the globe, scaling its snowy mountains, and passing through the depths of its ocean.

Morse at once became a famed and honoured man,—no longer laughed at and scorned as a dreaming visionary, but petted and fêted as a successful discoverer. From all sides came orders, crosses, golden medals, and diamonds; and the most celebrated learned societies of both hemispheres were anxious to number him among their members. The world always worships success,—more especially when it sees in it a means of golden gains for itself. Riches, too, flowed in on the inventor. At a conference in Paris were gathered the representatives of ten European Governments, who had come together for the purpose of considering what they could do to honour this once derided man, and to determine what would be suitable for them to offer as a mark of respect to the discoverer of the electric telegraph. They decided that 40,000 francs should be presented to him, as a token of their gratitude and high esteem.

The change from contempt to adulation, and from limited means to great riches, might have turned the head of any one who had not the steady ballast which he owned,—the possession of heavenly riches in Christ Jesus, and the heirship to an "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" by comparison with which all earthly riches and honours appear poor, because fleeting; and mean, because incapable of giving happiness.

The statue which was erected to his honour in the Central Park, New York, and which was uncovered in June 1871, was raised by the free-will offerings of telegraph boys. From the speech which he delivered on that occasion, we learn that as long ago as the year 1843, when he laid the cable in the harbour of New York, Morse had seen the possibility of a Transatlantic telegraphic connection, and had informed the government of his belief.

Morse, as we have seen, passed safely through two very different kinds of trial,—two perilous periods of his life,—a Scylla and Charybdis on which many a man might have made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

It is hard for a man who, like Morse, bears in his mind the intense conviction of the indubitable certainty and great value of an invention which would move the whole world if carried out, to find his wings clipped, and every obstacle put in his way, by men from whom he had hoped for assistance. It is very trying to flesh and blood to be treated with derision and contempt, instead of being helped and furthered in what he feels to be a path of great usefulness; and it is no easy matter to pass through such an ordeal without allowing the mind to become embittered and warped.

But not less difficult is it for a man who feels the golden crown of lavish honour, fame, and wealth suddenly pressing his brow, to refrain from lifting his head proudly under its weight. It is a true proverb that "a full cup is ill to carry." But the same strength which bore Morse safely and calmly through his evil days, sustained him and kept him humble under the pressure of prosperity. From his own declarations, we know that it was the heavenly gift of faith which kept him walking in the straight road, with a steady and upright gait, through adversity and success. He walked by faith, not by sight, through all his days of working and struggling, of hoping and tedious waiting; and not less did he walk by faith, and not by sight, when the prosperity that flowed suddenly in on him was tempting him to take his eye off the heavenly crown held ever in view above him, and, looking down, to begin to grub with the "muck rake" among the "straws and sticks" of this passing world.

He was enabled to give God all the praise for his grand invention. The first word which he sent flashing

along the newly constructed telegraph in 1844, was, "What hath God the Lord wrought!" The Word of God was his daily food, his loved refreshment; and no day's work was ever begun without morning devotions.

As a member of Dr. Adams' church in New York, he listened Sunday by Sunday devoutly to the proclamation of God's message of love to sinners. The weal and the woe of Christ's Church on earth at all times lay very close to his heart. Old man though he was, he did not hold back from joining the deputation which two years ago waited on the Emperor of Russia, to plead for freedom of worship for his Protestant subjects in the Baltic provinces. It was a long voyage, and a fatiguing journey, to be undertaken by a man of his years; but it concerned the work of God and the welfare of Christ's people, and these were more to him than life.

Soon after his return to America, he appeared as usual in his place in church, at the table of the Lord; and on that occasion was heard to say, "Ah, this is far better than standing before princes of the earth!" His faith in Christ, as he who through death has overcome death, at length lightened the dark valley for him. He found in it only the shadow of that death that is "swallowed up in victory." His minister, Dr. Adams, bears his testimony to this point, and tells us that when the dying man had almost lost consciousness, he still kept fast hold of the Saviour; and when his pastor repeated to him the apostle's words, "I know whom I have believed," Morse with his sinking voice whispered, "I know Him—yes, yes—I know Him." Thus, like a shock of corn fully matured, this ripened Christian went to his rest, and "sleeps in Jesus." B. W.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN," ETC.

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE is one of the finest cities in the United States. The crowded quays, and bustling, irregular thoroughfares in the business parts, have the look of a great European sea-port, filled with commercial wealth and enterprise; while the broad streets and palatial mansions of more recent date, and the noble park with its artificial lakes, and charming vistas, and gilded kiosks, and endless drives,—all indicate the rapidly rising splendours of the great Western Republic, and the grand ideas of the imperial people. No autocrat of the Old World dare attempt such expenditure. One of my first rambles was to the Washington

Monument, which I ascended. It is a pillar of granite, crowned with a colossal statue. From the top, which commands the whole city, one sees in every direction signs of growth,—straight avenues cutting through fields and picturesque woodlands till lost in the distance; blocks of houses rising here and there, as pioneers, on the plains, or along the wooded slopes beyond; squares and streets marked out in readiness for the architect and builder; and, intersecting all, the long lines of tramway and railway, those paths of life and civilization.

The houses in and around Washington Square are not inferior to the best parts of Belgravia.

The façades and porticoes, of white marble, are models of elegance. The equipages, too, which I saw standing by the doors, or dashing along the streets, prove that the merchant-princes of Baltimore can rival in style and luxury the hereditary princes of Europe.

But what chiefly drew my attention was the churches. Every quarter of the city is studded with them. Graceful Gothic spires shoot up over the largest warehouses; and the choicest sites in the newer and more fashionable localities are occupied by ecclesiastical structures even grander than the edifices around them. I noticed some six or seven in course of erection, out in regions as yet but sparsely inhabited. One, in the corner of the square beneath me, not quite finished, might in style and ornament grace an old cathedral city of France or Italy. And they are all built by voluntary effort—some by single individuals, some by joint subscription; but, in whatever way, they afford unmistakable evidence that Christian enterprise is keeping fully abreast of commerce and fashion. The churches and benevolent institutions of Baltimore far exceed in magnificence the private residences, and even the stores and warehouses. The Brown Memorial Church, which was pointed out to me in the distance, is a fitting monument to commemorate the virtues of a successful Christian merchant. The Browns left their home in County Antrim, Ireland, early in the present century, I believe; and by that industry and push which have all along characterized the "Scotch-Irish" in the United States, they raised the house of Brown to the first rank among the great mercantile establishments of the world. And then the Peabody Institute, in Washington Square, with its splendid front of white marble, and its spacious lecture-rooms, and its free library, tells every passer-by that Peabody, the prince of modern philanthropists, was a citizen of Baltimore.

It was my good fortune to be invited to preach in the First Presbyterian Church, on the anniversary of its Sunday schools. The building is one of the most chaste and beautiful in America. I thought it a model of Protestant ecclesiastical architecture. Nothing could surpass, in comfort and appropriateness, the whole establishment—schools, lecture-hall, vestry, committee-rooms. The

service in the morning was conducted as usual; but in the afternoon the children assembled in the church. It did one's heart good to see such a gathering of "the lambs of the flock," with their intelligent, happy faces. A brief but circumstantial notice was given of the work of each class, and of its missionary efforts. Each class has a motto—generally some short, suggestive text of Scripture—tastefully inscribed on a little framed banner; and I was told it is with something like holy enthusiasm the little ones rally under their colours, and strive to win for them an honourable place in the yearly competition for prizes. Addresses, very short but very telling, were given by the venerable pastor, Dr. Backus, and others. The prizes were then distributed by the pastor's own hand; and it was touching to see the joy that beamed in each young face as the book was grasped, and words tender and cheering fell upon the ear. Few pastors seem to realize the powerful hold they may gain on the hearts of the young by a little kind attention and judicious management. And are not the young the hope of the Church? Gain them, and the future of the Church is secure; neglect them, lose them, and no power of eloquence, no perfection of organization, will ever effectually reclaim the wanderers. The care of the young is sometimes thought to be beneath the dignity of the pastor's office. The Bible-class for adults is generally supposed to be a more fitting sphere for him, and the children are handed over to the less learned. Our Lord thought otherwise. He took the infants in his arms and blessed them. The pastor's voice, even though he speak but a word or two, and the pastor's kindly smile of recognition, are not soon forgotten by boy or girl. They are sometimes more potent for good than hours of grinding under a teacher in the Sunday school.

The music was grand. In taste and execution, it equalled the best cathedral choir I had heard in England: and then there was far more heart in it. The leader was a master of his art; and aided by the fine tones of the organ, and the skilled church choir, and the trained voices of a thousand children, the effect was sublime. How sweetly those children did sing! And what delight they took in it! I can never forget their

rendering of the spirited hymn with which the service opened :—

"Oh, we're a young and joyous band
Of pilgrims, bound for Canaan's land !
And though our journey may be long,
Yet sweet shall be our song.

Chorus.—Will you go with us to Zion ?
Will you go with us to Zion ?
Will you go where saints in glory stand
Around our Father's throne?" &c.

It seemed to inspire them all, and to inspire the audience as well, who looked down admiring from the galleries. Another hymn was exquisitely sung :—

"O songs of the beautiful, songs of the blest,
Thus breathed by the East on the hearts of the West !
How your music sweeps o'er us, like perfume from flowers
He wet with His blood in Gethsemane's bowers.

Chorus.—O songs of the beautiful,
Songs of the beautiful,
Songs of the beautiful,
Songs of the blest !" &c.

All seemed to feel the divine sentiments it breathes, and they gave full expression to their feeling in those soft and tender notes. At one part of the chorus, where the words, "Songs of the beautiful," were taken up by a few select voices in a remote part of the gallery, and given back as in the rich melting tones of an echo, the effect was thrilling. One would have almost imagined that angel-voices were responding to the earthly children's song.

I saw there, for the first time, the power of music in the Sunday school. It makes the school attractive. It makes the services sources of highest pleasure to both teachers and pupils. There is an inherent love of music in every heart—that is, of real music ; not the dull drawl, tasteless and soulless, which too often, alas ! passes for sacred music among us. If the proper cultivation of musical talent can attract crowds of old and young, and enrapture them in opera and concert-room, why ought not the talent to be consecrated to a nobler work, so as to contribute, at least, to attract old and young to the Sunday school and the church. Instead of attracting, the tendency of our sacred music, in this country, is too often to repel people of taste and culture. It is sometimes positively painful to sit and listen to those noble psalms drawled out without a particle of spirit or pathos. It is difficult to believe that there can be true devotion in such slovenly exercises. I was glad to see it so

very different in Baltimore. Dr. Backus, and his able band of Christian helpers in Sunday school and church, have set an example to ministers and congregations, both in the East and the West. May many follow it !

In the evening I lectured to a crowded audience in the Brown Memorial Church. It is a spacious and elegant building, occupying a commanding site in a new part of the city. I was told the story of its origin. Mr. Brown was one of the leading merchants of Baltimore. He was a member of Dr. Backus's congregation, and a munificent contributor to Christian work. On his death, a few years ago, his widow wished to erect a suitable monument to perpetuate his memory. She consulted her venerated pastor, and adopted his wise suggestion. A quarter of the city was selected requiring church accommodation ; a site was purchased ; the building was erected ; and the whole establishment, which had cost some eighty thousand dollars, was handed over free to a body of trustees. Better far than bronze statue or costly mausoleum is that house of prayer. The worshippers within, who, for ages to come, shall hear the word of salvation, will often think with grateful hearts of her who founded it, and of him whose name it bears. The Brown Memorial Church is just another illustration at once of the practical wisdom of American Christians, and of the truth of the Psalmist's words, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

WASHINGTON.

The approach to the capital of the United States is not imposing. The country is tame, and disfigured besides with patches of scrubby trees, and fields all studded with half-decayed stumps, and wooden shanties, and here and there tumble-down farm-steadings, bearing traces of rough occupation during the late war. One can scarcely tell when he passes from the country to the city, the houses are so far apart, and the streets so wide and wilderness-like. The design of the city is "magnificent," as has been said of its distances ; and it may perhaps one day be filled up, if the world last long enough. The process is slow, however ; and what with the dust, and mud, and the dreary intervals of un-

claimed waste, the aspect is, meantime, poor enough. On a height at one end is the Capitol, but so lonely in its greatness and grandeur that one is apt to wonder how it ever got there ; amid a grove of trees at the other end, miles off, is the White House, where the President lives. And the contrast between the simplicity of the latter, and the magnificence of the former, would almost seem to symbolize the fact that the President is only the poor, dependent tenant of the imperial people.

Between the White House and the Capitol, at safe intervals, stand the Treasury, the Patent Office, the Admiralty, the Post Office, and other government buildings. All round them, and stretching indefinitely away to unknown wastes, are phantom streets, many of them without a house. Washington does not seem fitted to be the capital of this mighty nation. The whole power of government patronage will not force it up into rivalry with the commercial capitals of the east and the west.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

As I had a letter of introduction to the President, I considered it my first duty to pay my respects at White House. I was accompanied by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, a man who holds an honoured place among the scientific men of the world, and who has high claims to be considered, if not the, at least one of the inventors of the electric telegraph. We walked in through an unguarded, untended door, across a narrow empty hall, up a long flight of stairs, and into a room of moderate size, where we were received by General Dent, who, with another high officer in plain clothes, were in attendance. Two gentlemen sat by the open chimney on tilted chairs ; and a lady, with a large bundle of papers in her hand, seemed very much at home on a sofa in a corner. They were apparently waiting for an audience. Our names having been taken in by a black servant, he returned at once with a message that the President would see us. We were ushered by General Dent through an ante-room, large and bare and empty, into a small chamber plainly furnished. A writing-table stood in the centre ; and at its upper end, with its back to the two windows, was

a revolving chair. A young gentleman, probably a secretary, received us as we entered, and placed chairs for us close to the table, facing the windows. He then retired to a seat near the door, and almost immediately afterwards the President entered by a side door. He shook hands cordially with Professor Henry, and with me on being presented. He expressed his pleasure at making my acquaintance, in the usual formal American manner, and requested me to take the seat near him, sitting down himself in the revolving chair. I was much struck with his appearance. Though short in stature, with no outward dignity in bearing or manner, with no stamp of high intellectuality in features, General Grant would be a marked man among a thousand. There is a look of calm, severe determination in that cold grey eye, and in those closely compressed lips, and in that steady firm tread, and in an iron rigidity of every muscle and member, which at once impresses and well-nigh appals one. The first thought that fixes itself in the mind of the close observer is,—There is a man, whose purpose once formed, be it for weal or woe, he will carry it through at all risks, and at whatever cost. There is no wavering in that man's nature. There could be no shaking of that man's resolution. Unquailing courage is stamped on every feature of that face ; indomitable firmness is ingrained in every muscle and fibre of that well-knit frame. He may lack originality, he may be wanting in dash and enthusiasm ; but in lieu of these he has qualities which, in nine cases out of ten, will more certainly secure success in life's battle—firmness and common sense. I observed one peculiarity in General Grant, which struck me as remarkable in a man of such power ;—in conversation he never looks fixedly at the person to whom he speaks, or who addresses him ; occasionally, however, he lifts his eyes, gives a rapid glance, which seems to pierce one through and read the inmost thoughts, and then suddenly drops them, as if embarrassed. But there are no other signs of embarrassment. The contracted brow never relaxes ; not a muscle of those sharply chiselled features ever moves. His voice is clear ; his words very few, but well chosen ; his utterance measured ; his accent scarcely what one would call American. He is

not an orator, and he knows it. Perhaps he feels his defect. He is a man of action ; and in this respect he has made, and still makes, ample amends for lack of words, even in a country where oratory is at a premium.

For the first few moments the remarks of the President were brief and dry. I began to feel I was intruding, and, probably, wasting precious time ; I therefore rose to take my leave, but he requested me to remain. Then, somehow, the Alabama question was introduced ; and it was just at one of the most critical periods of the negotiations regarding indirect damages, when peace or war between the two nations seemed to hang in the balance. The President now expressed his opinions freely. I did not agree with his views—and, so far as I was able to learn, neither did any unprejudiced man even in his own country ; yet he argued pointedly and well. It was some time before I could, without apparent rudeness, take my leave ; and when I did so at length, it was with the conviction that General Grant can, by logical skill and adroitness, whenever occasion requires it, even “make the worse appear the better cause.”

EDUCATION OF THE COLOURED POPULATION.

In Washington I began to see for the first time the bitter fruits of American slavery. A majority of the population are coloured, and they are chargeable, as I was informed, with nine-tenths of the crime. It is not strange that it should be so. Brought up in ignorance, most of them without care save to gratify animal passion, they herd together like cattle ; and they drink, fight, and steal recklessly. Never have I seen—no, not even on the banks of the Nile, or in the tents of the wandering Arab—such squalid degradation as in those miserable shanties occupied by the negroes around Washington. There is, I fear, a troubled future in store for the country in respect to them. The crime of slavery is not yet fully expiated. It will need all the vigour and resources of a young country, and all the wisdom of her ablest statesmen, and all the care and princely generosity of her noble band of Christian philanthropists, to train and rightly allocate the millions of freedmen. It is a great and difficult work which lies before that country ; and

if the people only carry it on in the spirit in which they have commenced they will succeed, and they will deserve and get the sympathy and the prayers of Christendom.

On Sunday afternoon I visited one of the largest coloured Sunday schools. Upwards of three hundred pupils were present. The teachers were white ; but the children were of all other shades, from bright olive to jet black. I sat for a time on the raised platform, looking at the working of the school. Nobody knew or minded me, till the superintendent, seeing me idle, requested me to take charge of a class. It was the very thing I wished for. It was composed of some fourteen girls, ranging in age probably from nine to fifteen, and, with one or two exceptions, showily dressed. But such a wild set I never encountered. They seemed destitute of all sense of propriety. They joked, they quarrelled, and they laughed hoarsely in my face when I reproved them. Some flatly refused to read or do anything. When I was trying to reduce that chaos to order, the superintendent, having discovered who I was, came and took me round the school. I saw everywhere the same levity, and yet I was told considerable advance had been made in breaking in those wild creatures. I remained to the close, gave a short address, and then drove off. The last scene I saw was characteristic. Two or three couples, who had apparently quarrelled inside, on getting out retired to a vacant spot ; there rings were formed, and they proceeded, amid the plaudits of their schoolfellows who crowded round them, to settle disputes by a stand-up fight. Verily it will require an iron will and years of toil to convert the coloured race, degraded and brutalized as they have been for generations by slavery, into enlightened, steady, industrious citizens.

And yet the coloured people of Washington—that is, as many as were free—were not altogether indifferent in past years to the advantages of education. The Government Report on the “Schools of the Coloured Population” is a most interesting and important document. I have to express my grateful thanks to the Commissioner of Education for his great kindness in giving me a proof copy, and for the courtesy with which he replied to all my queries. “Though poor, proscribed, and un-

lettered," the Report says, "they founded, in their humble way, an institution for the education of their children within less than two years after the first school-house of whites was built in the city. The sentiment against the education of the coloured classes was much less rigorous in the early history of the capital than it was a third of a century later. The free coloured people were sometimes even encouraged, to a limited extent, in their efforts to pick up some fragments of knowledge.....The first school-house in this district, built expressly for the education of coloured children, was erected by three men who had been born and reared as slaves in Maryland and Virginia. Their names were George Bell, Nicholas Franklin, and Moses Liverpool.....They had at that time just emerged from the condition of slaves, and knew not a letter of the alphabet. How they secured their freedom is not clearly known, though the tradition is that Franklin, experiencing religion, was made free by his master, who was a member of the Methodist Church, the discipline of which at that time admitted no slave to membership."

The Report goes on to show how, wholly by private enterprise, and that too generally of the poor people themselves, schools continued to be established and supported for half a century; and now, amid suffering and contumely, the coloured race appeared to appreciate them. "It is worthy of observation that in no case has a coloured school ever failed for want of scholars. The parents were always glad to send their children, and the children were always ready to go, even when too poor to be decently fed or clothed. When a school failed it was for want of money, and not for want of appreciation of the benefits of education.....The coloured people have shown themselves capable, to a wonderful degree, of supporting and educating themselves, while at the same time contributing by taxation to the support of white schools, from which they were debarred, and that, too, when in numerous cases they had previously bought themselves and families from slavery at very great expense; their history furnishing an example of courage and success in the midst of trial and oppression scarcely equalled in the annals of mankind."

The war revolutionized the education of the

negro. It elevated him to the dignity of manhood. Before it, any attempt to educate a slave was punishable as a crime! Even so recently as 1863, "when the Rev. N. K. Crow with his band of associates went to Alexandria to open their school for the children of freedmen, no white family in the city would give them food or lodging! They found a home, however, with an excellent old coloured man, H. H. Arnold, now more than eighty years old, who had seen General Washington in 1799 at Christ Church in that city. Being of Indian extraction on his mother's side, he was free born.....Mr. Crow's school was persecuted, and the children often stoned by the white children; and every form of contempt was visited upon the refined and cultivated teachers by the white parents.....In January 1865 Miss Caroline W. Moore could find no decent white family who would receive her, and the coloured people were too poor to furnish her proper accommodation: and she, with her assistant, Miss R. Capron, were for some time compelled to board in Washington!"

"The abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia took effect on the 16th of April 1862; and on the 21st of May, a little more than a month later, Congress, believing that with their freedom the subjects of slavery must be educated for their new condition, passed an Act requiring" certain taxes to be levied for the purpose of initiating a system of schools for the education of coloured children....."The first public coloured school was opened on the 1st of March 1864."

Though the newly liberated slaves entertained false and exaggerated notions of the effects of emancipation; and though their children, just released from the Southern plantations, were wild and impatient of restraint, as if they imagined freedom was synonymous with lawlessness and indolence; yet there was still an element of good in them, and they showed that they were capable, under judicious treatment, of being made amenable to rightful authority. The careful Report tells us that "the whole body of white teachers, who have taught coloured children in this district since the war, are unanimous in the opinion that the black children learn just as rapidly and as thoroughly as do children of any other colour. Thoughtful, fair-minded men and

women, who have carefully watched these schools, are compelled, no matter what their prepossessions, to corroborate this judgment of the teachers. These statements are made with deliberation, and are authorized by the results of very large personal observation of the schools, as well as large personal acquaintance with the teachers, on the part of the person who makes them. These facts impose upon the country an imperative and stupendous work. They show that we have a million of coloured children, almost entirely untaught, yet capable, and intensely eager, to learn. These children must be educated, or the country can scarcely stand. How can you build the house of which you have never laid the foundation? Take no timely precaution against the contagion to which youth is exposed, and no future care will cure the malady."

The Report concludes in the following words, which bear the strongest possible testimony to the reality and extent of Christian work in America in this department: "The history of these schools subsequent to the breaking out of the rebellion, records the most remarkable efforts of disinterested contributions, both in money and in labour, which were to be found in the annals of Christian and patriotic beneficence. The duty of providing for the moral and intellectual enlightenment of a class of people who had been kept hitherto in profound ignorance, directly or indirectly, by the laws and prejudices of the country, pervaded the entire Northern mind and heart. No pains have been spared to ascertain the fields

of labour occupied by different associations, and the schools taught by different individuals; but no record can fully describe the self-sacrifice and zeal of that band of noble, refined, and cultivated women who devoted themselves to the education of this neglected class; many of whom fell as truly martyrs to their patriotic labours as those who perished on the battle-field; and not a few of whom are still suffering in their own homes as great a privation, in the loss of health from this service, as those who will bear to their graves bodies mutilated by the missiles of war."

To prove that these words are not exaggerated, one has only to glance over the details of this very full and very admirable Report. There one reads of women from every State of the North, who left homes of comfort and luxury, who gave up the society of cherished friends and loving relatives, who encountered hardship and contumely and open persecution, that they might instruct poor negro children. The annals of Christian heroism record no nobler acts than these. That America has sinned in days past, the world knows. That under the flag of liberty she long cherished and fostered the cruellest slavery, her own most enlightened statesmen are now foremost to acknowledge. But if public zeal, and private munificence, and individual devotion can atone for past sins, or indemnify an injured race, then the deep crimson stain of guilt must ere long be completely wiped out from the banner of the United States.

CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR M. HUGO.



YOU who know not the brightness of infancy,
child,

Do not envy the sorrows of years,—
When the heart is by turns a rebel or
slave,

And laughter oft sadder than tears!

Childhood's thoughtless enjoyments are lightly forgot—

They pass as a soft balmy breeze;

As a joyous voice, dying away in its flight;

As a halcyon over the seas!

Oh, haste not to ripen the harvest of Thought!

Enjoy the young spring's genial clime:

Childhood's hours, interwoven with flowers, are so
sweet,—

Do not shake off the leaves ere their time!

Years will gather full fast, and stern Fate bring to thee,

As to us, friendships false,—and regret:

The hopeless misfortunes that pride disavows;

The pleasures that pity beget.

Laugh on! all unconscious of griefs such as these;

Sadden not the fair brow, and blue eyes

Where is mirrored the peace of the innocent,—whence

The soul beams, reflecting the skies.

J. E.

JOHANNES FALK: THE PHILANTHROPIST OF WEIMAR.

ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN OF BAUR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.



ONE of the precious things brought to maturity on the blood-watered soil of Germany, during the war of emancipation from the French yoke, was the work of love whereby abandoned children were rescued from physical and moral destitution.

What the warm-hearted and patriotic Pestalozzi did for Switzerland, Johannes Falk accomplished on a much larger scale for Germany, where a rich blessing attended his labours.

Saxony was now, for the third time, honoured to give an impulse to Christian activity throughout Germany. From Wittenberg the voice of Luther had first proclaimed justification by faith; from Halle the example of the pious Francke—the founder of the Orphan House—exhorted to faith that worketh by love; while in Weimar, Falk clearly proved that the high intellectual culture of the age, so nobly represented in that city, was insufficient to render the nation the help which it is the prerogative of Christian love to bestow.

The life of Falk claims the warmest sympathy of the reader. His simple and unaffected narration of the events of his youth is not without poetical merit, and reminds one of the autobiography of Stilling. As the originality of Stilling's mind won him favour in the sight of Goethe, so the frank, genial, and withal energetic character of Falk, gained him a place among the intimate friends of the great poet.

Falk was born on St. Jude's Day, 1768, in the city of Danzig, where his father pursued the humble occupation of a peruke-maker. His mother, whose maiden name was Chalon, belonged to a Calvinist family from Geneva, who had settled in Danzig and joined the Moravians there. His father appears to have been likewise a Calvinist; at all events, Falk was baptized in the Reformed Church. A spirit of puritanic strictness pervaded his home, where he was taught to shun all intercourse with the outer world. The moral atmosphere in which he lived weighed heavily on the boy's spirit. His mind longing to soar beyond his father's workshop, where he had been employed since taken from school in his eleventh year, he suffered indescribably under this mental bondage. He was kept hard at work; all reading, save that of a devotional kind, being denied him. This restriction led the boy to the expedient of spending the few pence he had saved at the circulating library. He perused the books thus obtained by the light of the street lamp; his fingers being often so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely turn over the leaves. Some one gave him Wieland's translation of Lucian, which he greedily devoured.

"He was poor and of humble parentage, like me," he wrote to his cousin; "he worked at a trade, like me; and after all, became learned and famous. When I read this, my heart bounded with joy; only I fear that my parents will never have such cause of rejoicing in me."

His love of study was so ardent, that he longed for a return of the happy days, when, confined by a broken leg, he was allowed to read to his heart's content!

Falk experienced many signal deliverances both from bodily and spiritual danger. His love of music and skill on the violin induced him to join the choir in the Roman Catholic church. One day Father Lambert, who had taken a fancy to the boy, conducted him to his cell for serious conversation. "Listen, Johannes," said he; "should you not like to be confirmed in our Church, and become a Catholic?"

The boy's heart sank within him, and he replied in fear and trembling, "No, reverend father, no! I was baptized in the faith of Christ and of Calvin, and in this faith I hope to die!" while tears rolled down the cheeks of the young confessor.

"Well, well, don't be terrified, my son," said the priest good-naturedly. "The Church does not make converts by force." Here the musicians in the adjoining church began to tune their instruments. "Come away," said Father Lambert; "mass has begun,"—and Falk was out of danger.

On another occasion one of his father's workmen asked leave to take Johannes to the Christmas fair. This was granted on condition that pleasures of an objectionable kind were to be avoided. The amusements at the fair were riotous in the extreme, but failed to satisfy the workman, who proposed that Johannes should further accompany him to a house of bad fame. The circumstance which frustrated this evil design is interesting, inasmuch as it illustrates the thoughtful and poetical nature of the youth. In the midst of the dense crowd, under cover of which every kind of excess was perpetrated, he met a very pretty and well-dressed maiden, who seemed to feel deeply the painfulness of her situation. Johannes stood still before her, and they looked at each other without exchanging a word. He then doubled his fists and made way for her through the crowd, suffering no one to molest her. This seemed to please her, as, when fairly out of the crowd, she stopped for a moment and nodded kindly to Johannes before parting. A beam of the light which shone upon Dante on first beholding Beatrice seemed to penetrate the boy's soul. A pure love pervaded his breast, and prevented him from yielding to the allurements of sin, even if a yet stronger spell had not interposed itself. On reaching the Convent Church, he found the doors open and

the lamps burning, while a voice of indescribable sweetness resounded from the singers' gallery. He thought of his parents, and of the words, "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" and, entering the church, seemed to breathe the air of heaven, where he believed the angels of God to be rejoicing over him.

Shortly after this, Falk was rescued in a striking manner from the very jaws of death. On the day after Christmas 1785, he went to skate with his youngest brother. While skimming rapidly along, he felt the ice break under him. Another moment, and the cold waters of the Vistula would have been his grave. Thinking that his last moment had arrived, he commended his soul to God, full of intense concern as to what would be its fate. His thoughts reverted to his home and to the brother who had accompanied him on the ice; he then gasped out, "Lord Jesus, thine I am, now and to all eternity;" but his "Amen" was interrupted by a hand tugging at him. It was that of his little brother, who, despite the warnings of the bystanders, had followed the dictates of natural affection, and now, with convulsive energy, grasped his brother, who had risen to the surface. When himself drawn down by the current, he kept his hold, though the ice cut his face and hands till the blood came. Even when half under water he held his brother fast, weeping, and calling out for help.

Some fishermen, who were looking on, said, "You see that you cannot save him—leave him to God's mercy;" but the little fellow only cried the more lustily, and clung the more closely, till some men came with poles and hooks, and drew out his brother.

When restored to consciousness, Johannes asked his brother why he bled so, but got no answer save a warm embrace, accompanied by expressions of delight at his safety. At night the little boy rose up again and again, and going to his brother's bed, drew aside the curtain, held his ear to the face of the sleeper, and triumphantly exclaimed, "Yes, he still lives!"

The whole family joined in praising God for this marvellous deliverance; and Falk's aunt, who, like his mother, was a Moravian, said solemnly, "Johannes, God has once more interposed on your behalf. He will never forsake you, unless you first forsake him. I have an inward persuasion that he has chosen you for his service."

Before this period Falk had been emancipated from his mental bondage. A teacher of the English language, named Drommert, had prevailed on the elder Falk to give his son a liberal education. The father had, after much persuasion, allowed the boy to devote himself to study, on the understanding that he should work two hours daily in the shop.

So Johannes went to Drommert twice a week. Not one of the young gentlemen attending the class would permit the poor boy to share his book! One, especially, who wore a sword and plumed hat, made himself exceedingly disagreeable to Johannes. However, the

teacher gave him a book; and he soon put the patrician youths to shame, by far outstripping them in learning. When Drommert awarded the palm to Falk's translation of Ossian, announcing it to be the best done in the class, and the only one in verse, the pupil shed tears of joy, while the master took the composition forthwith to the head-pastor of St. Peter's, and succeeded in obtaining permission for Falk to enter the Academy of Danzig as a student of theology, at Easter, 1785.

Now that his way was made plain, Falk suffered no consideration to turn him from the pursuit of his object.

One day a church-warden of St. Peter's called to him on the street, asking him if his father had really allowed him to study for the Church.

"Yes, please your worship," replied Falk with a low bow.

"Without money! What next?"

"I mean to go to the university next, and become a candidate for the ministry."

"You are a fool!"

"No doubt, your worship," meekly replied the youth; "but as I do not wish to remain a fool, I devote myself to study."

This contempt of the purse-proud citizen caused Falk to shed many a bitter tear; but, nevertheless, he persevered manfully in the course he had chosen.

On entering the academy, great was his delight in prospect of a course of lectures by the Professor of Poetry. Philosophy was invested with mysterious terrors in the mind of Falk, since he had heard of the system of Kant having affected the nerves of one of the professors so powerfully as to occasion an illness to which the physicians attributed his death. But poetry, in which Falk had made many boyish attempts, possessed his implicit confidence. He awaited the first lecture with great impatience; and when the longed-for hour arrived, entered the class-room in blissful anticipation of wondrous revelations. But at the desk sat a tall haggard man, with sunken eyes and hollow voice, sucking the head of his cane, and reading from his notebook what certainly did not flow fresh from the springs of life.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, Falk visited the man after the lecture, and imparted to him his poetical aspirations—only to learn, however, that the Professor of Poetry, having been mercifully preserved from ever writing a line himself, gravely warned his class against doing so; since, in his opinion, those who devoted themselves to poetry usually proved in the end good for nothing.

After this, when asked if he wrote verses, Falk said he always felt inclined to reply, "God forbid; I have never thus disgraced myself."

However, he never gave this answer in earnest; on the contrary, while in close attendance on all the classes, he diligently cultivated the art of pouring out the fulness of his young heart in song.

When at length he was qualified to enter the university, the Senate of Danzig supplied the means; and the time of his departure drawing nigh, he was desired to appear before the burgomasters and senators met in solemn conclave in the town-hall. Here were assembled these venerable councillors, arrayed in their splendid robes of office; while before them stood, in becoming humility, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, Johannes Falk. The senators shook hands with him, and gave him their blessing. One of the aged men took the youth's hand in his own, and uttered the memorable words: "Johannes, you are leaving us. God be with you. Remember you are our debtor; we befriended you when a poor child, and supplied all your wants. You must repay us. Wherever God may place you in after life, and whatever lot he may appoint you, never forget that you were once a poor child. And if ever a poor child should knock at your door, behold in him the gray-haired, long-buried senators of Danzig soliciting your aid; and do not send them empty away."

Falk's youth contained the germs of the work of love in which his after years were to be spent. His early life of penury fitted him to sympathize and mix freely with the common people. The kindness of which the old senator so pathetically reminded him, was indelibly engraven on his heart; and the wonderful interpositions of Providence on his behalf were to him a revelation of Divine love, urging him to glorify God by word and deed.

After he left Danzig it is not easy to trace the thread of his life for about twenty years. So far is certain, that he went to Halle in 1787, and began to study theology; but he soon gave it up, disheartened, probably, by the superficiality and indifference of the period.

Philology—the key to poetic treasures—had experienced a glorious revival under the auspices of men like Friedrich August Wolf, under whose guidance Falk devoted himself to the classics. He probably supported himself by teaching and literature while at Halle, where we still find him in 1798, having married, the year before, Caroline Rosenfeldt of that city. In 1801 he was residing at Weimar, where he became acquainted with Schiller and Herder in their later years. With Wieland, and more especially with Goethe, he enjoyed the intimate fellowship of an enthusiastic disciple; still retaining, however, his independence of thought.

The want of information respecting his outward circumstances is amply compensated by the development of his inner life, as exhibited in his poetry and journal, where his views of God and of human life are fully displayed. These are doubtless pure, amiable, and benevolent; but we look in vain for any mention of the Name "wherein are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Some years later, however, he turned to the Cross, beholding in it the strongest incentive to love and good works. On Good Friday 1817 he stands in spirit on a church tower, and looking down on a multi-

tude of perishing souls, considers himself, as God's servant, appointed to bring them to the Saviour. Not for all the world, he declares, would he relinquish this sacred trust. He next beholds in vision the grace of God, after the vials of his wrath are all poured out, reigning supreme on the earth; and, overwhelmed by the manifestation of that grace in the cross of Christ, resigns himself entirely to its purifying and exalting influence.

The change thus wrought by degrees in the mind of Falk was not so much theoretical as practical, and is to be ascribed less to any process of thought than to the effect of the mighty judgments whereby God was then vindicating himself to the nations as the Sovereign Disposer of their destinies. An ardent patriot rather than a devout Christian—the sorrows which he was called to endure in the former character aided the development of genuine Christianity in his soul.

His powers of satire, at first wielded against mankind at large, were directed, as the rule of Napoleon gained ground in Germany, against the special sins of that country. In a piece written in 1801, he institutes a comparison between the state of his native land then and in 1701. The piety of that period he declares to be superseded by scepticism; its decorum by levity; its patriotism by intrigues with France; and finally, its sobriety and prosperity by luxury and empty coffers.

Again, he reproves his countrymen for their overweening love of system—their correct theories without corresponding practice, and their dry learning without vital energy.

In the periodical, "*Elysium and Tartarus*," issued by Falk at Weimar, until Saxony had to succumb to the usurper, he pours forth the bitterest sarcasms against the vices and follies of the age, and calls attention to the unwieldy and most unpopular organization of the German army. While urging his countrymen to shake off the detested foreign yoke, he looks for deliverance not merely to their patriotic ardour, but with far greater confidence to the sword of the Spirit.

Shortly before the battle of Jena, he adjures them, by their veneration for Luther and the Reformed faith, to renounce every selfish consideration, and resist to the death in the cause of liberty.

After the battle of Jena, Falk gave up literature, and devoted his energies to help his enslaved and impoverished countrymen.

After conquering Weimar and the surrounding territory, the French had, according to their wont, imposed heavy taxes on the inhabitants. At the suggestion of Wieland, Falk requested the French Commission at Weimar to appoint him their secretary. He accepted the situation with the sole view of aiding the oppressed community, and he fulfilled the duty with equal tact and intrepidity. The benevolence of his nature enabled him to stoop to relieve the most abject cases of misery, and to oppose in numberless instances the merciless rigour of the invaders. His noble exertions on their

behalf gained him, from the country-people, the title of "The Good Councillor;" and after the war, his sovereign, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, bestowed on him a place and pension, and invested him with the Order of the Falcon.

A short time previous to the battle of Leipsic, the troops commanded by the Duke of Ragusa, fresh from the battle-fields of Spain, invaded the Weimar territory, and committed the most reckless atrocities. They set fire to the villages, whence the terror-stricken peasantry fled in despair, without knowing where to turn for shelter. The misery of these poor fugitives entered into Falk's very soul. He left his home to help the sufferers, and went forth solitary and unprotected, but strong as a host in trust in God and love to man. Wherever the foe oppressed, he was to be found taking the prey from the plunderers and restoring it to the rightful owners. Wherever he went terrible sights met his view. The unthreshed corn from the harvest-field was thrown down as litter for the horses, the roads being strewn with grain. Stolen horses were sold for a few florins, the flocks on the fields shorn, and the oxen taken from the plough to the slaughter. When at a loss for fuel, the soldiers tore down the staircases of the houses. Falk saw that a stop must be put to these outrages. Mercy was unknown to the invaders; but he thought that the fear of an insurrection of the peasantry driven to despair, might have some weight with them, and suggested this idea to the French general, De Coehorn, who at once placed a company of soldiers at Falk's disposal. He availed himself of their services in his tours through Weimar and the neighbouring countries, doing his utmost to quell the wanton cruelty of the troops and restore order and justice.

The battle of Leipsic changed the scene. Miserable

fugitives now occupied the place of an insolent and vicious soldiery.

The pestilence swept the country from east to west, overtaking the vanquished on their retreat, and in the villages where care and hunger had produced numerous victims. In one village no less than ten orphans wept at the graves of their parents. The destroying angel leave Falk's home unvisited; of his six promising children were taken away. He was prostrated by illness himself; and, crushed by the thought that he longed for death. "We poor mortals," he said, "are all alike. We all desire to share in the triumph on Mount Tabor, and to build tabernacles with Moses and Elias; but shrink from the trial, the agony in the garden, the cross, the thorns, and bloody sweat;—these overwhelm the man with terror and anguish. Oh, how difficult while these bitter trials last, 'Not my will, but be done,' from a calm, resigned, and guileless heart."

Falk was restored to bodily health, and cured, however, of his spiritual languor and his indifference to the things of God. National and domestic distress stirred the inmost depths of his nature, and opened a wide and free channel for the stream of love to flow forth from the foot of the Cross. From that time of the emancipation of his country from the yoke to the day of his death he devoted his labours of love. He had gained the confidence of the people by his strenuous exertions on their behalf; now the exigency of the times brought him into the world whose trade the war had ruined, farmers with no corn or money to buy it, and hundreds of orphans,—miserable wanderers, begging or stealing themselves from starvation.

To be concluded next month.

THE BRIDE OF CANA.

By A. L. O. E.

BRIDE.



FATHER dear, my home I leave
Ere another sun go down;
Even now the virgins weave
For thy child the bridal crown:

Grant one boon before we part,
Listen to my sole request,
Pour more joy into a heart
Now already deeply blest.

FATHER.

Dost thou crave, oh! daughter fair,
Goodly robe of Syrian dye,
Gold or gem, or dainties rare,—
Aught to charm the ear or eye?

BRIDE.

Love for Earth's vain gauds hath ceased
Pearl of price my soul hath won;
Bid, oh! bid unto thy feast
Holy Mary's holier Son!

FATHER.

He—the Prophet—pure, sublime,
Calling sinners to repent,
Warning all to flee in time
Wrath of the Omnipotent!
His high presence gloom would bring
Hush the song and still the jest;
Who could laugh and who could sing
'Neath the eye of such a Guest!

BRIDE.

Is the sun the source of gloom ?
 Do the blossoms shun the dew
 Which but gives them richer bloom,
 Sweeter scent and brighter hue ?
 'Neath the gaze of those pure eyes
 Springs a joy beyond all mirth,
 E'en as when in Paradise
 Smiled the Lord on sinless Earth !

FATHER.

Raised by lofty purity
 Far above His fellow-men,
 Dedicate to office high,
 Be the Prophet welcome then.
 But that train of men obscure
 Who revere Him as their Lord,
 Wherefore should they tread my floor,
 Banquet at my festal board ?

Fishermen of Galilee
 Scarcely may the cup divide
 With the saintly Pharisee,
 With the ruler in his pride.
 I have guests who ill might brook
 Contact with the unlettered band,
 Who their boats and nets forsook
 At the Nazarene's command.

BRIDE.

Father, where the Master is
 There the servants share the board ;
 'Tis enough that they are His ;
 Love we all who love the Lord.

Every follower He may bring,
 Welcome is for His dear sake ;
 Were it with a sceptred king
 Cup to share and bread to break.

FATHER.

Stay, my daughter, count the cost ;
 Plenteous stores no more are mine,—
 Olive-crop this year was lost,
 Small the fruitage of the vine.
 Well that board must be supplied
 Where so many guests find place :
 Should wine fail us !—what could hide
 Our confusion and disgrace ?

BRIDE.

Fear thou not—all shall be fed ;
 For our Guest the board will bless :
 Make the consecrated bread,
 Manna in the wilderness !
 Cast away all anxious care ;
 Better with that Guest divine
 Simple water-draught to share
 Than—without Him—quaff the wine !

Through my future course through life,
 With my loved one at my side,
 Still that thought will bless the wife
 Which gives rapture to the bride ;
 Thought that He, whose grace we know,
 Sanction to our love hath given,
 Making this our feast below,
 Foretaste of the feast of Heaven !

*"And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."
 JOHN II. 2.*

Studies in the Old Testament.

RETURNING FROM ABROAD.—JACOB AT PENIEL.*

BY PROFESSOR DAVIDSON, LL.D.

WE are accustomed to consider Jacob one of the most commonplace of the saints of former times. Abraham is greater than ourselves, but Jacob is like ourselves ; and hardly like the nobler, but almost like the meaner of us, with a coarse, ignoble nature, not pursuing its ends by open, avowed,

and direct means, but by underhand expedients, and crafty, crooked wiles.

This judgment on Jacob may be too severe. The features of his character were certainly strongly marked, and they were not such as seem very lofty. And when we consider this, we are surprised to find the wonderfulest revelations given by God in all Old Testament times

* Genesis xxxii.

bestowed upon him. To him, the lowest nature, the highest things were shown. If it were so, it would be but what we see in the world daily. The narrowest natures are often most broadly blessed by fortune. Wealth, and social rank, and family felicity are given, not only where they are not deserved, but where they are not understood. But perhaps we should wrong Jacob if we called his nature shallow. Coarse it may have been, but it was intense and abundant. There were materials enough in it: passion, affection, business capacity, even a vein of the ideal—resource enough of all kinds it contained. And though a little harsh in youth, and perhaps somewhat soured by opposition in mid-life, yet under the sunshine of prosperity, and beside his favourite child, it mellowed to a rich and exquisite sweetness in old age.

Some may think the revelation given to Jacob at Bethel, on his way to Padan-aram, the most interesting event in his history. And to those beginning life it may be. There is an ideal brilliancy in it attractive and fascinating. But that sombre, stern conflict, beyond the Jordan, in the gray, unromantic days of mid-life, is a profounder study, and there will always be found gathering round it those who know the imperfections of life, and the bright hues of whose early expectations have been toned down by the pale cast of experience.

The time when this revelation was made to Jacob was when he was returning from the east, in very different circumstances from those in which he had gone to it. He went out with his staff in his hand; he came back increased to two bands. He went out alone, with life before him, somewhat hopeful perhaps of happiness, and full of anticipations, fresh and eager to run the race of life; he came back an altered man, with life behind him, with what was to enjoy of it mainly enjoyed, and perhaps the cup did not now seem so sweet and intoxicating to him as he believed it would be before he put it to his lips. At any rate he had drunk it fully. He had lived a many-sided life. Of sensual enjoyments he might seem to have had his full,—and he was not averse to using the petty passions of others as the means of gratifying his own larger ones. In business he was always fortunate. And in those

higher things which men's hearts crave, though like to be foiled at first, he was at last victorious. And thus he had lived a busy, clever, various life—a keen, competitive, successful life; and with the fruits of it now reaped and gathered he would return to rest in the home of his fathers—to live and then to die amid the scenes and traditions of his early years. It is sweet to dream in a foreign land of the place of one's childhood. Imagination gilds the sordid hovel of our birth. The meanness and the squalor, and the upbraidings and the bickerings, which we remember, are elevated into the struggles and the not unnatural discontent of honest but pressing poverty. We remember but the good; we forget the evil, or change it into good. And Jacob too was using the necromancer's art. The sunshine and shower of his early days he now remembered but as sunshine. All the good stood out bright before him, and all the evil had disappeared. His own evil too was forgotten; or if remembered, was excused and peremptorily forbidden to intrude itself. About to set foot on the old country once more, what was to be looked for but happiness, the happiness of twenty years before, now secured against break or vicissitude.

We almost fancy, when reading the narrative after this point, that it is unreal. It is so true to nature that it cannot be fact. One with keen psychological insight and great dramatic power has invented it. He wishes to teach us a profound lesson—that youthful treachery, that advantages gained by questionable ways, cannot profit or allow of a happy old age: and he has permitted himself to dramatize events—to bring Jacob's youth and age together—to put Esau, the defrauded brother, again upon the stage—to bring this wayward, wilful man, who will always attain his ends by his own, and not by God's ways, into a last decisive conflict with his Maker, that he may show him utterly worsted. It is a stroke of the highest art to bring Jacob to the Jordan surrounded by wives and sons, and laden with the earnings of his lifetime, and even there to bring down upon him the wrath of Esau and the opposition of Heaven. Or rather, it is above human art. The narrative is no piece of skilful composition. It is somehow real. It must be a dream—a moral dream—a dream of the con-

science—but a dream, confounding old and new together. In life there is not old and new, we carry all our past always with us; it needs but the occasion to awaken it and make it as much real as what transpired an hour ago. Jacob was now again on the border of his native land, after twenty years of exile. The thought of it called up other thoughts—his youthful treachery, his terrified flight, the angry form of his injured brother, —bitter, regretful, self-upbraiding thoughts; for years bring softening, and the harsh, antagonistic acts of youth, are grieved over and mournful. And to this was added the thought of what he had vowed at Bethel, and how ill his vow had been kept. And when the darkness came down upon him these memories of the past mingled in his heart with the relations of the present; and there rose before his conscience that wonderful dream in which the gigantic height of his wild brother again seemed menacing him and all that he had; and that Form that once stood above the ladder, in divine light, had become a dark shadow, with which he must wrestle for his life.

We have suggested that the events had no outer reality, but were a dream, a projection of the conscience; not of course seriously, but as the best way of expressing our view of their profound meaning, and particularly of the truth which they teach, which is the *moral unity* of life. Perhaps life has many unities. It may be an intellectual unity: much more may it be a unity of feeling; for perhaps a man's life is greatly shorter than it seems. Rarely any of us lives more than twenty or five-and-twenty years. By that time we have become all we shall ever be, and have felt all we shall ever feel. It is the moral unity that Scripture teaches. And this is a unity both all through, from end to end of life, and one all round, embracing both the external and the inward life.

Jacob had not calculated on finding the beginnings of his life so vividly unaltered. Twenty years had passed since he did the evil; surely the evil must have worked itself out of things long ere now. But it had not. It stood now before him just as it stood when he fled from it twenty years before; only more formidable, grown in bulk and terror, with greater power to do him hurt, in proportion as he was now more susceptible

of hurt. Then it was Esau seeking Jacob's life; now it is Esau with four hundred men, seeking not Jacob's life merely, but all those lives into which his own had been partitioned, and every one of which he feels to be his own, and would give his own many times for it. The time and space get pressed out of life, and the great turning-points come close together. It seems, after all, even with its bewildering complexity, almost a simple thing life; one or two large acts, hardly more than a single great decision, go to make it up. In boyhood, perhaps, the sketch is drawn in simple lines, though all the after years be employed in filling up and minutely colouring. But the character of the picture is in the primary sketch. Not only were the outward circumstances of his early days repeated again to Jacob, but the very feelings were renewed. It is said that he was "greatly afraid and distressed." It was the same feeling under which he had fled twenty years before, and which he remembers his life long as the day of his distress. Our evil finds us out. Hindered by opposing circumstances, counter-worked by happy influences, retarded by distance, delayed by time, it is an influence that works its way towards a man, moving on after him unseen through a life-time, till it finds him. In some way or other it meets him, and he recognises it. He and it parted company in boyhood, in youth, a life-time ago, and he thought it neutralized, buried and forgotten; but it yet lives, and will rise like a spectre beside him. It may not interfere with affection, with trade, with prosperity, with fortune; it will stand beside all these neutral, but its time will come. It will find him out either actually, in the usual recognised penalty, or in the fear that it is going to find him out; or else in bitter compunction and sorrow for the wrong he has done. The law is constitutional, deeper down than all remedial schemes. Christianity does not obviate this law; rather in some ways it aggravates its action. The conscience that is tender will suffer most acutely from this law. What sorrow was like to Paul's, when he remembered how he had persecuted the Church? God had mercy on him, because he did it ignorantly; but God's mercy could not hinder the persecutor's sin finding him. Mercy itself is unable to deal with this fundamental law. It cannot administer relief to

the evils it produces immediately; it but *reduces* them gradually. If sin only carried fear with it, and not sorrow also, mercy could cure it at once. And sometimes, when the sinner, hunted like a wild beast by men, hears these words from the lips of Christ, "Neither do I condemn thee,"—he may, in his thankfulness, feel that all pain is now for ever over, and only joy before him. But is it so? Does not the pain return—the pain of having sinned against One who thus forgives—the self-upbraidings, the over-mastering, breaking sorrow of the sin? Rather, sometimes, would we choose to face the penalty of the offence than this bitter compunction for it when forgiven. Against a judge we could steel our heart, and nerve ourselves to bear whatever he might inflict; but against the miseries of self-reproach we have no resource.

If the oneness of life all through be illustrated by the part of this story that speaks of Esau, it is even better illustrated by that part of it which narrates Jacob's wrestling with the Angel; and both its oneness all through and its oneness all round is illustrated by the connection of these two things with one another. Jacob would have had no wrestling in the darkness with the Angel, had he not beforehand wrestled in the broad day with Esau. His mind passed from outward evils down to the feeling of deeper evils. From being excited with terror for his children, there fell on him a great personal agitation. We do not lead two lives, one external and another inward. We cannot draw lines in our life, and call that of it on one side of the line secular, and that on the other side holy. God's shaping and leading of our life embraces it all; outward troubles lead to inwardness; profound human emotion is nearly allied to profound religious emotion. Go down in your nature anywhere deep enough, sink a shaft in it at any point, you come to God. Formerly Jacob reached God through his loneliness, now he reaches him through the multiplicity of his connections; and it is something to see how, in this way, he reached God so much more firmly and permanently than he had been able to do through the narrower passage of himself. Men engrossed in the business of life, in the uncertainties of speculation, with many risks, with exposed places all about them on which misfortune may plant her arrows,

whose all may many times be staked on a single hazard, seem more in the way to reach true and great thoughts of God than the contemplative recluse; because the sluggish stillness of their nature is broken up, and the heart out of its very necessities leaps forth to grasp the truth.

Like a wary gamester, who, though playing a desperate game, does not lose his presence of mind, Jacob made the needful dispositions for his safety. He was like a speculator who suddenly finds that all his accumulations of twenty years hang upon a turn of fortune or the wind, and makes all the dispositions that reason or even acuteness can suggest. This is remarkable in the mind, that it is steadied by extreme danger, while it is thrown into confusion by a little trouble. The physician's hand which trembles when an insignificant sore has to be lanced, is steady and firm when an operation that may be fatal has to be performed. A petty encounter worries and excites the great military genius who is serene and master of himself in the thick of the conflict on which the fate of empires hangs. In this greatest trouble of his life, Jacob's mind comes forth with a grandeur and decisive clearness that is scarcely credible in one habitually crooked, and timid almost to cowardice. He so arranges, that if the stroke fall, it will not fall on all at once; if it smite some, it will spare some, perhaps, and these the dearest. And these dispositions made—made for those for whom he never thought to need to make any such dispositions at all, and while they were ignorant of the menace hanging over them, and though he knows how unavailing all may be—he leaves all in higher hands. But unwittingly this care about others, this more earnestness for them than ever he had felt for himself, and this intrusting of them more sincerely into God's hands than ever he had yet committed himself, has brought him nearer to God than ever he has yet been, or, perhaps, than he cared to be. And now he must wait in God's very presence for the issue, like one beside the sick who waits for the turning of the disease. He lies under a forced inactivity. Thankfully would he act; it would help him to escape thought. But all is done, and the issue is with God; and deeper thoughts crowd in upon him, and an indescribable terror seizes him—there wrestles a man with him till morning.

What premonitory approaches his adversary made, if any, we know not. Suddenly Jacob felt himself carrying on a great struggle—wrestling in the darkness with an unknown adversary. His whole nature was stirred. The struggle is the main thing for a time, not the adversary. That he should know his adversary at first was not meant; it was the Unknown that he must wrestle with. It was meant that he should be troubled, opposed, wrestled with, shaken to the very depths of his nature; flung into a vague, dim, dark conflict with a power but indistinctly known. His adversary did not seek to oppose his advance, his passage forward; there was no such definiteness in his purpose, nor any such definiteness in Jacob's resistance. It was a wrestling match pure and simple; not for advantage, but for victory; not willingly entered upon by Jacob, but of necessity: for men do not invite such encounters as these, but when they feel them coming would gladly flee from them. Yet they cannot put them off; they must separate themselves and fling off from them wives and sons, and go alone into the darkness, to meet that mysterious Form and behold that face.

We discuss this wonderful event, and take sides as to whether it was a real, outward thing, or only a transaction in Jacob's soul. Some think it important to hold it literal and outward, and unsafe to regard it as mental. It is characteristic of very many of the views for which men fight, that they are excellent things to fight about, because there is no means of deciding them. It is also occasionally a characteristic of them that no interest whatever attaches to their decision, one way of them being quite as good as another. If God presented a real, outward form to Jacob, so that he entered into a physical wrestling with it, it was very wonderful and divine. If God's Spirit of revelation and holiness so touched the conscience and the memories of Jacob's heart that the agitated spirit deemed itself wrestling through the body, and did indeed in its own awful agony agitate and dislocate the bodily frame, was it less wonderful or less divine? The balance of probability perhaps lies on the side of the external reality of Jacob's adversary. Many a time in dreams the whole frame is agitated, and wrestles. Men do rise weary after nights of con-

flict. They rise awe-struck and terror-laden. Perhaps it cannot be shown that they have risen with bodily ailments, with sinews wrenched and joints displaced. Rather is the event to be held literal. An Angel entered Abraham's tent. He let his feet be washed;—the same who in after days washed his disciples' feet. He allowed meat to be set before him;—as in after times he asked, "Children, have ye any meat?" And a *man* he wrestled with Jacob; as now man for ever he wrestles with us all in love, though we oppose him in earnest.

Gradually, from being vague and dim and in the darkness, the encounter passed on to greater clearness. Jacob, who had apparently sustained the combat with dogged, speechless tenacity, as was natural to him, came to know something of his adversary. From the first he knew that it was a man that wrestled with him. It was a person,—it was with a personal will that he was grappling. But after a time both adversaries stand out more clearly. The morning began to break, and with the light the spell of the Unseen over the patriarch will break too. The conflict must cease, lest its advantages be lost. The heavenly wrestler seeks to depart. He said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." And Jacob said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Ere now there had begun to break upon Jacob's mind some consciousness of the rank of his adversary; and perhaps to complete it, he touched the nerve of his thigh and paralyzed it. And then the conflict quite changed its nature, from using force, to mere supplication. And here the details supplied by Hosea come in: "He had power over the Angel, and prevailed: he wept, and made supplication to him" (xii. 4). God had put out his hand upon him at last, having allowed him to wrestle with him for a night,—a symbol of that obstinate struggle which, in his confident, unsubdued strength of nature, he had been waging against him all his lifetime. His Spirit cannot always strive with him: some decisive stroke must be put forth upon him, to break him once for all, to touch him in the vital part, that, utterly disabled, he may know whom he has been opposing, and how vain such a conflict is. And, altogether helpless, he can but throw his arms about his adversary and hang on to him—"I will not let thee go." And then, that

he might bless him, the Angel asked him his name. "What is thy name? And he said, Jacob." God first broke his power, and then brought well home to him what he was. As if the locality, and the circumstances, and the terror of his brother had not enough brought him before his ownself, he asked him his name. He worked him back through his whole past life to its starting-point; drove him down to its old beginnings, and to the confession that it was even now much as of old. God does not name him Jacob. He takes it out of his own mouth. He merely put it to him: "What is thy name?" Jacob was in no mood, and would hardly venture to evade the question. However unwilling his tongue was to utter it, the divine demand drew it forth; it cannot be withheld. Before the new name be conferred, the old must be fully confessed—the old name and the old nature,—the old opprobrious, shameful title, and the old cunning, crooked, scheming, unmanly nature, that always gives to force, and seeks again to retrieve itself by fraud.

A common history surely this of Jacob's, repeated in the life of many a man returning from a foreign land. Long ago going abroad, like Jacob, he had experiences on which he was founding much. God seemed to offer himself to him as to Jacob at Bethel, saying, "I am the God of thy father; I will be with thee in all places whither thou goest." And he vowed that the Lord should be his God. It is true the youthful vision of romantic purity and nobleness has hardly been lived up to; the high resolutions of an enthusiastic young mind have often been forgotten, and the mind itself has not been left altogether undebased by passion and craft and the competitions of life; and after so many years the outlines of that vision can hardly be recalled, and the fair ideal of life then set before him is scarcely now to be hoped for;—yet what took place then cannot be forgotten, and he thinks it cannot have been altogether in vain. It may not have been quite in vain. And it is needless raising subtle questions over it, whether it was but a preparatory influence of grace, deep it might be, restraining sin all life through, but yet not effectual; or whether it was the sowing of the true divine seed in the heart, which the cares of life grew up rankly over and blanched and well-nigh choked.

Whichever of the two it was, it was not enough. It needs to be renewed. And now, after twenty years, he knows it is not enough; and when, amid the old scenes, and with the old feelings again in his heart, God puts to him the question, "What is thy name?" who art thou? he falters out his old birth-name; he must confess he is but little, if any, altered from what he ever was. But this confession made, he is blessed, and receives a new name.

And now the struggle is over, and Jacob passes on; but it is said that "as he passed over Peniel the sun rose upon him, and he *halted*." These struggles leave their mark upon a man. God's touch abides. You cannot go through conflicts with him and show no scars from them. You go through life *halt* from them. Men see the difference, and remark on it, and speculate on its cause. Those are not what they were who have passed through such a wrestling as Jacob did. There is a brokenness of the old elasticity. The self-confidence is gone, and reserve takes its place. Forwardness, or even promptness, is away, and patience is in its stead. There is often a mysterious weakness to men's eyes, that comes from such struggles, though it may be inward strength; a want of positiveness, sometimes even a half-wayness and irresoluteness, an inwardness and self-inspection that begets uncertainty, and a drawing back even after moving forward. Men *halt* after such wrestlings with God. Jacob was weak somehow after this in outward things; more subdued and feeble before difficult undertakings than formerly—in guiding men's passions, in governing his turbulent and mutinous children—weak before misfortune, with no resolution to meet an emergency, with no promptitude to resent an indignity—he *halted* his life-long through. And when that great calamity befell him through his daughter, it is said of him that he was *silent*; and when an almost sorer grief came to him through the misconduct of his eldest son, it is said merely, that Israel *heard* it; and when his beloved child was sold, so ready was he to look for evil, that the falsehood invented by his sons seemed probable to him: "An evil beast hath devoured him. Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And he refused to be comforted, for he said, I will go down into the grave unto my son

mourning,"—a man with a broken, irresolute, un-
hopeful spirit henceforth. This great struggle
had been too much for him. To subdue him, it
had been needful to break him. No doubt he
had an inward strength. All his own passion

was burned out. He was himself nobler and
more straightforward and patient, having learned
the secret of strength with God. And his life,
though feeble outwardly, had a calm, mellow,
evening light around it.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A SOCIAL REFORMER.

AN ADDRESS BY THE REV. GUSTAVE WERNER OF REUTLINGEN.



It is now forty years since gospel truth took
hold on me, and I became a converted
man. The Spirit of God from the very
first impressed on me the necessity of put-
ting my new principles into practice. When, thirty-six
years ago, I became a minister of the gospel, the duty of
laying hold of the young, and endeavouring to bring them
up for the Lord, seemed more than ever mine, and thus
the Reutlingen Institution arose.

When I founded the House of Refuge there, and de-
voted myself to the rescuing of neglected and outcast
children, I learned more and more of how deep unbelief
and depravity had already gone among our populations;
but when I look round at the present time, and consider
present circumstances, I am amazed at the rapidity of
the progress of evil among us, and at the apparent
nearness of some terrible crisis. It has not been hidden
from me all along that a great danger threatens us from
increasing carelessness of good, from degradation of
morals, and from widely-spread and fast-increasing in-
fidelity among us. And it soon became evident to me
that, in the industrial world, the beginnings of most
dangerous principles were at work, which now appear
ready for their threatened development.

All this urges me on to seek for fellow-workers who
would give themselves, with me, with all their strength
to the service of our neighbour, in the spirit of loving
devotion.

One point, to which before all others I desire to draw
your attention, is the training of the young, another is the
care of the poor, and the third is the state of the working-
classes—the workman-question, that great social problem
of the present day. In each of these three provinces I have,
by God's help, gained good results. It is not surely need-
ful for me to say, that when I speak of good results, I do
not in the least ascribe these either to myself or my fellow-
labourers, but alone to the grace and mercy of my God.

I was first led to care for the training of the young.
God, in his goodness and truth, does not demand too
much of beginners; and the work among children, even
of the most neglected kind, is indeed a sweet and light
work as compared with that among the grown-up, espe-
cially when these have gone far in error and sin. And
yet, even as regards the training of the young, we had to
go on learning for long before we had reached the one
great first principle of truth in regard to it—namely, the
principle of obedience to the great command, to love our

neighbour as ourselves—before, in short, we understood
that we must truly love these children if we were to do
any good with them; yea, love them with just such a
love as parents have for their children, and care for them
in the same manner that a loving father cares for his
little ones. When this point is once reached, then one
just wonders that one has been so long of gaining it, and
that one has so long struggled against giving in to the
command to deny one's-self, to leave all and follow the
Lord Jesus Christ, and to learn to enter in to the love
which he had for the children of men. But when we
have got thus far, then we find that his yoke truly is
easy, and his burden light. It costs much to *become* a
Christian; and, yet, it is true that it is not hard to *be* a
Christian. It costs much before we are true Christians;
but when we are such, it is not a hard service. When
we had thus attained to having true love in the heart,
although deficiencies of many kinds yet cleave to us,
though much wisdom and earnestness are needed to
know what to do and how to do it, yet I can testify that
the children whom we receive, and who are often of the
most neglected and degraded kind, give up their rude-
ness and defiance, and give in to the spirit of the house
with wonderfully little labour and trouble on our part.
They find themselves well-off with us; they feel at home,
and they prosper in body and soul. I have received
children from all quarters; but I can say of all that
they have justified our hopes and given us real joy, so
that it has been a heart-sorrow to us when any of them
have been taken away again.

Many of my former children have already gone forth
into the world as working-men; and I have had the
satisfaction of learning of most of them that they have
not given way to temptation, or allowed themselves to
be led into joining those combinations which lead to
such dangerous agitation. Yes, it is only when they
leave us, and go forth into the world of labour, that they
know the value of the sound principles which they have
learned in our house. They have amazed me often by
the accounts they have given me in their letters of how
fearful are the temptations of the present time for
youths of the working-classes. Destruction must be the
issue, if things go on as they do. All this has proved to
me, that if the training of the young of the labouring-
classes were properly conducted, we should in that have
a secure though slow-working means given us to pre-
serve these classes from the threatened dangers, and to

raise them to a higher status of morality. We must not allow ourselves to think this impossible.

I have had children from the very worst homes, drawn from the depths of the lowest degradation. Very lately a boy was brought me whom the police could not longer restrain; another is with us who had wandered about a perfect vagabond. Yet both of them very soon proved pliable. The first, when he came to us, talked of running away, but now he never thinks of such a thing; they are happy, and eager to learn, and I believe that the good seed has been sown in their young hearts, which God will watch over, and not allow it to perish. He will not quench the smoking flax.

Much might be done could we remove children from the unwholesome atmosphere, laden with every species of infection, in which they live, to a more wholesome air, where they might be brought up under different auspices. A sore sickness lies upon our people, and healing is partly to be looked for by withdrawing the sick from the pest-laden atmosphere in which they pine, where the healthful air of love and righteousness are wanting, and nothing is around them but sin and lies. From these surroundings they must be extricated, and in that I see a chief means against the dangers that threaten society. But for this work men are needed of a whole-hearted loving Christianity. If I look around and see how great is the power of infidelity and sin in our day, I can only say, If sin is mighty, grace is still mightier. "The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly; yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier." When we look forth upon the people we see them as a restless sea, which roars terribly and evermore terribly; but the strength of love is greater than the might of passion—the power of mercy and goodness is greater than the strength of hate.

Later on I was led into the work of caring for the poor. Then it became clear to me that we must strive to rouse the energy of the poor, so that they may learn to help themselves, instead of being a burden on others. By God's providence I was led to unite husbandry and industrial employment with the institution at Reutlingen. In that way it became possible for us to receive grown-up persons—namely, such neglected and indigent persons as were not in a position to maintain themselves—lame, blind, and such like. In institutions such as ours, where husbandry and industries of various kinds are carried on, there are always opportunities for employing those who are weakly, who lack a limb, or who are feeble-minded. Thus there are now with us two hundred persons who are unable to take care of themselves, who before were a burden and a torment to their parishes, but now are well-cared for and happy. But they all work; and if it is only a small thing that they are capable of doing, such as winding yarn, still they—who formerly felt themselves despised as useless and unable to gain anything—are now contented and happy because occupied and of use. When a man feels himself of use and loved, better desires arise in him, and

there is hope of improvement. Here again essential good might be done among our people were there more of such institutions. It is a great satisfaction to me that the need of them is beginning to be recognized among us. In Württemberg district institutions of this character are being established, where poor people who formerly went about begging, or lived wretched in poor-houses, shall be gathered together, have useful work given them, and be kept from sin even by restraint, if it be necessary. But let me say, and that strongly too, that if such houses are to prosper and be a blessing, it is quite necessary that they should have men at their head who have received Christ's love in their own hearts, who care for the poor for his sake, and who will really love those over whom they are set as if they were their own. Every human being craves love; the most obtuse and stupid creature still longs for love. I have known men who were almost idiots, and who I thought could not feel the need of love, bring it as a reproach against me that I had passed them by without speaking to them. Any man can be reached and influenced by those who bring true Christ-like love with them.

Let us now glance at the subject of the working-man.

The question of the state of the working-classes is now one of the gravest we can consider, and to cope with it is the most difficult task before the Christian Church in the present day.

Here one has to do, not with children or feeble persons, but with strong men, and men, alas! often actuated by the most self-seeking and selfish spirit, men utterly opposed to the truth, and who have in the indulgence of low passions cast away all regard for conscience and good feeling.

In view of such a material to work on, one is ready to despair; but I must remind you that the power of heavenly love is yet higher and greater than all powers of evil. Working-men are now longing to be independent of capital—they wish to be able to stand alone, self-directing, uncontrolled—they wish to be loved and honoured as fellow-men. But in the way in which they are striving for this goal it is quite impossible they should ever reach it. It will only be possible to satisfy these desires of theirs in a right way, and to rebuke and hold in check their unrighteous claims, if men should arise among us, who, in the sphere of the industrial world, shall bring into operation the power and biddings of heavenly love. The enemy comes before us in these days in his greatest might and most terrible power, threatening the destruction of all society; and to meet him effectually, Christianity, too, must develop all her power, and show herself strong in the might of her Lord. This is the problem of our day; and if it succeed, if men of God give themselves to the solving of it, then this dark power of evil which threatens us may be overcome.

I have said that we are come to a turning-point in the history of the world, a day such as Scripture calls a "day of the Lord," a "day of vengeance;" yet also an

"acceptable year of the Lord." We have had many prognostics, many skirmishes at the outposts, as the leaders of our opponents have themselves said. Therefore I am pressed in spirit, as I have so long seen this danger coming, and now behold it hastening on us faster than I could have believed possible. I feel I am bound to do all that in me lies to turn away the threatening danger.

An "acceptable year"—a glorious day—may be coming, yea, in any case, shall come; but whether we must pass to it through a day of darkness and woe, or whether our way to it may be smoothed and hindrances gently removed, remains yet to be seen, and in some measure may depend on our own actings.

In the manufacturing world and in industrial life it becomes every day more evident that great businesses can only be carried on by associations, in which each member must do his part. So every year we have more of companies, combined for every imaginable purpose. Single men are no longer able to undertake the large concerns which are needed in order to carry on business prosperously.

Now, if those who thus work together did but understand the love of Christ in their hearts—if they had learned that we are all but stewards for the benefit of our fellow-men, each according to the endowments which God has given him; and if those who stand at the head of such concerns were animated by the spirit of love—if they were willing ever to put themselves last, and to be first only in serving others, so that all their fellow-labourers must feel that their leaders do not desire to lord it over them, do not seek only their own advantage, but desire to serve others, and have their temporal and spiritual well-being ever before their eyes—then the stumbling-block against which the workman continually kicks, the feeling of his being a dependant, would be removed. It would become every day more clear to him that he is a fellow-labourer with those at his head, and as such loved and valued; that he is not an oppressed dependant, but free, and that freedom and order must ever go together.

In the small business concerns of old days the relations of man to man did not disappear, as in the great hives of industry of our times. Masters and journeymen stood in quite a different relation to each other

from what they do now; they were more like a family. But just in the measure that those who are at the head of large industrial concerns are true Christians, willing to serve the best interests of their workmen, to love them, to bear them on their hearts before the Lord, just in such measure will the human relations be re-established which threaten to vanish from industrial life. In the path of full and devoted Christianity alone is there help in this matter, and through that it seems to me still possible that the fearful enemy who confronts us may be overcome. But for this purpose it is needful that more hearts should be ready to enter on the service of love.

One hears it constantly said now-a-days that capital must cease, that it must pass into the hands of the working-classes, either by the interposition of the state, or, if it is not possible in that way, by revolution. But this much have I learned by my own experience in our institution, that if men stand together, and are true to each other, and devote their strength to the service of love, they can acquire capital for themselves.

Yes, real workers may and must acquire it, if they are Christians and act as Christians; but it must be real Christians, whole-hearted entire Christians, such as the Saviour desires us to be, and not half-in-half. If others, who have only their selfish interest at heart in their business, give themselves the greatest trouble, and labour early and late, in order to attain the largest amount of gain possible, why may not I, for love of outcast children, for love of the poor, seek to make as much as possible; and if we work as truly, are as circumspect, as attentive, as prudent, as diligent as those others, then why may I not expect as great returns? And a great deal would be gained and a great danger averted if it could thus be proved to demonstration that it is not necessary to wrest capital from its possessors. No, with the working-man himself lies the possibility of acquiring what will maintain him in a noble existence.

This is all possible if Christianity be developed in her full might and glory.

It may be that there are many among us who feel inclined to try to do good. Let me remind them that our times are such that results and victory can only be reached if we practise Christ's commands in the fullest sense of the words.

B. W.

THE ENEMY IN-DOORS.

BY THEODORE L. CUTLER, D.D.



FEW Saturday evenings since, Boston locked up her great warehouses, and went home to get ready for the Sabbath. No external danger alarmed her. No hostile fleet lay off her harbour; no enemy's batteries threatened her from Dorchester Heights. But a little secret seed of fire was nestling under one of her own roof-trees,

which soon sprang into a horrible harvest of conflagration. Boston's enemy was *within*.

This is the physical illustration of the moral truth—a truth that quotes itself to me oftener than almost any text in the Bible—that "a man's foes shall be they of his *own household*." This truth has a thousand applications. It applies literally to the domestic household.

Where do most men find their greatest help or their greatest hindrance to success in their business? At home! Frugality there commonly means prosperity. Extravagance there commonly means vexation, temptation to business gambling, and to eventual ruin. Half the married men who practise swindling are pushed on to it by an extravagant wife and family. A man's wife is either his best friend or his worst enemy.

Where lies the sorest sorrow that disturbs the heart-peace and spoils all the lustre of worldly gains or promotions? It is in the worm at the root of the home-life. It is nothing to a man to be prosperous in his store, or his office, or even in his pulpit, if he is wretched at his own hearth-stone. Nor does the neglect or the social injustice of a whole neighbourhood cut so deeply as the treachery or neglect of those nearest and dearest to us. A wife can bear to be ignored by all her neighbours, if her husband is only loving, and her children are affectionate and obedient. But a husband's unkindness is a dry sorrow that drinks her very heart's blood. Our severest wounds are often inflicted by the hands which ought to clasp our own the most closely. The betrayal of family secrets, the starting of damaging rumours, often proceed from some long, loose, limber tongue in our own household.

There, too, lurks the most frequent stumbling-block to religious improvement. The Divine Teacher spoke about fathers being at variance with their own sons, and about mothers striving to keep their daughters out of his "kingdom." Well, it is just as true now as it was then, that one's spiritual "foes may be they of his own household." A parent's piety is often reproduced in his children. But so are a father's bad habits or downright irreligion. Saying nothing about the hereditary taint of drunkenness and licentiousness, which often goes in the blood, there is a legacy of sin bequeathed by a father's example. In looking over my circle of acquaintance, I find that, while several good parents have bad children, there are not many prayerless, ungodly parents who have converted sons. The pull of the parents downward is too strong for the upward pull of the pulpit and the Sabbath school.

If the father chiefly talks "money, money" at home, he generally rears a family in the worship of the almighty dollar. If he talks mainly horses, games, and races, he breeds a batch of sportsmen. If fashion is the family altar, then the children are offered up as victims upon that altar. If a man makes his own fireside attractive, he may reasonably hope to anchor his own children around it. My neighbour Q— makes himself the constant evening companion of his boys. The result is, that his boys are never found in bad places. But if a father hears the clock strike eleven in his club-house or the play-house, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gaming-room or the drinking-saloon. If he puts the bottle on his own table, he need not wonder if a drunken son staggers in by-and-by at his front door. When the best friend that

childhood and youth ought to have becomes their foe, the home becomes the "starting-post" for moral ruin. A godless house is a poor school to train up souls for Heaven.

What is true of the domestic household is equally and even more true of that inner household, the *heart*. The Word of God likens a human being to a "tabernacle," a "temple," an "earthly house," &c.; and it is no violence to compare the inmates of our own hearts to a "household." What a curious family of faculties, thoughts, and affections is living inside of every one of us! An unconverted heart is a habitation of the Evil One, with his brood of unholy desires, tastes, and passions. Conversion is a spiritual house-cleaning. A genuinely renewed heart is a reformed household, with Christ dwelling in it and controlling it. Out of the heart are "the issues of life;" yes, and of *death*. The only enemies that we ever need to be afraid of are *within* ourselves.

Did you ever know a good man or a pure woman utterly ruined by outside attacks upon their reputation? I never did. The abuse of a good man is commonly the head-wind that fans the fire of his own furnace and gives him the greater headway. No true man was ever put down and kept down while he was true to conscience and to God. When character is destroyed, it is never murder; it is suicide. Kind reader, the only person in the universe that can put you down is one that lives in your own heart-house. If the living Jesus lives there and rules there, you are safe. You will be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

If your safety is from an indwelling Christ, so is your danger from indwelling sin. The "world" never harms a Christian so long as he keeps it out of his heart. Temptation is never dangerous until it has an *inside* accomplice. Sin within betrays the heart to the outside assailant. The reason why Joseph did not fall was because he kept the sin out of his soul. The reason why David *did* fall was that the sin *within* him ignited at the view of a wicked opportunity. The inward lust conceived and brought forth death.

There is a pretty sharp practical sermon in that old familiar fable of Æsop about the countryman who discovered the frozen snake in his field. There was no danger from that benumbed serpent while left out in the cold. But the foolish man carried it into his own house and laid it beside the fire. He *domesticated* it. And as soon as the reptile thawed out, it began to slide about among the children, and to shoot in its deadly fang.

Ah! it is the snake that we bring into our hearts and warm there that stings us! Sin without us is harmless. Sin within us poisons and kills. Our foe is of our own household. This is the scriptural way of putting the homely aphorism that "every one is his own worst enemy." This truth often comes to my door in the person of a broken-down creature, whose ill-flavoured garments and bloated face are hanging-out signals of

distress. I knew him in his better days. He has a doleful story about "losing his situation," and "having no friends," and "everybody turning against him." Poor victim of his own sin, he may well say that he has no friend, when he is his own deadly enemy. His Almighty Friend in Heaven cannot help him so long as he determines to be his own destroyer. Even the loving Saviour of sinners will keep no man out of Hell so long as he keeps a hell in his own depraved heart. Oh! there is no more pitiable spectacle on Earth than that of the person who has exiled all his best impulses and

all the best teachings of childhood, and has driven away the Spirit of God, and given up his soul to the dominion of the devil. Of such an one it is awfully true that "his house is left unto him desolate."

Beware of yourselves—watch your own heart-door! When you are tempted, imagine that you hear Satan trying at the latch. Slide in the bolt of prayer. The devil is harmless while locked out; it is only the in-door enemy that destroys the house. That heart alone is securely guarded for all eternity that has the Lord Jesus Christ dwelling within it and keeping the keys.

The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."
HEB. vi. 19.



IN the margin of the ocean that surrounds and laves our island home, an object of absorbing interest may often be observed,—a ship riding at anchor near a lee shore in an angry sea. She has drifted, ere she was aware, too near a rock-bound coast: the wind is blowing direct on shore: there is not room to tack: whether she should point her prow north or south, she will strike a projecting headland ere she can escape from the bay. One resource remains,—to anchor where she is till the wind change.

There she lies. Stand on this height and look down upon her through the drifting spray. I scarcely know in nature a more interesting or more suggestive sight. The ship is dancing on the waves: she appears to be in their power and at their mercy. Wind and water combine to make her their sport. Destruction seems near; for if the vessel's bulk is dashed by these waves upon the rocks of the coast, it will be broken into a thousand pieces. But you have stood and looked on the scene a while, and the ship still holds her own. Although at first sight she seemed the helpless plaything of the elements, they have not overcome—they have not gained upon her yet. She is no nearer destruction than when you first began to gaze in anticipation of her fate.

The ship seems to have no power to resist the

onset of wind and wave. She yields to every blast and every billow. This moment she is tossed aloft on the crest of a wave, and the next she sinks heavily into the hollow. Now her prow goes down beneath an advancing breaker, and she is lost to view in the spray; but anon she emerges, like a sea-fowl shaking the water from her wings, and rejoicing in the tumult. As she quivered and nodded giddily at each assault, you thought, when first you arrived in sight, that every moment would prove her last; but now that you have watched the conflict long, it begins to assume in your mind another aspect, and promise another end. These motions of the ship now, instead of appearing the sickly movements of the dying, seem to indicate the calm, confident perseverance of conscious strength and expected victory. Let winds and waves do their worst, that ship will meet them fearless, will hold her head to the blast, and maintain her place in defiance of their power.

What is the secret of that ship's safety? No other ship is in sight to which she may cling: no pillar stands within reach to which she may be moored. The bond of her security is a line that is unseen. The ship is at anchor. The line on which she hangs does not depend on the waters, or anything that floats there; it goes through the waters, and fastens on a sure ground beyond them.

Thus, though the ship cannot escape from the wild waters, she is safe on their surface. She cannot, indeed, take the wings of a dove and fly away so as to be at rest; but the sea cannot cover her, and the wind cannot drive her on the beach. She must, indeed, bear a while the tempest's buffetings; but she is not for a moment abandoned to the tempest's will. The motto of that ship is the motto once held aloft in triumph by a tempted but heroic soul: "We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed" (2 Cor. iv. 8, 9).

An immortal creature on this changeful life is like a ship upon the ocean. On the strength of that obvious analogy the apostle intimates, by a bold yet perspicuous figure, that we have "an anchor of the soul." The soul, considered as a passenger on the treacherous sea of Time, needs an anchor; and an anchor "sure and steadfast" is provided for the needy soul.

In many respects the world, and human life on it, are like the sea. Itself restless, it cannot permit to rest any of the pilgrims that tread its heaving, shifting surface. At some times, and in some places, great tempests rise; but even in its ordinary condition it is always and everywhere uncertain, deceptive, dangerous. Currents of air and currents of ocean intermingle with and cross each other in endless and unknown complications, bringing even the most skilful mariner to his wit's end—making him afraid either to stand still or to advance. On this heaving sea we must all lie. Even our Father in heaven does not lift up his own, and Christ the Son does not ask him so to do: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world; but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." The best that can be done for them, in this world, is to preserve them from sinking or striking on the shore. The soul is tossed by many temptations; but the anchor of the soul is sure and steadfast within the veil. Without are fightings, within are fears,—all these are against us; but one thing will over-balance and overcome them—"Our life is hid with Christ in God."

Hope sometimes signifies the act of a human spirit laying hold of an unseen object, and sometimes the object unseen whereon the human spirit in its need lays hold. These two significations

may be combined together: they are so combined here. "The Hope set before us," is Christ entered for us now within the veil; and the hope that "we have," is the exercise of a believing soul when it trusts in the risen Redeemer. These two cannot be separated. The one is the grasp which a believing soul takes of Christ, and the other is the Christ whom a believing soul is grasping. These two run so close together that you cannot perceive where the joining is. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Even so, Lord; and what human eye can tell the very line which marks where the branch ends and the vine begins? Christians are members of Christ,—of his flesh and of his bones. "As he is, so are we in this world." "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" "Which hope we have." If you ask me, whether does he mean, by hope, the Christ on whom his soul is leaning, or his own act of leaning on Christ? I answer, both. You cannot have one of these without having both. The branch has the vine; but it has also its own living growth into the vine. And if it had not that living growth into the vine, it would not have the vine. So the soul has Christ, and also its own living faith in Christ, wanting which it would have no Christ.

Mark well here what it is that renders a disciple safe and firm as he floats on the rushing tide of Time. It is not terror of the Lord in his conscience. Such terror may awaken a slumberer, and make him flee to that which will keep him; but the terror itself cannot keep him. Fear repels: it is hope that holds;—blessed hope!

The anchor must not be cast on anything that floats on the water, however large and solid it may seem. The largest thing that floats is an iceberg. But although an iceberg does not shake like a ship, but seems to receive the waves and permit them to break on its sides as they break on the shore, it would be ruin to anchor the ship to it. The larger and the less would drift the same way, and perish together. Ah! this stately Church—this high-seeming and high-sounding ecclesiastical organization, woe to the human spirit that is tempted in the tossing to make fast to that great imposing mass! It is not sure and steadfast. It is floating: it moves with the current of the world: it moves to an awful shore!

Not there, not there! Your hope, when you stretch it out and up for eternal life, must enter "into that within the veil, whither the Forerunner is for us entered."

Nor will it avail a drifting ship to fix its anchor on itself. It would be very childish to try this method; but I have seen full-grown people betake themselves with great energy to this foolish shift. When a boat on a stream broke adrift with a few unskilful people on board, I have seen them in their alarm grasp the gunwale and bend themselves and draw with all their might in the direction of the shore! In spite of their drawing, the boat glided with them down the stream. In the concerns of the soul such childishness is even more common. Faith in one's own faith or charity is a common exercise among men. Beware! Hope must go out for a hold; even as the ship's anchor must be flung away from the ship. The eye is made for looking with, not for looking at. Away from all in ourselves, and out through all that floats like ourselves on this shifting sea, we must throw the anchor of the soul through the shifting waters into Him who holds them in the hollow of his hand.

Mark, further, that hope in Christ is specifically the anchor of the *soul*. Here, like draws to like: spirit to spirit. God is a spirit, and they that worship him worship him in spirit. There is no anchor that will make our temporal possessions fast. Wealth, and friends, and even life, may drift away any day on the flood; and no power on earth can arrest the movement. These bodily things may or may not abide with a Christian; but his anchor does not hold them. It is only an anchor of the soul, not an anchor of the body. We must not expect from the Lord what he never promised.

There are contrivances not a few in our day for fixing material property, so that it shall not drift away in the currents of time. The system of assurances both on life and property has reached an enormous magnitude. Amidst its great and manifold branches, the wicked have of late years, like wild beasts in a forest, found cover for various crime. Things are now made fast which our forefathers thought essentially uncertain, like the currents of the ocean. Treasures are insured while they cross the sea in ships, so

that, though the vessel go to the bottom, the importer gets his own. The food and clothing of a wife and children, which formerly were left to float on the uncertain waters of the husband and father's life, are made fast by insurance to an anchor which holds them, although that life should glide away. Taking up the obvious analogy employed in the Scripture, one of the insurance societies has adopted the anchor as its name.

But the action of these anchors is limited to things seen and temporal. They cannot be constructed so as to catch and keep any spiritual thing. They may hold fast a wife's fortune, when the life of the bread-winner falls in, but they cannot maintain joy in her heart, or kindle light in her eye. Far less can they insure against the shipwreck of the soul. With these things they do not intermeddle. All the world may be gained for a man, and kept for him too, and yet he is a loser, if he lose his own soul. Only one anchor can grasp and hold the better part of man—and that is the hope which enters into the heavens, and fastens there in Jesus.

The anchor—in as far as it indicates the object which hope grasps—the anchor is "sure and steadfast." The expressions are exact and full. The words are tried words. They are given in order that we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to the hope set before us.

There are two cases in which one's hope may be disappointed: the support you lean on may be *unwilling* or *unable* to sustain you. In the one case it is deception; in the other, weakness. A Christian's hope is not exposed to either flaw; it is both "sure and steadfast;" that is, the Redeemer, who holds them is *willing* and *able*. He will not falsely let you go, nor feebly faint beneath your weight. He is *true* and *strong*—for these are the words. He both *will* and *can* keep that which we commit to him against that day.

With the same meaning, but by means of another analogy, Christ is represented elsewhere in Scripture as a foundation; and it is intimated that the foundation is a tried one. It has been put to the strain, and has stood the test.

In modern practice great importance attaches to the trying of an anchor. Many ships have been lost through accident or fraud in the manu-

facture. The instrument had a good appearance, but there was a flaw in its heart; and when the strain came, it snapped, and all was lost. For the security of the subject, the Government have erected an apparatus for testing anchors; and the royal seal is stamped on those that have been approved. When the merchantman purchases an anchor so certified, he has confidence that it will not fail him in his need. It is interesting, and even solemn work, to test anchors, and stamp them as approved. Beware! set not the seal on one that is doubtful, for many precious lives will yet be intrusted to its keeping.

He who is now the anchor of the soul within the veil, was "made perfect through suffering."

The safety of which this text speaks, is safety such as an anchor affords. This is different from the safety of a ship on a stormless sea, and different from the safety of a ship that is moored fore and aft within the walls of a harbour. Both these positions are safe; but they differ both from each other and from safety by an anchor. Man unfallen enjoyed the first kind of safety, and the ransomed in rest enjoy the second; but the place of a believer in the body is neither like that of a ship on a calm sea, nor like that of a ship within the harbour,—it is like a ship exposed to raging winds above, and deceitful currents below. Such a soul may be abundantly safe; but its safety is of the kind that a ship enjoys while it is exposed to the storms, and before it reaches the haven—the safety that an exposed ship enjoys through an anchor that is sure and steadfast.

Take now a series of practical lessons.

1. The ship that is kept by an anchor, *although safe, is not at ease*. It does not, on the one hand, dread destruction; but neither, on the other hand, does it enjoy rest. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." Those who have entered the harbour do not need an anchor; and those who are drifting with the stream do not cast one out. The hope which holds is neither for the world without nor the glorified within, but for Christ's people as they pass through life—rejoicing with trembling; faint, yet pursuing. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

2. But, further: the ship that is held by an

anchor is not only tossed in the tempest like other ships,—*it is tossed more than other ships*. The ship that rides at anchor experiences rackings and heavings that ships which drift with the tide do not know. So, souls who have no hold of Christ seem to lie softer on the surface of a heaving world than souls that are anchored on his power and love. The drifting ship, before she strikes, is more smooth and more comfortable than the anchored one; but when she strikes, the smoothness is all over. The pleasures of sin are sweet to those who taste them; but the sweetness is only for a season. "The wicked shall be driven away in his iniquity; but the righteous hath hope in his death."

3. When the anchor has been cast into a good ground, *the heavier the strain that comes on it, the deeper and firmer grows its hold*. As winds and currents increase in violence, the anchor bites more deeply into the solid, and so increases its preserving power. It is thus with a trusting soul: temptations, instead of driving him away from his Saviour, only fix his affections firmer on the Rock of Ages. "When I am weak, then am I strong;" when I am most exposed, then am I safest in the hollow of my Redeemer's hand. If you have hold, it is in a time of temptation that you will increase the intensity of your grasp. Accordingly you find, as a general rule, that those Christians who have passed through a great fight of afflictions are stronger in the faith than others who have always sailed on a smooth sea.

4. The ship that is anchored is sensitive to every change of wind or tide, and *ever turns sharply round to meet and resist the stream*, from what direction soever it may flow. A ship is safest with her head to the sea and the tempest. In great storms the safety of all often depends on the skill with which the sailors can keep her head to the rolling breakers. Life and death have sometimes hung for a day and a night in the balance, whether the weary steersman could keep her head to the storm until the storm should cease. Even a single wave allowed to strike her on the broadside might send all to the bottom. But to keep the ship in the attitude of safety, there is no effort and no art equal to the anchor. As soon as the anchor feels the ground, the vessel that had been drifting broadside, is brought up, and

turns to the waves a sharp prow that cleaves them in two and sends them harmless along the sides.

Watch from a height any group of ships that may be lying in an open roadstead. At night when you retire they all point westward; in the morning, they are all looking to the east. Each ship has infallibly felt the first veering of the wind or water, and instantly veered in the requisite direction, so that neither wind nor wave has ever been able to strike her on the broadside. Thereby hangs the safety of the ship.

Ships not at anchor do not turn and face the foe. The ship that is left loose will be caught by a gust on her side, and easily thrown over.

As with ships so with souls: those that are anchored feel sensitively the direction and strength of the temptation, and instantly turn to meet and to overcome it; whereas those that are not anchored are suddenly overcome, and their iniquities, like the winds, carry them away. "We are saved by hope;"—saved not only from being outcast in the end, but from yielding to temptation now.

It is a vain imagination that rises in ignorant minds against the gospel of Christ, that when a sinner gets a glad hope in Christ's mercy, he will not be careful to obey Christ's law. It is an old objection, and perhaps it is human and natural; but it is not real—it is not true. As certainly as the anchored ship feels every gust and every current, and turns sharply round to face and fight it; so certainly a soul that has hope in Christ has a quick and sure instinct to detect influences and companionships and customs that dishonour the Lord and ensnare his people. And as the hopeful soul surely detects the danger, it also, in virtue of its hold and hope, turns round to meet, to resist, and to make the devil flee.

I suppose no youth, since Pharaoh reigned in Egypt, has been exposed to a greater strain of temptation than that which Joseph overcame in Potiphar's house. But it was hope that saved

him, as the anchor saves the ship. If he had not been at peace with God, he would have been like a ship caught on the broadside by a hurricane. It was the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast within the veil before the blast began, that enabled him to overcome it: "How can I do this great evil, *and sin against God?*"

5. When the ship is anchored, and the sea is running high, there is great commotion at her bows. The waves in rapid succession come on and strike. When they strike they are broken, and leap, white and angry, high up on the vessel's sides. This tumult is by no means agreeable in itself; but the mariner on board would not like to want it, for it is the sign of safety. If, while wind and waves continue to rage, he should observe that this commotion had suddenly ceased, he would not rejoice. He would look eagerly over the bulwarks, and seeing the water blue on her bows, instead of the hissing, roaring spray, he would utter a scream of terror. The smoothness at her bows indicates to him that her anchor is dragging. The ship is drifting with wind and water to the shore.

Such, too, is the experience of a soul. Brother, you hope in Christ. Do not be surprised that the currents of fashion rub sometimes rudely against you. It is explained by a text in the Bible: "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." If you are fixed, a great flood is rushing by, and it must needs cause a commotion round you. An impetuous tide of worldliness will dash disagreeably against you from time to time. Do not be too anxious to make all smooth. Peace may be bought too dear. When the mighty stream of vanity on which you float produces no ruffling at the point of contact,—when it is not disagreeable to you, and you not disagreeable to it,—suspect that your anchor is dragging, that it has lost its hold, and that you are drifting into danger.

Cast in the anchor while the sea is calm: you will need it to lean on when the last strain comes on!



THE WILLINGNESS, BEAUTY, AND NUMBER OF CHRIST'S PEOPLE.*

[This goodly volume, with the information contained in the preface, constitutes a phenomenon well worthy the study of the present generation. Here is a minister of the gospel who exercised his ministry in one congregation in one city (Aberdeen) for a period of thirty-four years, and was seldom absent from his own sphere. By the concurrent testimony of all his contemporaries, he exercised a great influence on the minds and consciences of the community throughout a whole generation, by the clearness and force of his expositions, combined with the strength and fervour of his own faith. After his death, more than eighteen hundred discourses were found in his repositories, exactly and fully written out. In that fact our readers resident in the South may find the key to the power and influence exerted by the pulpit in Scotland. A vast amount of thought and labour is expended in preparation for the public ministry of the Word. As a rule, the expositions are fresh, and moulded on the conceptions of the present day. There is a public opinion in Scotland strong enough to silence and exile any preacher who should be convicted of appearing before the congregation in borrowed plumes. This national sentiment has exercised an eminently healthy influence both on the intellect and the religion of the people.]

This volume presents a specimen from the mass of Dr. Davidson's ministry. It constitutes a valuable contribution to the religious literature of our generation. The matter of the discourses is fitted to satisfy the desires of a thirsty soul, and the manner is such as not to offend the most cultured taste. There is no phosphorescent eloquence, and no exaggeration. Dr. Davidson's style is plain, clear, simple, and earnest; he depends for effect on the grandeur and truth of his theme, not on artificial ornaments of language.]

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth."—Ps. cx. 3.

EVERY one must feel that these are beautiful words; but there is a certain vagueness about them, which we must make it our first object to remove. The verse, then, consists of two clauses. The first could not be more appropriately rendered than it is here: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness." *There*, however, there should be a pause. The following part of the verse contains another statement, respecting the number of those who are to be made willing in the day of power; and it should run thus: "The dew of thy youth shall be as the dew from the womb of the morning;" i.e., thy youths, who shall flock to thy standard to follow thee, shall be numerous as the drops of the dew in the morning. The text, then, may be read thus: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness: thy young men shall be numerous as the dew-drops from the womb of the morning." And from these words, as thus interpreted, I would address you on the present occasion.

The psalm celebrates the glory of Christ as Priest and King of his Church; a combination of offices which we find elsewhere alluded to in the Scripture. Thus Zechariah says: "Behold the man whose name is the Branch: even he shall build the temple of the Lord; and he shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon his throne; and he shall be a priest upon his throne: and the counsel of peace shall be between them both." It is the triumphs of this exalted personage, who, like Melchizedek, at once swayed the sceptre and ministered at the altar, that the inspired writer in this song of Zion predicts as if

he had witnessed them. And, brethren, it is worth while to remark, even though it does lead us somewhat from the subject more immediately before us, that it is not without reason that the office of Christ as a Priest is here placed in immediate connection with his glory as a King, and with the conquests which as a King he wins. He was raised to the mediatorial throne through and in consequence of his ministry, if we may so speak, at the altar: "Because he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, therefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow." Christ's right to reign as King over the holy hill of Zion, that is, over the Church, was acquired by his giving of himself a sacrifice that he might purchase that Church with his own blood. And if he had not sustained the character and performed the duties of our Priest, even when he himself was both the offerer and the victim, he would not have borne the title by which his people delight to hail him—that of their Lord and Sovereign. "He poured out his soul unto death; he was numbered with transgressors; he bare the sin of many; and therefore there was divided to him a portion with the great, and a spoil with the strong." "For the suffering of death he was crowned with glory and honour." Now let me observe here, that this account which the Scripture gives us of Christ's office of a King, as founded upon and exercised in right of his having first discharged the office of a Priest, and given himself a sacrifice for sin, is in its practical bearings of the first importance. The Lord Jesus reigns, and as our rightful Sovereign demands our homage. The very place which he occupies, as having all power in heaven and in earth committed to him, invests him with a title to make this demand, and renders us guilty of rebellion if we refuse to comply

* From "Lectures and Sermons." By the late Alexander Dyce Davidson, D.D., Minister of the Free West Church, Aberdeen. Edited by one of his Executors. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

with it. But it is not as armed with a right which he has *power* to enforce, that our King advances his claim. Such an argument, though it might be employed, *he* does not employ. A successful usurper might point to the blood through which he has waded to the throne,—an awful demonstration of what he will do to secure his possession of it,—as the most forcible method of overcoming any opposition that may be likely to rise up against his authority. But this is not Christ's method of gaining the homage of his subjects. He does indeed point to blood as marking out the path by which he has risen to the glory he now possesses; but it is not the blood of enemies whom he has slaughtered in his wrath, but his own precious blood, shed for the remission of the sins of many, that forms the ground of that argument whereby he seeks to secure the homage of his subjects. He suffered for us that he might acquire the right to reign over us; not to tyrannize and make us miserable slaves, but to set us free from the thralldom of sin and death. And, my brethren, who is prepared to resist the force of such an argument, and to reject the claims of Christ to the homage of his heart, when he beholds him thus bearing the wounds which he received in achieving his own sovereignty and our freedom? Look at the blessed Jesus, from no impulse but that of love, submitting to all indignities and tortures for his people's sake, and say if he who suffered so much as the Priest of the Church has not a title to reign as her King?

But now, to come nearer to the subject which is to occupy our meditations, I may notice first of all generally, that, in the psalm from which the text is taken, Christ's kingly authority is presented to us under two different aspects. There are two classes of people spoken of as placed under his control,—those, namely, who are hostile to him, the wicked who say, "We will not have this man to reign over us; let us break his bands asunder, and cast away his cords from us;"—and those who are described as his true and faithful subjects. It is with reference to the first of these classes that it is said at the beginning of the psalm, "Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool;" and at the fifth and sixth verses, "The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath. He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries." And it is the second class, Christ's faithful subjects, that are referred to in the text: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness." The same distinction between two classes is observed in the second psalm, which also treats of Christ's kingly office. There are some there spoken of with respect to whom it is declared that he will break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel; and others who are pronounced blessed, as putting their trust in him. Let this be pondered seriously, for it is overlooked by many. Many people, looking to the statements which are given with regard

to the mild and peaceful administration of the Messiah, and to the glory of his kingdom, as consisting in the diffusion of universal love and goodwill, and judging from the grace and kindness which pervaded his words and actions while he dwelt with men on earth,—many people feel as if there were an utter inconsistency between all this and the exercise of vengeance which is ascribed to him in such passages as those which have been quoted. But have they forgotten that there is such an expression in the Scripture as "the wrath of the Lamb"? Do they not know that, while Christ comes with the offer of mercy to all who will accept of it, he makes this the terrible alternative, that for those who will not embrace his offer there remaineth nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment? And I ask if those are not righteously doomed to perdition who will not submit to the authority of Christ, but trample under foot the blood of the covenant, and count it an unholy thing? Let none of us delude ourselves by the vain fancy that under the government of Christ punishment is unknown. He would not be a King if he had not power to crush his enemies as well as to protect and to bless his devoted and willing subjects.

In the meantime, however, we are to look at the bright side of the picture, and to contemplate, not the destiny of those who refuse to submit to the King of Zion, but the happy condition and character of those who are peculiarly his own, the purchase of his blood, the fruit of the travail of his soul. The psalmist in prophetic vision beholds Messiah going forth on his glorious expedition to bring this rebel world of ours into subjection to Jehovah, its rightful Sovereign. On the one hand he is opposed, and all his overtures of reconciliation are treated with contempt; on the other hand he is welcomed and adored. It is of those that welcome and adore that the text speaks when it says, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness; thy young men shall be numerous as the dew-drops from the womb of the morning." And now, in discoursing from these words, I would direct your attention to the following topics as suggested by them. In the first place, I would inquire what is to be understood by the description of Christ's people here given as a *willing* people. In the second place, I would advert to their decorations: they appear "in the beauties of holiness." In the third place, I would speak of their number: they are "as the dew-drops from the womb of the morning." And in the fourth place, I would request you to attend to the time and way in which they are made Christ's willing followers: it is "in the day of his power." May the Divine Spirit guide our meditations, and make them profitable to our souls.

I. In the first place, then, let us see what is meant by the expression that Christ's people are a *willing* people.

This indicates that a vast change has been made upon them; for there is no man *naturally* inclined to follow

and to obey the Saviour. Although he comes to us not with anger in his countenance, or with threatenings on his lips, but with looks of tenderness and accents of mercy ; although the offer which he holds out conveys every blessing that man needs to make him happy here and hereafter, even nothing less than the forgiveness of every sin, admission into God's family and friendship, deliverance from the bondage of iniquity and from the yoke of Satan, and the enjoyment of eternal life ; although no one can hear these blessings named without feeling that he needs them all, and few of us deny in so many words Christ's power and willingness to bestow them all ; yet, strange to say, the offer is unheeded by the majority of men, and they remain unwilling to follow Christ,—they will not come to him that they might have life. It is true, indeed, that many, through the influence of fear, or from the power of habit and early education, do render to Christ a certain amount of outward service. This accounts for the respect which is paid to ordinances by mere nominal Christians, and for the observance of the common proprieties and decencies of life in those communities where the truths of the gospel are proclaimed. But when we speak of Christ's people as a willing people, there is much more meant than that they honour the forms of religion and observe the ordinary proprieties of life. We might *all* advance a claim to be numbered among them, if these things could make it good. Let us therefore endeavour to arrive at a right understanding of this important matter. To be *willing*, then, in the sense in which the expression is used in the text, is to have the enmity of the carnal heart to Christ and to his law subdued and destroyed ; so that the person in whom this change is wrought looks up to the Saviour with all affection, rejoices in the privilege of holding intercourse with him by prayer and other means, and accounts the performance of duty not a toil, but a pleasure. When a man who is himself a stranger to the love of Christ reads of the sacrifices, the self-devotion, the labours of his people in the primitive age ; and when he sees—alas, how imperfect the image !—a reflection of the same spirit in his genuine disciples now ; when he perceives the Christian, without any worldly motive or interest, spending and being spent for Christ, devoting time, and talents, and money, to the advancement of Christ's cause ; when he beholds men whose powers of mind would have raised them to honour and affluence in their own land, leaving behind them friends and worldly prospects, and embarking their very life in the enterprise of spreading the truth of God among the victims of idolatry and debasing superstition ; when a man a stranger to the love of Christ sees or reads of such instances of heroic devotion to the Saviour, he wonders how any should be found voluntarily to make such sacrifices, and to encounter such trials. And certainly, were he, in his present state of mind, and with his present feelings, to attempt to act upon the principle of Christian devotedness, and to yield to the restrictions which Christ's law imposes both

upon the heart and the conduct, he would be of all men the most miserable. His life would be that of a slave dragged to his task, and stimulated only by the scourge. But that which makes the difference in the case of the believer is, that he loves Christ and his service also. It is not of constraint, but with a willing mind, that he renounces the pleasures which Christ's Word condemns, and enters upon the duties which it inculcates. The Holy Spirit has brought him to see and to appreciate the love of Christ for *him* ; and he now feels that he cannot do enough for Christ. And so, while he climbs the steep ascent of Christian duty, it is not with reluctance and regret, as if he were leaving in the world beneath him all that deserves to be called enjoyment. On the contrary, every step he takes he breathes more free ; every difficulty he overcomes makes him more ready for another ; the further he removes from those carnal pleasures which once engrossed him, the more intense and pure his satisfaction grows ; and the secret of the whole is, that the Spirit has made him willing. He loves his Master, and he loves his work ; and in such a case there can be no complaint, no murmuring.

Let it, however, be particularly noticed here, that the willingness which has been spoken of as characterizing the people of Christ is not to be regarded as a mere point of doctrinal theology, but as a great practical reality. Our catechism, you know, speaks of the renewing of the will as one part of the Spirit's work, and it is indeed the work upon which the salvation of the sinner turns. But what we are concerned about at present is not *the proof* of this doctrine. Many people may be satisfied with the mere knowledge of the doctrine, and may think that they are far advanced when they can describe the effects which the Spirit produces upon the heart in making a sinner willing to serve Christ, who before served only his own appetites and passions ; but it is of a practical matter we speak, of a willingness manifested in action, and not confined to the mere definition of terms. Let me illustrate it.

We read in the Gospels of a centurion who came to Jesus beseeching him to heal his servant, and grounding his plea upon this, that Christ must have the power to perform this cure as invested with God's authority ; because he himself (the centurion) was a man under authority, having soldiers under him ; and he could say to one, Go, and he went ; and to another, Come, and he came ; and to his servant, Do this, and he did it. The description which this centurion gives of his household is exactly that which may be given of the family of Christ. *He* says to one, Go, and he goeth ; and to another, Do this, and he doeth it. "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth ;" "Here am I, send me," is the language of the believer. No matter though the work be difficult ; no matter though it demand a measure of self-renunciation too severe in the estimate of a selfish and worldly-minded man ; no matter though it subject the follower of the Lord to trouble and to persecution ; Christ's work has charm enough for his people with all

its difficulties, and when *he* calls they are willing. Thus, does the Captain of salvation say to any one of them, in providence, Occupy this watch-tower under the very eye of the enemy, and look for little aid from thy companions in this warfare? The willing follower takes his place accordingly, and is satisfied to know that amid all his dangers the eye of his great Leader is upon him. Does he say to another, Go forth and contend with these enemies; they will be violent in their opposition; thou wilt have restless days and sleepless nights; nevertheless, resist them? The willing follower goes forth, and, trusting to the assistance of his Leader, does his best in the conflict. Does he say to another, Go as ambassador from me to such a place, and tell the people there what terms I offer them: the majority will despise thee, and treat thy message with scorn; yet go and proclaim it, some will listen? The willing follower at once goes forth and speaks accordingly, leaving to his Master the issue of the embassy. Does he say to another, It is for the interest of my service that thou shouldst be for some time poorly fed and meanly clothed, that thou shouldst suffer many troubles in the body, because I have certain purposes to answer by thy unselfish devotedness? The willing follower is content to submit to his Leader's word; and bread and water in Christ's service are better than all worldly comforts out of it. And once more, does he say to any one, Thy time of *active* service is not now; thou must remain for a little on the sick-bed, and be satisfied with what comforts are sent unto thee there; such is my will, inquire no further? The ready follower is contented with his Master's order, and is willing to *suffer* as well as to *act* when Christ so pleases. So wide, then, brethren, is the interpretation we put upon the words, "*a willing people*." They designate a people willing for whatever is Christ's will, because they love him and trust him. And do not suppose that we have drawn a fancy sketch in thus describing them. If that willingness of which we have been speaking is something beyond your experience, cast not away the description of it as untrue; but ask yourselves whether this may not rather be the truth, that ye are not Christ's, and therefore know not what a willing service means.

II. In the second place, let me advert to the decorations of Christ's people. They appear "in the beauties of holiness."

If we have found, in the matter of willingness, a mark by which the true follower of Christ may be distinguished from the pretended follower, this additional matter which we have now to investigate makes the test yet more plain. The vision which the psalmist had of the Messiah, and which he seems to have kept before him while he wrote this psalm, was that of a leader marshalling his forces for a great enterprise, and assigning to each the place which he was to occupy. The following out of this figure will illustrate the topic at present before us. Let us imagine to ourselves a

great army under the conduct of a commander of tried experience, encamped within sight of the enemy with whom they have to contend. Suppose the general order issued, that whenever a certain signal is given, all shall be ready to take the post marked out for them, with certain accoutrements, and in a special dress: with this plain intimation too, that these furnishings are indispensable toward the success of the expedition. Then, if when the trumpet sounds an alarm, and each man seems to hasten to his place, it should be found that this and that one had forgot or despised the order with respect to his equipment, would these who are convicted of such neglect be accounted good and faithful soldiers? Certainly not. They would, with all their apparent readiness, mar the very purpose of the enterprise. The application of these remarks to the subject before us is very obvious. It is not enough, you will perceive, that Christ's followers profess to be *ready* for their work; they must have the equipment which he requires, and that is holiness, else they are unfit for their place. But you may say, Can any one be *willing* to follow Christ, and yet be destitute of this great qualification by which his followers are distinguished? We answer, that where there is *true* willingness, there is everything else; but a man may *appear* to be willing to do many things for Christ, and yet may want the qualification by which the genuineness of his professions is to be tested. It is possible to contend for the truth, yea, to suffer for the truth, without crucifying the old man with his lusts, and putting on the new man. It is possible to act the part of an ambassador for Christ, yea, and to do it faithfully and respectably, so far as the announcing of the terms of the embassy are concerned, while at the same time personal holiness is overlooked. And there may be much appearance of contentment and resignation under poverty and on the sick-bed, and much profession of acquiescence in the will of God, without the slightest symptom of spirituality of mind beyond what these appearances indicate. And thus you will perceive that in all these cases we have the soldier, as it were, at his post, but without the great and essential equipment. It is indeed most humbling, brethren, to reflect that men may speak for Christ, and act for him, and display much zeal and devotedness in his cause, while yet they want the one thing that he especially requires, namely, holiness.

This is the peculiar and indispensable mark of his people, and that which distinguishes them as his. But how shall we describe it? What is holiness? Let us try to ascertain this. And for this purpose let us take the terms, a *virtuous* or *good* man, and a *holy* man, and endeavour to find out what is the difference between them. It will at once occur to you that there is a difference: wherein does it consist? A good or virtuous man is one who discharges with fidelity all the duties of that station in which he is placed, who cannot be found fault with either in his conduct toward his family or in his intercourse with the world at large,—

a man who may be pointed to as a pattern of excellence in all the relations which he occupies. But this is not altogether a holy man. We must feel from the very description, and from the ideas which it suggests, that there is something wanting here to constitute holiness. And what is it? I would say, in a word, that the holy man, besides having all the distinguishing qualities of the good man, is one who loathes all impurity in thought, or speech, or conduct. There is a sensitiveness about the holy man that makes him turn away from everything that can pollute, in the heart as well as in the life. To illustrate: take the person of very delicate taste, as distinguished from the person of good taste. The latter will see the excellences of any work of art, and duly appreciate them; but the former, along with this, will detect a very slight error, and feel as if it marred the whole. In other words, the holy man is one who shrinks from sin as well as delights in virtue; and holiness is the shrinking from what is sinful, as well as the practice of what is good and praiseworthy. It forms, as the text tells us, the decoration of Christ's people; it constitutes their very beauty; it marks them out as his. When they are said to be clothed with the beauties of holiness, this implies that they are not only characterized by their outward conformity to the law of God, but that they seek to have the whole frame of the heart—every thought, every feeling, every breathing of the soul—regulated by God's holy will. And oh, what struggles they have with heart-corruption; what mournings for secret sin; what prayers for deliverance from its power; what self-condemnation, when to the eye of their fellow-mortals they seem almost to be perfect! Yet they do advance. Their hatred and loathing of sin become more and more intense, their resistance to it more and more steady, their triumph over it more and more complete; until at length in spirit, in affection, and in desire, they are made meet for that place into which nothing that defileth can enter. These, then, are the people of Christ. And, brethren, if we saw things in their proper light, if we could judge of the beautiful as those glorious spirits do that have never sinned, we would feel that holiness alone is real and proper beauty. It forms the glory of God's own character—the excellence, if we may so speak, of Jehovah himself; and is not the creature made glorious indeed, when, by the grace of the Eternal Spirit, he is invested with Heaven's own beauty, and transformed into the image of his Maker? What miserable phantoms do men pursue on earth, what trifles do they toil and fight for, as contrasted with this heavenly excellence which adorns and dignifies the followers of the Lamb! Let it be ours, brethren, to pant more ardently after this highest of attainments, that we may be holy as Christ is holy, and perfect as he is perfect.

III. But now, in the third place, I would advert to what is here said respecting the number of Christ's followers. They are "as the dew-drops from the womb

of the morning." It is well, brethren, that this psalm is prophetic, else we should not know how to interpret this part of it. We glance at the history of the Church from the time of Christ downward; and alas! while we see nation after nation outwardly submitting to the gospel, and receiving the name of Christian, we are compelled to feel that the true Church in every age has been a little flock, as Christ designated the faithful few that were around him—a little flock, and a troubled flock. The small boat with the twelve, tossed at midnight upon the waves of the Sea of Galilee, is the fittest emblem of the Church of Christ throughout the whole of her eventful history. A few witnesses for the truth with devoted hearts and willing minds, in the midst of a host of cold formalists and of deadly adversaries,—what a mournful picture, and how unlike that which the psalmist beheld in vision! But it will not be always so. Heaven and earth may pass away, but God's word will not. Go forth on a morning in spring, when the first sunbeams are rolling away the morning clouds,—see how the light sparkles in the little drop which hangs upon the point of every blade. Count, if you can, those tiny mirrors which reflect in varied colours the cheering ray, and make the green earth for a moment one vast sea of light! While you are lost in wonder at this display of nature's loveliness; while you are admiring the freshness of the scene, and are drinking in health and pure enjoyment from it, the psalmist takes you by the hand, as it were, and pointing to these shining dew-drops, beautiful and countless, says, Such for number, and for fairness, will Christ's people be, when the day of his power cometh. At present you see but as through a glass, darkly. Oh, brethren, that will be a glorious time for the Church, when the prediction is fulfilled—when she embraces the whole earth within her bosom, and when for one willing and holy servant Christ shall have thousands! When the Lord gives the word, and great is the company of them that publish it; and when the Spirit gives to that word, as he did on the day of Pentecost, power to wound, and yet to heal—to kill, and yet to make alive; that will be the time when the faithful may hold up their heads, for there shall be nothing to hurt or to destroy in all God's holy mountain. Surely this is a time worth waiting for—worth praying for! But the language of the text is applicable to another time yet more eventful, and for the people of Christ more glorious. This psalm describes Messiah's triumphs over all his enemies. These shall not be completed until the morning of the resurrection. He must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet; and the last enemy that shall be subdued is death. Then it will be that this beautiful prophecy shall have its full accomplishment. The barriers of the tomb will then be burst; the tenants of the dark sepulchre will come forth; the corrupt shall put on incorruption. John saw the bright assemblage more clearly than the psalmist, and he thus describes it: "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all

nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." This is the realization of the psalmist's vision; these are the willing people in the beauties of holiness, numerous as the dew-drops from the womb of the morning. They were a few, and often a persecuted few, on earth; but now, when gathered together, who can number them? These are the trophies of Messiah's power; these the purchase of his blood. My brethren, would ye have your place among them? Then you must take it now. They came out of great tribulation; they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Ye must wash too in that fountain; and, like them, ye must follow Christ, and wear his livery, which is holiness, if ye would be partakers of their blessedness. There is another assemblage, let me beseech you to remember, that will be gathered before Messiah on the morning of the resurrection,—the transgressors of the law of nature,—the trampleers on his precious blood,—the despisers of the Spirit,—the men that said, "We will not have this man to reign over us." These will be dragged out of the dark grave, and brought, all unsightly as they are, into the light of judgment. Would you be partners with them in their lot? If not, then *now* come forth from them, and be separate; take Christ as your leader; go after him bearing the cross, crucified to the world, and having the world crucified to you. *That* is the path which leads to glory, honour, and immortality.

IV. But, in the fourth place, we must consider for a moment what is here said of the way and time in which sinners are made Christ's willing followers. It is "in the day of his power."

1. As to the *way* of it;—not by the power or eloquence of man, but by the Spirit of the Lord, are the rebels subdued, and the unholy sanctified. The grace of the Spirit is called the rod of Christ's power, because Christ sends the Spirit; and thus, wherever the Spirit works, Christ may be said to work, or his power to be exerted. Now how does he put forth his power? What method does he employ to make his people willing? We would say, in answer to this question, *He administers his government not so much by terror as by love*. There are, indeed, terrible things written in the Book of God against the workers of iniquity; things so terrible, that when they are brought home to the conscience by the Spirit, they make the stoutest-hearted man to tremble. Yet, brethren, we do not regard this as what may be called the peculiar display of Christ's power, because it does not of itself subdue the sinner to his authority. The man trembling under the lash of conscience, yea, driven almost to despair, is still as far from being Christ's willing follower as he ever was. It is in the infinitude of his love that Christ's power lies to draw sinners from Satan's kingdom into his own. The Spirit displays to the self-condemned soul the riches of the Saviour's grace; convinces it thus

that God in Christ is a Being full of tenderness toward his creatures, not willing that any should perish, but that all should turn to him and live. And when the soul feels *all* this, the work of subjugation is completed, the rebel is changed into a child. Therefore it is, brethren, that we delight rather to speak of the love of Christ than to urge the terrors of the law. And at this time, in his name, and by his authority, we come to you, asking if ye will have salvation. Look to him by whom it is dispensed. He wears your nature; he assumed it that he might be qualified to save the lost. His body has evidently been tortured by hostile hands, for it bears the marks of torture. These wounds were endured for sinners. He now reigns, but it is that he may gather together into one, protect and raise to glory, the people given to him by the Father. Can ye reject this precious Christ? Can ye despise this wondrous love? Nay, brethren, come and let us together hail Jesus as our King and Leader, and offer him this day the homage of willing hearts; let us join in the adoration of the once faithless but *then* believing disciple who exclaimed, looking to the Saviour's wounds, "My Lord, and my God."

2. But again, as to the *time* at which Christ makes his people willing;—it is "*the day* of his power." People are sometimes found to speculate thus when the gospel is faithfully and forcibly preached: "Who can withstand these arguments and these appeals? Surely, if sinners are ever to be moved, these truths will move them." And yet often does it happen that the most powerful arguments and the most urgent appeals fall pointless upon the hearers, just because it is not the day of Christ's power. The sovereignty of the Lord Jesus, indeed, is peculiarly discernible in the whole process of turning sinners to himself, and in all the circumstances therewith connected. When Peter preached after the effusion of the Spirit, *that was a day* of power; three thousand were converted. Paul preached at Athens, more eloquently, a critic would say, and yet very few were savingly affected by his preaching; that was not a day of power. And when we look at the progress of the truth at the present time, we find no little difficulty in accounting for the effects which are produced in one case, and not in another. Christ, indeed, has always the same power; but there are *special* seasons for the *special* exercise of it. I cannot, however, in the meantime enter upon the consideration of this subject, although it might be interesting to trace the connection between the faithful prayers and watchings of his people on the one hand, and the exhibition of *his* power to save upon the other. All that we know with certainty is, that when the day of his power comes, the mountains of difficulty melt like wax at the presence of the Lord. In the case of individuals, the day of power comes under every possible diversity of circumstances. Sometimes it comes to those who are just entering upon busy life; and then a man will perhaps be drawn from the course of pursuit which his friends

have marked out for him, and will devote himself to the preaching of the gospel, instead of taking the way to wealth and to eminence. The day of power sometimes overtakes those who have been trained to act a part in the busy haunts of pleasure and of vanity, and then farewell to all the fond anticipations of worldly friends: the soul they would have imprisoned, finds its liberty and its enjoyment in Christ. The day of power is sometimes at the close of life, when a thousand prayers, that formerly seemed lost, find their answer as it were in a moment, and the sinner at the eleventh hour is plucked as a brand from the burning. The day of power is sometimes, as it is called in the Scripture, the dark and cloudy day, when Christ makes his grace known and proved in the midst of much tribulation and distress, and is embraced as a covert from the storm and a hiding-place from the tempest. But I would say here, that Christ's day of power is not yet come in the sense in which the psalmist speaks of it. There was something *like* it on the day of Pentecost, and something like it at the era of the Reformation, when converts might be numbered by thousands. There have been here and there throughout the world, even in our own times, some faint glimmerings of light, as if the morning of that day were to dawn. But it has not come yet; and it will not fully come, except in connection with the gathering in and the restoring of Israel. Christ has shown us what he can do by the most unlikely means, in the Pentecostal work, and at the Reformation also. He revives his people's hearts

by the evidences of his converting power from time to time in the case of individuals. But all these things are as the few ripe ears of corn where all else is green, compared with the work which shall be wrought hereafter, when nations shall be born in a day, and all shall be blessed in Christ, and shall call him blessed.

V. In conclusion, I would request you to observe how all these things redound to the glory of Christ.

I can only advert in one or two sentences to this topic. Is it the glory of a monarch to reign over subjects that delight in his authority, and will do anything to please him? Christ has that glory. His people are *willing*. Is it the glory of a monarch to behold his subjects made happy by him? Christ has that glory. Is it the glory of a monarch to have his name in the mouths and in the hearts of his subjects? That glory is Christ's *also*. The willing people, the people in the beauties of holiness, the people numerous as the dew-drops, are of Christ's own making. He has all the glory of them. Let us, brethren, give him the glory. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Can you say Amen to that? Ah, brethren, if we are not willing to glorify Christ now, where is our hope for eternity? The members of the Church above all glorify him: this day will ye join with them? We must stir ourselves up to higher efforts in Christ's service. Amen.

WANTED—MORE SERPENT.



THAT minister made a mistake who commented on the words of Christ, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." "Brethren," said he, "obey this injunction; only mingle the ingredients in the right proportion—an ounce of serpent and a pound of dove." We need a hundred pounds of each;—the *dove*, to serve Christ *lovingly*; the *serpent*, to serve Christ *wisely*.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart."

It is not always wise to talk with all we meet on the subject of religion—sometimes it is an impertinence.

The worst bore I ever knew was one of the best Christians. He was in *dead earnest*. The only trouble was, he had not learned Bible tactics. He would button-hole you right in the middle of Chestnut Street in Philadelphia, the crowd tumbling against you, and would "put you through" for half an hour. How much time I have wasted dodging round the corners lest he should collar me! We *both loved* the glorious theme; but if a man is on his way to the dentist's, with his tooth jumping as if for a prize, he does not want to stop, even to talk about Heaven. This blessed brother had any amount of *dove*, but he lacked *serpent*.

One young man entered a stage in New York. He was burning up with zeal for his Master. An old gentleman sat in the corner reading a Bible. "There," thought young Timothy, "is a chance to scatter seed." The old gentleman alighted—he likewise. The old gentleman walked down Broadway—he likewise. Soon he came up with the old gentleman, and with dignified solicitude exclaimed, like Philip to the eunuch, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" But, unlike the eunuch, the old gentleman understood it all; and looking down upon his questioner with a fatherly smile he answered, as he patted him upon the shoulder, "Young man, I have been preaching this gospel for over thirty years;—but you meant well, my young friend, you meant well." One minute from that time

"The boy, ah, where was he?"

Certainly not anywhere in the vicinity of the old gentleman. Christ always remembered the adage of the wise Solomon, "There is a *time* for every purpose." For thirty years he lived in the sequestered little village of Nazareth, waiting for the fit season to arrive. When that season came, he performed his work boldly and well; but not till then. Earnestness is a wild horse unless

Wisdom holds the check-rein, and *Christian* earnestness by itself is the worst of all.

Let a man go to work *conscientiously* to smash a church, and he will do it. The story of many a divided interest would be, if it were written, that one man was

determined the church should do what he conscientiously *knew* was right, and the other two hundred and ninety-nine were so mulishly obstinate as not to agree with him. *Fervour with wisdom* is zeal ; *without it, fanaticism* ; cultivate the dove, but don't forget the serpent.

Rev. GEORGE THOMAS DOWLING, Providence, R. I.

FRAGMENTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

I.—THE HIDDEN WISDOM OF GOD.



HE mind of a pious workman named Thierny was much occupied with the ways of God, which appeared to him full of inscrutable mysteries. The two questions, "How?" and "Why?" were constantly in his thoughts,—whether he considered his own life, or the dispensations of Providence in the government of the world.

One day, in visiting a ribbon manufactory, his attention was attracted by an extraordinary piece of machinery. Countless wheels and thousands of threads were twirling in all directions : he could understand nothing of its movements.

He was informed, however, that all this motion was connected with the centre, where there was a chest which was kept shut. Anxious to understand the principle of the machine, he asked permission to see the interior.

"The master has the key," was the reply.

The words were like a flash of light. Here was the answer to all his perplexing thoughts. Yes; the Master has the key. He governs and directs all. It is enough. What need I know more? "He hath also established them for ever and ever : he hath made a decree which shall not pass" (Ps. cxlviii. 6).

II.—THE TWO CROWNS.

A French officer, a Romanist, was for some months a prisoner in England. During this time he was led to

think seriously of his eternal interests, and ended by embracing the Protestant faith.

His friends rallied him on his conversion and on the seriousness of his life.

"Why," said he, "I have done no more than my old friend Bernadotte, who has become a Lutheran."

"Very true," said they ; "but that was for the sake of a crown."

"That is exactly my case!" replied the officer ; "we only differ as to place. Bernadotte did it to obtain a crown in Sweden, and I to obtain a crown in Heaven."

III.—GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD.

SOME time ago, an examination was held in a school for the deaf and dumb.

One of the poor children was asked in writing, "Who made the world?"

He took the pencil and wrote this reply :—

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Then he was asked, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?"

A smile of gratitude lighted up his face as he wrote : "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

At last the examiner put to him this question :—"Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?"

He took up the pencil again, and, with a beautiful expression of resignation and peace, wrote these words : "Even so, Father ; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

The Children's Treasury.

OLD ELI: A STORY OF ALSATIAN COMMON LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

HARD TIMES.

"The famine waxed sore in the land."—GEN. xii. 56.



YEAR has passed since the close of our last chapter. The autumn wind sweeps over the yellow stubble fields, and shakes the dry leaves from the trees. Alas! this year again the Lord had withheld his blessing from the fruits of the earth; and in the dwellings of the poor,

many a father and mother looked forward to the coming winter with heavy hearts and anxious minds.

One Sunday afternoon Anton Lindfelder was sitting on the round bench under the old apple tree in front of his cottage, his careworn head supported by his hand, his eyes fixed darkly on the ground. The sun shone

brightly from the rosy autumn sky, as if to bid a friendly farewell to the poor, trembling children of men, and remind them of the God who is from everlasting their Father and Redeemer. Mrs. Lindfelder had stood silently beside her husband for some time, looking sympathizingly at him. Now she laid her hand on his shoulder, and said gently, "Anton, you must not always look down so sadly; look up to heaven, from whence our help cometh."

"Finy!" called at this moment a young strong voice from the top of the old tree,—"*Finy*, hold out your apron; I have found three—four—no, still more apples!"

Even Anton Lindfelder involuntarily looked up with the rest; and little Lena, who had learned to walk now, toddled about, clapping her hands and calling again and again, "*Apples! oh, apples!*"

Josephine did as she was told. The two boys, who had just returned from the Sunday school, came running up, and Tony, the eldest son, threw the yellow apples with their red cheeks carefully, one by one, into Josephine's apron.

"O auntie, look; how wonderful!" said the girl softly to Mrs. Lindfelder; "there are seven apples—exactly one for each of us!"

Mrs. Lindfelder smiled and went into the house to fetch bread for the children. Meanwhile Tony had swung himself down from the tree, tossed little Lena up in the air, and called merrily to her, "Now that I have fetched you apples, you must give me a kiss for them."

Josephine divided the apples; the largest for father and mother; then Lena, the boys, and Tony. For herself she kept a little shrivelled one.

"Poor Finy, you can't eat that one; come here, I will give you half of mine," cried Tony; and taking a knife from his pocket, he divided his apple and handed her the half.

"Father, won't you have a bit of bread too?" asked Mrs. Lindfelder cheerfully. "I can't give you wine now; but see what beautiful apples the Lord has sent us for our Sunday supper."

"Seven apples, Salome! Last winter we had more than seven great baskets full, and now the poor children will have none all winter," replied the man with a deep sigh.

"Dresy does not want any bread, and he won't eat his apple," exclaimed Hammy, who had finished his own apple, and would have had no objections to appropriate that of his brother.

"Are you sick, Dresy?" asked the mother.

"No; but I'm not hungry," replied the boy in a voice choked with tears.

"Dresy, what ails you? what is the matter, my child?"

Instead of answering, Dresy fled to Josephine, hid his face in her dress, and began to sob loudly.

"I'll tell you, mother, what's the matter with him," began Hammy in a low tone: "he's been crying all the time in the Sunday school, and he wouldn't tell why, but I know."

"Well, what is it?"

"He thinks we can't go to the school this winter, but must both go and work in the factory. Father was speaking about it this morning, and he heard him."

"And that has troubled you so, my poor boy?" said the mother, gently lifting his head.

Dresy nodded and continued crying bitterly. An expression of pain passed over the father's face; he grew pale, pressed his hand to his eyes, and went quickly into the house. The mother left her weeping boy and hurried after him.

Josephine had grown pale too: large tears stood in her clear blue eyes, and she asked tremblingly, "Ah, Tony, what is troubling my uncle so? And why must the poor boys go to the factory? Uncle was always so against it."

Tony bit his lips and was evidently struggling with painful emotions, but he answered as calmly as possible, "In a week the mortgage on our house falls due. My father must meet it, and he has no money; and our income is not enough to keep us now. Two—he and I—must work for seven; and in this dear time it is impossible."

"You have forgotten me, Tony. I have served my time now, and can dress and iron with any one. Mrs. Stehwart has promised to get me customers for the winter. I will do my best to please; so that they will be glad to have me back again. And if I earn a shilling every day and bring it home, don't you think, Tony, that that would be help enough, even in these hard times? and the boys could stay at school."

"But you haven't got the customers and the shillings yet, my poor Finy. It may be many weeks before you do; and meanwhile we will have to sell our house, and rent some dark little hole in the town, and send the boys to the factory."

"Sell our house, our dear house, and go into the town!" cried Josephine in dismay.

Dresy cast a despairing look on his brother; and Hammy asked quietly, "And the apple tree too?"

"I would rather jump into the water than go to the factory," mourned Dresy.

"Well," said Hammy, "plenty other boys go, and they don't die of it. If I don't go to school any more, I'll have no lessons to learn, and no exercises to write. But, Tony, I'd rather be a carpenter, like you, than work in the factory."

"Oh, look—look—how many birds!" cried Lena joyfully, pointing with her little hands at a flock of snow-geese which flew rustling over their heads.

Hammy called, at the top of his voice, "Stork, stork, your house is burning!"

"Stork yourself, you stupid boy," said Dresy; "the storks come in spring, and not in autumn. These are snow-geese, and are a sign of a cold winter."

"And where are they flying to?"

"To America, Hammy," answered Dresy knowingly, and seemed to forget his trouble in the opportunity of showing off his learning.

"To America! then they must fly over the sea?"

"Of course, or else they couldn't get there; for it is on the other side of the sun."

"But, Dresy, how can they fly so long without stopping? Schoolmaster's Eddie told me that when people go to America, they must sail many, many weeks on the sea before they get there. It's not true, Dresy; the geese can't fly over the sea."

But Dresy had an answer ready. "You stupid, the geese can swim; and when they are tired of flying, they let themselves down on the water to rest."

"And it would seem that they like to travel in large companies, for look, there comes a flock larger even than the first one," said Tony, watching their swift flight with glancing eyes. "Ah, Finy," he continued after a pause, "I wish I could fly away with the snow-geese!"

"You, Tony! where would you go?"

"Away from here, over land and sea, Finy, to the great, free America, where the poor man is a man still; where no one wants bread who has strong limbs and a will to work."

This frightened Josephine even more than the prospect of selling the house, and she said reproachfully, "But, Tony, it would not be right of you to forsake your parents and the children now in these hard times."

Tony laid his hand, brown and hard with work, on her arm, and said in a soft voice, "Stupid Finy, I am like the snow-geese, and would not wish to travel alone, but with you, Finy,—with you, and the father and mother, and the children. I would like to go and fly to America with you all, to build you a house in the beautiful green forest with the trees that my own axe had cut down—a house with no mortgage on it. I would care for you and work for you in the free country, where honest labour has its fair reward. Oh, you would all be happy there!"

"Tony, when you build the house I'll be the mason; I know how mortar is made," said Hammy, who had listened with eyes and mouth wide open.

"And Finy must cook," cried Dresy; "she bakes such delightful cakes."

Josephine's cheeks glowed, she did not well know why. She took little Lena in her arms, and said, "But what will we do with you, poor Dresy? for in the backwoods of America we will have no use for a professor."

"Swiss Anna always says *Brefessor*," put in Hammy.

"That reminds me that I must go and ask for old Eli, who has been ill. I promised aunt that I would go this evening; but this talk has put it out of my head."

"Don't go just now, Finy," said Tony; "it is late already, and there is a heavy mist; it would be quite dark before you got into the town. The boys and I will go with you by-and-by, and wait in the street for you. But first we will give the children a treat, and light a harvest fire."

"A harvest fire! what are you thinking of, Tony, when wood and everything else is so dear?"

"Don't be afraid, Finy; we will not use a bit of firewood: I have saved up the potato shaws and dried them; they will make a splendid fire, and the ashes are good for manure; and I have brought a few pine branches from the forest to help. So come along, boys; we will soon kindle a fire that shall make the mist fly."

"And roast potatoes in it!" cried the boys joyfully.

"No," said Josephine, "I'm afraid you can't do that. The potatoes are so dear; and aunt has so few, we must not ask for any."

"But why did God let so little corn grow this year again, and so few potatoes, and no fruit at all?"

"To teach us to pray, and to thank him for what he gives us, Hammy," said Josephine earnestly. "Tell me, when you get up in the morning and expect your coffee and bread, or when you come in hungry to your dinner, do you remember always that the good God gives us all we have to eat? and do you pray to him, 'Give us this day our daily bread'?"

The boys shook their heads.

"Or when mother has cooked you something nice, and you have eaten and enjoyed it, do you thank your heavenly Father for it?"

The boys shook their heads again.

"Far from being thankful, have you not often grumbled and been discontented? 'Boiled potatoes again!' or, 'Nothing but roasted apples!' And we have all been alike: we have not prayed for our daily bread, nor given thanks for the food which the Lord sent us in plenty; and therefore (as the pastor said at the harvest-feast) God has sent the blight and the famine to teach us to pray and to give thanks even for little; for if that little had not grown, we must all have starved—the rich and the poor together."

"It has caught at last!" cried Tony, wiping his eyes, which were watering with the smoke. The boys shouted for joy, and seizing long sticks, poked and stirred the fire to their hearts' content. Tony watched that they did not get into danger; and whenever the fire seemed like to go out, he threw fresh pine branches and fir-cones on it. Then when it burned up bright again, there was a fresh burst of delight. The boys shouted, Tony and Josephine laughed, and little Lena clapped her hands, and blew at "the pretty fire," with her little mouth screwed up so funnily, that the others laughed till they were tired. Tony was everywhere; now helping Josephine to hold Lena back, now warning the boys, now catching Josephine's skirt, and calling to her, "Take care, Finy, or you'll vanish in fire and smoke yourself!"

Happy times of childhood and youth! Over the snow-geese, America, and the harvest-fire, they had forgotten all their sorrow and the hard winter with all its cares and anxieties.

Not so the poor father inside, with his heavy, care-worn heart. He had worked hard and honestly all his life, and it had been of no use. Now, in his old age, he must suffer want with his wife and children; must

be driven out of the cottage in which he was born and had lived all his life, and which seemed to have become part of his being. With hasty steps he paced up and down in the clean, tidy room; and when his wife entered, he broke out in bitter complaints and curses on his hard, undeserved fate. "He had not expected anything unreasonable; he only wished to live honestly and bring up his children well; and now he must send the poor boys to that soul-destroying factory; must leave his house, and starve with his children; while the rich, even in the hard times, have plenty of everything; and in the midst of their feasting trouble their heads little about the poor men who toil and work for them. No, wife!" he exclaimed, getting more and more excited, and striking the table with his fist, "don't tell me again that there is a just God in heaven; for if there were, there would be more justice and equality on earth!"

Mrs. Lindfelder took the clenched hand gently between both her own, and said beseechingly, "Husband, husband! sin not against God. Do you remember when our Salome died, and you were raging just like this, your good old father sat in the arm-chair there; and I think I hear him still calling to you, 'Antony, Antony! do not quarrel with God in heaven!'"

"And why did the poor child die? why but because we were too poor to give her proper nourishment! The rich people feed up their children with sugar and cake, and travel about the whole world with them for their health, when we can't get a drop of wine or a morsel of meat to keep our little one alive. O wife, it was not well to remind me of that just now!"

"True, Antony; I too sinned then. For when the doctor said to me I must give Salome roast beef and Bordeaux wine, and baths with four pounds of salt, I answered him bitterly, 'He surely did not know what poverty was, when he ordered such a cure for my sick child.' And then when Salome grew thinner and thinner, and suffered so much, I was always thinking, if we were rich our child need not die. But afterwards, when my three children died so soon after their birth, I repented, and humbled myself under the hand of God, and acknowledged that the death of these three little ones was the just punishment of my murmuring. And then when Dresy, Hammy, and our little Lena thrived so beautifully, grew like flax, and bloomed like roses, then, Antony, I saw to my shame that God could make the children strong and healthy without roast beef or Bordeaux wine, when it is his will."

"You will not long rejoice in their good health, mother. When the house is sold, and we must live in a damp, unhealthy hole in the town, and the poor boys are shut up all day long in the factory! I would willingly suffer want and hunger myself, mother; but the children—poor Dresy, who might have come to something (the schoolmaster was telling me so yesterday again), to take him from the school, that breaks my heart!"

"It would not be of much use either, father; all the boys would earn would not help us much."

"But do you know of any better way to help?"

"Yes, Antony. I will go back to the factory myself."

"You, Salome!" cried Antony, looking at his wife with tears in his eyes.

"And why not? You know I used to be a capital hand at the printing; and if I have got out of practice by this time, diligence and good-will will soon make up for it. You go to-morrow and ask Mr. Staubig to give me a table, and you will see that I will earn two or three times as much as both the boys!"

"But at your age, and with your weak health, am I to let you go to the factory and stand all day over the printing-table? No, wife, that will not do! And, besides, you have as much as you can do with the housework and the children; and if you went to the factory, everything in the house would go to sixes and sevens, and little Lena would be neglected. No, no, Salome; you must not think of it."

"Come, Antony, sit down here in your father's chair—so; now give me your hand, that I may hold you fast, that you cannot run away from me. This morning I was as bad as you; my heart was very heavy; I could see no help and no end to our trials. Then I went to church, and on the way I met Swiss Anna. She and poor lame Eli are much poorer and worse off than we are."

"They must both go to the poorhouse; there is no other way of it. I said so long ago."

"But they won't take them in, because they do not belong to the country.—Well, as I said, I went to church with Swiss Anna; and the pastor 'preached to us,' as Anna said. Even the opening hymn, 'He who doth glad submission render, and hopes in God from day to day,' went to my heart, and it grew lighter during the singing. And then the beautiful text, 'Casting your care upon Him, for He careth for you:'—now don't be impatient, Antony, I am not going to repeat the whole sermon to you; but it was very beautiful, and Anna and I both wept over it."

"And what good did the fine sermon do you? Did it make you richer?"

"Not in gold and silver, Antony, but in faith, and in the knowledge that *God loves us*; and that is the highest riches."

"We must live for all that, wife."

"To be sure; and we must not lay our hands in our lap, but must work hard, and do our part. And what I was going to tell you, Antony: after church I went to good old Mr. Reymann, and told him of our necessity; and it was he who advised me to leave the boys at school and rather go to the factory myself. Yes, and about our house, he said it was not sold yet; we should keep up our courage, and, with the help of God and of good men, we might stay in it yet."

"Good men are rare, Salome, especially in hard times. Did you tell Mr. Reymann that we failed to pay the interest last year; so that, besides the capital, there is now two years' interest due?"

"Yes; and I told him, too, how good the doctor's widow was to us when we could not pay the money when it fell due; but now that she is dead, the heirs will have the money, and if we cannot pay it, our house must be sold.—But hear what a noise the boys are making outside, and it is Sunday evening!"

"Let the poor fellows laugh and enjoy themselves while they can; they will soon be shut up between four dark walls.—But what did Mr. Reymann say to you?"

"Well, as I told you, he said we must not despair; he would think the matter over, and I was to come along again to-morrow.—But I must go out to the children; the noise grows worse and worse!"

"And the hundred francs for Finy's apprentice fee, we still owe that too, mother."

"Hush, father; don't let poor Finy hear that. The dear child is so pleased at the thought that she can now earn something, and help us in these hard times. And when I tell her that she must work another year for Mrs. Stehward, to work off the fee, there will be bitter tears and sore disappointment.—But the children must be out of their senses, for I hear Finy and Tony's voices too; they should have more sense, and not let the boys make such a disturbance on the Sabbath evening." So saying, Mrs. Lindfelder went into the little bedroom and opened the window. But when she saw the blazing fire, and the happy children round it, she was glad too, and called into the next room, "Oh, come here, Antony, and see what a beautiful harvest-fire they have got!"

"Mother, give us potatoes to roast; only a few," cried the boys.

"Auntie, take the little one; she is so wild I cannot hold her back; and her frock is wet through with the mist. I'm afraid she'll get cold," said Josephine, lifting Lena up to her mother at the open window.

But the little one struggled with hands and feet, and cried, "No, no! stay with the fire and roast potatoes."

"Wait a little; I'll bring some," said the father; "and while we roast them, mother will make us some coffee."

"I must go away into the town, to Swiss Anna and old Eli," said Josephine.

"I'm going with you, Finy," cried Tony.

But Mrs. Lindfelder said, "You had better both of you stay at home. It's as dark as pitch; and in this thick mist you might easily fall into the canal. I will go myself to-morrow."

The father brought out the potatoes, and the boys roasted them with great delight. The mother made the coffee, and Josephine lighted the candles and set the table. And while they were enjoying their supper, the boys told about the snow-geese, about America, and the house that Tony wished to build there. The father was interested, and made all sorts of plans with Tony and the boys for emigrating to America.

Josephine, with little Lena sleeping on her lap, listened with delight. Mrs. Lindfelder had the text, "Thou shalt dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be

fed," (Ps. xxxvii. 3) in her heart and on her tongue. But she was a wise woman, and was well pleased to see her husband's dark mood gradually giving place to a better one, so she did not speak; and when Josephine asked, "And what do you think of it, auntie?" she answered quietly, "I think it is time to have our evening worship and go to bed, that we may all be up and ready for work in the morning."

She brought out the Bible, repeated a short earnest prayer, and read the sixth chapter of Matthew from the 25th to the 33rd verse: "Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek: for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.)"

"Amen!" said all except the father, who, with his head buried in his hands, seemed to be lost in thought.

"How many of you know the hymn, 'He who doth glad submission render,'?" asked the mother.

"I do," said Dresy; "we learned it to-day in the Sunday school."

"Then you know it too, Hammy."

"Which one?"

"The one that you were taught at the school to-day."

"Ah! about glad submission;—but I can't say it very well."

"Take the hymn-book, Josephine, and read out the lines, and then we can all sing it together."

"That's the way," said Tony; "then I can sing too."

Josephine got the book and read always two lines at a time. Mrs. Lindfelder and Dresy began, the others joined in, and they sang together the following verses:—

"He who doth glad submission render,
And hopes in God from day to day,
Shall have a leader and defender,
Through all the dangers of his way;
Who God doth for his refuge take,
Hath a defence no storms can shake.

"What boot those cares each night returning,
Those hopeless longings, groundless fears?
That we with sighs bring in each morning,
And weep our strength away in tears!

We only heavier make our cross,
By wringing tears from every loss.

"O think not, in thine hour of sadness,
That thou of God forsaken art;
For he is near thee, as when gladness
And tranquill joy are round thy heart.
God's purpose in each varying hour
Will blossom soon in many a flower.

"Then sing, and pray, and heavenward pressing,
See that thy hope in God be sure;
Trust in him for each needed blessing,
So shall thy comforts stand secure:
For who on God his hope doth rest,
Blest will be—is already blest."

"Good night, wife; good night, children," said the father, when the singing was done; and, kissing his sleeping darling, he went quietly into the bedroom. Formerly, when Anton Lindfelder was out of humour, he would go to bed noisily during the evening worship, or at least sit snoring in the arm-chair; to-night, for the first time, he had listened attentively, and seemed even to be impressed by the comforting words of the Lord, and by the sweet singing of his children. Mrs. Lind-

felder observed this with a grateful heart, and when she had put the children to bed, and said good-night to Tony and Josephine, she went softly into the bed-room and stood before the bed. For many nights past, her husband had tossed about, sighing and groaning, half the night through; now he was sleeping quietly. Salome stood looking at him with folded hands, and tears in her eyes; then she sank on her knees, and prayed with an overflowing heart: "Yes, dear Lord, those that trust in thee, thou wilt never forsake!"

As she rose, she noticed that Josephine had been kneeling beside her. She threw her arms round the weeping girl.

"Oh, auntie, what will happen to us now?" she whispered.

"What God wills, Finy."

"Must the house really be sold?"

"I don't know, my child. But the Lord knows what we have need of; and if we put our trust in him, and pray, and work, he will surely not forsake us. So be comforted, and do not be afraid. God careth for us."

LESSONS FROM LIFE—FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

ABOUT PIGEONS.



OUR house, when I was a boy, was perched on the bank of a beautiful winding river. The land on either side, partly cultivated, and partly in grass, stretched away to the roots of the two ranges of hills that bounded the valley. We were well acquainted with all manner of living creatures, tame and wild—flying, running, creeping, or swimming. Our chief companions and playfellows, in those days, were either winged or quadruped. Dogs and rabbits, pigeons and singing-birds, were at once our treasures and our companions.

Beasts of prey did not trouble us much; for wolves were extirpated in the days of our forefathers, and foxes were by that time few and far between. Many stories were told of reynard's cunning and cleverness in stealing a goose for his supper; but in our quarter we were never troubled by his depredations. Rats were more dreaded than any more bulky adversaries. Woe to the young rabbits and young pigeons, if the rats could reach their dwelling-place!

One very tender incident remains upon my memory in connection with a very small and very beautiful white pigeon. I had become the proud and happy owner of a pair. I had constructed for them a suitable house inside the roof of the barn, with two neat holes through the gable, by which they might fly abroad and return home at pleasure. A pretty wooden perch was fixed outside for the convenience of alighting from flight. This

erection was amply sheltered from the rain by a projecting roof, and the whole was painted in brilliant white. We imagined that as the inhabitants were very clean, their habitation should correspond; we thought the brightness and beauty of its vestibule would help to entice the owners to their home. This is a good rule for creatures of a higher order than pigeons. A clean house, and a bright hearth, and comfortable meal, and a smiling welcome are of use in human habitations, to draw the family towards home.

My thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, centred in these most lovely doves. The elder children, observing the excess of my passion for the pets, took various means to vex and frighten me—all for amusement. I am very sorry that this instinct seems to be almost universal among elder brothers and sisters to tease the little ones. Not that they mean to be cruel. They think it is all good fun, and that it hurts nobody. It is not fun to the child: it is serious in his esteem. He has all the sensation of being cruelly persecuted. These very small annoyances may leave an ugly mark on the memory of the very little man. It is better that his seniors should avoid these tricks. The mischief which they cause is not measured by their bulk, but by the exaggerated thoughts of the teased and angry child.

One fine summer day, when I was in charge of the cows on their pasture on the opposite side of the river—my duty being to see that said cows kept to their lawful

ground, and did not trespass on the green corn, that grew unfenced in the neighbouring field—an elder sister called me from the end of the house, and held up in her hands one of my pigeons, making signs to indicate that the bird was dead. I called across the river with the eagerness of a great grief, demanding to know whether the bird really were dead; and if dead, what creature had killed it. She did not give me a direct answer. The bird was really living, and she would not tell a direct untruth; but she gave evasive answers, and repeated the signs, which made me fear the worst. She retired behind the house before I could obtain satisfaction.

I was left in an agony of suspense. I dared not leave my charge. I could not go home till noon. The torment increased, and soon became intolerable. Is my pigeon living, or dead? None appeared to tell. Little did my sister suspect how much pain she had caused me. If she had known how the uncertainty was tearing my heart, she would have gone through fire and water for my relief. She was not lacking in love; but she lacked wisdom as to how a child should be treated. She was but a child herself, and had not experience.

I could not wait till noon: some settlement must immediately be reached. I knew nothing about casting lots. That method did not occur to me. But another plan involving the same principle was suddenly suggested, and as suddenly adopted. I lay stretched on the flowery grass, leaning on my elbows, with my face toward the ground. I gazed tearfully into the roots of the grass, but could find no light. One of the cows, a tame and confiding creature, was browsing near, with her head directly towards my head. It is well known that cattle, when feeding on pasture, move very slowly forward, licking the grass bare as they advance. I knew the cow, on coming to the spot where I lay, must necessarily diverge a little, in order to avoid me. Her progress, as yet, pointed in a perfectly straight line to me, and nothing indicated on which side she would pass. Making an arbitrary rule, I suddenly determined with myself: If she pass on my right, the pigeon is living; if she pass on my left, the pigeon is dead. This settled, I lay as still as a stone, that nothing on my part might derange the balance, and so interfere with the certainty of the result.

Thus far all is clear. The writing is legible on the tablets of my memory up to this point. But beyond, there is dimness. The memory of events that occurred in childhood is like carved slabs in Nimrod's palace, or the Moabite stone;—some portions, through accidental circumstances better preserved, may be read as if they had been written yesterday; while others, more exposed to wind and weather, retain scarcely a trace of the original inscription. Portions of a long past scene may remain on the memory, while other portions of the same scene may be blotted out and lost. I cannot now recall the result attained, or whether it accorded with the fact. There must have been a judgment formed in accordance

with this extemporized method of lot, and it must have either agreed or disagreed with the fact ascertained when I reached home; but memory fails to bring up these features of the transaction. One thing I know, the pure little angel-like pet was all well when I reached its cot, and eagerly peered in. A millstone was lifted from my heart—a millstone that should never have been laid on it.

I must hold the balance even. Now that I have given one case in which I was the innocent sufferer, I shall narrate another in which I was the guilty perpetrator of a cruel act. Here too it is a pigeon that is concerned; but in this case it was a wild one. It occurred also several years later, when I was older, and ought to have had more sense.

Near the house stood a group of tall old picturesque Scotch firs. Their stems were bare to a great height, of a yellowish white colour, with a glossy surface that glanced in the sunbeams. The tops were dark-green, approaching to black, broad and circular like the head of a mushroom. A pair of wood-pigeons had built their nest on the highest pinnacle of one of these trees. The structure was completed, the eggs laid, and now the mother had betaken herself to the task of hatching. Day after day, night after night, she plied her lonely calling on the top of that tall tree, rocked by the summer wind, and cheered by occasional visits of her mate.

I could not climb the tree. In an evil hour I procured an old musket, and charged it with powder and lead. I had no experience, and nobody with me to teach me. If there had been an onlooker, he would probably have taken the weapon from me, lest I should shoot myself. In the enjoyment of the venture, and eagerness to try whether I could shoot, thoughts of the cruelty of the meditated act seem never to have occurred, or to have been smothered as they rose. I crept beneath the tree; dodged about till I found an opening among the branches which gave me an uninterrupted view of the nest, with the head of the pigeon projecting over one side, and the tail over the other. I raised the gun to my shoulder. It is easier for feeble arms to bear its weight when it is placed in a perpendicular, than if it were held in a horizontal position. I shut the left eye, looked with the right along the barrel, until I covered the nest with the muzzle. I then drew the trigger, and the gun went off. Off flew the pigeon from the nest, and fluttered to the ground at my feet. Her wing was broken; but she lived. I rushed forward with great glee to seize my prize. But here ended all my happiness.

Conquerors have been known to weep as they surveyed the battle-field—the scene of their triumph. Such was my experience. The victor became the vanquished. The eye of that gentle, pure, innocent dove, casting reproaches on me for my needless cruelty, glows in my imagination yet, although half a century has intervened.

Retribution came, rapid and severe. I was com-

pelled to complete my own sad work. Fain would I have set the poor innocent free; but I dared not. I knew full well that to set it free with its broken wing, would only be to prolong its torment. It could never ascend to its nest, or meet its mate again. It would die of starvation or be torn by a weasel. While my whole soul longed for its life, I was obliged to kill it with my own hands. So, I shut my eyes, and drew its neck. Oh, how its soft, warm, feeble struggles thrilled in my nerves! This last act of mercy to the pigeon was torture to me.

The wood-pigeon (in Scotland the *cushat-doo*) is considerably larger than the domesticated species with which we are most familiar. It is for the most part of a lead colour, with lovely rings of white and black about its neck and breast. Its song, if song it can be called, is peculiar, and very affecting. It is a tenderly modulated and somewhat melancholy *coo*. The voice as well as the appearance of the bird is strongly suggestive of modesty, inoffensiveness, and innocence.

The moment that I was brought face to face with my victim was a crisis in my life. The plaintive, upturned eye, smote me to the heart. I would have given all I had in the world to have it restored in health and happiness to its nest again. Some measure of the feeling, "Why dost thou shake thy gory head at me?" ran through my body, and seemed to chill the blood in my veins. But the deed was done, and could not be undone. One reckless, useless act, had taken a warm, innocent life away, and left a mate widowed, and a home desolate. I stood and gazed in bitter self-reproach. But the remorse was not altogether lost. The sad lesson came home and bore some fruit. That was the first pigeon I ever shot,—and the last.

Nor did that remorse save the lives of other pigeons merely: it educated me for all the relations of life. It imbued me with a healthful horror of inflicting pain unnecessarily on any living creature. That moment of concentrated anguish, while I was yet young, has exerted a beneficial influence upon my life. The hearty hatred of myself which I then experienced has rebounded in a more tender love for all God's creatures. The rebound is equal and opposite to the blow: it is not amiss for a child to be, by the working of internal conviction, induced intensely to loathe himself for his own wrong conduct; for this bent spring will, according to its strength, work outward and upward in efforts to do good unto others as opportunities may occur.

I scarcely know any more important item in the training of the young than this. If habits of heedless cruelty to the helpless are allowed to grow into strength in the child, the character of the man is undone. Nor will it suffice that acts of cruelty should be suppressed

by authority of parents or masters. The only effectual cure is personal conviction. Although all society should combine against the boy in an effort to repress his faults, the faults will maintain their ground, and come off victorious, unless the boy can be brought to take the side of society against himself. I am quite sure that the silent testimony of my own conscience against my own conduct, when no human being witnessed the act, was more effectual in discharging the element of cruelty from my heart and life than a thousand lectures against cruelty to animals, duly endowed by the benevolent dead, and annually delivered according to law. Divide and conquer: on other terms you will never conquer. I don't mean that kind of division that sets the young culprit on one side, and the whole mass of adult humanity on the other. The little fellow is, in these circumstances, more than a match for the whole world. The scold that comes down upon him like the voice of many waters, will go in by one ear and out by the other. The little fellow, in his own esteem converted into a hero by the very magnitude of the array set against him, will hold his own, and repeat the offence on the first favourable opportunity. I mean rather that kind of division which sets one part of the boy in opposition to the other part—the better against the worse. The division which calls up a tender conscience with its still small voice—a voice backed by the authority of God—to bear witness against the dastardly deed that his own hand has done—this will conquer—this will win. Give the conscience full play: inform and stimulate it. In all educational efforts, let the leverage employed rest on that pivot planted in the constitution by divine foresight and strength.

The turning-points of life occur mainly in childhood; and they are for the most part hidden in the heart of the child.

It is related of a veteran French soldier of the first empire, that, when the surgeons were probing deeply in his chest in order to extract a ball, thinking that their instruments must be very near the heart, he gaily exclaimed, "Go a little deeper, doctor, and you will find the emperor." Such was the soldier's love for the great commander. Some objects and events do get a place in the heart, as if they were engraved there by a pen of iron and the point of a diamond. Some objects, simple in themselves, getting such a place in youth, powerfully influence the whole current of the life. If I were subjected to an operation similar to that which the French soldier so courageously endured, the doctors, I seem to feel, if they should dig deep enough, would find, in a group of miscellaneous figures, all sharply cut, distinctly preserved, and mightily effective, not an emperor, but a *cushat-doo*.





ON THE SWEDISH LICENSE LAW.*

BY THE EDITOR.



F the many social questions that simultaneously claim the attention of patriotic citizens at the present time, that which bears on the sale and use of intoxicating liquors is at once the most pressing and the most difficult. It has been discussed with great energy for a quarter of a century by a zealous but comparatively small class in the community. From the agitation conducted by the total abstainers on the one hand, and the promoters of the Permissive Bill on the other, the more influential classes have hitherto, for the most part, held aloof. Legislators, and those who chiefly influence legislation, have generally manifested a tendency to scorn the views and methods of the more ardent reformers as crude and vulgar and impracticable; while the men of zeal on the other side have not scrupled to denounce the apathy of political leaders in terms more distinguished for energy than for elegance.

This division, like all other divisions, has resulted in weakness and consequent defeat. The trade in strong drink has acquired such vast proportions and such an amount of political power, that thoughtful men of all parties in the State begin to regard it with uneasiness and anxiety; and the results of indulgence have become in character and amount such that they threaten nothing short of ruin to the commonwealth.

At the present date some more favourable symptoms begin to appear. As in other great crises of human history, the extremity of the danger tends to draw the defenders together. It behoves all who fear God and regard man in this community to combine against a common enemy. For this purpose, it is necessary that a common

ground should be discovered, on which all good men and true may stand shoulder to shoulder in the decisive battle that must ensue.

Any one who casts an intelligent and comprehensive glance over the civilized communities that occupy the more northerly regions of the temperate zone, may perceive that combined and national efforts to protect society against the ravages of intemperance are rising like the tide. Like the tide, indeed, inasmuch as the wave that rises is soon broken and thrown back, apparently as far as it had advanced; but like it, too, in that, amid all the particular disappointments and defeats that occur, there is still a substantial gain, and a slow, steady advancement. Efforts, for example, made during the last twenty years in some of the Northern States of the American Union, have ordinarily been held up to ridicule in this country as the spasmodic action of ignorant zealots, which, under the reaction of common sense, soon sinks down to the level from which it sprang. It is quite true that in the legislative efforts of our neighbours there have been many advances and recessions—restrictive or prohibitive laws enacted by one legislature, and repealed by its successor; yet it remains equally true that, on a comprehensive balance, there remains a substantial gain. The long-suffering community is gradually and slowly asserting its power to limit or suppress a traffic that is, in point of fact, undermining the foundations of the social edifice. Public opinion in the civilized countries of Northern Europe and America is gradually awakening to a sense of the danger, and the necessity of discovering and applying an adequate remedy.

The great and sudden increase in the consumption of spirits, revealed by recent revenue returns,

* "The Licensing Law of Sweden." By D. Carnegie, Esq. of Stranvar. Alexander Macdonnell, 192 Argyle Street, Glasgow.

coinciding as it does with the large increase of wages which the working-classes generally have of late secured, has contributed to quicken men's apprehensions, and even to excite their fears. Cognate facts, learned partly from official statistics of crime, and partly from the testimony of employers, corroborate the figures of the excise office, and reiterate the warning.

Public attention has lately been called to the disease that is wasting the body politic in two of its many hideous aspects; and corresponding proposals have been submitted with a view to some palliation, if not to a complete cure. Mr. Dalrymple's bill for the restraint of confirmed drunkards, deals with a department of the subject in which the mischief is so specific, and the remedy so obvious, that, despite of acknowledged practical difficulties, we may indulge the hope that the country is nearly ripe for legislation. Reserving our views on this scheme till another opportunity occur, we propose at present to lay before our readers some notices of another measure, which is of much wider scope, and involves more of novelty and change.

A scheme for the entire reconstruction of the licensing system, on principles radically different from any hitherto recognized among us, borrowed from recent law and practice in Sweden, has been lately introduced to the attention of this community by Mr. Carnegie of Stronvar, and favourably received by many of our experienced and influential citizens. While we must ultimately judge the measure on its own merits, it is not out of place to observe the simple and interesting auspices under which it has been introduced. Mr. Carnegie is neither an orator nor an agitator. We are not aware that he has ever had any place or name, either in civic or imperial politics. He is a retired merchant, who owns and resides in one of the most beautiful estates that the Scottish Highlands contain. As we gazed last summer on his mansion and the trees that surround it, mirrored in the glassy surface of the neighbouring lake, and confronted on the other side by the classic "Braes of Balquhiddy," we thought the spot so like an earthly paradise that it must bind its possessor in silken cords to itself, and refuse to let him go. All the greater was our surprise that the retired merchant—the fortunate

laird of the lovely Stronvar—had, in the interests of suffering humanity, issued forth from his castle to do battle, in the great cities of the land, with a real giant, who shuts up thousands in his horrid dungeon, and lives upon their blood.

We think it fortunate that no prejudice can arise in any class against the proposed scheme on account of the person who has introduced it to our notice. It is further fortunate that it hails from Sweden, and not from the United States; for it cannot be denied that some people on this side, when any new measure comes recommended by Americans, are ready to nickname it a Yankee invention, and turn it out of doors,—as the Chancellor of the Exchequer can testify, after having burnt his fingers with American matches. Legislation that has been found necessary and found successful in the staid and orderly Scandinavian kingdom near our own shore, will be considered, we may venture to hope, on its own merits, and treated as it may be found to deserve.

In the earlier portion of the present century, intemperance spread over Sweden like a flood, and threatened literally to submerge the nation. In the year 1830 the number of stills had risen to 173,000. The quantity of spirits produced is not known, as the duty was levied only on the stills. In the year 1850, a careful calculation made the quantity thirty million gallons—equal to about ten gallons per head of the population, or five times the rate of consumption in Scotland. The manufacture and sale of spirits were almost absolutely free. The experiment of free trade in this article brought the country to the verge of ruin. The physical condition of the masses was wretched; and the criminal calendar is said to have been without parallel in modern history. The country depends mainly on agriculture; and the idea that freedom of distillation was necessary to the prosperity of the country's chief industry, stood long an insurmountable barrier against any change.

It is not consistent with our limits to enumerate all the provisions of the law on license which the Swedish Parliament enacted in 1855. A few of the more remarkable provisions may, however, be noticed. Wherever spirits are sold to be drunk on the premises, warm cooked food

must also be provided. While the duties on distillation are paid to the general government, the proceeds of licenses for sale are paid over to the local authorities, and go to reduce the burdens which the use of strong drink entails upon the whole community. No sale is permitted within three-quarters of a mile of the spot where a public auction or fair is held. Regarding Sunday, in no case is it lawful to sell during the hours of religious service; and the local authorities may, with consent of the governor, prohibit the sale altogether on that day. No sale is permitted after ten at night, and none to persons already "overloaded," or to young persons. No debts for spirits are recoverable at law. For the first offence the punishment is fine or imprisonment; for the second, forfeiture of license. The magistrates have power to refuse licenses; and as no minimum is fixed, "it is within the power of the local authority, subject to the sanction of the governor of the province, to prohibit the trade altogether in any town or country parish." Thus the Swedes have actually achieved a permissive bill. Nor does it lie a dead letter; for it is certified that in many country parishes the sale of spirits is entirely abolished.

"The effect on intemperance in the country districts was immediate and most remarkable. In the towns the consumption continued on far too large a scale; but as the country population in Sweden comprises seven-eighths of the whole, the new legislation has succeeded in effecting a very great reform in the drinking habits of the Swedes, who may now be called comparatively a sober people, instead of the most intemperate in Europe."

But a particular measure applicable to towns has sprung out of the general law in Sweden, which seems to be for us more important than the general law itself. Borrowing our information from Mr. Carnegie's paper, we shall endeavour to explain the main features of this plan as it has been carried into effect in the town of Gothenburgh,—a sea-port somewhat larger than Leith, containing a population of about sixty thousand.

Alarmed by the increase of pauperism and crime, the community of Gothenburgh in 1865 appointed a committee to inquire into the disease

and suggest a remedy. The committee reported that excessive drinking was the cause of the distress; and that no diminution of intemperance could be expected as long as the publicans, who paid a high sum for their license, found it necessary to push the sale of spirits to the utmost. The report of the citizen's committee bore that no remedy could be found, "unless the liquor traffic could be reorganized on an entirely different principle." In the plan ultimately adopted, the subordinate regulations are:—1. That the sale of intoxicating liquor on credit, or on pawn-tickets, shall altogether cease; 2. That the premises shall be well lighted, healthy, and clean; 3. That good food shall be provided on the premises at moderate prices." But the fundamental principle—the hinge on which this reformation moves—lies in the following rule: "*That no individual, either as proprietor or manager under a public-house license, should derive any private gain from the sale of spirits; thus abolishing all temptation unduly to extend the consumption.*" This, we confess, is a revolution; but it may be a peaceful one in its progress, and glorious in its moral and economic results.

It has been successfully accomplished in the town of Gothenburgh. The law gave the corporation power, as representing the community, to take all the licenses into its own hands. They have acted on this permission, and handed over their rights to a limited liability company—composed of the most trusted and patriotic citizens—who conduct the business in the interests of the public, and pay over the whole profits to the local authorities, to be applied in lieu of poor and police rates. In this feature a great act of justice is performed. The profits drawn from drink are employed to punish the crime and relieve the pauperism which it creates. In this country, at the present day, the public suffer a cruel wrong in being obliged to pay for the jails and poor-houses, which drink renders necessary; while individuals pocket the enormous profits of the trade.

Some licenses in Gothenburgh seem to be the permanent property of individuals, like titles and estates in our country, conferred by the crown. The number at the disposal of the local authorities was sixty-one. In the course of three years

these were all transferred to the company. Of these, forty-three are continued under the new system, and eighteen have been suppressed. The details of the management are too complicated and minute to be inserted here. It is sufficient to indicate in general terms some of the main features of the system. The number of licensed houses is greatly reduced. The houses are not thickly planted in poor confined localities, where the inhabitants, lacking home comforts, lack also self-control, and so are easily enticed into attractive dram-shops. They are placed, without regard to profit, in situations most convenient for the population, and causing the least possible nuisance. The houses are large, well ventilated, and clean. There are no boxes, where experienced wickedness may prey unseen upon inexperienced folly: drinking is done in large halls—each group seated round its own small table, but in sight of all who enter. Those who do drink are assured that the liquor is pure and unadulterated; and the community on that account are probably preserved from many outrages of exceptional ferocity to which criminals in our country are incited by the poisons which they imbibe. One rule, which is a self-acting machinery in favour of temperance, gives the manager of a public-house a profit from the food that he sells; while he derives not a penny from the sale of strong drink.

The result of the system has been a marvellous reformation in the habits of the people, and a large revenue accruing to the community, in diminution of their rates. Prisons and poor-houses, having fewer inmates, are more easily maintained; and there is plenty in the public purse wherewith to maintain them. The payments made by the company to the city treasury have averaged more than ten thousand pounds annually during the last three years. This would give thirty-seven thousand a year for a city like Edinburgh. The managers of the scheme believe that the results would be much more favourable, if the whole of the trade in spirits were placed in their hands. As it is, there are a number of privileged licenses over which they have no control; and the retail shops—corresponding to the grocers' license with us—remain, as formerly, independent. There is ground to hope that when the legislature has seen the system sufficiently

proved, they may be induced to subject the still open branches of the trade to the same wholesome restrictions.

It remains for us to consider whether, and how far, the main principle of this Swedish reformation could be introduced among ourselves. It is new; it would certainly be an innovation; but it is eminently worthy of earnest and unprejudiced consideration.

In the first place, most people will readily admit that we are not at present in a good or safe position in relation to the spirit traffic. As a nation, we are free traders; yet none but a few theorists would propose free trade in intoxicants. If the trade were made free, in a few years, we believe, the community, in terror and rage, would rebound with a demand for its extinction. No large or influential party in this country, however, will propose to open the trade as other trades are open. The reason of this distinction lies deep and broad in the nature and effects of the commodity. It is right that the fact of the distinction, and its grounds, should be kept before the public mind.

The trade in beef and bread, in broadcloth and shoes, is free, and ought to be free. It is, indeed, the interest of the dealers in these articles to push their sales. But to push the sale of these articles does no harm either to the individual purchaser or to the community at large. As a rule, the more cloth and shoes and bread and beef any family purchase, the better for the family; always provided that they pay the dealer—and the dealer may be trusted to look after that matter for himself. Again, there is no specific power in the nature of these articles, or in their use, to stimulate those who use them to demand more, or to break the heads of their neighbours. When a man has eaten one good piece of beefsteak, the operation has rather a sedative effect. He is not inclined, in consequence of that meal, to scream out incontinent for more beef, or to fight his nearest neighbour. The purchaser, therefore, though he be not personally a wise man, may be trusted to take care of his own interests. Instinct will guide him, if he happen not to possess much mother wit. Thus we allow any man to open a shop for the sale of any of these articles wherever he pleases, and to sell as many of them

as he can. The process is, on all sides, safe and beneficent. Hence we adopt and maintain freedom in buying and selling; and we know the reason why.

In the matter of intoxicating drink, we have in point of fact adopted an opposite rule; and here, too, we should know the reason why. The ground of the difference lies in the inherent character and ordinary effects of the commodities. When a man drinks freely for a while, his bodily organs, more or less gradually, or suddenly, fall into such a condition, that the immediate physical effect of one glass is a burning thirst for another, and another, until he fall senseless on the ground. This effect is not produced in all who taste. Many, partly from moral strength, and partly from physical constitution, escape the morbid appetite, and use intoxicants moderately all their days. If this were the case with all—or even with all but a few—there would be no necessity for legislative restraint. The traffic in spirits might be flung open, like the traffic in other things. But a very great multitude do not escape. By thousands, and tens of thousands, the people fall into the snare. With these, one glass means the passionate, unreasoning, mad demand for another. And such is our system, that it is the interest of the seller to supply this mad demand, although he perceive clearly its madness. Nay, it is his interest to create and promote the craving, that he may sell more of his article, and obtain more profit. I abstain carefully from saying or even thinking of individual sellers that they do so act. I judge no man. I merely announce the notorious fact, that the more they sell, the more profit they have to maintain their families; and the more they sell of their wares, the more wretched becomes the community. If the seller in point of fact refuse to sell when the customer is eager to buy, and willing to pay, then an amount and kind of beneficent self-denial is exercised by that class of dealers, which, by the nature of the case, is never exacted of any other class.

The case stand thus, and there is no escape from its inexorable logic:—

Either the sellers of drink, like the sellers of other articles, stimulate and promote their sales, and sell to customers up to their demand and ability to pay, or they do not.

If they do, the success of their trade is ruin to the community.

If they do not, then from year to year, and day by day, they conduct their business, not as other merchants, for their own pecuniary interests, but restrict their trade, and sacrifice the comforts of their own families, in benevolent efforts to shield the intemperate from the consequences of their own vice.

Thus this class of dealers must be, either a great deal more mischievous, or a great deal more virtuous, than any other. The duty of the commonwealth in the circumstances is manifest. We should not, on the one hand, permit this class of dealers to inflict the misery on the community which is implied in the one alternative; and we should not leave them exposed to the exceptional and crushing self-denial and self-sacrifice which is implied in the other. The result is, that in any case we should take the traffic in this dangerous and exceptional article altogether out of private hands.

There are indeed many difficulties in the way. If a great and well-appointed army should make a landing on our coast, intent on subjecting us to a foreign power, there would be many serious difficulties in the way of meeting the enemy, and driving them into the sea. But these difficulties we would overcome. The thing would be done. The other battle will be fought too, and won, whenever the nation awakens to the dread fact that an alien army squats on our soil, reducing the people to slavery.

One of the difficulties lies in the vastness of the sum that would be claimed as compensation. In Scotland, perhaps, an easy escape may be found on that side; for every license bears that it is given for one year and no more. Any landlord who lets a shop in these terms, would certainly have the right, after due warning, to eject his tenant at the end of the year without compensation; and it would be hard if the community should be found to have sold itself to the publicans, when it had guarded itself against that very danger by the use of the clearest terms which the skill of lawyers could invent.

But the difficulties are not all on one side. By our present law and practice, of six or seven contiguous shops in a new street, probably only one

will obtain a public-house license. The moment that it gains this privilege its own rent is doubled, and the rent of the others diminished, through the nuisance caused by the public-house in the neighbourhood. Of the six proprietors so situated, who shall be the favoured one? There is no rule. Here a system of private canvassing goes on, which is disgraceful to our civilization, and degrading to all the parties concerned. Granting that the licensing magistrates, one and all, close their ears against private solicitation, the fact that private solicitation is systematically applied is a shame and a nuisance.

The two extremes are, absolute freedom, and absolute prohibition, of the traffic. The public opinion of the nation has been conclusively pronounced against the first alternative, and the country is certainly not at present ripe for the second. Some middle point must be found. The middle point which we now occupy is erroneous in theory, and mischievous in practice. The condition of the trade satisfies no party. It is an open sore on the body politic. It is undermining the health and the morals of the people. We cannot remain much longer where we are. A new middle point must be found; a new principle must be discovered and adopted. Such is the nature and effect of the traffic, that the community refuses to make it free. But we have not yet discovered any rational, or fair, or safe rule for selecting the favoured individuals to whom the monopoly of the dangerous drugs should be entrusted. It remains that we should retain it in our own hands. We are not able to devise any means whereby its dangers and its profits should be handed over to private parties, and therefore we are bound in our corporate capacity, and as represented by our magistrates, to assume the responsibilities on our own shoulders, and retain the profits in our own pockets. Of late years, the principle that communities should retain their water supply in their own hands has been advancing with a rush, and many a profitable monopoly has gone down before it. There are stronger reasons why communities should retain the control of the whisky supply.

The main principle, we repeat, of the Gothenburgh plan is the absolute removal of motive from the seller to promote his sales. Obtaining no

profit for success in sales, and suffering no loss by failure to effect them, he is under no temptation to encourage the consumption of his wares. Whatever of humanity may lie in the seller's heart gets free scope, not impeded by concern for his own bread; he is free to act on the impulse of humanity, and endeavour to dissuade the taster from excess.

The great foul stream of drunkenness that overflows and desolates our country is generated, like the Nile in Egypt, by the confluence of two constituent streams, meeting each other from opposite directions. One of the forces which goes to constitute the body and the momentum of our aggregate intemperance, is the *appetite of the drunkard*; and the other is the *money gain of the seller*. These two not only meet and flow together, like two confluent rivers; they are multiplied into each other at the point of contact, and the product in sin and misery is inconceivably great. The zeal of the seller to dispose of his goods would not produce so great an amount of mischief, if there were not a morbid appetite to meet it; and even the morbid appetite would not so often obtain its dangerous supply, if the desire of profit did not multiply and spread so many attractive enticements in the way of the unwary. One of these two affluents is unhappily beyond our reach; but it is in our power to cut off the other. The one that is left will be less productive if it miss its marrow. When we arise in our might as a nation, and absolutely quench all motive for selling drink, then shall we have the satisfaction of thinking we have done what we could to dry up the vicious thirst that craves for stimulants.

The principle of the Swedish plan is further commended by the consideration that upon it the several sections of temperance reformers amongst us may cordially unite. Those who practise total abstinence, or advocate prohibition, may well join heart and hand with fellow-citizens of less energetic aim in endeavouring to secure one great step in the right direction. And those who, although lamenting the intemperance of the age, have not been able to accomplish any practical amendment, because they could not agree to what they considered extreme measures, may combine their influence with their more advanced neigh-

bours to achieve a reasonable and just amelioration.

Finally, we take the liberty of urging that something must be done. We may well say at this crisis,—

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And gird your armour on."

None who wait for the coming of the Lord can be content with the social condition of the country. Many of the evils under which we labour might be removed, or greatly diminished, if all who "sigh and cry for the abominations that are done in the land" could unite on some common ground. We have offered our humble suggestions as a contribution to the cause, and invite fellow-disciples of Christ to throw in their contribution whenever they find an opportunity. We could yield much of our own preferences as to methods in favour of others, if we could see a true zeal for

God's cause and man's springing up in the community. The only thing that is to our minds altogether intolerable, is to fold hands and sit still, content with things as they are.

By not interfering, we do a cruel wrong to many thousands of innocent victims—the wives and children of drunkards. These helpless beings are murdered by inches in our sight, and we are silent. At the meeting lately held with Mr. Carnegie in Edinburgh, a magistrate informed us, from his own bitter experience, that while the law enabled him to punish, by fine or imprisonment, a carter who should drink his wages and send his horse to the street without shoes, a father may drink all he wins, and send his children to the streets barefoot, the streaming blood dyeing the snow as they struggle through, and the magistrate has no power to touch him. "Fie on't! oh, fie; it smells rank."

MARCH.



WAKE, O mother Earth! Awake, O mother Earth!

The winds that rush around thee in their boisterous mirth,

And all the groves of pine that these wild winds do shake,

And bend, and rock above thee, call on thee to wake;

And their deep-tangled roots, that vibrate through thy breast,

Call on thee, mother Earth, to wake thee from thy rest.

The song of larks is o'er thee, and their melodies are floating in the air, high through the clear cold skies.

Awake, O mother Earth! The willow boughs that sweep,

With their long silken catkins, the waters rolling deep,

Call on thee with soft whispers, to wake thee from thy sleep.

The voices of thy children singing in the woods, The sound of axes ringing in thy solitudes,

The young men in their strength, all thy gentle daughters,

Call thee in their mirth, like the voice of many waters.

The fountains of the deep, the mighty ocean's roar
Breaking on thy headlands and thy rocky shore;
The spring-tides rushing on thee, filling all thy caves;

The murmur on thy sands of tiny rippling waves;
The shining stars above thee, with their radiant eyes,

Meekly smiling on thee from the midnight skies;
The soft round moon that poureth down her silver beams,—

All call thee to awaken from thy long night of dreams.

Awake, O mother Earth! The spring-time of thy gladness

Riseth in her joy over the winter's sadness;

O mother Earth, awake! O dust and ashes, sing

Easter songs triumphant to our risen King:

Sing of the women coming ere the break of day,
And of the sealed gravestone by the angel rolled away,

And of those in long white garments, sitting where He lay.

O mother Earth, awake! O dust and ashes, sing!—

O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

A. V. G.

Light out of Darkness.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER IX.

LIVING WORDS FROM DYING LIPS.

"He being dead yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.



AS soon as Captain von Edelstein left us, my father retired to rest, but seemed little disposed to sleep. It was still early, and I sat beside him.

He was thoughtful and silent. He had remarked on the strangeness of the meeting, and dwelt with wonder and pleasure on the nephew's extraordinary likeness to the uncle. "It is not looks merely," he said, "nor only colour of hair and eyes, and resemblance of figure—features—voice; it is the '*tout ensemble*'—the tone of thought—the earnestness, and gentleness, and sweetness of spirit—the truth and tenderness of heart; and strange, too," he murmured, "also the same views—the same submission of mind, and heart, and will, and life, to the same high ideal of religious truth and principle. I could see it, even though he did not directly speak of it."

"Léonie," he said suddenly a short time after, "did you ever know that my lost Conrad held the same faith and hope as your mother?"

I started with surprise. "Papa! oh no!—was it really so? I should have thought!"—I hesitated.

"You would have thought one so closely linked to me by the strongest ties of friendship, would have shared my sentiments. But it was not so. We were wholly opposed in our replies to the question, 'What is truth?' He, in spite of his free brave spirit, and clear powerful mind, received with the simple faith of a child the teachings and revelations of what he unhesitatingly believed to be the inspired Word of God. He believed them, and he lived according to them. And I know he died in them. I only reached Munich in time to take a last look at—what had been my friend. But he left a message. Perhaps it had been as well had I heeded it then. Now

the time for doing so is past; I could not, even if I would." He sighed deeply, and I longed to ask what the message had been, but dared not.

Presently he spoke again: "Yes, Léonie, my two dearest were one in faith and hope. In life, and still more in death. Those who had seen Conrad die told me of his calm, unruffled peace—his deep, unearthly joy. He bade them do so. 'Tell my friend,' he had said, 'I find death no "leap into the dark," but a step into the light. Tell him death is sweeter with Christ, than life without Christ. Tell him my last earthly thoughts were of him—my last prayer, that He who is the light may shine into his heart. Bid him seek that light at its Fountain-head; and he will find it to be the "light of life." I shall look for him in Heaven.'

"But I did not, Léonie. In Conrad's grave I buried my last lingering remnants of belief in the God of revelation. You may think it strange, but how could I believe the Deity, who had stricken down that young beautiful life in its freshness and promise, to be the God of perfect grace, infinite love, unerring wisdom, full comprehension of and interest in the ways and lives of men, he believed him to be? Would He not rather have let that fervent spirit go forth, as he would most surely have done—as in the brief space allotted him by fate he already had done—as a standard-bearer in the van to spread the truth, if it were truth? The strong bright faith that burned so steadily in his soul, in spite of every adverse wind, had till then cast a faint reflection of its own clear glow on mine. His death quenched it. I shut my heart to all but the voice of human reason.

"But now that is failing me,—my powers of thought and argument, I mean," he added, seeing my startled look; "for they are failing, Léonie"—

pressing his hand to his brow—"failing as I am failing; now that this life lies behind me, the question rises if the parting testimony of those two votaries of a faith I have rejected and scorned, was indeed the delusion I deemed it—if there may not really be another life before me;—and reason cannot answer it. Ah! Léonie, I have leant on a broken staff, and now I have no support in the dark valley—the valley to me indeed," he whispered as to himself, "of darkness and the shadow of death."

I could not answer. I had no words of hope or help. And my heart died away within me as he spoke. Never before, in any way, had he alluded to his approaching death; not even to the wasting of his mental and bodily powers, so surely betokening it. I knew the bitter truth too well. But this seemed to strike it home to my heart with terrible clearness of realization. It could make no real difference—it could not bring the dreaded time actually nearer—but I think the embodiment in words of some secret long-concealed hope or fear always comes as a shock.

I sat there pale and silent, while my father lay lost in troubled thought. As the hours wore on, he grew feverish and restless, and tossed uneasily on his pillow. I tried in vain every remedy I could think of. It was rather the mind than the body that needed ministering to. I offered to read to him, thinking he might fall asleep as I did so. At first he refused, saying he was too restless to listen, but afterwards asked me to fetch one of the books of a favourite author from the library, and read a few passages which were haunting his memory, while he could not accurately recall them, bidding me first listen if all was still.

I knew the soldiers had long before gone to their sleeping apartments, but paused a few moments at the chamber door to satisfy him. All was still, and taking a candle in my hand, I quickly descended the stairs. Occupied with my mournful thoughts, I had reached the library door before I perceived it to be partly open and lighted up. I stopped short, glancing fearfully through it, but saw to my relief it was tenanted solely by Captain von Edelstein.

He was seated at a table full in view; a book lay open before him, but he was not reading then.

His hands were clasped upon it, and as the light of the study-lamp fell full upon his upturned countenance, it looked to me like that of some saint or martyr I had seen in old paintings. Such a depth and intensity of devotion, such earnest passion of feeling, such an expression of holy love and peace! I thought it reflected a beam of the same light that had illumined my dying mother's. One moment I gazed, not more—it seemed profanation even to do that—but surprise and wonder, and a rush of undefined and tumultuous feelings, held me motionless that brief space. Then I turned and glided swiftly and noiselessly away.

"Captain von Edelstein is in the library," I said, as my father looked inquiringly at my empty hands. "I will listen for his going up to his room—he must pass this door, so I shall hear him; then I can get the book."

I had not long to wait. A light, firm step came up the stairs in a few minutes—passed the door and died away down the corridor. Then I heard the closing of his bedroom door, and taking up my candle, went once more to the library.

The lamp had been extinguished, and by the dim light I carried I found it difficult to select the volume I required from the dark rows of books in similar bindings. At length I succeeded in doing so. It was a large, heavy book, and in drawing it down from the high shelf it overpowered me, and fell with considerable noise. As I raised it in my arms and turned towards the door, I found myself face to face with Captain von Edelstein. He had returned for something he had left in the hall, and had been attracted to the library by the noise of the falling book.

The book had nearly had a second fall, as I started with surprise at the unexpected encounter. I had been too much engrossed by my occupation to notice his approaching footsteps.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle Léonie; is anything the matter—anything wrong?" he exclaimed, glancing anxiously at my agitated face. "Your father?"

"No; thanks," I replied. "My father could not sleep, and I came for a book from which he wishes me to read some passages to him. I let it fall in reaching it down."

"It is too heavy for you, let me take it;" and

suiting the action to the word, he relieved me from what was really a burden to my trembling arms. "You look pale and weary, mademoiselle," he continued compassionately; "these night-watches are too much for you!"

"Oh!" I said, "it is not always so; but my father is restless and uneasy to-night, and I could not leave him."

"I fear I and my soldiers are to blame for this, then," he replied; "your father seems very ill, mademoiselle. You have much to bear. It grieves me to the heart to add to your burden."

The look and tone of deep, heartfelt sympathy, the gentle, respectful tenderness of manner with which these words were spoken, was the one drop too much in the already overflowing cup. I sank into a chair, and the tears that had been gathering in my heart through those long quarter-hours that had sounded to my fancy like knells of departing hope and happiness, as they were rung out by the little clock on my father's mantelpiece, burst forth. Very much annoyed, and ashamed of myself and them, I struggled violently but vainly to restrain them. I had been wrought up to too high a pitch of endurance, and now nature would have her way. Captain von Edelstein gently took the candle from my hand, placed it on the table, and stood by in silence.

After a few minutes I raised my head, and tried to excuse the weakness which had caused me to make such an inopportune display of feeling—before a stranger, too—but my quivering lips refused their office.

Then he spoke, very quietly and soothingly. "Mademoiselle, I can understand it all. Do not grieve that you have shown me your sorrow. I read it before. Forgive me if I intrude my sympathy, but I read it but to feel with you. I cannot help you—nay, it is my grief to know I am the most unwilling means of adding to your trial. But there is One who can. Does mademoiselle know that One? 'The Father of the fatherless—even God in his holy habitation?'"

I shook my head, but my tears ceased.

"Then seek him, mademoiselle,—take your sorrow to him. He is the Helper of the helpless—a '*very present* help in trouble.' He is never sought in vain. You will find him. To him I commend you!"

He ceased speaking, but his words—not *his* words, indeed, but his Master's—came like balm to my weary, sorrowful spirit; the load of despairing helplessness was lifted from my heart.

"Let me take these up for you now," he said, taking up the candle and book from the table on which he had placed them, and preceding me up the stairs, saying as he gave them into my hands at my father's door, "Good-night once more, Mademoiselle Léonie. I trust you will soon be able to seek the rest you look so much in need of. The Lord Jesus says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

Slowly, earnestly, tenderly he repeated these words. I could only answer by a look—I dared not trust my voice—tears were too near, and I might not shed them there. I found my father more composed; he had not heard the sounds below, so I did not allude to what had passed. I brought the lamp to his side, and he pointed out the chapters he wished me to read. But before I had turned many pages I saw he had dropped asleep, and having placed everything he might require at hand, I left him, for he had not for some weeks past needed night-watching.

Once in my own room, I sat down to think over that day's strange and startling incidents. Still more over the words of hope and comfort Captain von Edelstein had spoken to me that night. A great pang shot through my heart as I realized that he too saw death's shadow on my father's brow—else why had he spoken of God as the "Father of the fatherless"? But in the depths of my sinking spirit, a ray of hope glimmered faintly. *Very faintly*; thick clouds lowered everywhere, above—around—within. All was yet dark. But God had heard my cry. Yes; he must have done so! In my sore need and distress that evening, he had sent me help. Would he not be a Helper still? The calm words of unshaken confidence, "He is never sought in vain—you will find him," cheered my trembling soul like a cordial. And those parting words—the words that he said were spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ himself. Ah! were they not just for me? Weary and heavy laden I was indeed. I cast myself on my knees beside my little bed, and He who reads "the heart's unspoken

language" heard and answered. Feeble, broken prayers—cries for help and mercy and light—a rain of tears and tempest of sobs! I knew not what to ask, or how. "Lord, I come to thee—help me—teach me—give me light!" were all the words I could utter. But I rose calmed and comforted, and lay down to sleep with a more restful spirit than I had had for long anxious weeks.

CHAPTER X.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"It is the old, old story
Of unseen things above,—
Of Jesus and his glory.
Of Jesus and his love.

"But oh! that old, old story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all my golden dreams!"

American Hymn.

THE glorious sunshine to which I opened my eyes next morning, was the precursor of a week of golden autumn weather. Looking back upon that week, I feel how emblematic it was of that phase of my life! Earthly hopes—earthly joys—fading, indeed, but only more beautiful in their departing brightness—the sun of earthly happiness shining with a passing radiance—soon, oh, so soon! to be veiled in thick clouds of wintry gloom. Ah! how pleasant were those days—an oasis in the wilderness of life!

"When I took my father his early cup of chocolate, I found him greatly revived. He had slept well, and appeared brighter and stronger. There had been wonderfully little to betoken the great increase that our quiet family had received the previous day. Very early, before daybreak, the distant tramp of heavy footsteps had resounded through the house—but now all was quiet as usual. It was the hour I generally gave to my favourite work—gardening; and the morning sunshine lay temptingly on the beds still brilliant with late blossoming flowers. I looked out longingly. All was quiet. From the staircase window I could see almost to the bottom of the last terrace. I thought I might venture. A look through a back window decided me. Through it I saw the soldiers busy with their horses and accoutrements in the stable yard. I was soon among my flowers, my mind full of

the new thoughts and hopes kindled by Conrad von Edelstein's words.

While I was thus engaged, I saw him come out of the house and walk down the garden path. He did not see me; I was concealed behind a mass of shrubs. As I looked after him I saw him take a book from his pocket, turn over the pages, and begin to read, as he paced slowly along. My first impulse was to turn and go back to the house, my second to remain where I was. He might not see me; but if he did, why should I shrink from meeting him? Did I not feel sure that he had the treasure I so earnestly desired for myself? And did not his manner last night prove he was anxious that I should find the light in which he so evidently dwelt? So I stayed.

For some time it appeared as though he was too much occupied with his book even to look up, and I began to feel restless and disappointed. But after a few long, slow turns up and down the path, he laid it on the parapet of the low stone wall, and looked over it upon the fair scene around, glittering in the dewy freshness of the early morning. Then he turned towards the house and garden, and his gaze fell on me. He came forward at once, with outstretched hand and frank, pleasant smile.

"You are early, mademoiselle, after your late watching last night; I trust you are rested. I see this bright morning has brought the roses into bloom again," he said, looking at the cheeks which grew still more like the flowers in question under the smiling admiration of his frank blue eyes. "I am glad of it. They had given place to lilies last night. But your father, mademoiselle,—I trust he too is rested and refreshed?"

"Yes, thank you; he has slept well, and seems better this morning. But he is sadly weak."

"Yes," he answered, "I see it;" and then paused.

But those simple words, spoken in a tone which evidenced such grave, concerned comprehension of what they implied to me, were almost too much—they very nearly opened the flood-gates again. The better to conceal and conquer my agitation, I turned to my work. I had been trying to tie up the branch of a Cape

honeysuckle that had broken loose from the arch to which it had been trained. It was large and strong, and resisted my efforts to bend it to its place. Captain von Edelstein at once volunteered his assistance, and before I at all knew how it was, he had twisted it into its place, and mounted on some rockwork at the side, while I handed him up list, hammer, and nails to secure it. It took some time to do so; meanwhile he talked so pleasantly and naturally that my tears and shyness were alike forgotten.

"Turning gardener makes me feel at home again," he said, with a smile that was not all gladness. And that introduced the subject of his home. He spoke of his mother in terms of such deep reverential affection, that I ceased to wonder such a mother should have such a son. But first he talked of his home—the old house in Munich; and of the little country-seat, half villa, half farm, with its orchards and large rambling garden, where the merry summers of his boyhood were spent, and to which the family still loved to resort for many months in the year, and where he and his sister rambled and gardened together. Once he stopped, and half-apologized for troubling me with trifles that could interest me so little, though they were so much to him. But on my begging him to continue, and assuring him of my deep interest, he admitted that it was very sweet to have some one to speak to of home, after so many long weeks of *thinking* of it only.

Then he told me of his only and much-loved sister Thekla, and I seemed to see her, with her laughing dark eyes and bright piquant face—not beautiful, yet winning in its arch sweetness; but now, he said sadly, it must bear an expression it was hard to think of it wearing,—anxiety and trouble, and the sickness of hope deferred—not for his sake only, but for her betrothed, Karl Erhardt, who had been missing since one of the first skirmishes before Paris. It was supposed he had been taken prisoner—his body had not been found among the slain—but no tidings of him had been received for long weary weeks; and Thekla's letters, which had at first been, like herself, bright and hopeful, were growing sad and desponding. She was unused to sorrow, her life had been all brightness till that terrible war broke out; and the absence of the brother she loved, he

feared too fondly, in the midst of danger and suffering, made her trial doubly hard.

"But she has her mother to comfort her," I said.

His face lighted up as he assented, and then he spoke of that mother. Almost unconsciously, as we talked, I had complied with his request to leave the narrow paths between the flower-beds for the broader garden walks. There was an inexpressible charm in his manner, an indescribable something that irresistibly drew out perfect trust and confidence. I never can tell how it was, but presently I found myself speaking of my own dead mother; and then—led on step by step by his quick sympathy and ready comprehension, by gentle encouragement of eye and voice—of myself, of my own heart-struggles. I told him all my fears for my father—for myself—my yearnings after the light I knew not how to seek. I concluded by saying,—“Captain von Edelstein, I think you have that light; can you tell me how I can find it—where I can seek it?” I know I looked up to him with all my soul in my eyes.

Very soft and beautiful was the light in his as he met them, and answered in the same deep quiet tone that had sent such a thrill of hope through me the night before,—“Yes, mademoiselle; thank God, I can. The light you need is Christ—you must seek it *in* him, *through* him, *by* him. *In* him, for he is “the light of the world;” *through* him, for he is the only channel of blessing between us and God—the “one Mediator between God and men;” *by* him, for it is *by* him alone you can even be conscious of your darkness—much less desire the light: you do desire it, and “Christ will give you light.” Very slowly he spoke, dwelling with marked emphasis on the words that were not his, but God's—pausing before and after them.

Stranger as I was to those golden words, I felt their power, and half divined their source, recognizing at once the allusion to the “one Mediator” as one of my mother's sentences.

“But how can I—where can I—find him, seek him?” I asked.

He made no reply for a moment. Then, as we reached the path that led to the spot on the wall where he had laid down the book he had been reading, he took my hand and drew me towards it.

Taking up the book, he placed it in my hands, saying, "Mademoiselle Léonie—here, and here only." It was a German Bible.

"But I have no Bible," I said; "oh, that I had!"

"Would you read it if you had? You know, your Church and priests forbid it."

"Ah, yes; but—but—oh! Captain von Edelstein, the Church in which I have been brought up does not—cannot satisfy the soul's hunger; it gives but chaff in place of the bread of life. My mother forsook the Bible for it, and it broke her heart and blighted her life; she turned to the Bible again at the last, and it gave her a light in the darkness of death itself. And I—oh! I will trust the Bible, I will take it for my guide—not the Church; and oh, may God indeed make it a light to me!"

"Amen," rejoined my companion solemnly. Then taking his Bible from my hands, he led the way to a garden-seat near, and placing me on it, sat down beside me. There he opened the pages of life, and read first one text, then another, while I listened as one entranced. The old, old story was so new to me then! Then, in few words indeed, but full of power, "he preached unto me *Jesus*."

When he ceased I sat motionless, tears of joy dropping on my clasped hands as they rested on my knee.

"Now I must go to my men," said the captain, after the silence had lasted a few minutes; "do you understand German?"

"A little."

"Then I will leave my Bible with you"—(he had translated it into French as he read)—"you doubtless will be able to read it."

"Oh, thank you; yes, I can read German, though I cannot speak it much. Will you tell me which part to read?"

He took the book again, and turned over the leaves thoughtfully for a few seconds, then returned it, saying, "No, mademoiselle; the Lord himself knows best your need. He will supply it. Lay it before him, and ask him to teach you where and what to read, and to open your heart to receive it. He will do it. Do not doubt him. Ask him in the name of *Jesus*. He is the Truth. Do you think he can lie?"

"Who! God? *Jesus*? No; oh no! What a terrible thought!"

"Then believe him. Listen to his own words: 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.' 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'" Raising his cap, he left me.

I had no time then to examine the treasure he had entrusted to my keeping. I had already remained longer from my father than I had intended; it wanted little more than an hour till lunch-time, and I generally read to him for that period. I therefore ran to my room, and carefully putting away the book, joined my father. But not before I had knelt for a few moments and poured out my heart's need and desire before Him of whom I had first heard that morning as a "God of love."

Did I believe it all? I think I did. But my mind was in a whirl of wonder, and surprise, and joy. The sudden blaze of light dazzled me. It was like stepping suddenly out of a cold dark dungeon into the glorious light of a summer day. A rapture that was almost pain. I longed to be able to draw for myself from that pure fountain of living waters. But I had to wait. I read till lunch, when Captain von Edelstein joined us. The conversation was lively and pleasant, like the evening before, but no allusion was made to the subject of my thoughts; and immediately after it our visitor left us, saying he should not return till late that evening. Then, at papa's request, I drew up the study table and placed his papers before him; but as I was leaving the room he called me back, saying,—

"Léonie, darling, I cannot write; my hand shakes. I must have your nimble little fingers."

So I took my seat before his desk, and wrote, at his dictation, for what appeared to me two very long hours. Not that I was writing all the time; I noticed, with pain, how very feebly the stream of thought flowed into my father's mind. Often he would pause for words, sometimes pressing his hand to his brow, and seeming to lose altogether the thread of the subject he was dictating. And formerly, when his eyes failed, and I took his place, I could scarcely keep pace with the rapid flow of his ideas, in writing. Now I saw too—I, who was so little able to judge—that the style was weaker, broken and confused. My eyes burned with the effort to keep back the welling tears—my fingers trembled. Oh, it was so hard!

It was so plain that what he said yesterday was true. Mind and body alike failing. My one earthly friend fast passing away from me, and going—whither? Like the lightning's flash darted the thought across my mind: "If ye shall ask *anything* in my name, I will do it." Might I not ask for my beloved father too? Oh! sweet and precious words of Jesus!—perhaps that was my first actual realization of their *exceeding* preciousness. Hope and gladness rose amidst my sorrow and nerved me for my task.

But after a longer pause than usual, I said, "Papa, dearest, are you not very tired to-day? Would it not be better to rest your head? To-morrow it will be better."

"I think I must rest, my child; put away the papers, I will try to sleep."

My heart ached at the desponding tone of his voice. I know he too plainly realized that no to-morrow of restored vigour would come to him. I darkened the window, made him comfortable with cushions, gave him his medicine, and then left him, as he preferred, alone. Then I was free to shut myself in my own room.

First I sat down for a few moments to collect my thoughts, but they were beyond my management; so I did as Conrad von Edelstein had advised me—knelt and told them all to the Lord. Perhaps my trust was more in my teacher then, but I do not know. He had told me of one all-sufficient Saviour—of a God of love—a Father; of an enlightening and life-giving Spirit. He had pointed to a perfect sacrifice—a finished, accepted work—a risen and glorified Redeemer. He had spoken of a living Man at the right hand of God—feeling with the feeblest ones who believed in him—pleading for them—knowing, feeling, sharing their sorrows now as much as he did when he was himself a suffering, sorrowing Man on earth. He had shown me God's salvation was free—free as the air we breathe—not to be bought, or earned, or merited—only taken in empty, outstretched hands of need. That Jesus had done all; God had accepted him—was satisfied with his work; we had but to do and be the same. And as he spoke of these things, my soul *had* received them. I could not understand it; it was all so new, so strange, so wonderful—so different from anything I could have conceived. The

stamp of God's mind was indeed upon it. Bewildered and confused I felt, but I believed it, and rejoiced in the glad tidings.

But though my chains were off, and I had stepped from my dark prison-chamber, my limbs were feeble and my eyes weak from a life-long bondage. I had much to learn. Oh! it was so marvellously sweet to know there was a Friend to whom I could tell all my troubles—who cared to hear them. A Friend who could never change, never weary, never misunderstand; to whom my every thought was known; who knew my heart, not to judge it, not to condemn it, but to wash out all its defilement in the ever-flowing fountain of his own atoning blood. Very sacred is the remembrance of that first hour spent in the known presence of Jesus.

Then I took up Conrad's Bible, having first asked in simple trust that the right place might be shown me. It opened at the third chapter of the Gospel of John. Little as I knew of divine things, the historical portions of the Old Testament were, of course, familiar to me. I was at no loss to comprehend the allusion to the brazen serpent; and my heart glowed within me as I read of the mighty love of Him who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever*—whosoever, ah! infinite breadth of grace!—"whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and of him who came not "to condemn," but "to save." How true I felt it that men love darkness rather than light. How awful the responsibility of those who seal up the fountain of light and life from their fellows!

And then I read how they who simply receive this testimony "have set to their seal that God is true." And I rejoiced in the knowledge that my seal was set to it for evermore. Oh! desperate blindness of unbelief, that persists in giving the God of truth the lie!

On and on I read—slowly, for the German language was not altogether easy to me—till the waning light obliged me to close the book. It was a small pocket edition—a mother's gift. But I had read the marvellous story of Sychar's well; the living words of the fifth chapter; the wondrous miracles and deep teachings of the sixth; and I had enough to fill my heart to overflowing.

I think Captain von Edelstein fully understood the meaning of my heartfelt "Thank you," as I returned him his book that night. My father naturally inquired what it was, and then I told him all. He listened in perfect silence, but when, in tones broken with emotion, I began to beg him too to believe in the free salvation, to receive Jesus and Jesus only as his Saviour, he stopped me with more of coldness in his manner than he ever showed to me.

"Hush, Léonie; that is enough! It is well, perhaps, that you, well that Conrad von Edelstein, should imbibe these principles in your youth, while the mind is fresh and the reason unexercised. I believe those who hold them find support in them in sorrow. I admit, the ideas are beautiful, and, for those who have the power of simply receiving them, exalting and comforting. But a man cannot unlive his life; cannot come down to an infant's capacity. Believe what you will, my child, so as it makes you, as you say, so inexpressibly happy. But do not expect me to share your new opinions; even could I think the truth I have been all my life seeking lay between the covers of the Bible, it would be too late now. Do not speak of this again."

For a moment a chill fell upon me; the tender words I had lingered over that afternoon,—*"Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life,"*—rose in my mind. It was so sad to think any should refuse that love—so bitter that my own dear father should be of the number! But the thought of the listening ear and sympathizing heart above soothed me. I would tell Jesus. He would surely hear, and save my father before it was indeed *"too late."*

CHAPTER XI.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

"Clouds soon o'ercrest our sunshine,
So beautiful, so bright,
And while we still admire it,
It darkens into night!
One sky alone is cloudless,
Where darkness enters not;
'Tis found alone with Jesus,
And Jesus changeth not."

F. WHITFIELD.

I must not dwell on the details of that happy week. Everything conduced to make it such. Contrary to my expectations, my father rallied

wonderfully—even came down-stairs and resumed his pen for some hours each day. We had no real annoyance from our uninvited guests; owing, no doubt, to their captain's orders, they never intruded beyond their allotted portions of the house, which were remote from our own. As I have said, the château was a large and rambling old place, and we only occupied a small part of it. Barbe, indeed, complained bitterly of the terrible inroads they made upon larder and cellar, and prophesied starvation for us in the future. But even she admitted they were not uncivil, though their pleasantries often greatly ruffled her dignity.

And for myself all was brightness, without and within. That first morning's happy hour in the garden had its counterpart each day. I no longer lingered timidly, but went straight to the terrace walk where Captain von Edelstein always awaited me. The hour became two, and more some days. At that time he was at liberty, but after lunch he usually rode off at the head of his men, not returning till late in the evening. That he always spent in conversation with my father and with me, for after the first night he always contrived to draw me into it. Nor was the subject nearest to two of the three hearts present omitted. When Captain von Edelstein first introduced it, I trembled. But my father did not resent it—though, alas! for my hopes, he met it but with cavillings and reasonings and sophistries. Doubtless it was well for me to learn how completely the sword of the Spirit could shatter all opposing weapons. And no other was used in those arguments.

But those morning talks were most precious to me, and every day the little Bible was in my possession till evening. It was so sweet, the two new friendships I had found together—the earthly and the heavenly. Those morning hours of close heart-intercourse were more than years of ordinary acquaintance. Shackled by no conventionalities of etiquette or propriety—my life had been too isolated and simple for me to gain or require any knowledge of such things—I was perfectly free from all self-consciousness and scruples, and my heart opened like a flower to the dew, under the pleasant and refreshing influences of sympathy and kindness, and all that lends friendship its magic charm. The only cloud was the uncertainty how soon this would come to an end.

With the selfishness of happiness, I thought little of the sufferings of my native land, except when my friend told some tale of sorrow connected with them, or when they were otherwise brought to my notice. I lived in a sunny dream, knowing the waking must come soon, but resolutely shunning anticipation of it. I can scarcely fancy it was little more than a week I dreamt!

One afternoon—one of those clear, brilliant, crisp afternoons that are the great charm of autumn weather—I leaned over the little gate that led from the garden into the paddock, and thence to a footpath that wound first through a plantation, then up a steep ascent to the very top of the Colline Rouge, from whence a glorious prospect could be enjoyed. It was a favourite walk of mine, but for months I had not been able to go any distance from the house, both on my father's account and because of the unsettled state of the country. But this afternoon I felt an almost irresistible longing to breathe the free, exhilarating air of the hill-top, and to see the country in its gorgeous autumn beauty. Well I knew the splendour with which it would be invested in the slanting rays of such a sun as was slowly sinking in the deep blue sky, flecked with snowy masses of cloud, lovely to look upon, but betokening, I knew well, a change of weather. If I did not go then, I should miss the sight for that year—it might be for ever! Captain von Edelstein had taken his whole band away with him that morning, so I was sure not to encounter any soldiers. A moment's hesitation, and I found myself rapidly ascending the rocky path with a keen sense of freedom and enjoyment—perhaps with a dash of excitement at the thought of possible danger.

Twenty minutes' eager climbing brought me to the top, my heart beating and my cheeks glowing with exertion. It was worth while. Never had I seen the old familiar scene more glowingly beautiful. Behind, and on each side, the hills stretched, ridge upon ridge, some in light, some in shadow, as the clouds now began to gather round in the west, tinged with various shades of gray, purple, blue, green, according to the different lights that fell upon them. To the left, half buried in the many-tinted woods, lay the little village of Drécy, crowned by the gray turrets and flaming windows of the Château de Maurence.

These I looked upon first, then I turned to the wide stretch of country in front. The blue air was so clear that for miles objects stood out with wonderful distinctness. Too great, alas! First my eyes only took in the wide expanse of plain, bordered by a distant mountain ridge; but as they gradually grew accustomed to the sight, and began by degrees to take in details, dimness spread over my vision—desolation over the beauty of nature. Rich woods, sunny fields, gleaming waters, radiant sky; all so fair to look upon,—fairer, it almost seemed, than I had ever beheld them, but bearing now amidst their beauty the grim marks of the destroyer.

After the first wide glance across the broad valley, I sought instinctively a familiar and favourite point in the landscape, where the pretty village of Arlecourt stood on the sloping banks of a winding stream, its white cottages peeping through masses of thick foliage, forming an enchanting picture of rustic beauty and peace. I sought it, and found—a heap of blackened ruins!

My heart stood still and my knees failed. Blindly I dragged myself a few yards, and sank down on a large stone in front of the crumbling remnant of wall belonging to the old castle, near which I had been standing. All rushed upon me,—the misery—the desolation—the anguish—the awful realities of war. It was my first sight of its cruel footsteps. And I had been so happy!

It was long before I could look again. As I did so, a rushing sweep of wind brought with it a dull, deep, booming sound that made me shiver. Far away I saw long files of soldiers, in dark uniforms, winding slowly along. My eyes, sharpened to acuter vision than usual, distinguished other vestiges of recent struggles. Fallen trees—heap of ashes—dead horses—broken bridges—and ever and anon that terrible boom in the far distance. In one place I saw black clouds of smoke rising. What scenes of agony and death were being enacted there?

A deadly sickness of soul stole over me as I gazed. And, as if to add to my impression of horror and dismay, large masses of clouds, which had been slowly gathering in the west, spread over the sun, and cast their heavy shadows like a pall upon the earth. The wind, too, always high in that exposed position, had risen, and now swept

round and over me with great violence—with that sobbing, wailing, shrieking sound, that heralds coming change of weather. But it seemed then to peal in my ears like the nation's wail over desolated homes and stricken hearts—like the death-angel's requiem over bloody fields of battle and of death. And I had been so happy!

Again and again that thought recurred. True, I could not help, but I might sympathize. Ah! I was to be taught *how*—soon, very soon. It grew cold, but I did not move till the rolling of a stone among the ruins behind me caused me to start up in terror, which increased when I heard footsteps and caught a glimpse of a blue uniform through a loophole in the old wall in front of which I stood.

Great was my relief when the figure of Captain von Edelstein advanced from behind. "Oh, it is you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I," he said, smiling; "I fear I have startled you. But, Mademoiselle Léonie," he continued very gravely, "why are you here alone, and so far from home? It is not wise—it is not safe! Excuse me, but you ought not, must not do so again!"

"I shall not want to," I said bitterly; "look there!" I pointed to the burnt village. "And listen, oh! it is terrible, terrible!"

He did not speak, but I knew how he felt about these things, and continued: "I could not help coming here this afternoon. I have so loved this spot, I longed so much to see it in its autumn beauty once more; and—and—I am not sorry I did. Oh, Captain von Edelstein! in spite of all you have told me, I have never realized the fearful truth of such things till now. I have been so happy—this last week, I mean—so happy, on the very threshold of agonies such as those ashes tell of! Oh! I have been so thoughtless—so selfish!"

"Nay, dear Mademoiselle Léonie, not thoughtless, not selfish. You have not, as you say, realized the horrors of war before. God grant you may never see them nearer! When God gives us sunshine, we do well to enjoy it—if it is indeed his sunshine and his gift, it will but strengthen us for the coming storm—and your gladness has been from him. Now he has shown you the suffering, he will give you the sympathy. But remember, in

sunshine and in shadow it is always your right and your privilege to rejoice and be glad in him."

But as he spoke, I felt my joy had not been purely spiritual.

"But oh!" I said; "how is it God lets such things be?"

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" was the reply. "God is just; and God is love."

"I see the justice. Men sin; wander, and sin, and forget him, and it is just they should feel the rod of his anger; but oh! where is the love? Many who suffer thus are innocent children and helpless babes; some must be his own people,—I cannot understand it. Yet that he is love, I know, I believe, I feel!"

There was a pause, then Captain von Edelstein said quietly "Look up, mademoiselle."

I did so, first at the sky, then inquiringly at him.

"Look at those clouds opposite."

I did so. Large, dark, heavy masses, piled up, fold upon fold, of varied shape and tint—but all of sombre shades of leaden-gray and black—spread almost over the sky overhead and in front. A strip of pale, clear sky marked out the horizon in the west, and the edges of the stormy wrack were sharply defined in every part, and brilliantly illumined by the intercepted rays of the sinking sun; in some parts the radiance was dazzling—in all pure and silvery bright—forming a contrast of great beauty and intensity.

"It is grand—it is sublime," I said, after having gazed at the beautiful sight for some time, my companion remaining silent.

"But you do not see what it has to do with your question?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, describe those clouds; looking up at them from earth, what are they like?"

"Darkness, confusion and gloom, are they not?"

"But how do they look from above, on the other side?"

"Ah! I see—all brightness above, all darkness below!"

"Now I think you catch my thought. Yes; looking up from the earth, truly we see only the dark side—looking down from heaven, we shall see only the bright one. God's dealings are often to our view like that stormy mass of cloud,—

dark, and mysterious, and impenetrable ; no earthly light can pierce, no human wisdom comprehend them. But, behind the darkness, beyond the gloom, there is a glory of light our eyes could not bear to gaze on now—only faith sees the gleams on the edges, and knows there is the sun undimmed behind. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. And for our *now* we have the pledge, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' and 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Leave the *hows*, and the *whys*, and the *wherefores*, Mademoiselle Léonie ! they are not for you—for us. Trust him ; he is true : follow him ; he is love."

"Ah ! yes, I see now : we must not try to understand God's ways—we must wait till we are above the clouds, beyond the earth !"

"To understand the meaning and end of all his dealings. Yes, Mademoiselle Léonie, but we can learn much of them under his teaching even here. Look at those hill-tops yonder !"

I looked where he pointed, and saw that the summits of the hills were bright with golden sunshine, while their bases and the valleys between lay deep in shadow, with the gray mist rising dull and thick from out of them.

"Those who stand on the mountain-tops, mademoiselle, catch the first and last beams of the sun—those who are in the valleys now, do not even know he is shining at all. Take your stand on the heights of faith, dear Mademoiselle Léonie, on which the bright rays of the Sun of Righteousness ever shine steadily ; never linger in the valley of doubt, among the chilling mists of unbelief and despondence."

"Ah ! I was in the valley of unbelief when you came just now, and I found it indeed a cold wretched place—my very heart was chilled. But now I feel the sunshine warm upon it again. Alas, how weak I am ! But you have always help ready for me," I said, looking up at him gratefully.

There was a look of wistful, regretful sadness in his eyes that perplexed me, as he answered, after a short pause, "To God be the glory ; but remember, mademoiselle, it is only as the mouth-piece of him who indeed knoweth how 'to speak a word in season to him that is weary,' at all times—in all circumstances—that I have been

able to do so. And *he* is always near. But now, mademoiselle, you must really let me take you down as quickly as possible. The rain is already beginning—we shall barely reach home before it comes down in earnest. Can you manage the short path, or is it too rough ?"

"Oh yes ; I always use that one. I am good climber."

So we started at once. The road was too steep and stony and the wind too boisterously strong for conversation. But I know the rough road was easy with the assistance I had that evening. About half-way down the hill, a spur of the wood projected far out, the extremity of it coming almost to a point, and reaching within a few yards of the steep narrow sheep-track, rather than path, by which we were descending. We were walking more slowly, to recover breath after the hurried scramble down the almost perpendicular hill-side, but still quickly, as the sky was now completely overcast, and a damp promise of rain already in the wind. I had taken Captain von Edelstein's offered arm, to aid my struggles against the violence of the blast. The road was smoother now, but we went on in silence. The deep gloom and depression had passed from my mind. If sobered and saddened, I was now subdued and restful.

Glancing up into my companion's face, somewhat wondering at his unusual silence, I was startled by the expression of intense sorrowful pain and troubled thought it wore, with something of stern decision in the lines of the mouth, and a far-away look in the fixed gaze. Of what was he thinking ? Of home ? Of his mother ? Of Thekla ? Perhaps of one dearer still ! But no ; had there been such a one, I should have heard of it, his confidences had been so free, and frank, and full. Yet, perhaps—

My anxious thoughts were suddenly broken in upon by a short, sharp report. Something whizzed past—close—between us ! I screamed, and clung closer to Captain von Edelstein's arm, as he faced round like lightning towards the spur of wood from which the shot had been fired.

In another second he had broken away from my clasping hands—sprung back a yard or two, pushing me forward as he did so—crying, "Quick, quick ! Léonie ! run, they will fire again."

But I could not do that. I must share the danger. Again I clung to his arm, saying, "No, no ! I cannot, I cannot ! I will not leave you in danger."

But again he drew his arm away, exclaiming, "Your staying does not lessen my danger. Every instant's delay increases it. I shall not stir till you are out of range. Go, Léonie."

There was something in his eye and voice I could not disobey. All this had passed in less than half a moment. I turned,—my failing limbs almost refused their office—my head swam—my sight failed, but I comprehended that on my speed depended my friend's only chance of escape, and staggered blindly forwards down the stony path, stumbling with every step.

Again rang out the sharp bang of a gun. My mind took it in with vivid, terrible distinctness ; but I still tottered on, every sense absorbed in the one fearful perception of imminent danger ; not to myself—I never thought of that—but to my friend. At last I reached a low stone wall that stretched across the hill just above the plantation. Now I knew how far I had come—that I might stop. I leant against it, turned, and with a desperate effort looked up the hill towards the spot where I had left Conrad.

At first I could see nothing,—lights danced before my eyes, bells rang in my ears, a deadly sick-

ness gathered round my heart. But then—oh ! with what unutterable gratitude and joy I saw a tall dark figure moving steadily through the mist that had spread over my eyes. That sight dispelled it. I looked again, and saw it now walking rapidly ; in another moment it was by my side.

"Thank God—thank God ! you are safe," I murmured, as he took my outstretched hands in a close firm grasp. I could say no more, the revulsion of feeling was too strong—the deadly faintness returned, and but for Conrad's strong arm thrown round me, I should have fallen. But I did not faint. Conrad seated me on the low wall, still supporting me with his arm, and speaking low gentle words of soothing and assurance.

"We are safe now, Léonie," he said, as after a few moments I raised my head and withdrew from his encircling arm ; "within our own lines, you need not fear now."

But I still trembled with dread and excitement. "Oh, let us go home !" I exclaimed, rising. "I cannot *feel* safe even here."

"Yes, if you are able ; but, believe me, there is no danger now." He drew my arm through his, and supported my nervous, hurrying steps as we hastened through the plantation, across the paddock, and until we passed through the little gate and stood in our own garden.

THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. OUYLER.



ONE of the companions of my childhood was a little brook that ran near the homestead. It was my playmate. Sometimes so transparent that I could see every pebble on its bed—sometimes so shallow that it scarce covered my foot ; when it got rains from heaven it ran full, but "what time it waxed warm it vanished away." That little shallow short-lived brook is to me a picture of humanity. Just in view of our house was a deep pure lake, double the size of the Sea of Galilee. In its glassy surface the clouds were mirrored ; over it our skiffs floated, but no man ever saw its bottom. That deep placid lake, unchangeable in summer and in winter, inexhaustible, and hiding everything in its silent bosom—that lake was to me an emblem of "the deep things of God." Man is easily fathomed and soon drieth up. God is the unexhausted sea. His ways are past finding out.

And one of the deep things of God is his *Word*. No fathoming-line has ever touched its bottom. No consumption of its pure refreshing waters has ever lowered it an inch. Within it play the leviathans. Its sublime utterances are as the sound of many waters. "Deep calleth unto deep." And in its profound bosom lie all manner of pearls and precious stones ; any one of them is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams. That single pearl, "God is love," outweighs the globe in value.

Just compare, too, all the human books ever written with this one Book as the subject of pulpit and private study.

Upon this one Book the most cultured and devout minds have been engaged for eighteen centuries. Millions of spiritual and soul-saving discourses have been drawn out of it. And the Bible is as fresh and faithful as when Augustine explored it twelve hundred years ago. Men run dry ; but the Bible, never.

What human production could have survived such a

constant process of search and "sounding"? Plato was the wisest of the ancients, but Plato's brook is easily forded. Shakespeare is the acutest of modern intellects; but Shakespeare does not contain religious truth enough to fill a pint measure; the little that he has, he dipped out of God's Word. Just imagine all the ministers in Christendom trying to preach for a lifetime out of Shakespeare—substituting "Hamlet" for St. John, or "Macbeth" for the Psalms of David! God only loaned to Shakespeare a narrow rivulet of thought, and that too was often riled and muddled with impurity. But "the sea is HIS, and he made it!" he "giveth his people to drink as out of the great depths."

Ah! there is precious fishery in the Bible. We are all the time commanded to "launch out into the deep, and to let down our nets for a draught." When we have this done, we have not been able to draw the net to land for the multitude of the fishes. The most needful truths are easy of reach; they lie near to the surface. A child can apprehend them. Nothing can be simpler than—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul," or "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But there are other truths of profound mystery—such as Creation, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Divine Decrees, the Resurrection, &c.—that go down many leagues below our longest lines. These are the deep things of God.

Our congregations sometimes tell us ministers that our preaching is tantalizing; it stops just at the point where they wish to know more, and to go deeper. Our answer must be that there is a limit to all human fishing-lines and fathoming-lines. For example, the doctrine of Election is too deep for my fishing-tackle. And if any unconverted sinner is wasting his precious time in trying to find out whether he is "elected to be saved," or even what God's secret decrees may be, he is more likely to be caught in the devil's net than he is to catch much truth in his own net. There are a great many things which no father tells to his own children. The "secret things belong unto God; but the things which

are revealed belong unto ourselves and to our children," and these vital truths let us spend our short lives in studying and obeying. It will be time enough to understand the Trinity and Predestination when we reach the high-school of heaven.

There are deep things of God that belong also to his daily providence. I have stood lately by two coffins that were to me "past finding out." Why a loving God permitted those premature deaths, was to our eyes the darkest of mysteries. Verily he is a God that hideth himself; his way is in the sea, and his footsteps are not known. I cannot pretend to fathom the mystery of a thousand seeming failures of great and holy undertakings; no, nor the mystery of tens of thousands of sick chambers, or early graves, or shattered hopes and broken hearts. We puzzle and torment ourselves over these enigmas until brain and heart ache. How often we call our loving Father cruel! How often we have been tempted to murmur, "O, I could have borne this trial a little later, or a little sooner, but just now it is so hard. If God had taken my property and left to me my wife—or if that particular child had not died—or just *this* blow had been spared me,—I could have submitted better." So we foolish children talk. But a wiser spirit replies in sharp rebuke, "Thou fool; *be still* and know that he is God." Our blind, selfish ignorance is sure to err, and scan his work in vain. We shall read these hard and trying chapters of our lives with very different eyes when the light of eternity illuminates the tear-blotted page. It will be one of the joys of heaven to find out some of these deep things of God.

For, after all, the deepest of God's deep things will be his unfathomable LOVE. Into this infinite ocean our lines sink without reaching bottom. It is deeper than human depravity or human wretchedness. When man fell he sank fearfully low, but not beneath the reach of redeeming love. O the breadth and the depth of that passion, which dredges the uttermost deeps of human depravity to bring up lost pearls for Immanuel's crown!

IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN," ETC.

COLLEGIATE EDUCATION FOR NEGROES.



HE enlightened people of America were not satisfied with providing a mere elementary education for the coloured races. By doing so, they might, it is true, prepare the freedman for discharging the ordinary duties of citizenship; but a higher training, or, at least, some mode of obtaining it, was requisite to raise him to an

equality with the white man. This is now the aim of Christian statesmen. The task is difficult—far more so than people in general would imagine. The main difficulty lies here, that the two races will not associate. The white man will not permit his children to mix, in school or elsewhere, with the children of the negro; and, so far as I was able to learn, the negro appears

to have almost as great an objection to associate with the white. The feeling is as intense and as wide-spread in the Southern States as ever it was; indeed, it would even seem to have deepened since the war. The negroes must have their own schools, and hotels, and railway-cars. No negro will venture to enter a railway-car or other public conveyance with a white man, except in the capacity of a servant. As society is constituted at present in the old Slave States, it would be vain to attempt to introduce coloured students to any of the colleges. Even in the North—in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst, with all their boasted freedom, I did not see one. There may be some. I am not aware that there are any rules to exclude them; but among the crowds of students I did not notice a single coloured face. This is a sad state of matters. It is one of the bitter fruits of a pernicious system long fostered in the heart of a noble nation. It cannot easily or soon be eradicated; and yet the most thoughtful of American statesmen see in it grave elements of disturbance, and even danger to the country. Five millions of people educated apart, living apart, to some extent labouring apart, and all the while cherishing, as we know they do, a deep sense of past wrong and present social degradation, must be a source of weakness and danger to the constitution. The two races, I fear, will never amalgamate; but education and Christianity may draw them closer together, and prevent a collision which conscious weakness on the part of the negro has alone averted hitherto.

Under such circumstances, it is clear that if the coloured people are to get collegiate training, they must have colleges of their own. Men of influence and wealth know this, and they have determined to supply the want. The first-fruits of their labours are now seen at Washington, in

HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

Having been invited to visit this remarkable institution and address the students, I gladly consented. At an early hour on Monday morning, a friend called for me in his carriage at the Arlington. For half an hour or so the road was tolerable, but matters soon changed. The road—that is, what is designed at some indefinite period in the future to be a road—is wide, and

marked out plainly enough by deep trenches cut in the soft soil. There was nothing, however, to distinguish the space between the trenches from the fields and wilderness outside, except a little more unevenness of surface, caused by ruts and holes here and there, which it required careful piloting to avoid. Two or three times we encountered a ravine running at right-angles to our route, and filled with mud of unknown depth. We halted to survey, and I gave it up as hopeless. Not so my enterprising friend. His quick, experienced eye caught sight of a break in the boundary dyke; he went at it, and with a cheery “Gee up” cleared it. I fully anticipated an upset and general smash: but nothing of the kind; the high wheels and light body of the “buggy” seemed specially adapted for such work; and the only inconvenience I experienced was rising a foot or so into the air, a momentary sensation as of flying, and then a descent upon the seat again with a “thud.” It is a little exciting. There is a spice of romance in it unknown in prosy old England. Fortunately the country is wide; trespass never thought of; and if one have only enough of time and pioneering skill, he usually reaches his destination in safety. We did; and after the last stiff climb up a natural bank, not particularly smooth, I felt amply repaid.

The site of Howard University is splendid. It stands on the crown of a graceful hill, projecting from a wooded ridge, and some three hundred feet high, commanding the whole plain on which the city of Washington lies in outline, with long reaches of the broad Potomac beyond, backed by the verdant heights of Arlington, and the picturesque uplands of Virginia, which extend far away along the whole southern horizon. It struck me as if there were something symbolic in that site of the first college ever erected in America for the coloured races—looking down on the capital of the great and now free Republic; looking beyond, across the Potomac, to Mount Vernon, where Washington lived, and where his ashes sleep; and looking to Virginia, where they and their fathers felt the galling chain. As they look and study there, will the freedmen not have constantly impressed upon their minds the thought of what they were, what they are, and what they may attain to?

The college consists of a main building, four stories high, plain, but substantial, containing library, chapel, class and lecture rooms for the preparatory and collegiate departments. Behind it, at right-angles, on the one side are chambers for a full staff of professors and three hundred resident pupils: on the other side is the new medical school; and surrounding the whole lies a park of seventy acres, now being laid out with taste and care.

"The originators of this institution," we are told, "were a small band of men, earnestly enlisted in the work of elevating the coloured races. They were all Northern men, and nearly all of them connected with the new Congregational Church and Society of Washington. The credit of originating the scheme belongs to the Rev. B. F. Morris of Cincinnati, who was at that time in the government employment in the district of Columbia. He was son of Thomas Morris, a native of Virginia, who, while a Senator in Congress from Ohio, was one of the foremost champions of freedom. The original idea of the Rev. Mr. Morris was to train coloured men for teachers and preachers.

"On the 20th November 1866, the first meeting was held which initiated this great educational enterprise. Some twenty were present. The views of Mr. Morris were adopted. In the course of the meeting, General Howard offered to build a seminary structure from the educational funds of the Freedmen's Bureau, if the association would furnish a site; and Mr. Brewster thereupon gave his verbal guarantee that the site should be secured."

On fuller consideration, the plan of the proposed institution was enlarged so as to include a preparatory and collegiate department in arts for both males and females; also departments of law, medicine, and theology; and it finally received its charter under the name of the Howard University. The original idea was to reserve it for the coloured races exclusively: to train teachers, preachers, and missionaries, both for America and Africa. In this respect, too, the plan was ultimately extended, and it was resolved to open the doors of the university to all, without distinction of race or colour. Hitherto, however, this latter liberal enactment has been a

dead letter, and it is, I fear, likely long to continue so. No child of white parents has ever entered it, though the professors and teachers, with one exception, are whites. That exception is a remarkable one. There is something of romance in it,—something, too, which shows in a very striking manner the strong prejudices still felt against the coloured people; and, on the other hand, the determination occasionally exhibited by them to triumph over all opposition, and to assert their full manhood. I give it as I find it in the Report:—

"The medical department was organized by the election of three members of its faculty in the early part of May 1868; and in the month of September a fourth professorship was filled. In September, also, Dr. Alexander T. Augusta, a distinguished coloured physician of Washington, was elected as Demonstrator of Anatomy. Dr. Augusta is a gentleman of decided abilities, and is thoroughly educated in his profession. He is a native of Norfolk, Virginia; free-born, and served his apprenticeship as a barber in that city, subsequently working as a journeyman at his trade. In his boyhood he learned by stealth to read a little, and subsequently acquired, while working at his trade, some additional knowledge. At a later period he read medicine for a time in the office of a respectable physician in Philadelphia; but he could get no access to the medical college of that city, by reason of his colour. He went to California to get money to prosecute his purpose, and was highly successful. On his return he made another effort to find entrance to a medical college, and was repulsed both in Philadelphia and Chicago. He finally went to the University of Toronto, and was cordially welcomed to the medical college of that very distinguished institution, second to no university in British America; and after some half-a-dozen years of laborious academic—classical as well as professional—study, he received the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, with the full honours of the college. During the war he was a surgeon in the army; and while stationed at Savannah, Georgia, in charge of a hospital, he was repeatedly associated in professional relations with medical gentlemen of the first eminence in that city, who treated him with uniform courtesy.

They often came into his hospital to observe cases interesting to the profession, and to join with him in uncommon surgical operations—facts honourable alike to both parties. (!) Dr. Augusta is the only coloured gentleman connected with the medical faculty so far as it has yet been organized; and for this reason, as well as for the essential interest which marks his career, reference is here made to him. It is a suggestive fact that, after such struggles to gain access to a medical school for his own culture, he should thus be called as a teacher in the first school of medical science founded for his race in America.”

I may just add that it is a hopeful fact to find such a narrative as this embodied in a special Report drawn up by the Commissioner of Education, and submitted to the Senate of the United States in the year of grace 1870.

As arranged, I fortunately reached the university in time to join in morning prayers. The whole establishment—principal, professors, pupils, and servants—assemble in the chapel every morning at eight o'clock. It is reckoned a necessary part of the daily exercises, and is attended, as I learned, there and elsewhere, with the happiest results. All are taught, at the commencement of each day's labour, to acknowledge the existence and presence of an almighty though unseen Being—the Author and Sustainer of life—the Source of blessings temporal and spiritual. Some are deeply impressed; all are solemnized by it.

About four hundred were present, and among them not a single white face except the teachers. The females sat on one side; the males on the other. I watched them closely. From my position on the platform I could command the entire congregation; and I was struck with the aspect of intelligent, devout attention which characterized every one. I soon recognized the peculiar features of three Japanese youths, and one from China, who, like the others, bowed their knees to the Christian's God. A hymn was sung with much taste—one of the coloured pupils playing an accompaniment on the harmonium. Then a lesson from the New Testament was read, and prayer offered. At the close, I was requested to address the audience; and I shall not soon forget with what deep interest they listened while I

contrasted heathen and Christian lands—the East, whence they sprang, with the West, where they were being trained—and then attempted to press home their duties and their responsibilities. I left with the conviction that there, in Howard University, the first decided step is being taken to solve one of the grand problems which now lie before the United States,—How to elevate and utilize the coloured population. This will be effected, not merely by providing elementary instruction for the masses, but, above and along with this, by raising up among themselves men who, from their talents, and intellectual and moral culture, will be capable of taking and holding their places in the nation.

DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

Another steeple-chase drive lay before us—worse even than the former, for our route lay along the slope of a low ridge, furrowed by ravines having lively torrents and miry torrent-beds, but no bridges. It was passed, and we entered the grounds of “the Silent College”—one of the most remarkable educational establishments in the world.

America is at this moment setting an example to mankind in her plan of educating deaf-mutes. The history of her efforts is instructive. Some sixty years ago, Dr. Gallaudet visited Europe, to glean information as to the mode there pursued of imparting knowledge to the deaf and dumb. He tried in vain to get access to English schools. They were private establishments, and their work was a monopoly. Going over to Paris, every facility was afforded him of accomplishing his purpose. Returning to the United States, he opened a school at Hartford, which was for a time supported by private subscription. Its success was such as to attract public attention. Enlightened statesmen soon saw that the establishment of similar schools throughout the country would tend to elevate a class of persons hitherto a burden upon the community into a position of independence and permanent benefit; and they therefore concluded that it was the duty of the State to undertake their support and management. This was done,—done so thoroughly, that official returns for 1871 show thirty-three fully equipped institutions and five day-schools for deaf-mutes,

in the country—having an aggregate attendance of 4068 pupils. Every State in the Union, with the exception of Florida, has a public institution of the kind.

The project did not stop here. A number of men, who had given much thought to the matter, took the high ground that "deafness, though it be total and congenital, imposes no limits upon the intellectual development of its subjects, save in the single direction of the appreciation of acoustic phenomena." The natural inference from this was, that it only required the necessary appliances and training to place deaf-mutes on a par intellectually with those who had the full use of their senses. Impressed with this idea, they persevered. The Honourable Amos Kendall was the leading spirit in the movement; and in order to test it, he founded, and for a time supported, an institution at Washington for the higher training of deaf-mutes. In 1857, he engaged as his assistant Mr. E. M. Gallaudet of Hartford, himself the son of a mute mother, and of a father whose life was spent in the education of mutes. Mr. Gallaudet, we are told—and we can well believe it, considering his training and experience—possessed keen insight into the workings of the deaf-mute mind, thorough belief in their capacity, and a warm desire for their intellectual, social, and spiritual elevation. He entered on his work with rare enthusiasm. He proved to the public what could be done. He pointed to the census returns, which made the startling revelation that there were nearly twenty thousand deaf-mutes in the United States. He showed statesmen the great advantages that must accrue to the country from placing these on a par with their fellow-citizens in regard to education. He at length succeeded in convincing the Senate that the Central Government was the only proper authority to undertake such a work. A college for deaf-mutes, he rightly argued, would be national in its scope and in the benefits it would confer; for it would develop the hitherto dormant talents and energies of a large class of men.

Accordingly, on the 28th of June 1864, the National College for Deaf-mutes was publicly inaugurated at Washington, and liberally endowed by Congress. Provision was made for the free admission of residents in the district of Columbia

who have not the means of supporting themselves, and for all whose fathers are in the military or naval service of the United States. To students from other States, who are not able to defray necessary expenses, the Board of Directors render assistance; so that hitherto the requirements of every worthy applicant have been met. This fact is a noble testimony to the enlightened educational policy of the Government of the United States.

The course of study is almost identical with the Arts course in other American colleges. It extends over four years; and embraces Latin, Greek, French, German, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Metaphysics, Logic, Moral Philosophy, the Evidences of Christianity, Political Economy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, with Drawing and Painting as optional studies. Candidates for admission must pass a searching matriculation examination; and the corporation is authorized by act of Congress to confer "such degrees in the arts and sciences as are usually granted in colleges."

In an official paper, published last year, and kindly placed in my hands by President Porter, I find the following most gratifying statement:—"The experience of nearly five years in the progress of the college has fully satisfied those familiar with its workings, that their assumption as to the ability of deaf-mutes to master the arts and sciences was well-founded; while at the same time the expressions of interest the enterprise has called forth from instructors of youth, from deaf-mutes and their friends, and from the public journals, are taken as evidence that the community approve the undertaking." Mr. Gallaudet's Report for 1870 shows the wonderful success which from the very first attended the students who graduated:—"Our first three graduates were at once called to fill honourable and useful positions: one in the service of the Patent Office; one to instruct his fellow-mutes in Illinois; and the third to supply a professor's place, as tutor, in the college from which he had just graduated.

"The young men of our second graduating class have also given gratifying evidence that their collegiate training has been to good purpose. One has been called to teach in the Tennessee Institution for Deaf-mutes; another has been employed in a similar manner in the Ohio Institution;

a third has taken an eligible position as teacher in the new Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Belleville, Canada ; the fourth is a valued clerk in the Census Bureau ; and the fifth is continuing his studies here with the view of becoming a librarian, while he fills temporarily the position of private secretary in the office of the president of the institution. The aggregate annual income to-day of the nine young men who have graduated from our college is 9600 dollars ; giving an average of more than 1000 dollars (£200) each."

And to this the Report adds : "The disability of deafness interposes no obstacle to success in literary and scientific pursuits. The silent voice of the editor and the author may reach a larger audience and be more potent for good than the silvery tongue of the orator. The calm eye and steady hand of the astronomer and the chemist may gather as much that is valuable to humanity as the quick ear of the doctor or the musician. The legal lore of the closet is often of more value in the court-room than the noisy appeal of the advocate."

My visit to the deaf-mute college impressed me more than anything I saw in America. It seems to me to be one of the noblest examples of Christian work ever undertaken by a Christian nation. It displays at once deep and far-seeing political sagacity, and genuine humanity. There may be a great deal of sentiment in leaving such work to be carried on by the voluntary liberality of Christian men. It may be said that charity is thus evoked where it would otherwise lie dormant. I maintain, however, that there is ample field for the outgoing of charity without trenching on the province of the State. It is a false policy, and short-sighted besides, to leave to the uncertainty, and as a general consequence the inadequacy, of individual effort, any enterprise fitted to confer general and permanent benefits upon the country. There is true statesmanship manifested in the ability to see the beneficial results to the public of raising a large class of persons, who must otherwise be a burden, to such a position as renders them an advantage to the commonwealth. As a rule, properly trained deaf-mutes form the best instructors of their fellows ; and were this the only field open to them, it would be of great importance to the country to be able thus to utilize

their talents. They, as it were, liberate, in the persons of speaking teachers, a great amount of intellect fitted for other spheres of labour. It was with a true appreciation of this fact, that Mr. Secretary Cox said to the graduating class on a recent occasion : "It is not so essential that you rise in the outside world as that you become missionaries among your brethren in misfortune. You should devote yourselves to the task of elevating them with a zeal as assiduous, with a fidelity as enduring, as the Jesuit displays for his vows."

The first thing that struck me on entering the grounds was the all-pervading silence. It was almost painful. Youths were moving to and fro with every outward sign of animation ; but not a voice was heard. Reaching the doors, I asked for the president. A young man whom I addressed regarded me with a look of intelligence, which showed that, though deaf, he perfectly understood my question ; and motioning me to follow, he led the way to the head-master. I was welcomed with the utmost courtesy, conducted over the entire building ; everything was explained, and all official documents connected with the origin and progress of the college were placed in my hands. In one room we found a little group engaged in experimental chemistry, and a pupil-teacher was explaining in sign-language a complicated process of analysis. In another room three students were working out on black-boards propositions in the higher branches of mathematics, —for which, the professor told me, many of them show extraordinary aptitude. I was introduced to one of them who had left a lucrative employment in an engineering establishment, in order to return to college and complete his mathematical training, so as to be qualified for the higher departments of his profession. In another room I found two classes in which I felt special interest ; they were engaged in the study of Greek—reading, parsing, translating, and yet silent. The difficulties connected with pronunciation are, of course, to them unknown ; but in all other respects they show as great facility in acquiring a knowledge of ancient classics as those who possess the sense of hearing. I saw a group discussing, I was told, some of those questions which now separate, or are supposed to separate, science and

theology. The features of each speaker's face, and the attitude he assumed, were so expressive, that an observer could almost follow the course of the argument.

In the lecture and examination rooms, writing and gesture are the sole modes of communication. The student commits his lessons by placing one hand under the table—under, in order to avoid disturbing his fellows—and spelling out each word rapidly by means of the manual alphabet. The motions of his hand resemble those of an expert telegraph operator. Sometimes, in the heat of an examination, one is seen suddenly to cease writing, ply his fingers until he has caught up the thread of an argument, and then proceed with his paper.

Probably the most impressive of all the college exercises are those of the chapel. No sound of bell is heard; yet at the appointed hour the students assemble and take their places. There is no hymn of praise; there is no audible reading; there is no voice of prayer. A silence as of death reigns in that chapel; and yet God's Word is there conveyed to attentive minds, and prayer, in which all join, is offered up in that mysterious sign-language. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, can one witness a more touching illustration of that grand truth, "God is a Spirit;" and of the lesson it teaches, that spiritual worship, in whatever form offered, is the true, and the only true, worship.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

Wherever I went, in the United States, I found in each school, college, and seminary for education, that the existence of a God is openly acknowledged, his Word is read, and the obligation to worship him is admitted and acted upon. Each State in the Union has its own distinct Board of Education, and its own laws, with which the supreme legislature cannot interfere. The laws differ to some extent in different States; but, so far as I have been able to ascertain, they all agree in laying down as the basis of education the principles of religion and morality. "Without these," says the Massachusetts Report, "life is a failure." The same Report affirms that the Bible is the standard of religion and morality, and consequently one of the general statutes declares that

"the school committee shall require the daily reading of some portion of the Bible." One of America's greatest statesmen has said: "Moral habits cannot be safely trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits." In carrying out their plans of national education, American statesmen have all along drawn a clear distinction between sectarianism and religion. They exclude creeds, formularies, and catechisms from their schools, because they proceed from and represent sects; but they steadfastly and consistently deny that the Bible is a sectarian book. It is, say they, the common property and the common standard of Christendom. It belongs alike to Protestant and Catholic, to all sects and to all men. They thus strike a wise mean between what has been called ecclesiastical bigotry on the one hand, and secular bigotry on the other. They hold that the fundamental principles of religion and morality can be taught apart from catechisms; and they also hold that a thorough education can never be given where the principles of religion and morality are ignored. "No one of all our citizens, we think," says a recent Report, "would wish that there should be the inculcation of denominational sentiments, or anything that would give the least bias in that direction; but there are great principles, both of morals and of religion, which are common to all, which are easy both of apprehension and of application, and which our statute law makes obligatory to be taught in all our schools." "We suppose that our Roman Catholic friends, who were opposed to the reading of the Bible in school, misunderstood it as requiring their children to read the Protestant Bible. But this is not so. The law guarantees them perfect liberty, if they have any conscientious scruples against the Protestant version, to read their own Bible, in whatever version their own Church has approved. We mean to defend them in this liberty. Their children shall have the same right to read their Bible as our children have to read ours. But as to the Bible, whether read in a Protestant or Romish version, being excluded or abused, trampled on or destroyed—no, not while this remains a land of right and liberty! The Bible is too good a book, too vital, too universal—it belongs too much to

the world's history, and literature, and morality, and jurisprudence—it is too thoroughly interwoven with our national traditions, our morality and our legislation, to have any contempt or insult put upon it that we can remedy or prevent. In this land of light and freedom, no man shall put out its light; while every man shall be protected in reading it in any version he may choose, and interpreting it according to the dictates of his own conscience.”

It seems to me, that if British statesmen would only show a little of that firmness and consistency which American statesmen have shown, in legislating on national education, the religious difficulty which is now agitating the three kingdoms would very soon be solved. Designing men are playing with the weakness and vacillation of our rulers. They are agitating and threatening, that they may gain their own ends. But let our statesmen boldly affirm that this is a Christian country, and that Christian principle lies, and must ever lie, at the foundation of its constitution. Let them assert in practice, as they admit in theory, that the morality of civilized nations is not based upon Confucius, Zoroaster, the Koran, or Church Councils, but upon the Bible. Let them affirm that perfect freedom from sectarianism does not exclude the cultivation of the heart and conscience. Let them affirm, too, on the other hand, what every thoughtful man must admit, that any attempt to train our youth intellectually and morally, so as to make them enlightened and useful members of society, while altogether ignoring the religious element, is an impossibility. The facts and principles of Christianity must of necessity enter largely into every scheme of education which is at all complete or efficient. But states-

men must be very careful, at the same time, not to suffer the entrance of those fundamental facts and principles to be made an excuse for the introduction of creeds. The *Times*, it seems to me, has set this aspect of the question in its true light. In a recent acute and eloquent article, it says:—“The child is to be taught—that is to say, its faculties are to be trained so as to apprehend facts, and its mind opened so as to understand their relation to itself and to one another. There is not a single branch of knowledge opened before the child which does not run away into the depths; and by avoiding as much as by dwelling on these depths the child is educated. By silence as much as by speech, by gesture as much as by word, it is taught. An object-lesson is one of the simplest exercises of the opening mind. May the teacher lead the child to think of design in the adaptation of parts of the object to its uses and ends? ‘Gross superstition,’ cries the objector. Is the teacher to be silent on such topics? ‘Dark atheism,’ answers another. Every lesson upon the natural world involves similar difficulties. The history of mankind, the distribution of man as men exist now, the points on which they agree and differ, involve new difficulties. The difficulty is everywhere. Teaching without any recognition of religion is an offence as much as teaching with it; and if every nice offence is to be a stumbling-block, we must undo what we have done, and give up national education altogether.” But there is no need to give it up. The thought of doing so is a confession of cowardice. Our statesmen only need to be honest, consistent, determined; and agitation, generated by weakness, and fomented by vacillation, will speedily disappear.

FORTITUDE.—A SONNET.



THE smiling vale is sweet in summer days,
When corn and mingled flowers together grow.
Like living gems, they vibrate in the rays
That spread through earth and heaven, one ardent glow.
But ah! the scene no constancy displays;
One wasting storm can lay its beauty low:

Show me a spot majestic to the gaze,
Majestic most when tempests fiercely blow.
Show me the rock, like fortitude, that stands
Serene in sunshine and sublime in gloom,
Unmoved, unshaken to the day of doom.
Oh, had we but true faith in God's commands,
So strong were we; so through all change could
say,—
“He doth uphold. Amen, come what come may.”

B.

JOHANNES FALK: THE PHILANTHROPIST OF WEIMAR.

ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN OF BAUR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

FALK'S first step was to organize the Society of "Friends in Need," who solicited subscriptions in Jena, Eisenach, and other cities, and devoted the funds thus collected to apprentice poor boys to honest tradesmen. He preferred family to institution training, and placed hundreds of children in pious families in Weimar and its vicinity. Afterwards, however, he found an institution to be indispensable to the attainment of his object. He always kept a limited number of the children in his own house: new-comers, in order to learn their respective dispositions; and those who happened to be specially neglected or depraved, in order to have them under his own eye. Boys receiving a higher culture, preparatory to a university course, were considered as belonging to his own family. Afterwards a large number of children resided with Falk in a house built for the purpose; yet he still preserved regular intercourse with those placed elsewhere. Every evening he instructed the boys destined for the ministry in Bible history and chorale-singing. The girls of the institution were taught sewing and spinning, and all the children under the care of the society were expected to attend the Sunday school.

Thus a delightful work of Christian charity sprang from the distressing exigencies of the times. The love wherewith, a century earlier, August Hermann Francke of Halle espoused the cause of the young, had begun a new career. In both cases the spring of action was the same—the love of God as manifested in Jesus Christ; and the object the same—to gain souls for the kingdom of heaven; but the means employed were very different. Falk's religious views, we may here state, cannot possibly be judged by a strictly orthodox standard. Side by side with his intense hatred of sin, which forced itself daily in a thousand forms on his view, there existed in him a warm admiration of the goodness of the human heart. He rejected the notion of education being in itself sufficient to regenerate mankind, and disliked the rationalism then prevailing at Weimar under the auspices of its leading clergyman, whose ministry he would not suffer his pupils to attend. But, on the other hand, it is to be regretted that he failed to entertain the correct scriptural view of the atonement. The anger of God at sin, the necessity of a sacrifice, and the stupendous fact that the Son of God died for sinners, he never duly realized. To him love was all in all—the Divinity whom he worshipped; and in the Saviour he beheld the most wonderful incarnation of divine love. When he looked to the Cross—as he frequently and thankfully did—he was less affected by the vicarious sacrifice than

by the divine example, which love inspired him with new strength to imitate.

The distinguished philanthropists of that period supported Falk all the more readily, as they were not repulsed by his religious views; yet, nevertheless, in Weimar he was accounted a mystic; and orthodox Christians no doubt acted rightly in freely according to him their sympathy and assistance.

"Many and divers are the flowers in the garden of God!" exclaimed the pious Blochmann of Dresden, heartily rejoicing in Falk's labour of love. And there was indeed good reason for rejoicing; since Falk brought to his work, not only a heart glowing with love, but likewise all the freshness and versatility of his poet's nature.

The experience of his youth, the sorrows of his manhood,—his deep earnestness and rich vein of humour,—his acquaintance with the popular dialect and national songs,—all lent their aid in attracting the attention and rivetting the affections of the children, and awakening their intellect; and thus subserved the grand end of restoring humanity from the ruins of the fall, and redeeming God's children from the power of the evil one.

Falk lived with the children, giving them of his best, and labouring early and late on their behalf. Daily and hourly he had to instruct, to reprove, to correct, or encourage. He well knew how to sound, in common conversation, the inmost depths of the young heart. Once there arrived from a neighbouring village a youngster, who, fancying he had a call to the ministry, thought it below his dignity to drive home his father's cows. Falk asked him whether he came from a town or a village? "From a village," replied the boy. "Oh, indeed; then I wonder that you need to come to Weimar to learn what a cow is. Perhaps, however, you don't know how much we owe to that valuable animal. Tell me, now: when a faithful maid-servant rises early and goes with basket and sickle to the meadow to cut the long wet grass, it rustles, does it not?" "Yes." "And when a wealthy sluggard sleeps away the fine morning behind silk curtains, they rustle too?" "Yes." "And which sound, my son, do you think God loves best to hear—the sickle in the wet grass, or the silk curtains of the sluggard?" "The sickle." "But why?" Here the wits of the young peasant came to a stand-still.

"I will tell you, my son," continued Falk. "If those curtains were to rustle for ten years, what good would it do?" "None." "But if the sickle gleam in the morning sun for six or seven years, filling the basket with grass and clover for the cow-house, where the little calves and yearlings patiently await their fragrant food

from the hands of the diligent girl, what will come of that?" "Large, fine cows." "Yes; and these fill the dairy with milk, and butter, and cheese, on which the farmer's children grow strong and rosy; while the flocks and herds frolic on the green meadows, and rejoice in the goodness of God, who made them and us, and who sees fit to use the active, dutiful servant as his instrument in nourishing them. What, boy! You refuse to drive home these noble animals, to whom we all owe so much. My town-boys here know better about farmer's work than you seem to do. Stand up, boys, and sing our fine old song in praise of the country. That will probably make our friend feel ashamed of his foolish pride!" The children then sang Falk's song: "Oh, a shepherd's life for me!" "Well, did you understand that? Who was Moses?" "A man of God." "Yes; and so was David, who wrote the psalms that you learn by heart. You do not seem to me likely to become a David, and compose psalms and hymns; and yet you are ashamed of useful work that holy men of God did as a matter of course. Away with you! You are such a simpleton as not to know the worth of a good servant and of an earthly flock; so, how could Christ, the Lord of heaven, trust his sheep to you, or make you one of his servants!"

It is worthy of notice, that this reception, cutting as it was, did not repel the boy.

The liberty accorded by Falk to his young people proved a strong bond of union between them. "We forge," said he "all our fetters from within, and utterly scorn those of outward application. It is written: 'If Christ make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' Might it not be said: 'If Christ bind you, ye shall never go astray'? Do parents lock their doors to prevent their children from running away? If that is not done at home, why should it be indispensable here? Is human nature divided against itself? Nay, verily. Christ and the Bible are right. Love alone triumphs over every obstacle,—over gates and bars, locks and drawbridges; yes, even over wicked men."

With this confidence in the power of love, he could say to a pupil who had repeatedly run away, after reproving him for his folly, "Even God, though almighty, forces no one to be saved. Now, I may as well inform you, in case you should take a roundabout way the next time you leave us—since you seem bent upon doing so—that there are two doors to this house. Moreover, if you want to go to Frankfort, your nearest way is by Luther Street; but if bound for Leipzig, you had better go by the opposite gate. The city-gates are opened every morning at six, and shut for the night at ten; so make your arrangements accordingly." Once more the boy ran away, but only to return with tears, never again to forsake the right way.

Falk's lessons were never dry. The love of God was always illustrated by facts from every-day life; so that the pupils were never wearied by abstract teaching. He first invented the plan—so often adopted since—of

alternating the singing of responsive hymns with the reading of Scripture. The children always sang at work, often the songs of Falk's own composition. He gave them the history of Luther in excellent rhyme in the style of Hans Sachs, interspersed with spirited songs. He often conducted his young flock to the Thuringian mountains, to afford them an opportunity of learning the gospel of the flowers of the field and the stars of heaven, and of hearing God's voice in the rushing wind and waving forest.

Falk's personal and domestic interests were completely merged in his work of love. Every event in his own family was to him a fresh incentive to devote himself to the redemption of destitute children. In March 1819, it pleased God to take away Falk's son Edward, a promising youth of nineteen, who had just completed his studies preparatory to entering the university. The parents, overwhelmed with grief, were sitting by the corpse, when, about an hour after the death of their beloved child, a knock was heard at the door. "Oh, if thou wouldest but once more appear to us!—if thou wouldest but once more enter by this door!" cried the distracted mother, her eyes fixed on the body. Here a poor boy of about fourteen entered, saying, "Since you have had pity on so many children from our country, do not reject me. My parents died when I was seven years of age." The afflicted mother rose up, lifted her tear-stained face to heaven, and exclaimed, "O God, thou art ever sending us strange children, whom we receive gladly; whilst our own thou takest away from us!" The poor boy's petition was not refused.

The bereaved parents, especially the mother, felt this new wound so severely that the physicians deemed change of scene indispensable. Falk took up his abode at the foot of the Wartburg, near Eisenach. The exquisite scenery, and still more the strengthening memories clinging around the ancient fortress overhanging their dwelling, acted beneficially on the mind of Falk and his wife. Being restored to health, they returned home in the autumn, after visiting Frankfort. For two years God saw fit to grant them a respite from domestic affliction, when, at Easter 1821, it broke forth anew; their daughter Angelica, a girl of sixteen, being taken from them. Well-practised in the petition, "Thy will be done," they did not grow weary in the work given them to do. At this period they greatly needed fresh supplies of strength.

The owner of the house where Falk had hitherto carried on his labour of love, unexpectedly gave him notice to leave, and he looked around him in vain for a suitable abode. A report was circulated in Weimar that Falk was about to remove to the ancient mansion of the Counts of Orlamünde, a deserted and dilapidated building in Luther Street. On first hearing this rumour, Falk remarked that he would not choose even to be buried there. However, when no other shelter could be found, a bright thought struck Falk; and he resolved to go to Luther Street, and, with the aid of his pupils,

restore the ruined mansion. The house was purchased. Five thousand thalers had to be paid by a certain time, and Falk was without a farthing to meet the demand; besides which, the expenses of building had to be considered.

"Trust in God, my friends!" cried Falk; "trust in God. Let the work be planned and begun in his name, and he will send us the means wherewith to carry it on." He then set to work with his usual energy, dispatching messengers with printed circulars announcing his new undertaking. These travelled through Germany and Holland, and sent home the gifts of Christian friends. Falk's own contribution, the result of literary labour, amounted to three thousand thalers.

Meanwhile the boys worked diligently at the new house. The old building was pulled down and the foundation-stone of the new house laid in 1823. Every tile on the roof, every lock, every table and chair within, was the boys' own work. When the structure was complete, there was placed over the front door a marble tablet bearing the inscription: "After the battles of Jena, Lützen, and Leipzig, the Society of 'Friends in Need' erected this house as a perpetual thank-offering to God."

The outward framework complete, Falk set to work with renewed vigour at the internal economy of the establishment. He was now able to keep a larger number of children than before under his own care, and exercised more vigilance than ever over their mental and spiritual development. He had much satisfaction in his pupils. Many a worthy tradesman, many an able teacher and pious pastor, had to thank Falk for saving him from destitution and making him a useful member of society.

One of Falk's pupils, Johannes Denner, tells us in his autobiography how he, a poor boy from the district between the mountains of the Rhône and the forests of Thuringia, went, impelled by a strong thirst for knowledge, to Falk in 1822. He was admitted to the Refuge, and very soon employed as Falk's amanuensis. He was afterwards sent out to collect for the institution, and finally attained the summit of his ambition—a pastoral charge in the kingdom of Würtemberg. From his autobiography we learn something of Falk's latter years. Nothing could be more amiable than the manner in which the ripe scholar, the friend of Göthe—the man of the world and distinguished *savant*—corresponded with this youth. His letters to his *protégé* abound in playful humour, as well as deep earnestness. "When you reach the shores of the Baltic, and hear the murmuring of its waves," he writes, "greet them from me, and tell them that poor Johannes, who so often listened to their voice, has wiped away many a mourner's tear and stilled many a sigh since then; but has likewise wept and sighed abundantly himself."

When Denner informed Falk of his visit to the island of Rügen, where he had been much refreshed by the kindness of Christian friends, as well as deeply im-

pressed by the grandeur of Nature, he received the following answer:—"My faithful Elisha (2 Kings xii.),—While I tarry here on Mount Carmel, looking up to God, you have travelled as far as Rügen, and have listened to the waves of the Baltic. God keep you healthy and happy, and cause, through your endeavours, the hearts of others to beat as warmly as our own for the cause of humanity.....If, when the Lord shall call me hence, whether by the whirlwind or by the still small voice, I can leave you a fragment of my mantle, I will do so with all my heart. Smite the waters therewith, and go dryshod over the seas of trouble which await all mortals here below. You write that you have to tell learned men for hours about our institution. Only be strong and very courageous: your simplicity and straightforwardness will convince them that we are in earnest here about the education of the people; and are neither hypocritical knaves nor concealed fools, but honest men, sending out others equally single-minded, whose errand is to speak the truth and do good as they have opportunity. Now, my beloved Denner, the Lord bless your going out and coming in. May he spread the light of his grace even though your humble agency, and make you and me, and all of us, a blessing to many. He who was so gracious to shepherds and fishermen, can assuredly advance his kingdom, even through poor boys from Luther Street, if such be his holy will. What though the ungodly hiss and open their mouth wide against us; the Lord will never let us be put to shame."

When Denner was on his second journey to the Rhine and the Netherlands, Falk mentions his own declining health. "Pray for your sick father," he writes, "who lies awake many an hour, and never fails to commend you to the Divine protection." A week later: "I can neither walk, nor stand, nor sit, nor get a moment's rest at night. My appetite is gone, and at the slightest movement a thousand knives seem to stab me. They call this terrible complaint—worse by far than death—sciatica. It wastes a man to a shadow, and often bows him down till both hands touch the ground. May God, who has laid on me this heavy cross, help me to bear it with patience and calmness, to his own glory!" Then he tells, in moving language, of the comfort derived, amid his bodily anguish, from the fact that the institution was well provided for by the exertions of his young friends, whom he earnestly exhorts to prayer. "God has granted your request, my dear son," he writes, a month later. "The fiery trial is over; the agonizing pains in my bones have ceased. We shall see one another once more."

But never again did the young disciple behold his dear master on earth. The disease returned with aggravated symptoms. An abscess in his side burst, after which he felt better, till the other side became affected in the same manner. "If you would know my state for the last two months," he writes, "read Psalm cii." Nevertheless, his spirit continued strong in the power of faith

"Look around, my son," he continues, taking up his parable; "we live in a great hospital, where there is no end of sighing and dying,—of leave-taking and heart-breaking. But to all this the children of this world give little heed. They resemble the thoughtless French commissaries, who, while the ground-floor echoes with the shrieks of their wounded and dying comrades, are engaged in preparations for a ball in the rooms above. Yes, dance and sing; the more riotously the better, lest those piercing cries should distract your fine nerves, exalted to the third heaven by the voluptuous dance and intoxicating draught! There, my good Denner, you have a picture of the world and its unspeakable frivolity. It is to counteract this tendency that God has called us to labour, and seen fit to make me a spectacle of misery. Blessed are they whom he conducts to glory, even through great tribulation." Falk was indeed honoured to bear a noble testimony by his sublime fortitude, nay, even his triumphant joy, in the midst of unspeakable suffering. He shared, as he tells us, the experience of Job. But he withstood the tempter, and occupied every season of temporary relief in praising God and working for the children. His pupils assembled daily around his couch for instruction, and to the last he gave all needful orders himself. He dictated to one of the boys a poem which he had composed on the destruction of the "Invincible Armada"—an event in which he had always loved to trace the finger of God.

The day before his death, he wrote the preface to the little work on Luther already alluded to. He then made his will, and desired his daughter to read it to the notary. When she came to the epitaph which he had written for his tombstone, she burst into tears, whereupon he encouraged her to proceed with her painful task, saying, "Go on, my daughter; be my own brave girl!" After the sealing of the will, he was seized with violent spasms in the chest, accompanied by great difficulty in breathing.

On the 14th of February he expressed a desire to receive the sacrament. It was administered to him by one of his most decided opponents, who ever after deeply revered his memory. The same day Falk was called to pass through the last conflict. His speech was now almost inarticulate, but occasionally a few disjointed words were audible: "God—for the people—faith—Christ—the end." The victory was gained, and Carl Reinthaler, who had hastened from Erfurt, and now stood at the death-bed with the widow and four children, closed the eyes of his friend in silent prayer.

Three days later, the boys of the Refuge carried the body to the family burying-place, where, on a plain monument, may still be read a brief and touching epitaph composed by Falk for himself, in which he rests his hope of salvation solely on the merits of the Redeemer.

THE WITNESS OF THE MONUMENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM ORIENTAL REMAINS.

BY REV. THOMAS T. GRAY, M.A.

I.

THE future chronicler of the history of the Church will doubtless regard it as a somewhat remarkable fact, that the same epoch which has called forth some of the most vehement onslaughts of the negative school of criticism on the veracity of the sacred writings, should have likewise contributed some of the most solid additions that have, for many years, been made to the external evidences of the truth of Scripture. It can hardly be a matter of accident, that the generation which is accustomed to hear the Mosaic record superciliously alluded to by its men of science as a "grand old legend," should be provided with the exquisite and effective anecdote which the researches of Rossellini and Wilkinson, Layard and Rawlinson, have been the means of supplying. In the presence of so startling a

coincidence, it seems impossible for the devout mind to escape the conclusion that the guardian Eye, which has watched over the Church through all the vicissitudes of her chequered career, has shown equal vigilance in the preservation of the great charter of her hopes and liberties. Deeply, however, as this lesson is stamped on the history of contemporary literature, its point and cogency are apt to be lost sight of amid the multiplicity of extraneous details with which it is almost necessarily surrounded in scientific exposition. It cannot, therefore, be an altogether superfluous task for the Christian student to endeavour to gather up some of the great results which have been achieved in the department of Oriental research, and present them to the general reader in a clear and compact form. To concentrate into a focus the bright rays of light thrown upon the

Lord's feet, he saw her hand trembling to take the cup, and in a loud and earnest whisper said to her, "It's for a sinner." He spoke to a penitent Magdalene; himself in that hour among the chief of penitents, loving much.

ADDRESS AT THE COMMUNION.

"Methought the Lord showed me a heart into which he had put a *new* song; the soul was making melody, attempting to make melody to the Lord. Where it was I do not know, but I heard it singing about the middle of its song. It had been singing, 'What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit?' It had been singing the Fifty-first Psalm; and Jehovah had put a new song into its mouth. He had done it, and it was trying to sing; and I heard it in the middle of its song. It had been reading the fifth chapter of Revelation, and trying to sing some of its numbers; and now it was at these words, 'For thou wast slain;' and oh, how it was sobbing and breaking! how it was melting and breaking with a joyous grief and a grievous joy! Oh, how it faltered when it tried to sing, 'And hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.'

"It was the song of one to whom much had been forgiven, and who therefore loved much; but it was the song of the chief of sinners, of one to whom *most* had been forgiven, and who therefore loved *most*. Yet it faltered and made wrong music; it jarred, and there was discord; and it grated on its own ear, and pained it; and God was listening to it, God who knoweth all things. But the song was presented through and by the Mediator of the new covenant; and if there was discord, it was removed by grace in atoning blood, by the sweet accents of intercession; for it came up as music in Jehovah's ear, melody to the Lord. It was not discord in heaven. I would know, O God, what soul that is; O God, let that soul be *mine*!"

TRANSPARENCY.

He was by far the most transparent man I have ever known. The openness of weakness in another, that wants both the desire and the power of self-concealment, and keeps nothing hidden because it has nothing to hide, was in him the transparency of a casket of precious jewels. He had intense pleasure in thinking; no other man seemed to have an equal delight in the mere exercise of the intellect: to have ceased from thought, or to have paused in thinking, would have been to him an excruciating pain. As every man influences others more by what he says to himself than by what he says to them, his visible thinking awoke thoughts in his students and his friends as no other man could; and his unconcealed moral and spiritual affections and emotions moved, as none other did, kindred emotions in the hearts of those around him. You were not, indeed, admitted to the first formation of his thoughts, or to see them unripe; and if you started a point that he had not considered, which was rare, he would probably make no reply at the moment, and answer you at another time. But when

he knew his ground, he thought audibly before you; and much, both of his speech and of his preaching, was thinking aloud. Intellectually, morally, and spiritually he was the openest of men. You saw him fearing, sorrowing, believing, rejoicing; you saw him reverencing God; you saw him under the chidings of conscience; you saw him struggling with sin; you saw him exulting in unseen glory and beauty.

HIS LOVE TO JESUS CHRIST.

Jesus Christ, in his person, his character, his life, his death, was the central subject of his thoughts, and increasingly year by year till the end. It was not theology but Christ that filled both his mind and his heart; the whole stream of his theology sprang from him as its source, and flowed to him as its ocean. The holy Lord God of his earlier years was his fear and his delight to the last, and it was ever true of him that "he feared God above many;" but in the latter portion of his life, Jesus Christ was peculiarly the one object of his desire and the constant subject of his meditation.

"What would we do without Christ?" he said to me a year before his death. "About the miracles I am not a right believer. I believe the miracles; but I believe in the miracles on account of Christ, instead of believing in Christ on account of the miracles. Christ is a wonderful Being; we could never do without Christ." I replied, "Your believing is of the very best kind, for Christ himself says, 'Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.'"

Again he said, "We make far too little of the incarnation; the Fathers knew much more of the incarnate God. Some of them were oftener at Bethlehem than at Calvary; they had too little of Calvary, but they knew Bethlehem well. They took up the Holy Babe in their arms; they loved Immanuel, God with us. We are not too often at the cross, but we are too seldom at the cradle; and we know too little of the Word made flesh, of the Holy Child Jesus."

It was the same absorbing devotion to Jesus Christ that made the angel whom he loved best, and most longed to see out of all the heavenly host, to be the one who was honoured with the ministration of "strengthening his Lord in the garden;" that Lord himself so supremely beloved, and most of all in his dying love, that for his sake he loved the messenger who ministered to him in the hour of his weakness and sorrow.

This interest in Christ rose above every passing interest of earth. In the questions of the day he took a lively concern; not in party politics, on which I never heard him utter a word in the midst of all his talk, but in all subjects of national welfare. A friend met him on the street at a time of some public interest, and not in mere form asked him, "Is there any news to-day?" "Oh yes," he replied; "this is always news—The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

HIS LOVE TOWARD ALL MEN.

His love toward all men, and his want of all malice, were specially brought out in his singular freedom from the vice of evil-speaking. This was the more noteworthy because "much speaking" was a frequent snare to him. In speaking at inconvenient times and at excessive length, he forgot the counsel of a wiser than himself, that "in the multitude of words there wanted not sin;" although in speaking to God he often remembered the higher warning, "God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few." But as regards "backbiting with the tongue, and taking up a reproach against a neighbour," the commendation might fitly be bestowed on him, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." This perfect "bridling of the tongue" from speaking evil, was the more trying in his case, and its mastery a greater triumph, because he did not limit himself to the rule of saying nothing about your neighbour except when you can speak well of him. Toward his neighbour he bridled his tongue with a perfect control and skill; but he did not muzzle it. Talking about his fellow-men was in mere bulk a very small ingredient of his multitudinous speech. But he delighted in portraying men's characters; not in gossip, not in long discussion, and not in random remarks, but in one or two deep lines of a portrait thoughtfully fashioned in his own mind: as he abridged a subject into its most practical shape, so he condensed a man into an aphoristic sentence. He greatly loved to dwell on the good that was in men, but it was the characteristic good; and he shunned the utterance of any evil, so far as it was mixed with the "leaven of malice." Yet he characterized the man, not as good, and not as bad, but as an individual human being with his own distinctiveness; painting the portrait in vivid hues, but never mingling his colours with any drops of "the poison that is under the tongue."

"The command," he said, "is not 'Thou shalt love thyself as thy neighbour;' but, 'Thy neighbour as thyself.' There is a priority, but a priority among equals. —The Talmud says: He who says, 'Mine is mine, and thine is thine,' is a just man; he who says, 'Mine is mine, and thine is mine,' is a wicked man; but he who says, 'Thine is thine, and mine is thine,' is a good man. —Love seeketh not her own. Some people's minds are made up of extreme suspiciousness. If they hear part of a matter concerning any one, and there be both a clean and a dirty handle to take hold of it by, they are sure to take hold of it by the dirty handle. If you are without love, then the church bell is as good a Christian as you."

Any simple statement of the gospel had a great attraction for him—and the simpler it was he enjoyed it the more—if it was not controversial but the genuine utterance of the heart. The account of redemption from the lips of an African woman, a slave, impressed him deeply: he liked to repeat it in conversation; and on one occasion at a meeting for prayer, he stood up and said without further remark of his own—"I have never heard the gospel better stated than it was put by a poor negress: 'Me die, or He die; He die, me no die.'"

THOUGHTS ON PREACHING.

On the preaching of Jonathan Edwards, he said, "His doctrine is all application, and his application all doctrine." But the most graphic of his conversational criticisms on the pulpit, was his comparison of two great preachers, Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Gordon; but his voice and action added a vividness which we cannot transfer by the pen. "They were both one-idea preachers; but I used to compare the one to a showman, and the other to a huntsman. Dr. Chalmers was the showman, and his idea was the showman's box, which he set down before you and said, 'Here's the idea.' Then he took it up in his hands, and turned it, and showed it in every possible way: 'This is the top of it, and this is the bottom; this is its front, and this is its back; this is its right side, this is the left; this is the outside, and this is the inside: so there you have the whole idea.' Dr. Gordon was the huntsman, and his idea was the fox which he asked you to help him to catch: 'You cannot see it yet, but we shall search the thicket and make sure to find it. It is somewhere in this cover; let us first beat for it on the right, next let us turn and beat the bushes on the left. It is not in either, let us now beat straight in front. Sniff! sniff! we have got on the scent, we shall soon catch it now, it must be very near—ho, there it is at last! look, that is it! the idea:—and he closed the book just the moment *before* you had caught it." The same thought has been otherwise expressed, that "the idea was in the sentence after the last."

After the death of Dr. Gordon, to whose clear and earnest teaching of the way of life not a few teachers of others were deeply indebted, Dr. Duncan, in conducting an ordinary service in church, began in a loud voice, and said with a singular majesty and force, "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" He added no comment; yet more effectually than by a long oration did these few words, as he spoke them, set forth the prince-like grandeur of the dead, and awaken at once admiration for his character and sorrow for Israel's loss.



The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.

EPISTLES OF CHRIST.

"Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men . . . manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ made by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart." 2 Cor. iii. 2, 3.

FROM the example of the Master, Paul had acquired the habit, in his teaching, of gliding softly and quickly from a common object of nature to the deep things of grace. In his conversation with the woman of Samaria, for example, Jesus led his scholar, ere she was aware, from the water of Jacob's well to the water of life. In like manner, the Apostle of the Gentiles was accustomed to make any common topic that arose, the stepping-stone by which he carried his pupils over into the concerns of the kingdom of God.

In this case, the question concerned the testimonials which a minister or missionary might present when he reached a new sphere. The practice of asking and obtaining certificates seems to have been introduced at a very early period into the Christian Church. Already, in Paul's time, some abuses had crept in along with it. A minister of very moderate gifts, or even of doubtful soundness, might carry in his pocket a voucher signed by some great names. We may gather from this epistle that some very well recommended missionaries had been spoiling Paul's work at Corinth.

Virtually challenged to exhibit his own certificates, he boldly appeals to the profession and the life of those who had been converted through his ministry. He does not need to present letters of recommendation to them when he comes to Corinth, or to request letters of recommendation from them when he goes away: "Ye are our epistle." The work which God had done by him is evidence that God has sent him to work. He will not deign to submit any other proof of his call.

But Paul always reckons himself a small subject. Although compelled sometimes to introduce it, he will not dwell on it. The conception

of the disciples being an epistle to reckon him is no sooner brought in than it is abandoned. He glides instantly into a greater thing. Christians are an epistle of Christ. Their lives are a letter in which men may learn the lessons of grace.

Regarding these living epistles of Christ we may consider,—

I. The paper, or *material*, on which the letters are made.—Many different substances have been employed in successive ages of the world to record and retain a written language; but one feature is common to all,—in their natural state they do not fit to be used as writing materials. They must undergo a process of preparation. The primitive material of stone must be prepared on the surface ere the engraving begins. A rough surface must be made smooth, otherwise the writing would not be legible. The precious stones containing the names of the twelve apostles, and together constituting the high priest's breastplate, were not capable of taking the engraving when first the Hebrews found them. Much labour was expended ere all the sharp corners were rubbed off, and a glassy polish imparted to the surface. The reeds, and leaves, and papyrus, too, which were used as writing materials by the ancients, all needed a process of preparation. Therein they are like the living epistles of Christ, who must be renewed in the spirit of the living God ere they can show forth the Redeemer's likeness in their lives.

But the preparation of modern material for writing, although it was not before the apostle's mind when he wrote this text, contains, in many more points of likeness to the renewing and sanctifying of believers than any of the ancient arts.

Although Paul does not here directly refer

paper—a substance not invented when he wrote—there is a remarkable likeness between the method employed in its manufacture, and that work of the Spirit by which a human life becomes fit to receive and exhibit an epistle of Christ. Filthy rags are the raw material of the manufacture. These are with great care and labour broken very small, and washed very clean. They are then cast into a new form, and brought out pure and beautiful, ready to get a new meaning impressed on their smooth, bright breast. Paper from rags is, in an obvious and important sense, a *new creature*. It has been cleansed from its filthiness. There is now no spot nor wrinkle upon it, nor any such thing.

Such a process of breaking down and building up again takes place every time that a writing material is prepared for receiving an epistle of Christ. You might as well try to write with pen and ink upon the rubbish from which paper is made, as to impress legible evidence for the truth and divinity of the gospel on the life and conversation of one who is still “of the earth, earthy.”

The paper manufacturer is not nice in the choice of his materials. He does not reject a torn or a filthy piece as unfit for his purpose. All come alike to him. The clean and glancing cloth from the table of the rich, and filthy rags from a beggar's back, are equally welcome. The clean cannot be serviceable without passing through the manufacturer's process, and the unclean can be made serviceable with it. He throws both into the same machine, puts both through the same process, and brings out both new creatures. The Pharisees were scandalized on observing that publicans and sinners came in streams to Christ, and were all accepted. “This man receiveth sinners,” they complained. Yea, *receiveth* them: sinners are taken in between the wheels, at the commencement of this process; but at the end of it, saints in white clothing are thrown out, fit for the kingdom of heaven. Go ye into the highways and hedges, and as many as ye can find bid to the marriage. Christ does not find any pure on earth; he makes them. Those that stand round the throne in white clothing were gathered from the mire. They were once darkness, though they be now light in the Lord.

Let no man think he can go into heaven be-

cause he is good; but neither let any one fear he will be kept out of it because he is evil. Him that cometh, the Lord will in no wise cast out. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as wool. The blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin.

Not on tables of stone, like those on which the law was graven, but on tables of flesh, must the mind and likeness of Christ be written. Give him your heart. Surrender it to him, that he may blot out its stains, and mark it for his own. The Lord hath need of epistles to recommend his grace in this world: Lord, here am I; use me.

II. *The writing*, or the mind and meaning which is fixed on the prepared page.—It is not Christianity printed in the creed; but Christ written in the heart. When that writing is fixed on the heart, it shines through every opening of the life, and conciliates favour for the Lord.

It is well understood that a person's character may be very well gathered from his letters. These seem to be windows in his breast through which you can read his true character. How eagerly the public read the letters of a great man, if they are printed after his death. People expect to learn better by these than by any other means what the man really was.

As our Lord left no monument of himself in brass or marble, so he left no letters written by his own hand. He did not write his mind on tables of stone or on sheets of parchment. Even Rome, with all her rage for relics, does not pretend to show a specimen of his hand-writing. Yet he has not left himself without a witness. He has left letters behind him which truly reveal his mind: “Ye are epistles of Christ.” Disciples, when he desires to let the world know what he is, he points to you. Nay, more, and further, when he would have the Father to behold his glory, he refers him to the saved: “Father, I am glorified in them.” It is not only that the world, in point of fact, judges of Christianity by what they see in Christians, but they have authority so to do. The Lord himself consented that they should read him there.

So, Jesus sends a letter to the world—sends many letters—sends a letter to every city, and every street, and every house. A merchant who

is a disciple of Christ goes to India or China. He sells manufactured goods; he buys silk and tea. But all the time he is a letter, a living epistle, sent by Christ to the heathen. A boy becomes an apprentice in a warehouse or factory; but before he was bound to a master on earth he has been redeemed by a Master in heaven. He is now, therefore, a letter from the Lord to all his shopmates. In his truth, and love, and gentleness, and fairness, and generosity, they should learn the mind of Christ. I confess that this thought is fitted to make us afraid. How shall we fulfil such a function? The solution is—it is the Lord's own method. He has chosen earthen vessels in order that the glory may be to God.

III. *The writer.*—This letter is written by the Spirit of the living God. Some writings and paintings look well for a while, but are easily rubbed off by rough usage, or grow faint with age. Only fast colours are truly valuable. Human art has found the means of making them lasting. The flowers and figures painted upon porcelain, for example, are burned in, and therefore cannot be blotted out. As long as the vessel lasts the painting remains bright.

How shall we get a writing or a likeness made durable in a human heart? One thing we know,—many features which people admire are blotted out in the wear and tear of life. Lessons which human hands lay on are not able to stand the rough usage of the world. The education which can be obtained at schools is not sufficient. Its fair characters may soon be stained by evil passions from within, or scratched by cruel treatment from without. We cannot make the writing deep enough on those mysterious tablets. We cannot warrant the colouring.

No writing on a human spirit is certainly durable, except that which the Spirit of God lays on. The process is in one aspect like writing; but in another it seems rather a species of printing. The meaning is in the Scriptures set up like types—once for all. Then the Scriptures are impressed on the heart, as the types are applied to the page. It is when divine truth, taken off the divine Redeemer, is pressed on the human heart by the Spirit of God, that one becomes a new creature.

Old things pass away, and all things become new. Henceforth the Christian bears about, on his character, the likeness of Christ.

And there is also a kind of burning to make the writing durable. In conversion there is a sort of furnace through which the new-born pass. We must take up our cross when we follow Christ. We must part with all that crucifies the Lord, although it were dear as a right arm or a right eye. Through such fire and water the Spirit leads us; but he brings us into a wealthy place. It is gladsome, as well as safe, to pass from death unto life in conversion; but there is something to be stripped off, and something to be put on, in the passage, which you will never forget.

In the wide-spread religious activity of the day some marks are made on the people,—not made by the Spirit of God. A cry; a swoon; a fear of wrath; an imagination of the judgment-seat; a gift of prayer; a profession of faith,—may be shown by the event to have been only marks on the surface made by some passing fear, or nervous sympathy. The writing made by the Spirit does not go out again. This baptism is a baptism of fire as well as of water—it not only washes off the old; it also burns in the new.

IV. *The pen.*—In writing the new name and new nature on the tables of the heart, the Holy Spirit employs an instrument. It is expressly said in the text that Paul and the younger evangelists who assisted him had a hand in the work. The terms “ministered by us” point to the presence of man in the work of conversion and sanctifying. It is not a high place that the human ministry occupies; but it is the right place, and it cannot be wanted.

In photography it is the sun that makes the portrait. There is no drawing of the outline by a human hand; and no shading of the figure by the rules of the painter's art. The person stands up in the light; and the light lays his image on the glass. Yet even in this there is room and need for the ministry of man. Without the ministry of man, the work could not in any case be accomplished. A human hand prepares the plate, and adjusts the lens. Although in the real work of making the picture the artist has no part

at all—although he has nothing more to do in the end than stand still, like Israel at the Red Sea, and see the work done by the sun—his place is still important and necessary.

A similar place is assigned to the ministry of men in the work of the Spirit. God does not send angels to preach. We learn the gospel from men of flesh and blood like ourselves. Cornelius and his house will be saved; but for that end Peter must go from Joppa to Cæsarea, and there declare the way of life. The Ethiopian treasurer will find the Saviour whom he seeks; but not until Philip is sent from Samaria, a skilful evangelist to guide the earnest but ignorant African. It is thus that the Lord employs parents, teachers, pastors, at the present day, as instruments to break hard hearts and bind up broken ones.

This is the most interesting and honourable employment in which any human being can be engaged. Whether he be a ministering child or a ministering man, the agent who stands between the living and the dead—a channel through which the light of life may run—occupies the most honourable place and discharges the greatest function competent to any creature. Here above me is the depending extremity of the wire whose upper end is dipped in heaven—dipped there in everlasting love—dipped in God, who is love; and here beneath me, within reach, is a brother “dead in trespasses and sins.” I grasp with one hand the conducting rod, and with the other the cold, stiff hand of my brother; then, not from me, but through me, the light of life flows from its eternal fountain into the empty soul. Here is an example of the first resurrection. The living is now an epistle of Christ, written indeed by the Spirit, but yet “ministered by us.”

Printing nowadays is done by machines which work with a strength and regularity and silence that is enough to strike an onlooker with dismay. Yet even there a watchful human eye and alert human hand is needed to introduce the paper into the proper place. Agents are needed, even under the glorious ministry of the Spirit—needed to watch for souls.

V. *The readers.*—They are a great number, and of various kinds. The terms of the text

have a wide range—“Known and read of all men.” The writing is not sealed, or locked up in a desk, but exposed daily, and all the day, to public view. These living epistles walk about upon the streets, and mingle with the crowds in the market-place. Every one may read them at will. Some who look on the letters are enemies, and some are friends. If an alien see Christ truly and clearly represented in a Christian, he may thereby be turned from darkness to light; but if he see falsehood, and anger, and selfishness, and worldliness in one who is called a Christian, he will probably be more hardened in his unbelief. Those who already know and love the truth are glad when they read it clearly written in a neighbour’s life; are grieved when they see a false image of the Lord held up before the eyes of men.

Here, however, in justice, I ought to say that many readers fail to see the meaning of the plainest letters. None so blind as those who will not see.

Every one’s life is an open letter. Every man, whether he is a Christian or not, is written and is read. Some are epistles of Christ; some are epistles of vanity; some are epistles of covetousness; some are epistles of selfishness; some are epistles of the wicked one. The main features of the father of lies are written largely on the life of some of his followers. The spirit that reigns within is more or less visible in the outward conduct. In some countries the master’s name is branded in the flesh of his slave, so that, if the slave should run away, every one should know to whom he belonged. The captive may, indeed, be bought with a price; and then he receives the mark of his new master. Thus, whether we like it or not, people may read in our lives, with a considerable degree of accuracy, whose we are, and whom we serve. The surest way to appear a Christian, in all places, and at all times, is to be one. The surest way to make people, when you go out, take knowledge that you have been with Jesus, is really to be with Jesus.

Considering how defective most readers are, either in will or skill, or both, the living epistles should be written in characters both large and fair. Some manuscripts, though they contain a

profound meaning, are so defectively written that none but experts can decipher them. Skilled and practised men can piece them together, and gather the sense where, to ordinary eyes, only unconnected scrawls appear. Such should not be the writing on a disciple's life. If it be such, most people will fail to understand it. It should be clear and bold throughout, that he may run who reads it.

Benevolent ingenuity, in our day, has produced

a kind of writing that even the blind can read. The letters, instead of merely appealing to the eye by their colour, are raised from the surface as to be sensible to touch. Such, met with, should be the writing of Christ's mind and Christian's conversation! It should be in characters so large, and sharp, and high even the blind, who cannot see, may be enabled, by contact with Christians, to feel that Christ is passing by.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

BY A. L. O. E.



H, thou on thy sick-bed kept watchful
and waking

By pain all the weary night
through;

It seems as if God were His servant forsaking—
His servant so trustful and true!

Ah no; for He giveth me songs in the darkness
That never I heard in the day:

"Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty,
The land that is far, far away."

Poor sufferer! the wild sounds of revel oppress
thee,

That rise through the stilly night air;

The noise of the world's mirth must sorely dis-
tress thee—

That mirth which thou never canst share.

Oh no; for an angel is warbling beside me

An anthem so soft and so clear,—

"Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty;"

And this is the song which I hear:—

Angel's Song.

I come down to cheer thee, O happy Immortal,

Whom grace hath from bondage set free,

Whilst yet thou art waiting before the high portal
Which one day will open for thee.

I bear thee a promise, the sweetest, the surest,

'Tis sent from the God who is love,—

"Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty
When thou art, like angels, above."

I saw Him when in His own world as a stranger
Appeared the omnipotent Lord;

I hovered in ecstasy over His manger,

And with the meek shepherds adored.

I heard the first faint infant cry from the M
Whose voice bade the universe be;

Mine eyes then beheld the King in His wea
I saw Him, and marvelled to see.

I saw Him—the Saviour—despised and re
A mourner, acquainted with grief;

I longed—how I longed!—that when a
neglected,

The seraphs might bring Him relief.

I heard the fierce blasphemies scornfully ut
By scribe and by proud Pharisee;

Mine eyes then beheld the King in His tri
I saw—much perplexed to see.

I saw—but the tongue of an angel must fa
That mystery of love to declare—

I saw upon Calvary raised the dread altar,
A cross,—and a Victim was there.

There was silence in heaven—there was w
in heaven—

All gazed on that one awful tree;

Mine eyes then beheld the King in His ang

I saw Him, and trembled to see.

And thou too shalt see Him, that bliss is
thee,

But not in His weakness or pain,—

When, girded with power and mantled in g
The Victim returneth to reign;

Shalt see Him, no stranger,* but One whom
lovest,

Thy Shepherd, thy Saviour, thy Friend;

Thine eyes shall behold the King in His be
Through ages that never shall end.

* Marginal reading of Job xix. 27.

THE STORY LIZZIE TOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STEPPING HEAVENWARD."

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

DIDN'T it lonely lying here all day with nothing going on?"

"Oh no, ma'am! So many things have happened to me, you can't think. If it isn't too bold for a poor girl like me to tell it over to a lady like you, I could begin to tell it now. You would like to hear all about it?"

"Well, the first thing that happened to me was mother's giving me the baby to hold. I was just turned of four, and my sister Jenny was going on two, and the baby was just a baby, not any years old.

"Lizzie," says mother, 'you're a great girl now. You're four years old; and I'm going to trust the baby to you.'

"It was the first thing that happened to me. It made me feel grown-up. I thought I was a woman, ma'am.

"After that I nursed the baby, and kept him from putting things into his mouth, and hushed him when he cried, and got him to sleep. He kept growing and growing; and when he was down on the floor, crawling into everything, another one came. And mother trusted me more than ever, and I washed and dressed both of them.

"Did I ever get time to play about?"

"Oh no, ma'am. For as fast as one baby got to crawling sound, another kept coming; and mother said I was the eldest, and play was for little children and little dogs and cats, but not for big girls like me. When I was two years old, we had six of them besides me."

"Six little dogs and cats?"

"Oh no, ma'am; six little children that had been babies.

"And then the next thing happened. One day, when I was carrying Jim up-stairs—he'd been crying to be took out-doors, and I'd been-taking him out, and he'd seen a monkey with a little red cap on: well, my two legs just slipped out from under me, and I tumbled right into the room and bumped his forehead, dreadful.

"You bad child," says mother, and took him away, and put water on his forehead, and kissed him.

"I lay there on the floor; if you would be pleased to look, ma'am, you'd see the very place.

"And says I, 'I couldn't help it, mother. It was my two legs as went right out, and I can't get up.'

"Mother she looked scared like, but one of the neighbours was there, and says she,—

"Let her be; she's only shamming. I know these girls!"

"So mother let me be, and I lay flat on the floor, as

still as a mouse, till father came home and nearly tumbled over me.

"Hullo!" says he; 'whatever is the matter now?'

"She's been a-laying there doing nothing these two hours," says mother; 'and Mrs. Jones, she says she's making it.'

"Mrs. Jones," says father, 'there's the door; and I rather think it's wide enough for you to get out at, but the next time you want to get in you'll find it's grown narrow.'

"So Mrs. Jones she went away very red in the face, and father he picked me up and set me up on end.

"Now, little woman, whatever is it ails you?" says he.

"I don't know, father. It's been coming on ever so long. My legs have got so shaky that it seemed as if there wasn't any bones in 'em. And the pains in my back have took me bad between times.'

"Father didn't say another word, and he didn't eat any supper, and after he'd lighted his pipe, he just sat thinking. Mother didn't say anything either. She undressed me and put me to bed; and then such a thing happened! I don't want to talk much about it. It chokes me in the throat if I do. You wouldn't hardly believe it, ma'am, I'd been a big girl so long, but she reached over where I lay close to the wall to make room for the rest, and she kissed me! O, how I hoped my two legs would get well, so that she needn't have a sick child to take care of! But they didn't, and I got weaker every day, till I felt like a great long piece of thread dangling about. So father took me in his arms to the doctor's.

"I felt so ashamed when the neighbours all came out and looked at me, and saw Mrs. Jones a-laughing quite hard!

"But the doctor did not laugh at all when father carried me in and showed him my legs.

"Yes, they're a couple of pipe-stems, and no more," says he. And then he began to punch me all up and down the spine of my back, and in some places hurt me dreadful.

"Well, my little woman," says he, 'what have you been doing all your life now?'

"Nursing the children, sir," says I.

"I thought so," says he. 'Eating bad food, breathing bad air, and doing the work of a grown person.—Have you any friends in the country you could send her to, my man?'

"No, sir," says father; 'not one.'

"There's little else to be done for her," says the

doctor. 'Plenty of good air, good food, and entire rest, might arrest the progress of disease.'

"'What kind of food, sir?' says father.

"'Beef and mutton, beef and mutton,' says the doctor.

"Father shut his teeth together hard.

"'I'll put you in the way of getting what the child needs in that line,' says the doctor, and he wrote something on a piece of paper.

"'There, take that to the street and number I have written here, show it to some of the people there, and you'll get beef tea, and other things of the sort. Keep up her strength and spirits, and she may come round yet.'

"'I believe it was a big kitchen father was to go to, where nice things are cooked for poor people when they're sick.

"'But as we were coming away the doctor says, 'Mind, my man, green fields and fresh milk in the country are worth all the beef teas in the world for a case like this.'

"'When we got home, and mother asked what the doctor said, father wouldn't answer at first. At last says he, — 'He wants her to swallow down some fine lady's diamond necklace.'

"'Mercy on us!' says mother, and she dropped into a chair with the dish-cloth in her hand.

"'Father went away to his work, and mother kept groaning about the diamond necklace.

"'How's it to be got?' says she; 'and how could swallowing it down bring the bones into your legs, I should like to know?'

"'The doctor says it ain't my legs as ails me,' says I. 'It's the spine of my back.'

"'Them doctors, they thinks they know everything,' says mother. 'Didn't you say as it was your two legs as went out from under you? And them diamonds, they do worry me so!'

"'I lay still, and thought, and thought. When the spine of your back aches the worst, you get so sharp!

"'And says I at last, — 'I know what father meant. The doctor wanted me to be took off into the country, to drink milk and smell the green grass; and that would cost money—ever and ever so much money. For it's too far for father to carry me, and I should have to ride in something.'

"'But it's the diamonds as worries me,' says mother; and I couldn't get 'em out of her head, and the children they all plagued her, and I wasn't there to help, and she looked ready to drop. I got away down into the bed, and cried to think how drove she was.

"'And then I brightened up and called the children to me, and told them stories out of my head about things father had told me of. I put in green meadows, and nice, quiet church-yards, where ivy grew all the year round, and there were pretty little graves for the good children to go to sleep in. And I says, 'Let's make believe that, some day, a lady with a gold ring on her

finger, and a gold watch hanging round her neck, will come and take us all into the country and give us strawberries to eat.

"'Mother, how does strawberries grow?' says I.

"'Why, on bushes, child!' says she. 'How else should they grow?'

"'When father came home he laughed at that, and asked her if she supposed potatoes grew on trees?

"'Why shouldn't they?' says she. 'And, anyhow, how should I know? Was I ever out of London in my life?

"'It kept the children quiet to hear me talk, ma'am, only the little ones believed every word, and they're always looking for the lady to come and fetch them away.

"'The next thing that happened was father's bringing home to me a picture of the country, all green and blue; splendid. You can see it nailed up there, opposite my bed.

"'But you don't seem surprised, ma'am. Doesn't it look like the country? Did you say you wanted to take it down and put up a better one? O please, ma'am, I love it so dearly!

"'It took me a good while to get over having such a splendid present. I lay and looked at it all day, and when it was dark and I shut my eyes, I could see it just the same. And it made me tell the children more stories, and then they didn't hang on to mother so.

"'I wondered what poor little children did who had something the matter with the spine of their backs, but never had anything happen to pass away the time. And I wished I could lend them my picture, a week at a time, turn about and turn about.

"'I hadn't got used to having it, and was lying so peaceful and happy thinking about it, when father came in one night as mother was just a-going to undress me, and he got a sight of my back when she was rubbing it.

"'He bursted right out crying, loud, and then mother bursted out, and all the children cried, and I bit my lips and held my hands together, and at last I bursted out too. For I knew then that my father and mother had got a hunchback for their oldest child. At last father stopped short off, and then mother and the children stopped, and I hushed up pretty quick.

"'Peggy,' says father, 'go and tell that woman Jones to come here.'

"'I'm afraid to, father,' says Peggy. 'She says we set ourselves up above the common, and she laughs at us.'

"'Do as I bid you,' says father; and Peggy had to go.

"'Mrs. Jones came quick.

"'Look here,' says father; 'look at this child's back, and put it alongside of the day you said she was making believe sick. Well, have you seen it? Maybe the day'll come when you'd like to eat them words of yours.'

"'Mrs. Jones she felt bad, and I felt bad, and I called

her to me, and says I,—‘Don’t lay it up against father, and I’ll give you my beautiful new picture, full of green trees, and blue sky, and cows and sheep.’

“‘What, that little flared-up thing on the wall?’ says she: ‘thank you, I rather think you can keep it, and welcome, for me.’

‘You see, there was always something going on that passed away the time.

“Father used to talk to us about his young sister Rose, who was at service in a gentleman’s family, ten miles from London.

“She got a holiday soon after this, and came to see us. She told me more about what the country was like than ever father had, and all about the young ladies she took care of, and their toys and books.

“You couldn’t believe, ma’am, how it passed away the time to hear her talk.

“And then she asked me if I liked to read, and what books I had got.

“Then I had to tell her that I had never been to school, and didn’t know how to read.

“‘Poor little soul!’ says she, and put on her bonnet, and went and bought a book, out of her own savings, and wrote my name in it, and taught me great A, and little a, that very day. And she took me in her arms and hugged me, and said,—‘O that I could carry this poor lamb home with me, and give her what my young ladies waste every day of their lives!’

“Please, ma’am, did ever anybody hug you and say such nice things?

“After that, my father taught me all my letters, and, all of a sudden, I could read!

“It was a big book that my aunt gave me. She said she got it because it would last me so long, and amuse me till I got another. It was called the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and was full of beautiful stories and pictures. I could tell it all to you, if it wouldn’t tire you, ma’am.

“O, you’ve got one too! How nice! Have you got any other books? But mother looked in just now, and coughed twice. She thinks I am talking too much.

“You’re not tired, ma’am?

“I read my book, and read it, and as soon as I got to the end I began it again; and I showed the pictures to the children, and, Sundays, I read out of it to father and mother. Father is tender like, and the tears would keep rolling down his cheeks when I read the prettiest parts; and one day he said,—‘I’ll tell you what it is, Lizzie; I’ve a good mind to go on a pilgrimage myself.’

“I felt awful bad when he said that, for I wanted to go too; but how could I, with the bones gone out of my two legs?

“Father sat quiet, thinking and thinking. At last he got up all of a spring like, and put on his hat and went out.

“‘Where’s father gone to now?’ says mother. ‘Not to any of them gin-shops, I hope.’

“‘No!’ says I, ‘he’s gone on a pilgrimage, I do expect.’

“Mother laughed, and said that wasn’t so bad as them gin-shops, any way.

“But I felt bad and lonesome, and as if he’d gone and left me behind. And I couldn’t get to sleep for thinking about it, till I heard his step on the stairs. He wouldn’t tell where he’d been to, and we all went to sleep. But the next day he said he’d been to hear the preaching at a big church.

“‘I was lifted away up to the third heaven,’ says he; ‘and I sang hymns too.’

“‘That’s a lie, Joe,’ says mother; ‘for hymns you don’t know how to sing. Better own it and done with it. You was a-singing songs at the gin-shops.’

“‘That I wasn’t, then,’ says father; ‘I was at Westminster Abbey, where they bury the grand folks, and the hymns hung all round the walls, printed in letters as big as the top of my thumb. Come, if you don’t believe it, go with me next Sunday night and see for yourself.’

“‘Indeed I won’t then,’ says mother. ‘Westminster Abbey, indeed! with a bonnet and shawl like mine!’

“‘The preaching’s for poor folks, and poor folks goes to hear it,’ says father.

“‘And ain’t you a-going on a pilgrimage, after all?’ says I.

“‘Yes, my lass, I am,’ says he. ‘I’ll learn all about it at the preaching, you see.’

“After he’d gone off to his work, mother says,—‘I’ll go with him next time, you may depend. Something’s come over him.’

“The day but one after that, father come home all eager like, and says he,—‘Lizzie, child, mightn’t it amuse you if you had a flower a-growing in the window there? For the men talked at their work to-day about a ‘Society for the Promotion of Window Gardening among the Poor,’ and they say there’s just been a flower-show, and prizes given to them as raised the handsomest ones. Wray’s girl, Betsy, got a prize of six shillings for hers.’

“‘You don’t say so!’ says mother.

“‘Yes,’ says father; ‘and what’s more, I’ve got a beautiful rare plant for Lizzie here: poor soul, it will be company for her these long days!’

“‘What makes you say “poor soul,” father?’ says I, ‘when I’ve got a picture, and a “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and a plant a-growing!’

“‘Pshaw!’ says father, ‘whatever ails my eyes to water so easy? See, here’s the little wee thing.’

“I almost screamed when I saw it, I was so glad. It was a-setting out in a little flower-pot, and its leaves was all green.

“‘Which of you two is the biggest fool, I wonder?’ says mother. ‘There! now you’ve slopped water all over the bed-clothes and everything!’

“‘I was only giving my plant a little drink,’ says I.

“I called watering it giving it a drink, I was so silly.

"Of course, I'm the biggest fool," says father, and he laughed real pleased like.

"Everything runs to societies nowadays," says mother. "I wish they'd offer prizes to them as has the most children and the handsomest ones. I'd go in for it, that I would! It ain't gentlemen's children as gets all the good looks."

"No, nor the sense either," says father.

"There ain't many young ones as sets alone the day they're four months old," says mother. "See here! This one beats all our babies. And what did I pay for him at the shops? La, nothing at all, bless you; and so he ain't fit to fetch a prize."

"I didn't pay anything for Lizzie's plant, if that's what vexes you," says father. "Hicks gave it to me. He said he got it from his wife's second cousin, whose half-brother was nephew to one of the gardeners at Osborne, and that it's something costly and precious."

"Next news you'll say you dug it up in Paradise," says mother.

"Maybe," says father. "See, Lizzie, spell out the name that's wrote on this paper: or, no, you can't read writing. Perhaps I can."

"So, after a deal of time, and spelling of it over, and scratching his head, he read it out, so:—

"*Calendula officinalis*."

"That sounds splendid!" says I, and was sorry when it grew dark, because I could not watch it and see it grow. Father said the next exhibition would be on June the nineteenth, 1868, and he was sure it would be a big, strong plant by that time, thick with leaves and flowers.

"And if you'll believe it, ma'am, after a while have a little mite of a leaf, and it grew up to leaved one side, and then grew some more and the other side.

"O! it was such company for me, and I loved Even mother, with all she had to do, got to watc

"So it went on all winter long, and in the s little bud came, and it took father and me a week over that. By-and-by, you could see little str orange colour in the bud, and we talked about th were afraid the flower wouldn't bloom out for th day, and then we were afraid it would bloom to Somebody told father to cut a little ring out paper and put it on to keep it back; he said they did so with choice flowers. Then I laughed, as I was a choice flower too, for something had k back from growing into a big girl.

"Then father said it was good to hear me lau that I was a choice flower, ring or no ring. Tha father's way, please, ma'am.

"O! how pretty my flower looked the day bef show! I was sure it would get the prize, for couldn't possibly be a flower so beautiful as Father carried it on his way to his work, and pr to bring it back, prize and all, at night.

"But I can't tell the rest now, ma'am. Someth squeezing and a-crowding at my heart, and I fee like. It's nothing to be scared about. I'm oft so.

"There! it's all gone now. But you say I talk any more? You say that you'll come again the rest? Thank you, ma'am."

The Children's Treasury.

OLD ELI: A STORY OF ALSATIAN COMMON LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

POOR AND RICH.

"There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches."—PROV. xiii. 7.



ON the same Sunday evening, Swiss Anna, too, "saw no end to her troubles," as she said. The gifts which Eli had received in the hospital had helped them through the previous winter. But now, when everyone had his own difficulties, the poor lame carpenter was forgotten; and the pension of a hundred and fifty francs did little more, as the landlady had foretold, than pay the rent. She herself could earn but little, for much of her time was taken up attending on Eli, and since she had grown old one after another of her employers had given her up; and Eli could not make the spoons, trays, &c., of which

he had dreamed, for his hands were so feeble and so, that he could not use a knife. He suffered pain, too, and could no longer bear the wooden le fastened on, so that he had to be lifted from his the arm-chair, where he sat all day. Immediately his room lived a young locksmith, Joseph by nan had learned to love old Eli, and came every eve help him to bed, and in the morning to carry him chair in the window. Beside the chair stood a table, on which Eli's Bible and hymn book lay. these he occupied himself all day, reading God's and singing the hymns of his childhood in such

sweet voice, that the people would gather below his window to listen, as in the old days at the roofing ceremonies. This did not please Anna, who used to say, "Eli has become a regular barrel-organ; you only need to touch him, and he plays you a tune."

During the day, if he wanted anything, and Anna was not there, or was unable to do it, he would call out, in a loud voice, "Wood here!" and Joseph hastened up to perform the required service. On Sunday and Thursday evenings, Joseph, with a few other pious young men, came to Eli's little room to practise singing the psalms and hymns. Eli always began by reading a chapter in the Bible; and then they sang together, in four parts, the beautiful old German hymns. Many a mocking remark was made in the house and in the street about "these pietists." Anna too was displeased; and when Mrs. Lindfelder asked her what objection she could have, she replied angrily, "The church is there for singing and praying in, and this is not the place for it."

But to-day, as we have said, other cares weighed heavy on her heart. Winter was at the door; things were getting dearer every day; and poor Anna had no money, no meal in the barrel, and no oil in the cruse. "And Joseph is going away, and the Lindfelders are in trouble themselves, and cannot help us,—and in God's name, I don't know what is to become of us!" mourned Anna, on that Sunday evening, to the landlady, and burst into tears.

The landlady tried to comfort her, and said it would be best for Anna to go to the poorhouse, and say that she could not support Eli any longer, and they must take him in now. "And then," she added, "if I were you, Anna, I would sell my furniture, all except my bed, and get some one to take you into a little room, where you would have very little rent to pay, and you would need less firewood and candles."

But that touched Anna's tender point; for the prospect of having no home of her own was like to break her heart; and to part from Eli,—that seemed to the good old soul worse than death. She laid her head on the table, and sobbed so bitterly, that her comforter was silent. She had intended to tell her she must give up the two attic rooms, which she and Eli had inhabited now for thirty years, as a higher rent had been offered for them; but at the sight of such grief she lost the heart to do it, and put it off till to-morrow.

"Anna!" cried Joseph, coming in at that moment, "come up-stairs as quick as you can; you have a guest in your room.—But what does this mean? What is the matter, Anna?"

Instead of answering, Anna only wept more loudly, and the landlady made a sign which Joseph seemed to understand; for he gently raised the head of the weeping woman, and said kindly, "Don't take on so, poor Anna; the old God lives still, and—"

'We only heavier make our cross,
By wringing tears from every loss.'

Go up now to old Eli, who is as happy as a child."

"Yes, he does not trouble himself; he lets the birds care for him," grumbled Anna, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, and tried to regain her composure.

"If by 'the birds' you mean our Father in heaven, then Eli is quite right to leave the cares to him. Look here, Anna: when Eli heard that I must go away for several months, he said to me, 'Before you go, my boy, I must learn to walk on my wooden leg again; the Lord will give me strength to do it, you will see.' So we fastened on the leg every day; at first only for a few minutes, and then longer and longer, so that gradually he was able to stand on it. And he is standing up there, with his stick in his hand, like an old grenadier, to give you a surprise; and he is coming to drink coffee with you in your room. So do not spoil his pleasure, but look very much astonished when he comes limping in."

"You don't say so, Joseph!" cried Anna in amazement; "now when you are going away, Eli is able to walk again!"

"Did I not tell you, Anna, the old God lives still. So be comforted, and go up and make Eli a cup of good coffee."

"Willingly, if I had only a halfpenny to get a drop of milk!"

"Is that the difficulty? I think I can help you there," said Joseph, who put a shilling into her hand, and hastened away.

At that moment the milkman's whistle was heard in the street. Anna, with the shilling in her hand, was already half comforted. "Lend me a jug," she said to the landlady; "by the time I have got up the steep stair and down again, the milkman will be away."

The jug was given with no pleasant face, and the woman murmured to herself, "Mr. Joseph is very ready with his shillings; but the old people must go for all that. I would be a fool to keep them any longer for such a small rent."

Anna overheard these last words; and when, all out of breath, she reached the top of the stair, where Eli came hobbling to meet her, she burst into tears once more.

"What is the matter, Anna? I thought you would be so glad to see that I could walk again."

"What is the use, Eli? For all that, you and I are the most wretched creatures in the world!"

"Why, then, Anna?"

"Oh, the landlady said—"

"Let her say what she likes. I am not going to let her ill-natured tongue spoil my pleasure now."

"But if she turns us out of the house?"

"Well, the good Lord has prepared for us, as for poor Lazarus, a more beautiful home in heaven. And now I am coming to have coffee with you in your room. It is long since I was there before."

"That's true, Eli; not since you came out of the hospital. I will make a little fire in my own stove to make the coffee, and that will warm the room at the same time."

So they went in together to the little room; and Eli

was glad to seat himself in his arm-chair, which Joseph had brought in, for his wooden leg still caused him much pain. While Anna lighted the fire with her last sticks, made the coffee, lighted the little lamp, and set the table, Eli smoked his pipe in silence; but looked so contented and happy, that Anna said to him, as she poured out his coffee,—

"I wish I were like you, Eli, and could be always so contented.—But what in all the world is this?" she cried out in amazement, as she lifted her own cup and found below it an old six-franc piece.

Eli laughed so heartily that he had nearly spilled his coffee.

"But, Eli—"

"Are you more contented now, Anna?"

"A six-franc piece! I have not seen one for a long time," said Anna, examining the old coin on every side. "Wherever did you get it, Eli?"

"I found it in this leather bag, among my old rubbish."

"That explains how it is so black. But I will soon make it shine again. It is a pity we must lose fourpence in changing it. What do you say, Eli? Let me clear out the rubbish to-morrow; perhaps I may find another such among the rags."

"I doubt that, Anna," said Eli, smiling, as he shook the ashes from his pipe.

"Who knows," thought Anna, who was quite comforted by this time. "Six francs and eighteen sous ready money, and no debts!" It was long since she had felt so rich, for she had just paid up all arrears of rent with the remainder of Eli's pension. "And now let her come; when one has lived more than thirty years in a house, one can't be turned out into the street without good reason."

When she had cleared away, and opened the window and door of Eli's room,—“For the singers have been there again, and the place feels so close, he will sleep all the better for a little fresh air,”—she fetched her bag of seeds and seated herself at the table beside Eli, who was now reading in his Bible. Anna put on her spectacles and commenced sorting the seeds, which had got all mixed up, thinking all the while what she should buy to-morrow with her six-franc piece. First a little firewood; then she would get her shoes mended, for there were great holes in them, and it was wet feet that had given her the rheumatism two years ago; then potatoes. But then she remembered all at once that she had no coffee, no oil for the lamp, no salt, no flour, no soap for her washing—and the first thing necessary, a loaf of bread, would cost twenty-eight sous—even a six-franc piece could not buy all that! And if I had two of them it would not be enough!” she exclaimed sadly, pushed the seed-bag away, took off her spectacles, and had tears in her eyes again already.

"Well, Anna, are you not contented yet?" asked Eli, whose attention had been drawn from his book by her exclamation.

"We are just as badly off as ever, Eli, and the six-franc piece is like a drop of water in the Rhine."

"Well, one drop is always better than no water, when one is thirsty. But you think, if you can't lift it with a big spoon, it's of no use."

"There will soon be none at all, Eli, to lift with a big spoon, or a little one either."

"But the six-franc piece, Anna; I was so pleased to be able to give it to you."

"And I thank you for it, Eli; but even if you could give me another, it would not be enough for all our wants."

"Then get to-morrow just what we most need for the day, and trust in the Lord for the next day."

"That's true, Eli; the Lord does care for us. But I would like to know why he cares so much better for the rich than for the poor?"

"What do you mean, Anna?"

"Well, I mean that it seems very unjust that the rich should always have such good times, and the poor such hard ones in the world."

"You are wrong there, Anna. The rich have their crosses too."

"I wonder what they are," said Anna, beginning to her seeds again. "They have houses as fine as the king's palace, and dresses that it is a pleasure to look at, sacks of money, roast and boiled to their dinner every day, and carriages to ride in! No, no, Eli; don't tell me that things are fairly divided. The Lord might give us some of what the rich have to spare. They would never miss what would keep our little household."

"The rich would not like that, Anna. Money is a powerful snare for a man's heart; the more one has, the more they wish, till they would rather give up their life than their money. You don't understand that; but I know it."

"I wish that was true, and that you had the money; then we would be all right. But look here, Eli: only by two things do I know that there is a God in heaven,—only two.

"And these are?"

"That the rich women bear children like the poor, and that they must die like one of us."

"That's it, Anna. The rich *must* die; and as for us, we *may* die soon. That is the difference."

"I don't know about that, Eli. God be thanked, I am well and strong, and may live a long time yet."

"Are you afraid of death, Anna?"

"Awfully afraid, Eli; are you not?"

"I used to be; but now, thank God, I am afraid no longer."

"How is that? I would be glad if it were so with me."

"I will tell you how it came. I repented, believed, and prayed; and the Lord in his mercy took away all fear of death out of my heart."

Anna looked at him in astonishment as he said these words, with clasped hands and beaming eyes. She did

not speak, but thought to herself: "These are some of his fanatical ideas."

"Yes, yes, Anna, it is as I tell you," continued Eli; "since I have found my Saviour, he is my life, and to die is gain. And often,—when it seems hard to be so old, and lame, and helpless, and I long to be out of the dreary narrow room, at work in God's free air, under the dear sun,—I say to myself: 'Patience a little longer, old boy, and then you will leave all your suffering behind, and the dear angels will come and bear you home to the everlasting Fatherland, as they once carried poor Lazarus to Abraham's bosom.'—You know the beautiful story of the rich man and Lazarus, Anna?"

"I may have heard it read in church, but I do not remember it."

"Why, do you never read in your Bible?"

"I get along so slowly with the reading, that I always fall asleep over it; and then I don't understand what's in the Bible."

"If you fall asleep over it, it's no wonder you don't understand. But if you like, I will read to you about Lazarus just now."

Anna had no objection, and Eli began to read:—"There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day."

"Aha!" interrupted Anna, "it seems the rich folks then were just like those nowadays."

"And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores!"

"And the poor," Anna broke in again, "they were no better off then than they are now. But the little dogs took pity on him; yes, yes, the brute beasts have more than once put hard-hearted men to shame."

"And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments—"

"What had he done, then, that he went to hell?"

"Lived in luxury and pleasure, without caring about the salvation of his soul—without ever thinking of God and eternity; and 'he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.'"

"I am sorry for him now, Eli. If I had been Lazarus, I would have fetched him water."

"You couldn't have done it, Anna; for you will soon hear that heaven and hell are far from each other. It is as if you should wish to go from here to the moon or to the sun—you couldn't."

"No; that would be impossible."

"But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise

Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed,'—do you hear, Anna! a great gulf, that keeps them apart, for Abraham goes on: 'so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence.'"

"Eli," said Anna suddenly and earnestly, "what does that mean?—Thou hast received good things and art tormented, and Lazarus is comforted because he had evil things. Does it mean that all the rich folk go to hell and all the poor to heaven?"

"God forbid, Anna! It means only that each receives after death according as he lived on earth. I told you that the rich man thought only of his fine house and his beautiful clothes, and liked to fare sumptuously every day, and have honour before men, and never asked about God and the kingdom of heaven. And so Abraham says to him, Thou hast received *thy good things*—that is, the good things which thou desiredst—in thy lifetime. But Lazarus had borne patiently his poverty, his misery, and his pain, and had always thought, I will gladly suffer all that God lays upon me, if I can only come to him in his heaven at last! And, for his faith and his patience, he was comforted and carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom—that is, into paradise."

"But, Eli, all poor people are not like Lazarus. There are houses that it makes one shudder to go into. Every one is wilder than another; and they live as if there was no God in heaven. The men are drunkards, and the women idle slatterns; and one hears nothing but cursing, scolding, and quarrelling: it can hardly be much worse in hell."

"That is unfortunately true, Anna; and such godless poor people are doubly to be pitied, because they must go from that hell on earth to the everlasting hell. But, God be praised! neither are all the rich men like this one: there are many who are faithful stewards of the wealth intrusted to them, and who seek first the kingdom of God, like Abraham, Job, Joseph at Pharaoh's court, King David on his throne, and the prophet Daniel in the palace at Babylon.—But now you must not be always interrupting, Anna, or else we will never come to the end of our story.—So the rich man said again:—'I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.'"

"He had a kind heart, after all, Eli; it was good of him, even in hell to be thinking of his brothers, and wishing to keep them out of it. Why was he not wiser in his lifetime?"

"You see, Anna, riches are a great temptation. When a man has all that he desires, and all men speak well of him, it is very difficult for him to recognize his spiritual poverty, to repent, and turn his mind from earthly things to heavenly. And therefore our Saviour said: 'Children, how hard it is for them that trust in

riches to enter into the kingdom of God!" We poor folks are better off in that, and our task is easier."

"That may be, Eli; but there are two kinds of poverty. When one has what one needs, it is easy to be contented. I would never wish to live in a fine house, and have such grand clothes—it would be no pleasure to me. But I would like to have my crust of bread in peace, and to be able to stay in my own home with you. For, Eli, when one is old and feeble, and cannot earn their bread, and has nothing in the world but two eyes to weep with, that is a greater temptation than riches."

"It is a trial of our faith, Anna, to see if we will bear patiently want and suffering because it is the Lord's will; and we must pray to him daily to keep us from murmuring and unbelief."

"If we are weak, the Lord is strong;
If we are poor, the Lord is rich."

"It's all very true, Eli; but still I think things are unfairly divided, and the Lord might have given the poor a little more and the rich a little less; they would still have had enough."

"That's just like a woman," answered Eli, a little annoyed—"always coming back to your first word, after one has talked reason to you for hours. I ask you, Who is the happiest—the rich man, who, after enjoying himself in this short life, must sit for ever in hell; or poor Lazarus, who, after a short time of suffering, is in paradise for eternity?"

"Lazarus, of course—there is no doubt about that; but—"

"Away with your if's and but's, Anna, or we will never get to the end of it. See! in this world we are all, as it were, on a pilgrimage, journeying to our home in heaven, and the Lord gives us enough to support us on the way. The rich he has appointed to be his stewards on earth; and they must learn to give and to be merciful, we poor folks to endure and be patient. You say things are unfairly divided: perhaps they are; but if so, we have undoubtedly received the better part. To the rich God speaks as a King, who demands an account of the goods intrusted to his servants; and woe to them if they are found unfaithful! Then he says, as to the rich man in the parable,—'Depart from me, into everlasting fire.' But our Saviour has so greatly honoured the poor as to call them '*my brethren*;' and all that is done to us he counts it as done to himself (Matt. xxv. 31-36). Yes, Anna, as often as I read that passage, the tears come into my eyes; I must clasp my hands; and if I could, I would fall down on my knees, to praise and thank the Lord, that He whom all the angels serve is not ashamed to call us brethren. And since we have such a rich and powerful elder Brother in heaven, who has promised to care for us both in this world and the next, should we not be content with our lot, and believe that he will do all things well, although it may seem hard to us now to tread the thorny path, like poor Lazarus?"

"You would almost persuade one that it is a blessing to be poor, Eli!—But listen; there is the church-clock striking. Yes, indeed, it is nine o'clock; how the time goes by!"

"Nine o'clock already! Then Joseph will be here immediately to help me to bed. We must make haste and finish our story; but without interruption—do you hear, Anna?"

"I won't say another word."

"Well, the rich man wanted to send Lazarus to his brothers, to warn them; and Abraham answered:—'They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. But he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.'"

When Eli had closed the Bible, Anna said,—*"There is one thing I would like to ask."*

"Ask as much as you please now, Anna. The story is done; and God grant that his word may be blessed to our souls, so that in our old age we may make up for what we neglected in our youth."

"Ah, yes, we have much to make up for—and we are every one of us poor sinners. But, Eli, would it not have been good if Lazarus could have come back and told how things went after death?"

"One has come and told us—one who knows far better than Lazarus."

"Who?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ, Anna—blessed be his name!—who died for us, and rose again. In this very story of the rich man and Lazarus, he has told us plainly what awaits us after death. And if we do not believe him, neither would we believe Lazarus, or any other who should rise from the dead."

"But how is it that people do not believe, Eli?"

"That comes from the deceitfulness of sin. When we begin to be afraid of hell, and would like to repent, so that we might get to heaven, Satan comes and whispers in our ear, as the serpent did to Eve, '*Thou shalt not surely die.*'"

"True, Eli; we know that we must die, but we don't believe it rightly, and don't think of it, and always forget it again."

"And that is why David wrote in the ninety-sixth Psalm,—'*Lord, teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*'"

"Yes, Eli; but look here: the Lord Jesus lay in the grave only from Good Friday till Easter Sunday—and he had power over it, for he is the Lord, and not a sinner like us; but we must lie under the ground for years and years, and crumble to dust. It makes me shudder to think of it."

"Only the body, Anna—the poor weary body—which is, so to speak, the garment of the soul: it must return to the dust from which it was taken. But the soul itself, immediately after death, is either carried by the

angels to paradise, like poor Lazarus, or is cast, like the rich man, into hell—from which God in his mercy deliver us !”

“But every Sunday, when the pastor repeats the Creed, he says,—‘I believe in the resurrection of the body.’ That’s what I can’t understand.”

“What sort of seeds are you picking out there ?”

“Cabbage seed ; it has got mixed up with the parsley.”

“And a whole cabbage-head will come out of a little seed like this ?”

“A head bigger than your own, Eli : it’s a splendid sort.”

“But how does that happen ?”

“It grows fast enough when once it is in the ground.”

“That is to say, you sow the seed, but God must change it into a plant.”

“Yes, indeed. The Lord has shown us this year again, that unless he makes the seed grow, nothing will come of it ; but it’s long before people learn to believe that.”

“Well, Anna, this little seed is a picture of the resurrection of the body. The seed must be put in the earth, and die there ; just as our bodies must be buried, and moulder away. And the Lord watches over the little seed in the ground : he feeds it with dew and rain, that it may send down its roots into the ground ; and in spring he makes the sunshine warm, to call it out of its grave. Then we see the grass and the flowers springing up out of the earth, as on the great Easter morning our bodies will spring out of their graves at the Lord’s call. Yes, yes, Anna, it’s all true what I am telling you ; and you should rejoice at it, for then you will not be any more the old, frail Swiss Anna, and I will be no longer the lame, cripple Eli ; for the soul will then put on its new garment, which will never grow old or die, and we shall live for ever and praise the Lord in the home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

“Amen. I wish we were there already ! Where did you learn all that, Eli ? It’s very fine ; but, after all, I do wish we were not so dreadfully poor, and that we could stay together as long as we live. If I had to part from you, and to give up my little home, it would be like tearing the heart out of my body—like leaving my father and mother.” And poor Anna began to weep once more.

Eli let her cry on for a while—and seemed much moved himself ; then he began to sing :—

“Hope on, poor soul, hope ever ;
Why art thou so dismayed ?
One mighty to deliver,
Is hastening to thine aid.
Out of the depths he’ll raise thee ;
Soon, through these clouds of night
That now oppress, amaze thee,
Shall burst a blessed light.”

“There comes Joseph ; and there’s not a better soul in the world : he gave me a shilling this afternoon,” said Anna, wiping her eyes with her apron.

Eli took no notice of the interruption, and went on with the next verse. When Joseph entered, he joined in, and they sang together with great earnestness :—

“Arise ! to care and sorrow
Bid thou a long good-night ;
Shake off that dark to-morrow
That keeps thy heart in fright.
It is not thine to govern,
Or things to come foretell ;
The Lord alone is sovereign,
And doeth all things well.”

The oil in the little lamp was almost done, and Anna had no more in the house ; so she said to Joseph he must make haste, or the lamp would go out ; and she was afraid to go to bed in the dark. But poor Eli was so helpless on his wooden leg, that Joseph had to take it off, and, as before, take him in his arms and carry him to bed. Anna looked at Joseph with a sigh ; and Joseph, though he said nothing, thought, “What will the old man do when I am no longer here to help him ?”

After Joseph had said good-night and left, Anna held out her hand to Eli, and said,—“Those were fine things you told me to-night, Eli. And what was that you were singing ?”

“Shake off thy care and sorrow—”

“No, no ; that’s all wrong, Anna.

“Arise ! to care and sorrow
Bid thou a long good-night ;
Shake off that dark to-morrow
That keeps thy heart in fright.
It is not thine to govern,
Or things to come foretell—”

“Oh yes. I know the rest now.

“The Lord alone is sovereign,
And doeth all things well.”

Good-night ; and a sound sleep to you.”

LESSONS FROM LIFE—FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.

ICE ACCIDENTS.

LESSONS from life, did I say ? Alas ! the lesson this month is a lesson from death ! “Deaths oft” have been reported this season, and these chiefly of children, from the breaking of ice. As most of these terrible accidents

occur in groups, and in one almost unvarying form, it is the duty of parents and teachers, and all who have in any way the charge of children, to instruct and warn them carefully regarding the danger—its causes and its cure.

We shall mention two or three examples to show that these ice accidents proceed almost always from the same cause, and are repeated from year to year in the same form, because the young are not sufficiently instructed and warned.

Two years ago, a case of thrilling interest happened on a lake in the interior of the country, the scene of stirring events in Scottish history. Three sisters were walking about on the narrow belt of firm ice that ran along the shore, followed by a small dog. The little creature, in its sport, ventured too far out where the ice was thin, and fell through. One of the young ladies ran to its assistance, and fell in. Her sister immediately advanced to the spot, and got hold of her by the hand; but as soon as her weight was increased by the attempt to draw her sister out, the ice under her feet gave way, and she too was thrown into the water. The third and only remaining sister, yielding to the sudden impulse of her love, without counting the cost, approached, in turn, the fatal spot, and sank with the rest. These three daughters of one house were carried home cold, stiff corpses! Who shall tell—who can conceive the agony that their parents endured? Who shall tell what a horror of great darkness came over the light and life of that family in one day?

On the 16th of last month, on a small lake called Auchenreoch, near Castle-Douglas, six children in succession sank through the ice, and were drowned. One boy, twelve years of age, ventured too far, and fell through the ice. His sister, aged ten, ran to his assistance, and sank beside him. Three other girls, aged respectively thirteen, twelve, and eight, followed, all to save those who had fallen in, and all sank in deep water. Another boy, brother of two sisters who had fallen in, sent by his father to bring the children home, arrived at this moment on the scene. He also rushed to the rescue; but, as soon as he caught his sister's hand, the ice gave way, and he sank with the rest. All were drowned: three of one family, two of another, and one of a third. Of these, five lost their own lives in the effort to save the lives of others.

On the day following, 17th February, two boys were drowned on the ice in a quarry near Cupar in precisely the same way: one was sliding on too slender ice, and sank; the other, rushing to the rescue, sank beside him. Both were drowned.

Grown people are not so often drowned in this way, because they have more experience, and take better care. In the northern countries of America and Europe, although there the people go much more upon the ice

than we, there are not so many accidents. The reason is, that in these climates the winter is long, and the frost severe. The ice soon grows a foot thick, and there is no thaw till spring. Horses and carts go safely on the ice, and in ordinary circumstances there is no danger. The ice continues very strong till the spring when it suddenly breaks up altogether.

In our country there is not much frost. And, because those who are fond of skating and sliding do so often enjoy the sport, they are eager to try it whenever it seems possible. Thus they are very often induced to entrust themselves to the ice too soon, lest the thaw should return and disappoint them.

So many precious young lives are lost every winter in our country, that it becomes an urgent duty to make sure that all children shall be clearly taught where the danger lies, and how they may avoid it. Forewarned is forearmed. We think that if it were enjoined on teachers to give their scholars specific and full lessons on the subject once every year at the approach of winter, the result would be the preservation of many lives. There would, alas! be no difficulty in explaining and enforcing the warnings by a detailed narrative of fearful examples. The lesson would be listened to with rapt attention, and it could not fail to be effective.

Young people should make it a rule not to venture on ice over deep water at all by themselves. They should absolutely abstain from stepping on it till they see men of mature age on before them, and further on than the grown people have experience, which the young lack. It should be written on children's minds as a first principle of self-preservation, and of duty to their parents, not to venture on ice where the water is deep, except on the footsteps of men who are of full understanding.

Further, children should be clearly warned that, in case of one falling through, they should not venture near the lip of the broken ice to give assistance with their hands. Even though the ice at the edge could bear your own weight, the moment you begin to draw out the one who is in the water you double the weight on the spot where you stand, and the result will be that you will throw away your own life too. What then in such a case should we render no help to the perishing? Yes, give help. Before you go upon the ice, get some long pole or branch, and keep it near. If an accident occur, stretch it out so that the one who has fallen in may grasp it, and hold till more assistance arrive. But on no account go forward to help with your hand; for that is only to throw away your own life, and do no good to your neighbour.





DR. GUTHRIE.

In Memoriam.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is not our part to write the life of Dr. Guthrie: we leave that task for fitter hands, and a future day. Yet we would not willingly forego the pensive pleasure of uniting with a great number scattered over this and other lands in paying an articulate tribute to his worth, and reverently casting, as it were, a wreath upon his grave. Such was his moral and social stature, that his form was seen from afar. There is probably no Scotchman now living in any sphere whose removal would leave so large a blank.

While he was, in full conviction and frank profession, a Presbyterian and a Free Churchman, he was so large-hearted and liberal that he was acknowledged as a brother in all the branches of the great Christian family. His liberality was not a policy; it was a nature and a passion. He could not have acted the rôle of a narrow Churchman, whatever might have been the strength of the motives presented. That was not in the man, and could not have been drawn out of him.

In the earlier years of his ministry his great success was due to a combination of two qualities—great eloquence in preaching, and great pains in excavating. But these two were in secret allied to each other, like the supporting roots and the supported tree. The tenderness of heart which sent him into the dwellings of the poor, and the experience that he obtained there, went as constituent elements into his oratory. Indeed, his sympathy with sufferers, and his efforts to alleviate human misery and arrest human sin, were the real roots which nourished the power of his public ministry. Those who flocked on the Sabbath to his church, that they might luxuriate in the fervour and pathos of his sermon, as they

might at other times and places luxuriate over luscious fruit served at the tables of the rich, little knew of the dark, damp depths of human vice and suffering into which the preacher had plunged, and out of which he drew his power. If he had not gone down so deeply into the lower strata of society, he would not have towered so high in the view of its elevated classes.

We think the chief element of Dr. Guthrie's power sprang from his compassion. The affections of his heart gravitated to the lowest, in condition and character, as water gravitates to the lowest in place. But it was his nature to seek ever downward, as a root seeks downward, not for the sake of being down, but in order by the descent to draw up and spread abroad an abundant wealth of reformation and comfort and charity. At one time the ministers of the Church of Scotland and their families, suddenly ejected from their manse over all the land, and suffering for want of homes, attracted his heart and opened his lips. Into that work he threw his whole soul for the time. He traversed the country, and inoculated it with his own passion. As a result, there arose in a short time, as if by magic, the comfortable manses that stud the country, side by side with the Free Churches, contributing not a little to the loveliness of the Scottish landscape. It is believed that the effort then made sowed the seeds of the disease which shortened his work and his days.

At another time, it was the sin and misery of drunkards that took hold of his heart and held him. He laboured in the fires with these men, and for them. His spoken and printed appeals for these classes largely contributed, with the kindred efforts of fellow-workers, to generate the

more healthy public opinion, of which we now begin to enjoy the benefit. In connection with the profligacy or poverty of the parents, he was brought into contact with the sufferings of the neglected little ones; and hence sprang what became the largest and most characteristic labour of his life—the Ragged School. The story of Dr. Guthrie's life will exhibit, in a large measure, the rise and progress of these institutions. They need not become permanent in our educational system. The national measure now enacted ought, in process of time, to supersede them. But they have served a mighty purpose in the transition state. They have done much to save the nation from sinking altogether in the horrors of the middle passage. Indeed, the efforts made to save the lost little ones went far to reveal the numbers and wretchedness of the outcasts, and so to arouse the nation from its supine slumber, and compel it to put forth its own arm to save. Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School, and the passionate appeals whereby he supported it, did much to wring the national system of education from the sectarianism and the parsimony of a short-sighted generation.

We observe that the organs of the more secular sections of the community admire the talents and character of Dr. Guthrie, and pay a hearty tribute of respect to his memory. Some of them, at the same time, through a mental perversity, allied to colour-blindness, refuse to recognize the fountain where the stream of his charities sprang. They own the greatness of his benevolent work, but knowingly intimate, that in order to perform these blessed services to the community, he came out of his theological circle, and left his Calvinism behind him. This is precisely the contrary of the truth. The stream of his benevolence flowed from the well-spring of his faith. It was the love of Christ that constrained him to visit the widows and orphans in their affliction.

There is an aspect of childishness in the movements of the secularists in presence of such a life. Here are the facts, which cannot be denied. A devout believer in Christ, a great preacher of the gospel, actually has done more than any of his contemporaries to cloth the naked and feed the hungry, and in every way to snatch the victims of their own or others' wickedness out of the pit

into which they were falling. For our part, we frankly give the secularists credit for the magnanimity that rejoices over such facts, by whomsoever brought about. But while their hearts rejoice in the facts, their minds are puzzled to account for them. They must have a theory, and here it is. In a dry and sultry season they have seen a canal led over the pasture fields, full of water to the brim, and refreshing all the ground by its beneficent overflow. Well done the canal! they exclaim. Canals for ever! They do all the real work. But, don't you see, the water must leave the springs and the rivers behind when it does any good to the ground. Up with the canals, but down with the springs and rivers: they are useless. But oh, my philosophic brother, how could the canal ever have done any good to the parched land if it had not been filled from the spring and the river. You think Dr. Guthrie had to leave his dogmatic religion behind when he came forth upon the field of human misery to save the perishing. Yes; but it was the dogma he believed that pressed him out to that work of benevolence, and kept him going. His faith was the fountain of his charity.

It pleased the Lord to give to his servant—as he sometimes even in this climate gives to his sun—a brilliant and beautiful setting. Some eminent and devoted Christians are permitted to set under a cloud or in a storm. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. Their rising in the morning of eternal life will not be a whit less glorious because of the mists that hung on the horizon the evening before. In this case, however, the mists cleared away before sunset, and this good servant could see clearly around him, and could be seen by the surrounding circle departing in blessed peace and joy. He waited wakeful, expectant, and joyful, with his loins girded and his lamp trimmed, for the Bridegroom's approach. One of his sayings when the end was near, besides constituting evidence that his faith and hope remained firm and clear to the last, strikes us as a fine proof that Dr. Guthrie's constant and affluent employment of natural analogies in his discourses was not an art which he cultivated for effect, but a nature to which he yielded—that the spring of analogy lay in his being, and he simply left it to flow without obstruction as an

element of power for his work. It has been publicly intimated—and we doubt not the intimation is completely authentic—that when it was discovered, in the progress of the disease, that his eyesight was partially impeded by spots and mists, and when an attendant expressed the opinion that the symptom was of little consequence, “Ah,” said the dying man, “it has much meaning. When land-birds begin to fly round the rigging, and alight upon the spars, the passengers know that, though the land is as yet invisible, the land is near.” He loved to remain here and work, for his presence was needful on the field; but he loved also to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. Blessed balance: willing to wait, but ready to go.

In the decease of Dr. Guthrie the community has suffered a great bereavement; and the community, as represented by the citizens of Edinburgh on the day of the funeral, fully acknowledged the fact. The road from the house to the cemetery, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, consists for the most part of one long straight street of considerable breadth, running through a succession of villas and gardens. This telescope passage was lined through all its length, and on both sides, by a very great number of the citizens. The sea of faces was an impressive and encouraging sight. Much soundness remains at the heart of a community that can spontaneously and to such an extent appreciate its own loss, and combine to pay a fitting tribute to the illustrious dead. This seemly act we look upon as a symptom of soundness, and a means of further good. It will react with a favourable influence upon society.

As we walked immediately behind the pall-bearers we had an opportunity of observing the demeanour of the spectators, who found themselves successively in the immediate presence of the dust that they had assembled to honour. As the vehicle that bore the bier, exposed to view under an open canopy, advanced in slow procession along the telescopic avenue, the crowd on either side seemed to be stricken by some mysterious influence, and bent their heads like flowers on their stalks. Many hats were raised, and many moistened eyes bent down. The whole line seemed instinct with reverence for the dead, and drooped in succession as the body passed by.

It reminded us of a tender scene that we had seen in the domain of nature. A sensitive plant exhibits a large fine leaf like a fern, consisting of one central stem with beautiful frondlets extending in pairs on either side with elegant regularity. Such is the nature of the plant, that if you touch the great leaf generally the whole folds and droops, every joint falling as if in a faint. But if you touch very gently only the first pair of twin leaflets at the root of the leaf stem, that pair only will collapse and fold into each other's embrace, and lie down in a slow and pensive manner and swoon away. Let now a small caterpillar be introduced, and let it creep slowly up the leaf stem in the hollow between the two opposite rows of leaflets; these leaflets will collapse, pair by pair, in succession as the head of the caterpillar advances to touch their roots. Before the moving insect, the leaves stand erect and still, each opposite its mate; opposite the insect, the leaves have fallen as dead; behind it, after a brief interval, they begin to stand erect again.

Such was the scene as the mortal remains of this great philanthropist moved slowly through the ranks of the citizens. Sensitive to the presence of the honoured dead—not by signal or prearrangement, but by silent instinct—they bent their uncovered heads. We have thought it worth while to record the fact, for we considered the symptom good and reassuring.

On either side of the grave the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city, in their official robes, were ranked; and close by stood in two groups the children of the Ragged School, each boy wearing a small belt of crape on the arm of his white fustian jacket. It seemed a large family of helpless orphans mourning the loss of a father. The municipal authorities, with the insignia of their office, and the Ragged School children in their coarse and cheap, but clean and whole attire, constituted the two extremes of society, and seemed silently representative of society at large mourning their bereavement and honouring the dead.

The sun shone brightly, and the air was absolutely still. The prayer offered at the grave was distinctly heard by the great assembly; and the “Happy Land,” sung by the poor children, closed the simple ceremonial. The throng then gently and silently melted away.

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NIGHT.

"It is I; be not afraid."—MARK vi. 45-51; JOHN vi. 16-21; MATTHEW xiv. 22-27.



HE midst of thesea," the dead of the night!
Alone; all alone. No pilot, no light;
Tossed like a leaf by the waves in their
might!

"Toiling in rowing," each nerve on the strain;
Failing, aye failing, yet striving again.
Ceasing not, resting not; toiling in vain!

"Contrary the wind," a dirge in its moan;
Wails of despair in its shivering groan;
Peans of triumph its full rushing tone!

Tempest and darkness. Alas for the bark!
Alas for the life to be quenched as a spark!
Drop the oar—toil no more—hope is o'er. Hark!

Hark! o'er the waters, a voice, "It is I;
Be not afraid; it is I, it is I."
Angel-harps sound not so sweet as that cry.

Angel-forms rise not so grand as that form,
Treading majestic where foam-bubbles swarm—
Lowly in manhood, yet ruling the storm.

"Gladly received," at his word of command
There is "a great calm." Winds, billows sink; and
Instant and wondrous, the ship is "at land."

"At land;" at the haven where't would be: at
last

Sails furled—anchor dropped—storms o'er—dangers
past—

Unto the bright shore linked safely and fast!

* * * *

Tempest-tost sailor on life's troubled sea,
From Galilee's lake this voice speaks to thee,
Through night's shrouding gloom thy watchword to be.

What though stars shine not; though raging winds
roar:

Safety hangs not on thine own straining oar.
One treads the wild wave to save as of yore!

To save, not to help. Waves, winds, midnight
sky,

Whelm thy faint spirit. Oh, list to that cry,
"Be not afraid; it is I, it is I!"

Not till man's efforts had ceased in despair,
Fell those sweet tones on the chill morning air—
Fling overboard all thy cargo of care!

Fear not, that Pilot will steer to the last;
Soon will the day dawn, the night watch be past;
Safe in God's haven thine anchor be cast!

ANNIE LUCAS.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN," ETC

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



T seven o'clock on a cloudless morning,
early in May, I embarked at the port
of Washington, en route for Rich-
mond. The sail down the Potomac
was charming. My fellow voyagers were chiefly
Southerners—courteous, gentlemanly men, whose
nationality, but for a somewhat free use of
tobacco, it might have been hard to determine.
There were also a few genuine Yankees on board,
of a type I had heard of but had not met hitherto.

"Carpet-baggers," whispered a Southern
gentleman in my ear, when he saw me looking,
probably with an air of curiosity, at a little knot
of four or five tall, lank, bronze-featured, keen-

eyed men, who were standing apart and intently
scanning the shores of Virginia. "They are going
south to fill government posts, and buy up the
estates of ruined planters at a tenth of their value,"
my friend added with much bitterness. It was
probably true. There has been too much of that
preying upon the vanquished; yet the vanquished
themselves are apt to forget, in the intensity of
their sufferings, that by their treatment of the
poor negroes they largely contributed to bring these
calamities upon their country.

The picturesque slopes of Arlington were in
full view on the right bank of the broad river—
formerly the residence and hereditary estate of

General Lee, now held (confiscated, it is said) by the Central Government. A portion of it has been converted into a cemetery; and fifteen thousand soldiers are buried there. Beneath a granite monument, near the entrance, lie two thousand nameless slain, who fell at the fatal battle of Bull Run, and during the subsequent retreat to the Rappahannock.

We touched at Alexandria on the Virginian side, a bustling, manufacturing town, with a large negro population. A few miles further down, as I sat listlessly under the awning upon deck, I was startled by the sudden tolling of a bell overhead. Looking up, I saw the eyes of every passenger turned toward a white building on the summit of a wooded ridge, a mile or so from the shore. One of the tallest of the Yankees, noticing my perplexity, stepped close up to me and said, pointing sideways with his thumb to the aforesaid building: "Guess, stranger, that was the greatest man ever the earth saw." "What man do you mean?" I asked modestly. I shall never forget that stare, as he scanned me from head to foot. "What man do I mean? Why, where *was* you raised? Of course, I mean George Washington;" and he turned away with a look of mingled pity and contempt.

It was indeed Mount Vernon, once the home, now the tomb, of Washington. There the great general and his wife Martha lie side by side beneath a plain building of brick. Through a grated door one sees the sarcophagi which contain their ashes. Every steamer that plies on the Potomac tolls its bell as it passes that hallowed spot. But it surely does not speak much for the patriotism and the independence of the great Republic, that a tax should have to be levied upon passengers for the maintenance of Washington's tomb.

After passing Fort Washington, the signs of life on the banks of the river became fewer. Here and there a log-hut on the shore, with a group of black children basking in the sun; or a solitary boat mirrored in a little bay, with a motionless negro fisherman for its only occupant. Dense woods—not stately primeval forests, but a scraggy second growth—fringe the river, and clothe the undulating uplands behind far as the eye can see.

At Aquia Creek, some fifty miles below Washington, we landed on a temporary wooden quay,

and entered railway cars which stood awaiting our arrival. Our journey now struck me as not a little perilous. A single line of rails is laid on a narrow, new embankment, which is carried for miles through shallows of the river, across long reaches of quaking swamp, over slimy gullies, bridged here and there by rude, creaking timbers. I watched the shaking of the bank, and the ominous quivering and boiling of the morass, as the heavy train passed slowly along; and as I did so, the fearful catastrophes I had often read of came up to my mind with painful vividness. At length we reached the solid ground of Virginia, and swept on with increasing speed through its forests and little clearings. As we approached Fredericksburgh, I was standing on the platform beside the brakeman, who was describing to me, in his odd negro dialect, the scenes and details of that memorable battle-field, when all of a sudden, on rounding a bluff, the whistle sounded ominously, and the engine-bell rang. "Him be danger ring," cried my companion, as he screwed up his brake. In a few seconds the train was at a dead stop; on going forward to ascertain the cause, I found the stoker driving a herd of cattle from the line. After returning to my place, the brakeman informed me, confidentially, that the "cow-catcher" might turn over one or two, but he guessed "him could not fix a herd." I was heartily glad when, after a hot, dusty ride, I found myself safe in the depôt at Richmond.

RICHMOND AND THE WAR.

Richmond, the pride of Virginia, the queen of the South, is fallen. War has dealt hardly with her. Many of the finest buildings are shattered and desolate. Long gaps of blackened ruins are seen at intervals in her best streets. And one cannot help observing the look of sadness and listlessness about the people, as if they were just awaking from a painful dream. One of the brightest and gayest of American cities has been changed into a place of mourning. Three out of every four of its old families and merchants are ruined. Its young men were almost exterminated; and many of those who survive are maimed and crippled. But even war could not rob Richmond of its magnificent site. It deserves its name; for in the richness and beauty of its natural scenery

it is not one whit behind its English prototype, Richmond on the Thames.

Virginian hospitality has been long proverbial in America, and I had pleasant practical experience of it the moment I entered Richmond. My old friend, Mr. Stewart, chancing to hear I was coming, drove to the train to meet me; but finding I had already left the *dépôt*, he followed, going from hotel to hotel, examining the names in the visitors' book, until, at last, he found me. Then and there he insisted I should accompany him to his charming residence at Brook Hill. I can never forget the happy days I spent there, where high culture and Christian love combine to throw a hallowed radiance round the family circle. The accounts I got of the war were very touching and very graphic. Brook Hill was the scene of some sharp fighting. On its grounds, within pistol-shot of the windows, was one of the outer defences of Richmond, commanding a leading road, and a lovely valley. In the final struggle, just before the capture of the city, an action took place in the woods round the house, and during it the ladies carried in and tended some of the wounded. The house was plundered by the Northern troops; but, by the good hand of God upon them, the family escaped personal injury. It was intensely interesting, and yet sad, to hear their story of that four years' struggle. During most of the time they were shut out from the rest of the world. All the luxuries, and many even of the necessities of life, were taken from them. Their clothes in rags; their shoes worn out; their food scanty and bad; their property lying *désolate*; and they themselves—delicate women, and tender young girls—toiling from morn to night, and often from night till morning again, making up every available article into clothes for the soldiers in the field, and for the sick and wounded in the hospitals. Independent altogether of the merits of the question at issue, no man, who knows anything of the details of the war, can deny that the people of the South, men and women alike, displayed a heroism which has perhaps never been surpassed.

A RELIC OF SLAVERY.

At Brook Hill, I saw for the first time what may be considered a relic and representative of

slavery as it formerly existed in the Southern States of America. I do not intend to say a single word in favour of that system. In principle and practice it was, under every form and guise, a social evil and a national disgrace. But with all that, it would be a monstrous injustice to the slave-holders of the South to assume that slavery was always, or generally, or often, of the *Uncle-Tom* type. Not unfrequently there was far more of genuine Christian sympathy and kindness shown to the negro slave, than is shown to the white servant in this free land of ours. With my own eyes I saw proof in the little colony that still clings around the family of Brook Hill, refusing to go away. I went about freely among them. I entered their houses, and found them clean and comfortable—far more so than the generality of labourers' cottages in England. I conversed with the mothers and grown-up females and children, all of whom had received an excellent elementary education from Mrs. Stewart herself. Their religious knowledge was remarkable, and their simple faith very striking. They are devotedly attached to their mistress; and they consider themselves a part of the household. I was much impressed with the courtesy with which they were uniformly treated by master and mistress, and, indeed, by all the members of the family. The older women are never addressed by name; they are called "mammy" or "aunt," and the older men invariably "uncle." I was somewhat startled when I first heard the venerable butler addressed as "*Uncle Anthony*." It is, in truth, a patriarchal establishment, carrying one away back in thought to the days of Abraham and Job. Modern civilization, springing from a fuller comprehension of the grand teachings of Christ and his apostles, has gradually taught nations, sometimes a little reluctant to learn, the fundamental injustice of the system of slavery; yet we ought to be careful lest, under the grand name of liberty, we should foster institutions, and tolerate practices, almost as degrading in their character, and as fatal in their ultimate issues, as American slavery.

THE DECORATION OF SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Wednesday, the 15th of May, was a sad and solemn memorial day in Richmond. It was the

day dedicated to the memory of the soldiers who fell in battle, and to the decoration of their graves. The ladies of Brook Hill had prepared crosses, crowns, wreaths, and bouquets of the choicest flowers and evergreens. They carried them in to that great cemetery which rises so picturesquely over the rapids of the James River, and in which are said to lie some thirty thousand of the slain. With their own hands they placed them, so gently and so lovingly, upon the graves of the unknown dead. Those graves bear no name, and no record; it was enough that they whose ashes sleep in them died fighting for their country. It was with a feeling almost of pride I took part in the ceremony. Those soldiers may have been wrong; they may have been, as some affirm, rash and reckless; they may even have been, as the Northerners believe, rebels: but no man with a human heart can refuse to them the tribute of praise for a heroic struggle in defence of what they, at least, believed to be the liberties of their fatherland.

The cemetery is tastefully laid out in plots adapted to the natural undulations of the ground. Each grave has a number, corresponding to one in a general register, where the name of the occupant, if known, is inscribed. In the centre of all, crowning the hill, is a massive pyramid of solid granite, with inscriptions in Latin and English. When the graves were all strewn with flowers, and the trees and surrounding monuments ornamented with crosses and garlands, and the cemetery crowded with people, mostly in mourning attire, and when a long file of volunteers, in the gray Confederate uniform, had marched up the central avenue, with slow step, arms reversed, and muffled drum, and formed in hollow square round the pyramid, it was one of the most imposing and affecting spectacles I ever witnessed.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the South met at Richmond on Thursday, the 16th of May. I was requested by Dr. Plumer, the Moderator, to take part in the opening exercises. The Assembly met in a new church, just erected in place of one which had been burned during the siege. From my seat on the platform-pulpit I had a commanding view of

the vast audience. The members of the Court sat mostly in front, but among them there was a fair sprinkling of ladies.

Dr. Plumer is a man of commanding presence, far above the average stature, erect in figure, graceful in address, with hair and long beard white as the snow-drift. His features are massive, his eyes black and piercing, shaded by heavy black brows. A painter might select him as a study for Abraham. His sermon was a plain statement of gospel truth, with an eloquent and powerful practical conclusion. While preaching, he held in his right hand a large palm-leaf fan, which he occasionally used with great vigour, causing his flowing beard to wave about as if in a storm. This is customary, indeed it is a necessity, in the South, where the temperature of the church not unfrequently rises to 100° Fahr. And fans are not confined to the pulpit; each pew has a full complement. When one looks over the congregation, as I did, the effect is inconceivably droll. Everything is in motion—fans, hair, beards, ribbons, feathers, flowers—in fact, all the lighter appendages of person and dress.

The Assembly is composed of about one hundred and twenty delegates, representing an aggregate of nine hundred congregations. Most of the delegates were very young men; but there was a decorum and a quiet dignity about them, indicating high culture and deep Christian feeling. The Moderator was treated with the utmost deference. His ruling was never questioned. In debate the speeches were brief and pointed, and the greatest courtesy was shown to opponents. I saw no struggle for precedence, no disputes about points of order, no interruptions of those addressing the House, no noise or confusion. There was, perhaps, in some respects, a want of life in the speakers, and a lack of interest in the spectators; yet still the whole conduct of business, and the tone of the House, impressed me as a true type of a Christian Assembly met for the promotion of Christian love and truth.

The various reports on Church work and progress were encouraging, considering the lamentable events of the past few years. The war had sadly thinned the ranks of the young men, and largely cut off the supply of candidates for the

ministry. In fact, the requirements of the army had emptied the colleges. Now, however, the Theological Colleges are again filling up; and there is an earnestness shown by ministers and students, and a liberality displayed by the people at large, which are sure guarantees of ultimate success. Theological students all receive an allowance from a special fund of the Church, proportional to their wants, so that they may be able, free from worldly care, to devote their entire time and strength to their work of preparation. It seems to me that such a plan, under judicious management, cannot fail to raise up a staff of godly and efficient pastors.

I inquired particularly as to the points which have rent the great Presbyterian body in the States, separating the North from the South. There is no fundamental doctrine or principle of ecclesiastical order at issue. The two Assemblies seem to be one in all respects except political sentiment, engendered by the late war, and fostered, as it appears to me, by a resolution which stands on the books of the Northern Assembly, reflecting upon the action of the South. But surely the past might now be forgotten; surely every reference to it calculated to give offence might be blotted out from the Records of Christ's Church. The North, strong in its integrity, and proud of its triumphs, can afford to be generous. Kindness would heal the breach, and win back to union. What a noble aspect would a great United Presbyterian Church present to the world, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico; and having its missions in every country under heaven!

ORIGIN OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN AMERICA.

I was, for several reasons, deeply interested in this question. Not quite two hundred years ago the foundations of Presbyterianism were laid—laid, too, on the soil of Virginia—by Francis Mackemie. He was an Irishman, born near Ramelton, County Donegal; educated in the University of Glasgow; and licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Lagan, near Londonderry, in the year 1681. Sent to America as a missionary, he commenced his labours on

the banks of the Potomac, and soon afterwards organized the church of Snow Hill, Maryland. Journeying southward, he found, we are told, on Elizabeth River, Virginia, "a poor desolate people mourning the loss of their ministers from Ireland," who had died during the previous summer. He preached to them, and founded several congregations, some in Virginia, some in Maryland, and some as far south as Carolina. Feeling that the work was too great for one man, he went to England for help, and returned in 1705 with two assistants. On his return he, and those who were with him, were opposed, persecuted, and imprisoned by the authorities. It was only after a ten years' conflict he succeeded in procuring a legal license to preach; and even then the British rulers placed every possible obstacle in his way. The tyranny which drove the Pilgrim Fathers from the shores of England, and forced many of the Presbyterian colonists to fly from Ulster, then ruled in Virginia, and did its best to exterminate evangelical Protestantism. But Mackemie persevered. When ordered by Cornbury, the governor, to cease preaching within his territory, he answered in the spirit of the apostles, "I neither can nor dare do so." "Then you must go to jail;" and to jail he was sent. Eventually he succeeded, for God was with him. In 1706 he organized the first Presbytery in America. It consisted of seven ministers; and its first extant record is of a meeting held at Freehold, New Jersey, for the purpose of ordaining Mr. John Boyd.

From this small beginning has sprung the great Presbyterian Church of the United States. It was with no little interest that I, a fellow-countryman of Mackemie, took part in a General Assembly meeting near the spot where that devoted missionary first preached the gospel on American soil. One may well say, "It is the Lord's doing, and wondrous in our eyes."

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.

Virginia, though in deep mourning, and notwithstanding the wreck of her agricultural and commercial industry, is making a noble effort to keep abreast of the North in the education of the young. Dr. Ruffner, the State Commissioner, is a man of enlarged views and great administrative skill. With that kindness and courtesy which

characterize American officials, he placed in my hands public documents, and gave me free access to the schools, and indeed to all sources of information. He is a strong advocate of a system of education free to all, and supported by a tax levied upon all. He maintains that, as the whole community reaps the fruit of education, the whole community should support it. He maintains, besides, that when every man is taxed for it, every man will feel that he has a right to take full advantage of it. No such idea can enter into the mind of any man as that his children are being educated by public charity. And, besides, when all are admitted to the schools on the same terms, that distinction of classes, marked by a gradation, or entire remission, of fees, which is often so galling to the minds of sensitive children, is entirely avoided. Another important effect of the free system he mentioned: when the children of the middle and upper classes frequent the state schools, their parents and guardians will take care that the training given shall be sound and thorough.

The great difficulty in the way of education in Virginia is the mixed population. Separate schools must be maintained for the two races; for the whites will not permit their children to attend a school to which negroes are admitted. "I have," says the Governor of the State in 1870, "in years past, and under the most favourable circumstances, witnessed a fair and impartial trial of the experiment, and it proved an utter failure. The true interests of the coloured people themselves demand that they should be provided with separate schools."

The Free School System was introduced in the beginning of 1870; and the Report on Public Instruction states that, "except in one district, in which the coloured people voted adversely, the question of levying a local tax for providing school accommodation has been carried by a large majority in every case. In one large and wealthy district, the coloured people, who are in the majority, left the question of the school tax to be entirely decided by the whites, who were the property-holders. Not a coloured vote was cast on the question, and the whites unanimously voted the tax." This is a noble testimony to the patriotism of the Virginians, considering the

trying circumstances in which they are placed. Before the end of the first year the schools numbered 2900, the teachers 3000, and the pupils 130,000, in an aggregate population of about a million and a quarter. In 1870, less than 12,000 coloured children were attending school, though the coloured population amounted to 512,841; but, in consequence of the liberality of the whites in providing school accommodation, the coloured pupils had in 1871 increased to 39,000.

THE PEABODY DONATION.

I have had occasion frequently to mention in these papers acts of princely generosity towards the cause of education in the United States; but probably none of them equals that of George Peabody. His letter announcing the gift is dated Washington, February 7, 1867, and contains the following noble passage:—"I feel most deeply that it is the duty and privilege of the more favoured and wealthy portions of our nation to assist those who are less fortunate; and with the wish to discharge, as far as I am able, my own responsibility in this matter, as well as to gratify my desire to aid those to whom I am bound by so many ties of attachment and regard, I give to you the sum of one million of dollars, to be by you and your successors held in trust, and the income thereof used and applied in your discretion for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral, or industrial education among the young of the more destitute portions of the Southern and South-Western States of the Union." "In July 1869," the Report says, "Mr Peabody added to his donation a second million in cash, and a large additional amount in deferred securities." Mr Peabody's donations to this fund amounted altogether to the enormous sum of three millions and a half of dollars. What an example is this to England's prince-merchants of Christian liberality and lofty patriotism!

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS OF VIRGINIA.

Dr Ruffner's admirable Report contains some interesting and suggestive remarks in regard to the place and use of religion in the public school. "It is now generally admitted," he says, "that the State cannot properly teach religion. It does not follow, however, that all incidental allusions

or observances of a religious character should be forbidden. When they can be introduced in an edifying and inoffensive way, they should not be objected to; but the true theory of civil government forbids the use of State money or State authority in any way that contravenes individual rights of conscience. The whole controversy about the use of the Bible in public schools is greatly to be deprecated. It is damaging to the interests of both education and religion. The time will come when a great deal of moral and religious truth will be taught in the public schools, not theologically, but educationally. There is a religious common law accepted by everybody, which will yet be embodied in text-books, and taught in every school without offence. It is not dogmatic religion in any full sense, but it comprises cardinal religious doctrines, and a complete code of the highest and purest morality; and men of all creeds and characters in our land acknowledge in some form the authority of this religious common law. The existence and government of God constitutes its great controlling feature, and from that is developed the whole code of moral duties. The power of these higher obligations in forming the character of the young, and in controlling men through life, has been recognized in every age and nation. The fact that Mr. Huxley, a distinguished sceptic, is now endeavouring to compel the reading of the Bible in the public schools of England, furnishes only another addition to the multitudes of cases in which persons without a religious faith have testified to the disciplinary value of the teachings of Scripture."

In further confirmation of this point, the Report contains an extract from an article in the *Princeton Review*, written by Dr. Hodge, regarding

national education in Prussia:—"Prussia, if judged by her institutions and laws, must be regarded as the most thoroughly Christian nation in the world. As the Prussian system secures that every man shall be a soldier, so it secures that every man shall be a Christian, so far as knowledge and profession are concerned. No child, although barefooted, of twelve years of age, can be found in Berlin or Halle who cannot read and write, and who is not familiar with Scripture history. The experiment has been often made. The children are all required to go to school. The pastors are required to devote so many hours a week to their religious instruction. The hymnology of Germany is probably richer than that of any other Christian people, if not than that of all other nations combined. The Germans are a musical people, and these hymns are sung not only in the churches, but in the homes of the poor all over the land. Hence, while the French soldiers are roused by the 'Marseillaise,' the Germans nerve themselves by singing the grand old hymn of Luther, 'A sure defence is our God, a trusty shield and weapon.' The churches throughout Prussia, as a general thing, are crowded with worshippers. The rich and titled may or may not be there in curtained stalls, but the body of the church is thronged by the common people. While, therefore, in Prussia, as elsewhere, many of the educated, and especially of the scientific class, have given themselves up to scepticism, the nation, as a nation, is eminently Christian."

I believe that Dr. Hodge here reveals the true source of that mighty power which has raised Prussia to the first rank among the nations of the world.

ON PRAYER.*

[The great work from which we take the following paper is now complete. The third and concluding volume has just issued from the press. The whole constitutes a grand summary of revealed truth, presented in those forms of thought and expression that are familiar to our own generation. The work will be the witness of this age to the next of the whole counsel of God in the gospel.]



PRAYER takes a great deal for granted. It assumes, in the first place, the personality of God. Only a person can say I, or be addressed as Thou; only a person can be the subject and object of intelligent action, can appre-

hend and answer, can love and be loved, or hold converse with other persons. If God, therefore, be only a name for an unknown force, or for the moral order of the universe, prayer becomes irrational and impossible. Secondly, God, however, although a person, may dwell far off in immensity, and have no intercourse with his creatures on earth. Prayer, therefore, assumes not only the personality of God, but also that he is near us; that

* From "Systematic Theology, by Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological University, Princeton, New Jersey. Volume III." London: T. Nelson and Sons.

is not only able but also willing to hold intercourse with us, to hear and answer; that he knows our thoughts afar off; and that unuttered aspirations are intelligible to him. Thirdly, it assumes that he has the personal control of all nature—that is, of all things out of himself; that he governs all his creatures and all their actions. It assumes that he has not only created all things, and endowed matter and mind with forces and powers, but that he is everywhere present, controlling the operation of such forces and powers, so that nothing occurs without his direction or permission. When it rains, it is because he wills it, and controls the laws of nature to produce that effect. When the earth produces fruit in abundance, or when the hopes of the husbandman are disappointed, these effects are not to be referred to the blind operation of natural laws, but to God's intelligent and personal control. There is no such reign of law as makes God a subject. It is he who reigns, and orders all the operations of nature so as to accomplish his own purposes.

If the world is full of the evidences of spontaneous action on the part of man, nature is full of evidence of such action on the part of God. The evidence is of the same kind, and just as palpable and irresistible in the one case as in the other. It is admitted of necessity by those who deny it. Darwin's books, for example, are full of such expressions as "wonderful contrivance," "ingenious device," "marvellous arrangements." These expressions reveal the perception of spontaneous action. They have no meaning except on the assumption of such action. "Contrivance," "device," imply design, and would not be used if the perception of intention did not suggest and necessitate them. Some twenty times already, in the course of this work, it has been shown that, in many cases, those who begin with denying any spontaneous action in nature, end with asserting that there is no other kind of action anywhere; that all force is mind-force, and therefore spontaneous as well as intelligent.

Spontaneous action cannot be got rid of. If denied in the present, it must be admitted in the past. If, as even Professor Huxley teaches, "Organization is not the cause of life; but life is the cause of organization," the question is, Whence comes life? Not out of nothing, surely. It must have its origin in the spontaneous, voluntary act of the ever and the necessarily Living One.

The theory of the universe which underlies the Bible, which is everywhere assumed or asserted in the sacred volume, which accords with our moral and religious nature, and which, therefore, is the foundation of natural as well as of revealed religion, is that God created all things by the word of his power; that he endowed his creatures with their properties or forces; that he is everywhere present in the universe, co-operating with and controlling the operation of second causes on a scale commensurate with his omnipresence and omnipotence, as we, in our measure, co-operate with, and

control them within the narrow range of our efficiency. According to this theory, it is not irrational that we should pray for rain or fair weather, for prosperous voyages or healthful seasons; or that we should feel gratitude for the innumerable blessings which we receive from this ever present, ever operating, and ever watchful benefactor and Father. Any theory of the universe which makes religion, or prayer, irrational, is self-evidently false, because it contradicts the nature, the consciousness, and the irrepressible convictions of men. As this control of God extends over the minds of men, it is no less rational that we should pray, as all men instinctively do pray, that he would influence our own hearts, and the hearts of others, for good, than that we should pray for health.

It is also involved in the assumptions already referred to, that the sequence of events in the physical and moral world is not determined by any inexorable fate. A fatalist cannot consistently pray. It is only on the assumption that there is a God, who does his pleasure in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, that we can rationally address him as the hearer of prayer.

In like manner, it is assumed that there is no such foreordination of events as is inconsistent with God's acting according to the good pleasure of his will. When a man enters upon any great enterprise, he lays down beforehand the plan of his operations; selects and determines his means, and assigns to each subordinate the part he is to act: he may require each to apply continually for guidance and directions; and may assure him that his requests for assistance and guidance shall be answered. Were it possible that every instance of such application or request could be foreseen and the answer predetermined, this would not be inconsistent with the duty or propriety of such requests being made, or with the liberty of action on the part of the controller. This illustration may amount to little; but it is certain that the Scriptures teach both foreordination and the efficacy of prayer. The two, therefore, cannot be inconsistent. God has not determined to accomplish his purposes without the use of means; and among those means, the prayers of his people have their appropriate place. If the objection to prayer, founded on the foreordination of events, be valid, it is valid against the use of means in any case. If it be unreasonable to say, "If it be foreordained that I should live, it is not necessary for me to eat," it is no less unreasonable for me to say, "If it be foreordained that I should receive any good, it is not necessary for me to ask for it." If God has foreordained to bless us, he has foreordained that we should seek his blessing. Prayer has the same causal relation to the good bestowed, as any other means has to the end with which it is connected.

The God of the Bible, who has revealed himself as the hearer of prayer, is not mere intelligence and power. He is love. He feels as well as thinks. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them.

that fear him. He is full of tenderness, compassion, long-suffering, and benevolence. This is not anthropomorphism. These declarations of Scripture are not mere "regulative truths." They reveal what God really is. If man was made in his image, God is like man. All the excellences of our nature as spirits belong to him without limitation, and to an infinite degree. There is mystery here, as there is everywhere. But we are all used to mysteries, the naturalist as well as the theologian. Both have been taught the folly of denying that a thing is, because we cannot tell how it is. It is enough for us to know that God loves us and cares for us; that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without his notice, and that we are, in his sight, of more value than many sparrows. All this for the believer is literal truth, having in its support the highest kind of evidence. The "how" he is content to leave unexplained.

It is an objection often urged against the propriety of

addressing prayer to God, that it is inconsistent with his dignity as an infinite Being to suppose that he concerns himself with the trifling affairs of men. This objection arises from a forgetfulness that God is infinite. It assumes that his knowledge, power, or presence, is limited; that he would be distracted if his attention were directed to all the minute changes constantly occurring throughout the universe. This supposes that God is a creature like ourselves; that bounds can be set to his intelligence or efficiency. When a man looks out on an extended landscape, the objects to which his attention is simultaneously directed are too numerous to be counted. What is man to God? The absolute intelligence must know all things; absolute power must be able to direct all things. In the sight of God, the distinction between few and many, great and small, disappears. In him all creatures live, and move, and have their being.

Light out of Darkness.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER XII.

PARTING.

"Earth's watchword is, 'Farewell!'"—MONTGOMERY.

WHEN the gate had closed behind us, and the high garden-wall rose between us and the public pathway, I drew a long breath of relief. Captain von Edelstein turned to me with his own peculiarly brilliant smile, in which I always thought the eye took as much part as the lip, "Now you feel safe, do you not?"

"Yes; oh, Captain von Edelstein!"

"Will you not rest here awhile before you go on? You do not fear now, and I want to speak a little with you; may I?"

"Oh yes; but oh, it was frightful!" I still shook with agitation, and sank gladly on the seat in the sheltered arbour to which he led me.

"Poor child! you have indeed been 'under fire' this afternoon. I little thought to what my presence would expose you when I sought you on the hill."

"You sought me!" I exclaimed, surprised, though a warm glow of pleasure filled my heart; "how did you know I was there? I thought you had ridden off with your band!"

"So I had; but circumstances occurred to necessitate an earlier return than I had expected. Barbe told me you were in the garden; but only finding Blaise there, I inquired of him, and ascertained you had gone up the Colline Rouge. Fearing you might meet with some annoyance or fright, I ventured to follow you—little thinking I should be the means of exposing you to what I wished to shield you from."

"You were very kind. Who do you think fired that shot? Was it a franc-tireur?"

"I think not."

"Who, then, could it have been? It came from that point of wood that runs almost up to the path. Ah! I know; it must have been old—"

"Hush!" said my companion quickly; "do not tell me who it was!"

"Why?"

"You forget I am a German officer," he said, smiling with a look that told me he was willing I should forget it, save in this; "did I know who fired that shot, you know what my duty would be!"

did know ; so was silent.

to not think Captain von Edelstein had the story I had told him of poor old Lechere, the charcoal-burner, whose tage stood in that very belt of trees, and o stalwart sons, the pride and stay of ; years, had both fallen on the bloody Vörrh. Since the fatal day when the tidings reached him, the old man had have but one thought—one feeling—engeful, mortal hatred against the Ger—whose steel his brave boys had died. t hard, then, to guess whose dimmed trembling hands had made that bullet of its mark.

[thought of the second report ; after red of my friend's safety, I had almost that.

heard a *second* shot fired."

ing in the look and tone made me say and apprehensively, "But it did not hurt

he replied ; "but God's angel was round mademoiselle ; that first shot was close :us—the second was closer still. Look He took off his cap and showed where had singed the outer rim. My cheek and I could not speak. One inch The thought was terrible.

: of us spoke for some moments, then von Edelstein said, "You must have ne very rough, very cruel, mademoiselle, y I shook you off. There was no time ny. I knew a second ball would almost come. I was the mark, but it might m you in its course. It was the only e done."

I did not think of it. I only thought langer—it seemed so base to leave you could not bear to do it."

shed a bright, sweet look upon me—a nfinately glad and bright—I can see it Conrad ! Conrad !

time he said, "This day is full of events, elle Léonie ; that bullet was not the welcome reminder I have met in its

not—why ? Have you had bad news ?"

"Not exactly," he replied, smiling a little ; "though they cause me pain."

"Ah ! I thought you looked so troubled, so sad, so unlike yourself as we came down the hill."

"Did I ?" Then, after a pause, "Mademoiselle Léonie, I was thinking of you."

"Of me !"

"Yes ; I have received orders. We leave Drécy to-morrow."

"To-morrow !" I faltered.

"Yes ; you noticed those columns of troops marching through the valley from the top of the hill ?"

"Yes."

"They were the reinforcements for which we have been waiting. We must be on the march before daybreak to-morrow."

It had come, then—the waking from my dream. The pain was very sharp. What should I do without the friend, the teacher, the companion, who in that eventful week had become so very dear to me—so necessary to my happiness. Tears welled up to my eyes and fell—great burning drops, that bring no relief.

"Do you care so much ?" said Captain von Edelstein, in a low tone of deep emotion, taking my passive hand in a clasp of gentle tenderness.

I raised my tearful eyes to his. "How can I do otherwise ?" I said ; "what have you not been to me this week ?—protector, teacher, friend—no brother could be kinder, more sympathizing, more helpful than you have been. You have shown me the light—taught me the truth—led me to Jesus ; and now you are going away into danger, perhaps to death—and I shall be alone. Oh ! how shall I keep right with no one to help me, no one to teach me. And I so ignorant and weak !"

The look of intense pain that passed over my companion's face as I spoke made me pause. For an instant—less—his fingers closed convulsively on mine, his lips parted as if to speak, then that stern, rigid look I had noticed on the hill-side returned. He covered his eyes with his hand for a moment, and when he removed it, his face was serene and calm, and not without a certain kind of brightness, though my eyes dropped before the look of love and sorrow that met mine.

"Léonie, dear Léonie," he said, "I may call you so—may I not ? You have called me friend—

brother. You will let me live in your memory as your friend Conrad, not as the German Captain von Edelstein, will you not? And when I am gone, Léonie, you will not forget me, I know. There is one place where we can always meet—at the throne of grace. I shall not forget you there—will you too think of me?"

"Ah yes! I will indeed. But oh! I shall be so lonely—I shall lose my way—get into darkness!"

"No, dearest Léonie, no; you will not be alone—you will have One ever near, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, who has said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Trust him; he will teach you, guide you, sustain you, supply *all* your need—ALL"

"But I shall have no light, not even a Bible!"

"He can make even that loss up to you," he replied; "I would leave you mine, but it is my dear mother's gift."

"Oh no, no! you will need it too; no, I could not have robbed you of it, even had it not been your mother's gift, it is so precious and necessary to you. I know you would miss it even more than I."

"Well, I will try and find means of procuring and sending you one. Or, rather, I will ask the Lord to do so. He can. Meanwhile he will keep you in the path, for he is 'the Way.' Rest on him. And now, Léonie, a few words before we go in. You will remember I tried to induce your father to let me procure a safe-conduct to secure your travelling at once to Munich, where you would be in peace and safety till the war is over. I saw it was vain to urge it upon him, he is evidently resolved not to leave his old home. But for you, Léonie, if you should need a protector, if you should be left alone in the midst of this strife—my poor child, I would not distress you—I trust it may not be; but, if what we fear should come to pass, will you seek refuge in Munich—you and Barbe—with my mother and sister? They know of you. I have written to them of you; they will receive you gladly. By way of Switzerland, you might reach them without much difficulty. I would have procured a safe-conduct, but in the unsettled state of affairs it would be useless to do so beforehand. Will you promise me this?"

"Yes; but oh, Captain von Edelstein, my father is better, much better!"

"Truly, and I hope you may not need to follow this advice; but it is well to be prepared. And do not venture beyond the garden; it is not safe, as you have seen to-day."

"And you," I said, after a time; "where are you going?"

"To join Von Werder in the south," he replied.

"Will your post be a dangerous one?" I asked.

He smiled. "A soldier does not think of that," he said; "and however it may be, mademoiselle, remember a Christian bears a charmed life."

"Do you mean that you are sure God will keep you from being wounded, or"—I shuddered—"being killed."

"No," he answered gently, "I cannot say that. I do not know whether bullet, or shell, or steel may not be the instrument my Father may choose to bear me his message, 'Come up hither.' But I do know that no weapon can touch my true life, none wound me, that it is my Father's will to avert. And I trust he will let us meet again in happier times, even here. If not, we have the certainty of meeting above."

Then he uttered a short, but deeply earnest prayer. Every word lives in my memory still; but it is too sacred—too solemn to be recorded even here.

Silently, and with lingering steps, we walked up the path towards the house. What a change since we last paced it in holy, happy talk that morning. Then the glad early sunshine beamed brightly upon us and on the many-tinted leaves and flowers. Now the shades of the gray stormy evening fell thickly around; the drenched flowers lay stained and prostrate on the earth; the wind swept wailing and moaning round the house, scattering the sere leaves from the creaking branches. A heavy shower had fallen as we sat in the arbour; the rain had ceased, but the damp chill struck to my very heart. Yet one live coal glowed in it. Conrad's words had not been in vain. Heavenly hope and trust gleamed sweetly over my soul's troubled waters: with two such stars the night could not be all darkness.

As we entered the house, Conrad asked me to leave him a short time alone with my father that evening. He wished to speak with him of one or

things, which he could do best when no third person was present. "Only a short time," he said, smiling rather sadly, I thought; "I cannot afford to lose more of you than is absolutely necessary this last evening.

I promised to do so immediately after dinner, to return in a short time. Then I went to my own room, and leaned my head on my pillow, feeling stunned, bewildered, crushed. Only for a few moments; my father would wonder at my long stay.

I dressed hastily, but dinner was already served when I entered the dining-room. The change of father had told upon my father; he looked old, haggard, weary. I would have spared him an account of our adventure, but his pointed questions as to where I had been so long and so late, obliged me to give him a full account of it. His tale, and the tidings of Conrad's departure, completely unnerved him; and his evident depression and suffering added to the dull weight already pressing heavily on my heart.

After dinner was removed, I left the room, and spent half an hour pacing the long, dimly-lighted corridor up-stairs. I could not rest—could not think. Slowly the time I had appointed myself dragged on. I begrudged every moment taken from the few left me of my friend's society.

When I returned to the room, there was a relieved look on my dear father's worn face, and his voice was stronger and more cheery, as he chided me for my long absence on Conrad's last evening. The latter had found some "word in season" for him too, I saw. Did the rest of the time pass slowly or swiftly? I scarcely know. Conrad exerted himself to dispel the gloom we all felt. Never had he talked more pleasantly—his smile was bright, and his voice cheery; and no further allusion was made to this being the last of our pleasant evenings. Even I smiled and talked too; but a dull aching consciousness that it was all over, lay deep below the surface sparkles. And it was not only I that felt it, I knew.

It had come to an end at last; the last words had been spoken, the last clasp of the hand given, and I was alone in my room again. Then the lodgates were opened, and my long pent-up tears burst forth. I had parted calmly with my friend at the same time as my father—at the door of his

chamber, to which Conrad had assisted him. He had mounted the stairs with greater difficulty than I had ever witnessed. He never descended them again!

I had listened quietly, and answered soothingly, to his querulous regrets and complaints. I had even spoken cheerfully of hopes I did not, could not feel, of his meeting again the young soldier whom he had, he said, loved at once for his friend's sake—at last for his own.

But when I was alone all this was at an end. I did not question my right to feel thus keenly—bitterly—the parting from one who was nothing to me in kindred or in claim. I only knew he was everything my heart craved. In my strangely lonely childhood and girlhood, I had never had a friend of my own age—never even a companion. I had longed for both. Was it strange then, when I met one who realized my highest ideal, that my heart went out to him unhesitatingly, unquestioningly, unreservedly—that it should rest confidently and wholly upon him? I think not. I did not dream of analyzing my feelings, nor even of concealing them, save to cheer my father, not even from Conrad himself.

I wept till I was completely exhausted, kneeling by my bedside, and mixing tears and prayers together. Then I slept—a restless, broken sleep—till the sound of horses' feet trampling in the stable-yard roused me to fresh consciousness of loneliness and grief.

I threw a wrapper round me, drew back the curtain, and looked out. It was a dark, thick morning; the day was not even breaking. I could discern nothing but the occasional gleam of a lantern. I could hear Conrad's quick, clear tones ringing out orders, as one by one his men filed out of the gate. Then I perceived, by the sudden flare of a light turned in that direction, that the road was full of soldiers, the rest of the troop. I could see an officer with a paper in his hand, calling over the names; but it was not Conrad's voice. That I should hear no more for—how long? Perhaps never more on earth. The word of command was given, and the band moved off. I sat listening—listening—till the last echo of trampling hoofs died away. Then I crept back to bed—not to weep again: my tears had all been shed the previous night.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOUDY AND DARK DAY.

"But turn not in despondence, poor weary heart, away,
But meekly journey onwards through the dark and cloudy day;
E'en now the bow of promise is above thee shining bright,
And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

"Thy God hath not forgot thee—and when he sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee hours of rest;
And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness and joys for evermore."
From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

I ROSE next morning with a dull pain in head and heart. My father had passed a restless night, and was feeble and ill. A dead oppressive silence, as of death, reigned in the house. To me, at least, Barbe rejoiced at our return to our old life. My father was too languid and depressed to make any comment, whatever he may have felt.

Without, all was cheerless as within. The sky was leaden gray; thick mists rose from the valley—a drizzling rain fell steadily—the previous evening's gale had stripped the trees of most of their remaining foliage—the ground was strewn with sodden leaves—the battered flowers were weighed down beneath them, and the few left on the branches hung dank and motionless. For my father's sake, I struggled hard against the overwhelming depression I felt, but with little success. He rose late, and even then was unfit for any exertion.

The weary morning wore away—the hours I had spent with my friend. Now I had no Conrad and no Bible! Through all my pain, I had not lost the consciousness of the presence and sympathy of Jesus. But I was very young in the faith, very weak, very ignorant. No wonder my spirit sunk within me in my loneliness.

At last I could bear the oppressive stillness of my father's room no longer. He lay back dozing in his chair; so I slipped out unperceived, and sought to ease the unrest of my heart by pacing up and down the corridor—reviewing every scene of the past week. Then Conrad's teachings returned to my mind, and showed me how wrong this repining was. "Oh!" I moaned, "had I but a Bible, God would speak to me through it; there is ever strength, and comfort, and help to be found in its pages, and in them alone. Yesterday I seemed to have all I could ever need; now I have nothing—nothing!"

Again I resumed my aimless wandering—down-stairs this time. I went from room to room, entering the library last. On the table stood an extinguished lamp, an ink-stand, and a small packet folded in paper. A chair had been pushed on one side, as if a person had been sitting writing, and had displaced it in rising. I went up to the table; my own name was written on the packet in a clear bold hand. Eagerly I opened it, and saw—Conrad's Bible! A slip of paper lay upon it, on which was written:—

"'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' Keep this till I redeem it.—CONRAD."

My head sunk down upon the book, and my tears fell like summer rain. "O Conrad! my friend, my friend," I murmured, "you have made this sacrifice for me!" At first, regret for his loss, rather than gladness for my gain, filled me to overflowing; for I knew well what a sacrifice it must have been—his beloved mother's gift—his adored, Master's Word. But then I read again the words he had left me, and understood. For his Master's sake, not mine, he had parted with his mother's gift. That comforted me. For that Master would richly bless even the cup of cold water given in his name and for his sake.

My heart swelled with grateful praise and joy. I had a guide; I was no longer alone. The Good Shepherd had not left his feeble sheep without pasture. This token of his care reassured my fainting spirit, and I was at rest; sorrowful, indeed, but rejoicing.

And when I opened the book, I found further traces of my friend's tender thoughtfulness for me: folded between its pages were several closely-written sheets, each on a different subject—each one that would supply my need—each containing no word but what was copied from the Word of Truth. They had been written the previous night. I knew this by the peculiar shade of the ink, which did not become black for many hours after its use.

Yes; the hours that should have been given to rest, before commencing a toilsome march, had been devoted to me. The thought was very precious, though watered by many tears. And I felt sure He for whose sake all was done would not let the doer be the loser. Had he not said even

the smallest service done in his name should not see its reward? And he is "the Truth."

I went back to my father's room with a spring of gladness in my heart that failed not through the sorrowful days that followed. Very sorrowful were they were. My father's feebleness increased; the damp, gloomy weather continued, oppressing me painfully; and three days after Conrad's departure he lay unconscious, and at the very gates of death. For some days he remained thus; then very slowly the feeble spark of life revived, and consciousness returned; but his speech was indistinct and difficult, and his weakness so great that for hours he lay motionless, only opening his eyes when roused to take nourishment.

Words cannot tell the treasure Conrad's Bible was to me in those days! How should I have lived through them without the light, the peace, the hope God had sent me through it and him!

And even for my father I hoped! I had told him of my friend's noble unselfishness, and he had been deeply touched by it. He knew from his own words what his Bible was to him; and one evening, the last before his sudden seizure, as I sat reading it—I did so in his room then; indeed, I only left him at night, when Barbe insisted on taking my place—I looked up at hearing him sigh deeply, and met his eyes fixed upon me with a strangely sad and wistful look.

A sudden impulse seized me. I threw myself on his neck, and whispered: "O papa, papa! if you would but hear of Jesus!"

He kissed me fondly, and stroked my hair, as he answered—ah! so mournfully—"Ah! Léonie, my child, it is too late now—too late, too late. I have denied him all my life. I cannot offer him its dregs; and I could not believe, if I would."

"Papa! dearest papa! you *do* believe! You know the Bible is true. I know you do. Now, if not before! And it is not too late. *Now* is God's time. And you have a '*now*' yet! Oh! dear papa, do let me at least read to you of Jesus! When you listen to his words—his words of love and mercy—when you hear of his grace, and pity, and tenderness, and power—oh! you will believe. He will give you faith."

He looked at me with the same sad, wistful

expression, as he replied slowly, and with evident effort,—

"Yes, my darling, read what you will. It has come to this," he added, with a bitter smile: "my life is spent, my mental powers gone; my past is disappointment and delusion—one long grasping at a shadow; my present, failure and weariness, melting of heart and spirit; my future, a blank. So, now I see all this, I may have to learn that, in grasping at the shadow, I have lost the substance; in leaning on reason, I have trusted to a broken staff; in rejecting faith, I have cast aside the strongest support in life—the only stay in death. And it is too late to seek it now!"

"No, never, never—never too late for Jesus," I exclaimed, a rush of happy tears springing to my eyes. "O papa, dearest, how I have prayed for this! When the morning breaks cold and gray over the mountain, we know the sun is coming. And light is coming to you, my father, though as yet there is but enough to show you your darkness!"

Then I opened the Bible, and read to him the words of him who spake as never man spake. And he who spake those words on earth speaks them yet from heaven, by the "still small voice" of his Spirit, that reaches the deepest depths of our hearts. Little as I knew of his Word, he guided me to the very texts I needed, but knew not where to seek. My father listened with eager interest; but when at last I closed the book, fearing to exhaust his little strength, he made no remark. Only, when I left him for the night, he clasped me very close, and said, in a tone of deepest feeling,—

"God bless and keep you, my own Léonie, my child, my blessing. If the light ever dawns upon me, it will be through you."

The next morning, as he was crossing his room after dressing, he was stricken down. But, knowing the infinite depth of love and fulness of grace there is in Jesus, I did not despair. Nay more, my sorrowful spirit was strong in hope and trust. And by degrees, though still unable to speak more than a few broken words, he was able again to listen to me as I read the words of life at intervals, and spoke to him of Jesus. How far he understood—how much he received—I could not judge. But the wan features lighted up

sometimes, and the feeble hands were clasped, and the paralyzed lips moved as in prayer, and my faith was strong in Him who "will in no wise cast out"—"who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the dimly-burning flax."

Barbe was sometimes present at these readings, if the few verses I ventured to read at once may be called such. She listened half-curiously, half-distrustfully. Once she ventured to propose to my father that he should see Father Fontaine; but he negatived that proposal so vehemently that she never dared to bring it forward again.

So nearly three weary weeks went by, bringing no change in my father's state. Dr. Duprât told us none was to be looked for till another attack should come, and then the end would be.

We heard little of the great struggle that was going on. Vague, extravagant rumours reached us from time to time of victories won and wonders achieved by the new armies formed on the banks of the Loire, and in the north. Others, again, of crushing defeat and fresh miseries.

Of Conrad, of course, I heard nothing. My flesh crept and my heart sickened as I heard the servants exultingly speak of the accounts given of the bands of *francs-tireurs* gathering throughout the invaded districts, whose aim it was to fire from the ambush of woods and hedges upon the German *officers*. One, they told me, was forming in Drécy. But I did not forget Conrad's words of holy trust. It was sweet to think, wherever he was, his spirit would be blending with mine in prayer often and often.

Late one afternoon, I was sitting in the deep seat of my father's window, which looked, like that of the ante-chamber, down the poplar avenue. He was sleeping quietly. I was not reading, though I had Conrad's Bible in my hands; my thoughts were roving restlessly from one thing to another, till at last they settled upon him. Where was he? Should we ever meet again? If he lived, I felt sure of that; but might he not be already gone where my father would soon follow him? A deep sense of the loneliness of my position grew upon me, when suddenly my ear was caught by the sound of a horse's gallop ringing out on the stony road. What subtle intuition made my heart leap to my mouth, as I leaned eagerly forward to catch the earliest view of the

approaching horseman, I know not. On he came rapidly. While yet little more than half-way down the avenue, I recognized Conrad von Edelstein! He was apparently alone.

Hastily slipping his Bible into my pocket, I ran down-stairs, opened the hall door, and stood with outstretched hands upon the steps as he dismounted at the gate, and, throwing his horse's bridle over his arm, led him up to where I stood. I had no time to question the propriety of my conduct. Conrad sprang up the steps, and for a moment held both my hands in a clasp that told more of gladness than the strongest words, and gazed into my face with a look before which my eyes went down! But I was the first to speak, though my voice trembled as I said: "O Captain von Edelstein! this is indeed an unexpected pleasure! My father will"—"be so glad," I was going to say; but for the moment I had forgotten all in the joy of meeting my friend again. I broke off—"O Conrad! he is ill—he is dying!"

"My poor child," said the deep sympathizing voice I had so longed to hear again, "is it indeed so?"

"Alas! yes; but let me call Blaise or Pierre to take your horse."

"No, Léonie, I cannot. I have not a moment to stay. But tell me of your father."

I did so in a few hurried, agitated words. "But," I concluded, "O Captain von Edelstein, your sacrifice has not been in vain; he has owned God's Word; he listens daily to it. I think—I hope—he is looking to Jesus." Then, freeing my hands, which he had held all the time we had been speaking, I took the Bible from my pocket, and placed it in his hands. "I cannot thank you," I said. "Oh! how could you do it?"

"It was nothing," he said earnestly, "nothing! But I have come to redeem it now, dear Léonie. I have brought you the same jewel in a rougher setting. It was the only one I could procure." He unrolled his cloak from the saddle-bow, and took out a plainly-bound French Bible, which he placed in my hands.

"How has it been with you?" he continued, tenderly. "You look pale and worn. Have you felt ALONE?"

"No; not since I found your Bible. Oh! I think I could scarcely have lived through these

t weeks without it and the truths it has taught !”

“Dear child,” he said very sorrowfully, “and must leave you to bear it all !”

“Must you go at once ?”

“Yes ; I have not a moment to spare. I have am the bearer of despatches ; have ridden hard, d come a long circuit to snatch this brief meet- g with you, Léonie. You must let me send you safe-conduct for Germany. I fear you will ed it soon. I can easily procure it. God will rotect you, and be with you. And now, good- ya. These jaded horses will hardly be able to ary us to Belfort, and we have some rough oads to pass through the Drécy and Montville oods !”

The woods !—oh ! the pang of dread that shot through me ! Only the last night I had heard Barbe say those woods were filled with francs- tireurs, on the watch for some German troops that were expected to pass through them.

“Through the woods ! O Conrad, you must not go that way !”

“But it is the only way, Léonie !”

“They are full of francs-tireurs ! I heard Barbe say so only last night !”

“It may be so ; but we *must* run the gauntlet.”

“But it is almost certain death. O Conrad, Conrad, do not—do not go, for your mother’s sake ; for Thekla’s ! You are alone, and an officer ! O Conrad, for their sakes do not run such a fearful risk.”

“Dearest Léonie,” he answered, in low calm tones, that contrasted strongly with my wild agonized accents of terror, and stilled the almost suffocating throbs of my heart—“dearest Léonie, a soldier must obey orders. And ours are—yours and mine—we fight under the same Captain—‘Fear not, for I am with thee.’ He has kept me hitherto through dangers to which those that excite your fears now are as nothing. He can keep me still. And he will care for you, Léonie. To him, and with him, I leave you. And now I *must* go. Adieu.”

He had held my hand in both his as he spoke ; for one half-moment he gazed fixedly on my face, and, as if by a sudden impulse, stooped down and kissed my forehead. Then, turning abruptly away, he led his horse into the road, sprang into

the saddle, turning, as he spurred the reeking animal forward, to give one bright farewell glance and smile.

I stood and watched till he disappeared round the corner of the road ; saw with some relief that he had at least one companion—a mounted orderly—with him ; then returned to my post in my father’s room.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DRÉCY WOODS.

“But that white hue,
Was it not Death’s ? That stillness, that cold dew
On the scarred forehead !”
HEMANS.

THE house was quiet, for no one had been aware of the visitor but myself. Indeed, all had passed so quickly, that had it not been for the strange Bible in my hand, I could have thought that it was but a dream. My father still slept, and I seated myself again in the window, not so much to look out—the shades of the November evening were closing fast—but I felt nearer Conrad there. Oh, those terrible woods ! Would he pass them safely ? My heart sent up an imploring cry ; and then my thoughts turned to the brief sweet moments when his hand had held mine, his voice was in my ear, his eyes upon my face.

Then came a sound that froze the very blood in my veins—clear, sharp, close—the rattle of a volley of musketry ! A pause, during which my heart seemed to cease beating. Then another single shot. It came from the Drécy woods, and I knew Conrad could not have passed them. I sat in a stupor of despair. “O Conrad, O my friend, my friend ! where are you ?” I murmured again and again.

It grew darker. Suddenly, with the instinct that makes us remember and perform the most ordinary things when our nerves are wrought to the highest tension, I remembered it was time my father should have nourishment. I roused him, lighted up the room, and gave it to him. He was drowsy—strangely so ; I might have noticed it at any other time, but I had but one thought then—and slept again immediately. Then I went back to my seat in the window. I could not think, I could not pray. All was a horror of blank dread. Each tick of the mantelpiece-clock seemed to strike on a quivering nerve.

At last I could bear it no longer. How long I had done so I cannot tell—I took no note of time. I rose and rang the bell for Barbe. I had formed a desperate resolution. I must end that suspense, or I should go mad under it. Barbe came, and I turned with forced composure; but as she caught sight of my blanched rigid face, she almost screamed,—

"Mercy, mademoiselle, what is the matter? You look like a ghost! You are ill?"

"No, Barbe; indeed I am not ill," I answered quietly, but in a voice so cold and hard, I scarcely knew it as my own; "but I want you to sit beside my father. I must leave the room for a while—it oppresses me; I cannot breathe." True, and yet not true. I felt guilty, yet I dared not tell her my purpose.

"Ah! yes, poor pet," she said; "the burden is too much for your young shoulders. But there is surely something the matter, you look so white and strange. You *are* ill, mademoiselle?"

"No, no, Barbe; only let me alone for an hour; do not trouble about me. I am not ill now. I shall be better then." Ay, or worse; for by that time I would know the worst.

But Barbe was only half satisfied; she insisted on giving me a cordial before I went, hanging over me with endearing words, and begging me to go at once to rest. But I assured her I only needed an hour out of that one close, quiet, dimly-lighted room. So at last she let me go. Standing with the door in her hand, she watched me enter my own chamber. But as soon as that door was shut, I slipped past it again, and glided swiftly and silently down the staircase. My mind was clear now, my nerves steady. I had a definite purpose in view.

I entered the kitchen, where Pierre and Victoire were seated at the fire.

"Where is Blaise, Pierre?" I asked calmly. "Send him to me directly in the library." Pierre looked surprised, but rose to obey.

In a few minutes Blaise appeared, looking still more so. Boy as he was, and coward as he had been on the arrival of the soldiers, I felt he would be more suited to my need than the timid, deaf, and feeble Pierre; and for me I knew he would be ready to do anything. So, closing the door, I said, "Blaise, I have sent for you to ask you if

you will do me a great service. There may be danger in it; but if there is, I shall share it with you. Will you undertake it for me?"

The boy's homely features lighted up with pride and pleasure. Poor Blaise! how often had I smiled at his awkward yet chivalrous devotion to myself. Little did I think I should ever have cause to test it!

"Indeed I will, mademoiselle, if it costs me my life!" he said earnestly.

I saw I had touched the right chord. He was heartily ashamed of his panic at sight of the Germans—of which Barbe did not fail to remind him whenever he displeased her—and anxious to wipe off the disgrace by some heroic deed.

"I do not think you will be in danger of that," I said. "Blaise, I want you to go with me to the Pont d'Arle."

"To the Pont d'Arle, mademoiselle! You, at this time of night! Do you know there are francs-tireurs hidden in the woods?"

"There were, I know," I replied; "but they will not fire at a woman and a boy, Blaise, and French too."

"But mademoiselle might be frightened. Firing was heard in that direction late this afternoon."

"I know it; I heard it. Listen, Blaise," I said, with a calmness that surprised myself: "I fear Captain von Edelstein may be lying wounded by those very shots."

"Captain von Edelstein, mademoiselle! impossible!"

"No, Blaise; it is only too possible. He rode past here this afternoon. I spoke with him a few moments; he had not time to enter the house. His road led through the Drécy woods; he must have been near the Pont d'Arle when the firing was heard; it came from that direction. Captain von Edelstein is the nephew of a dear friend of my father's. I cannot leave him to perish."

"No, mademoiselle; he was a kind gentleman and brave soldier, though he was a German. But, mademoiselle, let *me* go, and Pierre; we will search carefully. Indeed, mademoiselle, there is no need for you to go. You may trust me."

But I felt I *must* go. "I know I can trust you, Blaise; but I must go myself, and Pierre is too feeble and too lame. But should—should

be as I fear, we might need help. Stay! go st, Blaise, to Father Fontaine. Ask him to me to me—to *me*, not to my father. He will, know. I would go with you to him myself, if he may not be alone. If he is not at home, to Jules Roche; he is a true, kind man, and would help us. But bring Father Fontaine if you can—at once, Blaise, at once. Tell him only at I want him. I will be waiting on the front porch steps. Go now out through the kitchen, say nothing to Pierre or Victoire, and be quick." The boy went. Then I filled a small flask with brandy, put on a large cloak and hood that hung in the hall, and passed out quietly through the front door, closing it noiselessly after me. There I stood, on the very spot where a few hours before I had stood with Conrad. An unnatural quiet and strength had come to me. I seemed to be one walking in a dream. All was unreal to me, as if it were not I, Léonie St. Hilaire, but another person whom I was watching, that was existing thus. It was a bright moonlight night, with clear frosty air. I looked up at the moon, thinking vaguely how coldly and pitilessly she shone on, and yet she was shedding her pale, still beams on *what I was seeking*. For a quiet certainty filled my breast that *what I was seeking* would be found.

I had not long to wait; Father Fontaine's cottage was but a few hundred yards from the chateau. Soon approaching footsteps were heard, and I saw him and Blaise coming quickly together, and at once went into the road to meet them. I had chosen the kind old priest less with the idea of the protection his office might afford—my spirit was raised above fear that night, or deadened below it—but because I instinctively felt he was the best man for the task. From my childhood I had been a pet and favourite; I was so still. He knew nothing of the change in my religious views, naturally attributing my absence from mass to my father's state; but I questioned if that would have weighed much with him: it did not afterwards, though he knew it well, when again I sought and needed his protection. Blaise had told him all he knew, and he at once earnestly tried to dissuade me from accompanying them. For sole answer, I led the way down the steep, rough bridle-track that sloped directly

down to the bridge over the Arle, to which the Belfort road led by a long circuit round a wooded hill.

I walked rapidly, though the looseness of the shingly stones made the path difficult, even dangerous. My companions kept up with me with difficulty. All was hushed as death—no breeze stirred, no sound broke the stillness but our own uneven, stumbling footsteps; no creature was abroad. At last a large dark object was seen in the distance. On we went steadily, and approached a riderless horse, with a trooper's saddle; not Conrad's, I noticed as we passed. The animal was quietly grazing, apparently unhurt. We looked at each other, but did not speak. On again: the low murmur of the rippling Arle broke on our ears; then its waters, gleaming silver bright in the moonlight. A few moments more, and we were at the bridge, at the corner that turned sharply into the Belfort road.

As I write this, my hand shakes, mists swim before my eyes, my heart-beats almost cease, my whole frame quivers. Yet *then* I was strong, calm, steady, cold as a stone. Unblenchingly I turned the corner. The broad white road rose high and straight before us, bordered on each side with the dark overhanging woods. A groan fell upon my ear at the same moment. I did not heed it; for far up the hill, under a withered tree that alone broke the monotony of white road, and green border, and thick wood, that stretched up to the deep blue of the night sky, all lying cold and clear in the colourless light, I saw—I saw *what I sought*.

Yes, I knew that dark speck on the green bank, with the larger object near it, was my friend—my friend, or what *had been* my friend!

My companions stopped at the cry of the wounded man I had passed without a look, but I sped on—on, on, up, up—till *that spot* was gained. And there *he* lay, his broad white brow and pale chiselled features upturned to the pitiless sky, his helmet off, his sword fallen from his powerless hand. Beside him, with drooping neck and relaxed muscles, stood his horse. The creature looked round with a low neigh as I approached. Even then I did not sink, did not faint. But as I knelt on the grassy bank beside him, and laid my cheek against his cold damp

brow, I felt that the bloom was gone from my life for ever. I knew then *what* he was to me, *how* I loved him!—that not for his mother's sake, not for Thekla's, had I feared those fatal woods. It was not for them I mourned then.

A few seconds I sat thus stunned, stricken to the heart's core. Then there came before me the bright looks and tender tones that had so gladdened my tried spirit that afternoon. Could it be? The life that had been so buoyant and so strong in that lithe young frame a few short hours before, quenched utterly?

"It cannot be!" Did the cry come from my lips or my heart? I cannot tell. With a wild sudden gleam of hope, I raised my head, and gazed fixedly into the pale still face. Was it fancy? Was my brain reeling, or did the closed eyelids quiver, the white lips move slightly? No, thank God! no fancy, no delusion; there was life, there was hope!

With hands that trembled then, I sought the flask of brandy I had brought, and poured a little between the clenched teeth. Then, as I sank down on the bank and lifted the heavy head into my lap, the eyes half opened, and my straining ears caught a faint sigh. Oh, what a moment that was!—a joy so keen as to be almost pain.

Just then Blaise and Father Fontaine approached. "Not dead, not dead! oh, God be praised!" I said, as I saw their awed, questioning glances at the prostrate form at their feet. "He has opened his eyes."

Father Fontaine knelt quickly down beside him, and hastily felt his limbs, while I bathed his temples with the cordial.

"Ah, it is there!" he exclaimed, pointing to a dark hole in the breast of his coat, from which a few drops of blood had oozed.

"And now, mademoiselle, what are we to do?" said Blaise. "There is another poor fellow wounded down there; he is not much hurt, Father Fontaine says, but faint from loss of blood. How shall we get them home? Shall I run to the village for help? Father Fontaine will remain with you."

"Yes," I said; "but first take this"—I poured a little brandy into the upper case of the flask—"to the poor man down below."

But as I spoke, wheels were heard in the dis-

tance. We looked anxiously in the direction from whence the sound came.

"I know," suddenly exclaimed Blaise; "it is Miller Bertin's waggon. It was requisitioned early this morning to convey some stores to Bel-fort; it will pass close to Drécy."

"The very thing," said Father Fontaine; "strange it should come just at the right moment. Hurry down, Blaise, and stop them; they can take up the soldier as they pass." Blaise needed no second bidding, and reached the foot of the hill as the waggon was crossing the bridge.

"Had not you better go too?" I said. "Father, they may need your help with the poor wounded man; do go, I am not afraid." So he went.

Then I slipped off the large cloak I wore, and wrapped it as well as I could round Conrad's chilled frame. The movement seemed to rouse him; his lips moved again. I held the flask to them, and this time he swallowed a few drops. Then his eyes opened wide, and met mine. "Léonie!" he whispered. "Léonie! you here!—where am I?"

Ah, how my heart bounded at the sound of the voice I had thought lost music for ever in this world. "Hush, dear Conrad," I said; "do not try to speak. You have been wounded. We are going to take you home. Blaise and Father Fontaine are here. Can I do anything to relieve you?" I asked, as I saw a spasm of pain pass over his face.

"No; thanks," he said faintly, yet with his own sweet smile, feebly striving to take my hand in his; it was beyond his strength, so I took his in mine.

"Then, dear Conrad, do not try to move, to speak; you have, I fear, a painful journey before you. A waggon will be here directly to take you to our house."

He smiled again, and lay still with closed eyes.

In a few moments the waggon arrived; fortunately there were some empty bags in it, with which we formed a rude bed on which to lay the sufferers. Father Fontaine was about to help me too into it, but I drew back. "No," I said; "I must get home quickly by the shortest road. No one knows of my absence; and I must prepare for the reception of Captain von Edelstein and his servant. Blaise will accompany me. Father

will not you ride the captain's horse on Duprât's, that he may be in readiness?" the Father shook his head. "No," he said, "he would have another patient if I did. Mademoiselle Léonie, it will take us more than an hour to get to the chateau. You will not be less than half that time. Blaise can be the doctor. I can be of more service in the wagon, if you will give me your brandy-flask." It was arranged.

Seeing the heavy vehicle toiling slowly up the hill, with Conrad's horse tied behind it, and I started at a rapid pace. Looking back my feelings as we almost ran up the stony path, I wonder now how completely freed I was of the terrible weight of anxiety that had bowed me down as we descended it. Conrad lived. As all I thought of. Sorely wounded in the battle, he lived. With his return to life from what had been so like death, all fear of losing him was gone from my mind. *He lived.* That was enough for me then.

CHAPTER XV.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

I come to pass, that at evening-time it shall be light."
ZECH. xiv. 7.

Returned home. Sending Blaise in search of Duprât, I entered quietly by the back entrance.

At my light tap at the kitchen door it opened cautiously. Had a thunder-bolt struck their feet, he and Victoire could hardly have been more astounded. For the first moment they were speechless, and gazed at me with wondering eyes, as though they thought I were a ghost or mad. And indeed my appearance did not have been reassuring. With soiled, red dress and dishevelled hair, uncloaked and bonneted, pale with agitation, and breathless with fatigue, I might well startle them. And, indeed, they did not know I had even left the house.

A few words of explanation and direction, and I went up-stairs.

I went to my own room. Hastily tearing off my soiled dress and soaked shoes, replacing them by a wrapper and slippers, and smoothing my hair a little, I went to my father's door. Such precautions were necessary to avoid startling the

invalid. Quietly opening it, I called Barbe, telling her I wished to speak to her; but with a second thought I passed in and spoke cheerfully to my father, whom Barbe had apparently just roused to take his medicine. He smiled, murmured something about being sleepy, and closed his eyes again. Then I beckoned Barbe into the ante-chamber.

Her sharp eyes had detected something wrong. "Now, mademoiselle, what is the matter?" she asked, resolutely facing me.

In a few brief sentences I told her. Unbounded was her astonishment and consternation. "You, mademoiselle!—you to the Pont d'Arle at this time of night! Ah, mademoiselle, I see it all. But the dear captain? Is he much hurt, mademoiselle?"

"I do not know—I fear—I hope not. But, Barbe, they will be here directly, and the doctor; you will see that all is ready—that all is done—I must stay with my father. Has he missed me, Barbe?"

"Alas, no; he sleeps—he sleeps altogether. But go to him now, my poor child—my poor darling—leave all to old Barbe; trust her, she will do all she can."

She turned quickly, but as she went downstairs I heard her muttering, "Poor lamb, poor motherless lamb; and in a few days she will have no father."

Those words turned the current of my thoughts. My father—was he then so much worse? But I saw no change. He slept quietly as a child; and I sat still and silent in the dimly-lighted chamber. Victoire brought me coffee and refreshments. Then came the distant sound of wheels—the stoppage of the waggon—hushed, heavy footsteps ascending the stairs—and I drew a long breath of relief. The painful journey was over. My beloved one would have all done that could be done to relieve him.

After a long weary time of suspense, Barbe came with the welcome tidings that Captain von Edelstein was better; he was quite conscious, and no bones were broken. Dr. Duprât judged it better that my father should not be informed of what had occurred that night, unless he asked questions as to the unusual noises in the house. Father Fontaine had taken the soldier with him

to his own house, judging two invalids enough in one. Dr. Duprât had left orders for Captain von Edelstein to be kept very quiet, and had spoken of sending Jeanne Didôt, famous in the village for her nursing skill, to attend him; a proposal Barbe had decidedly negatived at first, but accepted on his representing that even she could not possibly sit up with two sick men in separate rooms at once. So Jeanne had come and taken her post beside her patient.

The rest of the evening passed as usual. My father roused up, and appeared brighter and even stronger than he had done since his attack; even conversed with me a little, and at last remarking I looked pale and tired, sent me to rest. The deep tenderness of his "good-night," the solemn intensity of earnestness with which he listened to my short reading that night, have ever been, ever will be, bright stars in the night-sky of memory.

I was too wearied and worn out for thought, for all but a few heartfelt words of thanks and praise, before I laid my head on my pillow. My cup seemed so full of mercy that night. I was as one who had been shown the frightful depths of a yawning abyss, then snatched back to a place of safety. Oh, blind—blind!—yet not so: were not the future veiled from our eyes by infinite wisdom and mercy, how *should* we—how *could* we—bear to walk with steady footsteps up to the dark waters and glowing fires through which we *must* pass. Peacefully, dreamlessly I slept that night.

It was beyond my usual hour of waking when I at last opened my eyes, to find Victoire standing beside me, with a cup of chocolate in her hand. She was pale and trembling. At once I guessed the truth. "My father!" I exclaimed, starting—"O Victoire! what is it?"

"Alas, mademoiselle," with a burst of tears.

"He is worse—oh, I must go to him! Victoire, is he dead?" I cried.

"No, oh no; not that, mademoiselle; but monsieur is worse—has had another attack—he is unconscious. Dear mademoiselle, Barbe charged me not to wake you, and to make you drink this before you rose." But I could not swallow it, and in a few minutes I was dressed.

As I left my room Dr. Duprât came from my

father's. Very grave was his face as he took my two hands in his, and answered the mute appeal of my eyes—I could not speak. By a few words—I do not remember what he said—but I know they told me, tenderly and compassionately, that the day had come, the close of which might find me an orphan.

But it did not. Slowly, heavily, as though weighed down by the fast sinking sands of my father's life, the hours dragged on. He lay motionless—senseless. Nothing could be done. We sat and watched, Barbe and I. Was he to part thus, without a word of farewell, without one token that he had received Jesus at the eleventh hour? My heart throbbed with a fever-pulse of agonized prayer. My thoughts were all for him. Not even Conrad shared them. I had asked did he know my father's state, and had been told he did; and I felt my pleadings were not rising alone for that beloved parting spirit. Barbe volunteered the information that Dr. Duprât reported favourably of his wounds. It was sweet to think he was under the roof.

And before the long morning had passed, Jeanne Didôt tapped at the door, with a slip of paper in her hand, with which, she said, he had sent her, and with "his regard and sympathy to Mademoiselle Léonie, his thoughts and prayers were with her." On it was written in pencil, in uneven characters, so unlike his clear, fair handwriting,—

" 'The Lord is a refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.' "

" 'Peace...my peace I give unto you.' "

" 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' "

" 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.' "

Evening came and passed—night, and still no change; midnight found us watching still—Barbe for death, I for life. For my trust was strong that the bitterest pang would be spared me even yet. God would not take my father from me without letting me *know* he was his.

The cold morning hours wore leaden-footed by. The gray dawn broke mournfully over the wooded hills; and then came what we both looked for.

Suddenly my father opened his eyes and looked round. Perfect consciousness was in that look.

recognition, not of us only, but of another presence—Death's. The feeble lips vainly strove to speak; but oh, the depths of love and tenderness and sadness in those dimmed eyes as they rested upon me! Barbe came between us with a spoonful of cordial, then he whispered, "Barbe, remember! Léonie, Léonie, my precious child—my blessing. God will protect you—care for you—leave you—to him!" Then his eyes closed in pain.

But I felt I *must* ask that one question. "Papa

—papa—dearest papa—only one word. Tell me, oh tell me, is the darkness gone; have you light in the valley?"

Once more those dear eyes unclosed, a quiet smile passed over the sunken features, and the pale lips murmured feebly as I bent my ear in an agony of eagerness to catch the reply,—

"Yes—Jesus!"

And with those words the last step was taken out of the starlit valley into the fulness of light beyond.

THE LORD'S-DAY.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

IT is not, of course, maintained that the change from the last to the first day of the week was abrupt and fully realized at once; but only that it was really and virtually made, and made by the authority of Christ. In the nature of things, the change could not be fully carried out at once; for the whole Jewish system, with which the observance of the seventh day was connected, "vanished away," not suddenly, but gradually. The Jewish Christians had the express sanction of the apostles for continuing in all their former observances as Jews, and consequently they abstained from labour on the last day of the week; and as it is difficult to suppose that they abstained from labour on two days of the week, they probably worked more or less on the first day, though they marked the day by meeting together in the name of Jesus, and "breaking bread" in remembrance of his death. The Gentile Christians did not observe the Jewish Sabbath, and yet probably even they did not realize all at once that the first day of the week was "the Sabbath" brought to its full perfection of enjoyment by Christ. They only knew that that was their joyful day, when they came together and found their Lord in the midst of them; for the cessation of ordinary labour was in the mind of everybody associated with the day observed by the Jews, and called the Sabbath-day, and there was no positive law transferring the observance

of the Sabbath-day to the first day of the week, for if there had been, no doubt we should have had mention made of it in the New Testament. The Church simply *grew* into the full idea of the day. The cessation of ordinary labour, to some extent, was forced upon Christians by the spiritual necessities of the day; for they could not do two things at once. They could not go to the Christian assembly (some probably having to go long distances) and take part in a social meal, with prolonged exhortations and prayers, without omitting a part at least of their ordinary employments. Thus the observance of the first day of the week seems to have begun with spiritual joy and spiritual worship, and the putting away of worldly objects was the simple result of giving themselves to spiritual things. This was calculated to give a very different character to the day from what it would have had if the old ideas connected with the seventh day had been suddenly and completely transferred to it. In that case, it is hardly possible that the formal and precise scrupulousness about little things, which practically characterized the Jewish Sabbath, should not have been imported into the day kept by Christians. The isolated convert in the country would have scrupled to go so much further than "a Sabbath-day's journey" to the place of the Christian meeting; and the evangelist might have hesitated to go long distances to meet those who were inquiring after the way

of life. The tone of the Church would probably have been less spiritual, and its energies less free; for it is much easier to create a new spirit with a new day, than to alter the spirit of an old one. And yet the idea of God's holy day must have been formed in their minds when the expression "the Lord's-day" became familiar in the Church; for the *Lord's-day* is not a *common* day, but the very substance of the Sabbath-day is conveyed in that expression, and all who used it would admit the prophet's admonition,— "Turn away thy foot.....from doing thy pleasure on *my holy day*.....not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure." And since that expression did become the received name for the day, so as to be used by St. John in Holy Scripture as a name that was familiar and needed no explanation, the corresponding idea must have grown up in men's minds. And while the observance of the Lord's-day was gradually growing, the old observance of the last day of the week must have been gradually dying out in the Church: indeed, both could not well be in vigour at the same time; one or other must give way. In proportion as the Gentile converts increased in the Church, the Jewish Christians themselves would probably become lax in their ceremonial observances. Thus Paul reminded Peter that at Antioch he had been "living as do the Gentiles." And when at last the destruction of Jerusalem freed the Church from the powerful Jewish influence which had radiated from that city, and also the breach between the unbelieving Jews and the Christians had become complete, we may reasonably suppose the old observance to have quickly fallen into disuse. Then the first day of the week, being freed from any rival claim, would stand out unmistakably as the holy day of the week, the Lord's-day, which is to say, the Christian Sabbath. Thus, as in a dissolving view there is a transition time in which two lights are thrown upon the same ground, and two pictures are shown confusedly together; but the one, which at first was strongly marked, is gradually withdrawn, and the other, which was faint at first, is more and more clearly recognized until it shines forth alone; so was it with the Sabbath in its old and new observance.

During this conflict of the old with the new,

some expressions of St. Paul were directed against the old observance which are now used to overthrow the divine authority of the first day of the week as a day sacred to Christ.

St. Paul tells the Gentile converts that holy days and Sabbaths, and laws about meats and drinks, are not binding on them. And this is thrown up to us just as though St. Paul's intention were to caution the converts against observing a day as the Lord's-day, whereas it is evident that he had no such intention. Again: there is a passage in Romans in which he exhorts the Christians to bear with each other as to the observance or non-observance of certain days—"One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" (xiv. 5). And this is quoted as though it followed that it was a matter of perfect indifference whether the *Lord's-day* were observed or not. That is to say, while the Apostle John speaks of a certain day as being the Lord's-day, the Apostle Paul is represented as teaching that it is not of the slightest consequence whether that day is reckoned as the Lord's or not. Is it likely that St. Paul's argument could be fairly taken to involve any such thing as that? The fact is, St. Paul was referring to certain subjects of controversy in the Church, and was counselling forbearance with regard to them. For example, one Jewish convert might attach great importance to the yearly feast of the Passover; whereas another might say that Christ, his Passover Lamb, having been slain, he was now feeding on him and keeping the feast every day alike—feasting with the Church of the first-born, while waiting for the Lord's coming and the destruction of the world's first-born. Again: one might argue that the day of atonement was a very holy day, and ought still to be observed, at all events by Jews; while another might say that he observed every day alike as his day of atonement, prostrating himself in spirit before Christ his sin-offering, and waiting for his great High Priest to appear again, who was now sprinkling his own blood before the mercy-seat in the most holy place. When St. Paul says that one Christian observed one day above another, and that another observed every day alike, he is surely referring to certain

festivals about which Christians differed. It was as irritating to speak in this general way than to specify the days; but though his form of speech is general, he is surely referring to certain special controversies among the Christians, and not to the day of Jesus Christ, about which there is no trace of any controversy at all. And although, of course, it is true that his language, taken strictly to the letter, without regard to the intention of the writer, may be made to include the Lord's-day as one of those observances which were matters of perfect indifference; yet so might his language in the same chapter, if taken rigidly according to the bare letter, and not according to the known feelings of the writer, be made to include the Lord's Supper among the things which were unimportant. For he speaks slightly of such things as eating and drinking. "The kingdom of God," he says, "is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." A person might argue from this that he who has these things has all; no eating and drinking can add anything to him who thus rejoices in the Spirit; and therefore that the Lord's Supper might be discarded as a thing unnecessary. Yet we know, from the 11th chapter of 1st Corinthians, how St. Paul would have protested against any such conclusion being drawn from his words. So, again, in that place of the Epistle to the Colossians which is also brought against the sacred obligation of the Lord's-day, the language of St. Paul might just as well be used against the Lord's Supper. He says,—“Let no man therefore judge you *in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath-days*; which are a shadow of things to come: but the body is of Christ” (ii. 16, 17). A person might argue from this that he is at perfect liberty to neglect the Lord's Supper, for if he has Christ, who is the substance, he is not to be judged in such a thing as eating and drinking. “What though St. Paul is not directly speaking of the Lord's Supper, yet his words virtually include it; and it would have been quite impossible for him to have used such words, if any law of any sort about eating and drinking had been binding on a Christian.” Such an argument against the obligation of the Lord's Supper might, no doubt, be founded on St. Paul's

words, read superficially and taken rigidly to the letter; and yet we know how fallacious it would be. It is equally plausible, but equally fallacious, to argue from the same passage against the obligation of the Lord's-day. In fact, it is always hazardous to apply the words of a writer to an object which we have reason to know he was not speaking of; for, however general and sweeping his words may be, they must still be applied only to what was within his field of vision when he wrote, and not to what was outside of it.

Another example of the same fallacy is, drawing a conclusion against the Christian Sabbath from what St. Paul wrote to the Galatians against observing the Jewish festivals,—“Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed on you labour in vain.” Any observance of “a day,” it is argued, is here condemned, and, therefore, the observance of the Lord's-day is condemned. But this proves too much. For St. Paul not only dissuades them from observing “days,” but says that their salvation would actually be endangered by their doing so, and that his preaching of the gospel to them would have been in vain. He speaks of their observance of days in the same spirit in which he had spoken of circumcision, when he said, “If ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing.” But is it conceivable that St. Paul not only warns Christians against keeping Christ's day, but even says that their salvation would be imperilled by their doing so? And if he did think this, would he have confirmed the Christians in their observance of the Lord's-day by joining their accustomed celebration of the Lord's Supper on that day, as he did at Troas?

But all these passages will be clear if we remember that it is against the *old observance* of the Sabbath that St. Paul speaks, and not against the new observance which was taking its place. The old observance of the Sabbath was connected with those ordinances which were associated with the law of Moses and the covenant of Mount Sinai. That covenant was one which brought condemnation to those who were under it, and Gentile converts who adopted its ordinances were identifying themselves with it. From this St. Paul withdrew them. But who could identify the day of Jesus Christ the Saviour with the covenant of

condemnation? Therefore, the Sabbath was, as it were, divided into two. In one form, in which it was associated with the covenant of Mount Sinai, it was rejected; but in another form, in which it was associated with the light and joy of the resurrection of Christ, it was the blessing of Christians.

That very passage which is quoted against it, from the Epistle to the Colossians, gives us the clue to guide us out of the difficulty. For, after saying, "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath-days," it adds, "which are a shadow of things to come: but the body is of Christ." Any observance of the Sabbath which stops short in the mere outward letter of the commandment is but a shadow of the things that were to come; and now that those better things are come, the shadows flee away. But, on the other hand, such a keeping of a Sabbath as brings our hearts into communion with Christ, who is our true rest and the substance of all our joys, is not a shadow, but belongs to the very substance itself.

It will perhaps help us to see more clearly what is the difference between the Sabbath as perfected by Christ, and the Sabbath as found in the mere outward letter of the law, and in the actual observance of the Jews in the time of Christ, if we consider what was the characteristic difference between the ceremonies of the law in general and those of Christ.

The ceremonies of the law had reference to the flesh; those of Christ to the spirit. The ceremonies of the law accomplished their effect by the mere going through of the outward ceremony; those of Christ must be used spiritually, or they are attended with no profit. Thus, under the law, the water of separation, when sprinkled according to the regulations laid down, cleansed from defilement the flesh of any one who had touched a corpse. The state of mind of the person operated upon was of no consequence. His flesh was sprinkled with the holy water, and his flesh was cleansed from the uncleanness which the touch of a dead man's body was supposed to have imparted to it. It did not *profess* to cleanse the *inward* man from *sin*; but that outward cleansing which it did accomplish, it accomplished

by the mere fact of the outward ceremony being gone through. So, again, certain meats were to be rejected because an idea of defilement was attached to them, quite independently of the disposition of mind with which they were received. Connected with these outward ceremonies, and observed in accordance with the spirit of them, was the keeping holy certain days. Thus, one day in the year was kept as a day of atonement. On this day the people were to afflict their souls—that is, their animal life—by fasting. And God's holy place, the tabernacle where he dwelt, was to be cleansed by the sacrifice of a goat from the pollution with which their worship defiled it. That sacrifice was a mere shadow of the true sacrifice for sin; the bodily affliction was a shadow of the true affliction of the people of God; the reconciling of the holy place was a shadow of that glorious propitiation by which Christ has made it possible for the holy God to receive the worship of sinful men; and the day itself was a shadow of this great day of mercy in which Christ is sanctifying his people. The Sabbath-day also, as given in the mere outward letter of the law, and as used in connection with the observances of the law of Moses, was a shadow of things to come. It was kept as a day of *bodily* rest. Nothing more than this is said in the bare letter of the commandment. It is commanded to be kept "holy;" but the only detail given of *how* it was to be kept holy was that they were not to do any work. This was in accordance with the Church's elementary teaching at that day as to holiness. Thus, the priests of the Lord were to be holy, and not eat a carcass that had been torn by dogs, nor touch the *dead* body of a man. So the Nazarites were to be holy. They were to let their hair grow, and abstain from wine and even from the grape itself. This holiness was only a shadow of that true consecration to God by which the soul is *deadened* to the joys of this world. Even so the mere abstaining from bodily work is not the true *rest* of God's holy Sabbath. And the commandment, taken in the mere letter of it, and carried out in accordance with the whole system of observances imposed upon Israel at Mount Sinai, was a mere shadow of that spiritual rest which Christ would give his people.

But the Lord's-day is not a shadow, but is one of the means by which we participate in the substance, which is Christ. It gives opportunity for spiritual meditation and worship, so that Christians may realize the fulfilment in themselves of that spiritual rest and joy which the ceasing from odily labour had foreshadowed. And thus it is *foretaste* and an *earnest* of "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

When St. Paul spoke of the Sabbath as a shadow of things to come, he was speaking of the Sabbath understood and carried out according to the mere outward letter of the commandment, and not according to its spirit. It was probably, in part at least, in order to make this distinction between the old and the new observance of the Sabbath palpable and plain, even to the weakest Christian, that our Lord, as Lord of the Sabbath-day, caused his disciples to hallow the first day of the week instead of the seventh, so that the commandment might, as it were, cast its old skin, and come forth new and fresh in the spiritual joy and power of his own resurrection. So, then, the observance of the last day of the week, which was commonly known as the Sabbath-day, might be classed with the whole set of material and mechanical observances imposed upon the Church in its childhood, and yet the true spirit of the Sabbath-day might be embodied in the Lord's-day—the day of Christ's resurrection.

Neither are we to suppose that, because the Church is now living in the spirit, and its ordinances are spiritual, therefore there is no outward form belonging to those ordinances. As long as we ourselves are in the body, our worship must have body as well as spirit. Thus, the fact that no outward washing can cleanse the conscience, has not prevented our Lord from appointing a baptism with water. It is not because that outward washing can do nothing of itself that it is essential to the Church of Christ. Nay, that acknowledged powerlessness of the mere outward ceremony is the very thing that makes it suitable, since it stirs us up to exercise faith in the truth represented by it, if we would really receive the blessing which it holds forth to us. So, again, in the Lord's Supper there is an outward form. All that St. Paul says disparagingly of meats and drinks would be very ill applied, if it made us

slight the outward form of eating and drinking which Christ himself has commanded in the Lord's Supper. Again: the fact of the fasting on the day of atonement being a shadow of that fasting and weeping of the disciples when their Sin-offering was being offered up, and a shadow of all that affliction of mind with which the Christians of successive generations wait for the result of Christ's intercession in the holy place, is no argument against fasting in connection with true humiliation, and as a means of combining the whole man in a more earnest and intense drawing near to God. For in that way Christ himself recommended it, and the apostles, and the Church with them, practised it. In like manner, the fact of the old mechanical Sabbath-keeping being classed with the other elementary instruction of the Church's childhood, and left behind, is no argument against the outward form of a day to be kept being associated with the Church's spiritual joy. Although the observance of the day is nothing unless we use it spiritually, yet that is no reason why we should profane it, and make it our own day instead of the Lord's. The Lord Jesus has, by his actions, marked the day as his own; Paul, and the Church with him, observed it; John bears witness to it as "the Lord's-day,"—which one expression shuts up the whole question, and brings us back to the Fourth Commandment again, as God's constant law. If that law seemed for a moment to have been forgotten, it was only being brought into fellowship with Christ's death and resurrection, that it might come forth elevated and purified, with its true intention and spirit fully brought out.

The law in general has had its spirituality brought out by Christ. The teaching which prevailed in his day dwelt on the mere outward letter of the commandments; but in the Sermon on the Mount he taught that the Sixth Commandment applied to words, and even to inward feelings, and that the Seventh Commandment might be broken even by a look. It quite agrees with this that he should spiritualize the Fourth Commandment so that it should condemn all whose spirit does not rest in him upon that day. But just as the perfecting of the Sixth Commandment by carrying it beyond the bare letter does not authorize us to break it in the letter,

neither does the carrying of the Fourth Commandment beyond the bare letter authorize us to break it in the letter. It would be a very hypocritical justification of a murder to pretend that we kept the Sixth Commandment spiritually, and indulged no malice in our heart; and it would not be less hypocritical, when openly bringing our worldly business and worldly amusements into the Lord's-day, to pretend that we kept it spiritually. Again: in bringing out the Sixth and Seventh Commandments from the bare outward letter, our Lord may seem to a superficial reader of his Sermon on the Mount to be speaking slightly of the law, though in reality he is only speaking slightly of the received interpretation of the law; and in like manner, when his apostle speaks of the Sabbath as a mere shadow of what was to come, he may also seem to be speaking slightly of the law, whereas in reality he was only repudiating the dead letter, that the true spiritual observance of the law in connection with Christ might be carried out. Therefore, when St. Paul writes to the Colossians, "Let no man judge you.....in respect of an holyday.....or of the Sabbath-days;" and to the Galatians, "Ye observe days.....I am afraid of you," it will not be an untrue description of his doctrine taken as a whole if we suppose him to speak thus: "Ye are returning to the system of mere outward observances, and ye think by this routine of ceremonies to commend yourselves to God, and procure to yourselves a more assured hope of salvation than you have by faith in Christ alone. But in Christ ye are complete; and let no man condemn you as though you would not be saved because you do not keep the Jewish festivals according to the law of Moses; for these festivals, and the Sabbath among the rest (when observed merely in the outward letter), are only a shadow of the things that were to come. But those good things are now come, and in Christ you have the substance; and if you are Christ's, and keep his ordinances, observing among other things his day—not as the Jews keep their dead Sabbath, but using it in living worship and spiritual communion with Jesus—you need not be uneasy about your salvation."

There is nothing which so much exalts the character of the Lord's-day as this spiritual teaching of

St. Paul. A mere formal observance of the day is according to this teaching, no Christian observance at all. Christ must be the spirit of it. He is the Sun whose beams enlighten it and make it a joyful day. How little do those know of this holy day who, when they hear it is to be a day of joy, at once think of cricket or football, or holiday-making of some kind. It is not thus that God has "blessed" this day. Such is this day that no one can keep it aright who does not love Christ. It is a condemnation to all others; and therefore the world hates its sacred obligation and its spiritual character. But to Christians it is a day of light and joy, a day in which they realize more fully their rest from the bondage of this world. It takes its tone from the resurrection of Christ. It is a chosen opportunity for the risen Saviour to appear to the hearts of his people, as he appeared of old to those who loved him,—to Mary Magdalene lingering at his sepulchre, to the two disciples who spoke of him one to another as they walked, and to the general company of the disciples gathered together in his name. To such he comes still by his Spirit. Unless he gives more or less communion with himself to his people on that day, Sunday is not Sunday to them: it has no light. But when they find him, then they can say, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice, and be glad in it." It is a great self-deception to suppose that it is any part of Christian liberty to make light of this day. Is it liberty to drudge on through all seven days alike in ordinary work? Or is it a Christian man's liberty to read the newspaper, bringing the full tide of the world's gossip into the Lord's-day, lest perhaps, if the hum of the world were shut out, the ear of the soul might hear Jesus speaking? And what shall we say of museums and zoological gardens? Is going out of one's way to look at a wild beast, or to amuse one's-self with a cage of monkeys, likely to draw one's heart closer to Christ? Is bringing down God's day to occupations like these a good application of the saying about "ascending from nature up to nature's God"? Does any one in his senses imagine that St. Paul would have recommended such things on the Lord's-day, or that this would be walking in the spirit or in the freedom of God's children? It may be said, per

aps, "We might be doing worse." But that is an argument which would take us down step by step to almost any depth. A Christian will not justify what is wrong by comparing it with what is worse, but will seek to do the right thing; and however much he may fail, yet he will aim at the right still, and will not come to a compromise with evil.

But whatever those who will not have Christ to reign over them may say or do, let not Christians, at all events, be deceived with empty words. There is no one so spiritual as to be independent of times and opportunities. If there be no halcyon season, when the things of this world shall be put away, that we may fill our minds with

thoughts of Christ, and seek his presence more intently and earnestly than on ordinary days, the tone of our minds will undoubtedly get lower and lower. On the contrary, if we try to enter into the spirit of the day of Christ's resurrection, and to rise from earthly things, and by meditation and prayer, and spiritual work for Christ, and sacred song, to draw near to our Lord, that he may draw near to us, we shall not seek him in vain; he will give us communion with himself, lifting up his pierced hands in blessing over us, and send us out into the world again strengthened for conflict with it, until that "day of the Lord" come when we shall see him face to face.

J. F. D.

THE STORY LIZZIE TOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STEPPING HEAVENWARD."

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

"**I**'m sorry I frightened you so, ma'am. I wasn't scared myself. It was only one of my turns. Mother says she expects I'll go off in one of 'em some time, but we don't tell father that. And I hope I shall live to go on a pilgrimage first.

"Did my flower take the prize?

"I'll tell you all about it, ma'am. After father went away with it in the morning, I thought what a long day it would be before he would bring it back at night. But I told stories to the children, and that kept them out from under mother's feet, and I read my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and had a good time; but I was glad when I heard father's step on the stairs, and to see my dear, good little flower, safe and sound.

"Don't take on, my lass," says father, 'but the handsome flowers elbowed yours away off into a corner, and it's my belief that nobody so much as looked at it.'

"That must be the reason it did not get the prize," says I. 'I'm glad it *ought* to have got it, anyhow.'

"And then I said it was late, and time to go to sleep, and I lay down and cried under the quilt; but not loud; that would have plagued father. My poor little flower! Nobody had looked at it! Nobody had told it how pretty it was! And it was such a good little thing, to grow here in our crowded room, when other plants were having such a nice time out o' doors!

"But after I had cried a pretty long time about it, I fell asleep, and dreamed a beautiful dream. I thought I was as well and strong as ever, and that I carried my

flower to the exhibition myself, and stood a little way back, to see what the people would say to it. There was a great crowd, and somebody said there were lords and ladies mixed all up among us poor folks. But all I looked at was my flower. There it stood, up in a corner, all by itself; but nobody noticed it, nobody said a word about it, except Mrs. Jones; and I heard her laugh, and say, 'Do look at that mean, scraggling little atom of a marigold of Lizzie Gray's! The idea of bringing it here, among all these splendid flowers!'

"She passed on, and a gentleman and a lady stopped to look at it.

"Oh, look at this poor little half-starved marigold!" said the lady. 'What a pathetic story of its own it tells. Fancy how the child's heart will ache, when it goes home and tells her it has not won a prize after all! Tuck something down into the pot, dear; she will find it to-morrow; and what a surprise, and what a joy, that will be to her!'

"She was such a lovely lady to look at, with a face that went right down into your heart! And her husband said—'Yes, darling, I have.'

"Then all the people who had brought plants had tea and bread and butter in a tent, and there was a band that played sweet music; and the children tumbled about on the green grass. But I did not want any tea, or any bread and butter; and I had heard that sweet lady's voice, and it was music that nobody else heard. So I took my little flower-pot in my arms, and went home with it; and it kept growing heavier and heavier, just as Jim used to the last days I nursed him, and I could

hardly get up the stairs ; and when I did, my two legs went from under me, and I fell right into the room.

"The fright woke me up, and then I knew it was all a dream, for it wasn't bed-time, and mother sat at work by the light of the candle, and father sat by her, cutting a bit of stick. So there wasn't any sweet lady, and there wasn't any kind gentleman, after all ! The tears began to come again, and I could hardly help crying out loud. But I heard mother say—

"She didn't take it much to heart, after all, poor thing. She dropped off to sleep like a lamb, as soon as you got home."

"I hope she did," says father. "For I never had my heart so broke but once before."

"And when was that ?" says mother.

"It was the night I got a look at her poor back," says father. "You'd better let me know it when it was a-coming on, and not let me find it out all of a sudden. Why, when I went to my work next day, the streets and the houses and the people were there just the same, and the carriages rattling along just as usual ; and yet they weren't the same streets, nor the same houses, nor the same people. Everything was altered to my eyes, and altered to my ears. My trouble had struck in, and there wasn't no cure for it. Sometimes I think it's your fault, with letting the poor thing carry the children about ; and sometimes I think it's a judgment upon us for living like two heathens, as we always have."

"As to that," says mother, "I did the best I could by the child. Bringing up a family of young ones is a trade, and I never learned it. I was a slip of a girl, and was set to the business with nobody to show me how to go to work, and without any tools. I wasn't brought up myself ; I footed it up ; and how should I know our Lizzie was getting beat out ? She never said she was tired, and never said her back ached ; and I was so drove from morning till night, that I did not notice how pale she was getting. I tell you what it is, Joe. A man has his day's work, and there's the end of it. He can go to the beer-shops and gin-shops, and sit and warm the inside of him every evening, and then lie down to sleep all night, and wake up strong and hearty. But his woman's work goes on, and she's up and down of nights, and she lays and thinks what's to feed them all next day, and her head isn't empty enough to sleep on."

"Wife," says father, "don't mention beer-shops and gin-shops in the room where that angel of ours lays asleep."

"You see, ma'am, he didn't mean anything by that. I hope you'll not take offence at father's calling a poor girl like me an angel."

"I thought, though, I ought not to let them believe that I was asleep, and I tried to speak ; but I couldn't, for the tears. Did you ever have a lovely dream, ma'am, and wake up and find it was a dream ?

"I suppose I may mention the places where my husband goes and spends his time, and wastes his money," says mother, a little short.

"My trouble's struck in, I tell you," says father. "And it's got in so deep that even the drop of drink can't reach it. I've done drinking, wife."

"Then have you took the pledge ?" says mother.

"My pledge is laying there on that bed," says father. "I never drank to hurt me, nor to hurt you, nor the young ones. I've always been a decent, sober, hard-working man."

"So you have," says mother. "And you're no heathen, either. You needn't call yourself names, Joe."

"Maybe you've forgot it," says father, slowly ; "but I haven't, for I was brought up to know better ; we pawned the Good Book out of our house, and that's why I said we were heathens."

"I rose right up when I heard that. For I remembered what a big book it was, and how much reading it had in it."

"Why, Lizzie, have you woke up ?" says mother. "There, lie down and go to sleep again. It's nigh upon ten o'clock."

"But you were talking about a book," I said.

"Yes, yes ; we pawned it after father's hurt to his leg, when he couldn't go to his work ; dear me, I'd forgot all about it. I've got the ticket now."

"Please God, we'll have it back again," says father, "and Lizzie there shall read to us out of it every night."

"Then they blew out the candle, and I lay and thought about my pretty lady in my dream, and the room seemed almost light. And the next thing I knew it was morning, and everybody was getting up."

"That night when father came home, he brought the man with him that gave him my plant. The man kept his hat on, and when he looked at me, he said 'Hallo !' and no more."

"Then father reached him the flower-pot, and when he saw that, he took it in one hand, and held it off as far as he could, and burst out a-laughing ; and he laughed so hard that he fell back into a chair, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He kept trying to say something, but every time he tried, he laughed harder than ever. Father looked bewildered at first, but then he began to laugh too ; and then mother and all the rest of us set in, till we made the room shake. Oh, how tired I was ; but I couldn't stop."

"At last he got out what he had to say, and it was just this, and no more :—

"Why, it's nothing but a marigold," and then he went off again.

"At last he sobered down, and says he, 'If I don't pitch into Bob Higgins, my name isn't Hicks. He told me it was such a rare and costly plant, with such a high and mighty name of its own, that I thought your law there was sure to win the prize. Never mind, my girl ; we'll do better by you next year. And now let me tell you how to manage this plant. You've let it run up too tall, and it looks like a sickly girl that's got no life in her. When this blossom falls off, pinch it here, so, and

here, so, and it will throw out more leaves, and flowers in the end; and if it don't get prizes, pass away the time, won't it?"

"Oh yes," and thanked him, and he went away; holding the flower-pot while father showed and one of the children brought me a little I said I was to put it away down into the earth, my plant to it, because it kept falling over, ing as if it would faint away. It was the stick d been working at the night before, and it go down into the earth; but when I pushed t broke short off.

re's a stone in the way," says father, coming up d, "and you must dig it up."

it's the truth I'm telling, and I wouldn't tell a the world: I dug up the stone, and it wasn't but it was something bright, and shiny, and

says I, "Oh, my pretty lady did it! My pretty d then I turned faint-like, and father threw my face, and mother fanned me with her nd when that didn't bring me to, they slapped s hard. The children thought they slapped se I was naughty, and they came and stared ad some, and sorry some.

st I got over it

mebody had loved my poor little flower, and t was pretty, and told it so as well as she could. ower had come and told me; and I don't know as was the gladdest.

I told my dream to father and mother, and en; and father said I had seen a vision, and as no man or woman had sent It to me.

I had done telling them all about it, and every andled my yellow thing, and at last given It hold, I felt as if there must be Somebody else w happy I was, or I should burst. Did you as, ma'am?

never I woke up in the night, I felt under the see if It was safe. And then I wanted to show ore; but it was all dark and still, and I hink who the Somebody was.

ext day was Sunday, and father dressed him- clean clothes; and after dinner, made mother as, and the children's, and says he,—"Now, ll read to us all;" and he whipped out a book er his coat, and it was the pawned book come in. There was a mark in it, and he said,— ere, Lizzie. My old mother read there, every

read the Twenty-third Psalm; father holding it was so heavy.

unded beautiful.

er," says I, "who wrote the Bible?"

n't know," says he; "I suppose God did."

John Bunyan wrote my "Pilgrim's Progress," It says so on the first page. Maybe he wrote too. I don't much believe God did."

"Why not?" says father.

"Why, God wouldn't say, "The Lord is my shepherd." I should think that it was a man said that. Or else some poor, sick girl."

"I looked at the psalm again, and it said, over the top,—'A Psalm of David.'"

"I read it out loud.

"Who was David, father?"

"He was a—he was a—well, it's all mixed up in my head together; he was a man that got into a den of lions, or else he was a man that didn't—I don't quite remember," says he.

"Maybe it will tell somewhere in the Bible," says I. "Do shepherds love their sheep, father?"

"Of course they do. Folks always loves the things they take care of."

"Does God?"

"Well, now, the questions you put upon one, child! I oughter be a parson, to answer the half of 'em."

"He was going to put the Bible away, but I had just caught sight of a verse, and read these words,—'God so loved the world, that he gave'—I hadn't time to see what he gave, but I knew it was something out of the common. 'O father, just let me see what it was God gave because he loved us so.'"

"Loved the world, you mean."

"Isn't that us?"

"How *should* he love us, I want to know?" says father, quite put out like. "Though, to be sure, he may love you, poor child. I daresay he does."

"Then, would he like me to show It to him?" says I.

"Father didn't hear me, I suppose, for he got up and went out.

"And I said to myself, 'I know now who the Somebody was that I wanted to show It to.'"

"And I held It out on my hand, where he could see It plain; and I said, softly,—'Please! this is mine! Are you glad?'"

"And I thought I heard him say,—'Yes, I am.' But when I asked mother if she heard anything, she said she didn't.

"And then I thought it wasn't likely he'd say anything to a poor girl like me.

"But the room seemed brimful of him.

"Oh, I did wish the Bible wasn't so big and heavy, so that I could hold it myself, and read it all day long!"

"Did you say, ma'am, that I should have a little Bible that wasn't big and heavy? Two Bibles in one house? That wouldn't be right. Perhaps father will give his to Mrs. Jones, and get good friends with her again.

"In the evening father said he was going to the preaching, and mother must put the children to bed, and go too. She never said a word about her old bonnet and shawl; but put them all to bed, except the baby, and took him with her.

"I was wide awake when they got home, and father

told me a little about the preaching. He said it was all about Jesus, who loved poor folks so, that he came down from heaven, and lived right in amongst 'em ; and that they loved him so that they would hardly give him time to eat, but went everywhere he went ; and he fed the hungry ones, and cured the sick ones, and was just like their brother ; and if they did bad things, he forgave them four hundred and ninety times !

"Then, father, you'll forgive Mrs. Jones just one time, won't you ?" says I.

"I will, to please you," says he.

"Tell her about the hymns," says mother.

"I can't," says father. "Next Sunday night, as I'm a living man, I'll wrap her up in your shawl, and take her to hear for herself. It'll be next best to getting to heaven."

"Then *your* back'll be broke next," says mother.

"Ain't it enough that you have to go two miles out of your way every time you go for her beef-tea and things ? Must you go and kill yourself a Sundays ?"

"I didn't say a word.

"I'd got so used to having things happen to me, that if two angels had come in and said,—'You can't go on a pilgrimage, and so we've come to carry you,' I shouldn't have been surprised. So I held It tight in my hand, and went fast asleep.

"When Sunday came round, father began again about the preaching. If I'd a-known how far off it was, I never would have let him carry me. It's a wonder it didn't kill him.

"How good the air felt, blowing in my face, when we got out into the street ! And when I looked up into the dark night, all the stars looked down at me, and I thought they winked, and whispered to each other, and said,—

"See that poor girl going to the preaching. When she was well, she hadn't time to go ; but now she's nothing else to do. She couldn't go when the bones was in her legs ; and now they're gone, she can. And she's got It in her hand !"

"When we first got into that grand place, I was scared, and thought they would drive us poor folks out. But when I looked round, most everybody was poor too.

"At last I saw some of them get down on their knees, and some shut their eyes, and some took off their hats and held them over their faces. Father couldn't, because he had me in his arms ; and so I took it off, and held it for him.

"What's it for ?" says I. "Hush !" says father, 'the parson's praying.'

"When I showed It to God, the room seemed full of him. But then it's a small room. The church is a million and a billion times as big ; isn't it, ma'am ? But when the minister prayed, that big church seemed just as full as it could hold. Then, all of a sudden, they burst out a-singing. Father showed me the card, with the large letters on it, and says he,—'Sing, Lizzie, sing.'

"And so I did. It was the first time in my life. The hymn said,—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly ;'

and I whispered to father,—'Is Jesus God ?' 'Yes, yes,' says he. 'Sing, Lizzie, sing.'

"But I couldn't.

"The hymn made me forget all about my picture of the country, and my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and It, and set me upon thinking that my father and mother had got a hunchback for their oldest child, that had lost the bones out of her legs, and got 'em a-growing out in a lump between her shoulders ; and how it broke father's heart, and how it made mother work so hard ; and I pitied them so, and I pitied myself so ; and the people sang out so strong and hearty,—

'Leave, O leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me !'

but I could only whisper it out, and maybe God didn't hear it, the rest sang so loud.

"You say you are sure he did ? Then I am sure a lady like you ought to know, and so I'll think so too.

"After the praying and the singing, came the preaching. I heard every word. And you did too, ma'am, so I needn't tell about that. You say you want to hear how much I remember ? Oh, I remember it all ! It was a beautiful story. It told how sorry Jesus was for us when we did wrong, bad things, and how glad he was when we were good and happy. It said we must tell him all our troubles and all our joys, and feel sure that he knew just how to pity us, because he had been a poor man three and thirty years, on purpose to see how it seemed.

"And it said we might go and tell him everything. I was so glad then that I had showed It to him !

"And when it was time to go home, and I was beginning to feel awful about poor father's carrying me all that long, long way, you came and spoke to us, ma'am, and said you would take us in your carriage ! To think of your letting a girl, with such a looking back, get into your carriage like a lady !

"But it has always been so ! Something happening always !

"I was so tired after mother put me to bed that night, that I couldn't get to sleep for a good while. So I lay, and said over all the hymns, and all the prayers, and all the preaching. I did not know what prayers were before. But I know now that it's saying things to God. And I thought I would say something to him ; and I said,—'Please, did you see me sitting alongside of a real lady in a carriage, with It in my hand ? Did you hear her say she would often take me to hear the preaching. And oh, please, have you looked at my back, and felt sorry for father and mother, that they've got such a child ?'

"My praying did not sound like the minister's pray-

ing ; but then a poor girl ought not to set herself up to talk to God like a parson.

"And now you say, ma'am, that you had a little Lizzie once, that lives in heaven now, and that you love all sick Lizzies, for her sake ? And that you are going to give me some of her books, and all the nourishing food she would eat, if she lived down here ! Then father won't have to go two miles for my beef-tea, and I shall grow stronger ; and maybe the bones in my two legs will come back again (though the doctor does say it's not my legs), and I can get so as to help mother once more.

"But I hope there won't anything else happen to me, for my head is quite turned now, and I can't think what makes me have such good times, when there are so many other people lying sick and sorrowful, and wishing the days and the nights wasn't so long. I'm sorry I've made you cry, ma'am, off and on ; and I suppose it's because my name it is Lizzie, and I'll be more careful next time. And please, ma'am, don't give me all the things you said you would, but find some other poor girl, that hasn't got any 'Pilgrim's Progress,' nor any pictures, and that never saw two folks a-crying over her marigold, and giving it to her, and that never heard any singing, and praying, and preaching, and that nobody ever told she might dare to tell things to God. Father says there's plenty of them, up and down, lonesome, and tired, and hungry, and maybe it will keep you so busy looking after them, and speaking such sweet words as you've spoke to me, that the next thing you'll know,

the time will all be slipped away, and you'll see the shining ones coming to take you where your little Lizzie is.

"Being a poor girl, and ignorant, I can't quite make it out how some folks gets to heaven one way, and some another. The way it tells, in my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' is to go on a great long journey, till you come to a river ; and when you've got across that, you're right at the door of the city, and all your troubles is over. But cripples like me can't go on a pilgrimage, and I spoke to God about that. Says I,—'Please, how is a girl like me to get there ?' And it came into my mind,—'Why, Lizzie, little babies, as die when they're babies, don't go on a pilgrimage, but they get to heaven all the same. Angels comes down and fetches them maybe.'

"And maybe they fetches up the lame girls, or helps them along. I should like to have one show me the way, if he didn't mind ; and another go behind me, and cover my back with his wings ; and I'd go in on tiptoe, and sit away up against the wall, where nobody could see me : and I'd sing, softly, with the rest.

"You say you think they'll come for me, before long ? Thank you, ma'am. But don't tell father. And if you ever come here and find I've gone, tell him, please, that I'll be sitting near the door, watching for him ; he'll know me from all the rest, because they'll be walking about.

"And now I humbly ask your pardon for talking so much, ma'am, and won't speak another word."

The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

CHRISTIANS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"Ye are the light of the world. . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. v. 14, 16.



THE first section of the Sermon on the Mount (verses 1-10) represents God and his saints ; and the second (11-16) represents believers and the world. Redeemed men in the body are exhibited first in their relation to God on high, and next in their relation to the world around. In the first picture, you behold believers in contact with their Friend ; in the second, you behold them in contact with their foe. In the first, you learn what good they receive ; in the second, what evil they suffer. From the Father of lights, every good and perfect gift comes down ; from

the world, lying in wickedness, every kind of danger springs up.

Between these two opposite poles the Christian life is suspended and balanced. The fountain opened in heaven supplies all a believer's need ; and the pressure of temptation in the world sends him the oftener and the closer to his supplies. The Father's love draws, and the world's enmity drives ; but though these forces spring on opposite sides, they act in the same direction. Thus all things work together for good to them that love God. A Christian need no more fear to plunge into the current of life, than a planet

to launch forth on its course. Opposite forces conspire to keep them safe, and urge them on.

In the first section, you learn from the double line of the seven beatitudes what God is to his people, and what his people are to God. He blesses them, and they trust in him. In the second section, you learn what the world is to the disciples of Christ, and what they are to the world. It is to them a persecutor; they are to it a salt and a light.

Omitting in the meantime the first of these analogies, we fix our regards on the second. Let us fairly look in the face this grand function assigned by the Lord to his followers—to be “the light of the world.” In verse 14th, the function is defined; and in verse 16th, a particular instruction is given regarding its exercise. The first tells disciples that they are a light in the world; and the second exhorts them to keep it blazing. We shall explain shortly the nature of this office, and then more fully enforce the command to exercise it well.

I. It is the function of a living Church to be a light in a dark world. In order that we may determine in what sense the disciples of Christ are lights, let us read two cognate scriptures, one in the Old Testament, and the other in the New: “Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee” (Isa. lx. 1, 2). “That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life” (Phil. ii. 15, 16).

From these texts we learn clearly that renewed men are first receivers of light; then and therefore givers. They are not the source whence the light springs, but channels through which it is distributed. The Lord alone is the light of the world; but he has been pleased to arrange his covenant so that those who receive his beams also spread them. It is so arranged also in the material world. Not much of the light which guides us in life comes in direct lines from the

sun: most of it reaches us at second hand, reflected from surrounding objects. Thus, in the spiritual sphere, the glory of the Lord arises and shines on Israel; then and therefore Israel is expected to arise and reflect the light around to attract the Gentiles. The Philippian converts, walking in the light of God, are expected to shine among the heathen as lights. They are not rays, but reflectors; they give out, with more or less of truth and fulness, the light which they receive from the Sun of Righteousness after he has risen upon them.

The conception of Christians being lights, not as Source, but reflectors, might, perhaps, be profitably examined somewhat more minutely. - Reflectors are ordinarily either metallic or vitreous. In either case, two preparatory processes are necessary: there must be a melting first, and a polishing afterwards. Ah! search and see that those Christians who have really been eminently useful as attractive lights—winning many from the world by the beauty of their character—have been in the furnace, and have there had the dross taken away; have been under the pressure of providential trials that have rubbed their inequalities off. There is no royal—that is, no soft and easy—road to eminence in the Christian calling. The good soldier of Jesus Christ has suffered some privations, and seen some service. Men who have never seen any other than parade service are not reckoned good soldiers in either army.

If a stranger, ignorant alike of means and end, had been permitted to see Lord Rosse engaged in preparing the speculum of his great telescope, he would have formed a false judgment regarding the usefulness of the work and the wisdom of the operator. This huge, heavy casting, cooled with so much care,—when it is at last removed from its bed, it seems a coarse, black, shapeless, useless mass. What is the use of it? the observer inquires. To reveal the stars that have hitherto lain hid in heaven. That lump of black, irregular metal! How can it reveal the stars? But the operator knows what he is about. This uncouth mass will yet receive on its bosom the light from burning orbs, so many and so distant, that hitherto they have seemed to be little white clouds, sailing without a compass in the sea of infinitude.

The Day only will reveal the wisdom and the pains displayed by the Omniscient Worker in preparing the hearts and lives of his witnesses for receiving from himself the light of life, and spreading it around.

II. Leaving now the fundamental fact—that Christians are lights, to rest on the Word of the Lord—we proceed to examine more particularly the specific exhortation addressed to them in that capacity—to let their light so shine before men, &c.

In the verse immediately preceding this junction there is an interesting reference to the elevation of the light as a necessary condition of its usefulness. A lofty position, breadth, and brightness, must be combined in order to produce the greatest effect.

In the trigonometrical survey of the kingdom which is now in progress, it is necessary often to obtain an exact view of an object placed at a great distance; and some ingenuity is displayed in overcoming the obstacles. Goatfell, a mountain in Arran, is visible from the summit of the Ochills, east of Stirling, a distance of about seventy miles in a straight line. But at such a distance you can scarcely distinguish between a mountain and a cloud: no object can be seen with sufficient exactness for the purpose of measurement. But they bring a looking-glass to the top of Goatfell, scour its surface well, watch for a sun-blink, and turn it then in the required direction. On the summit of the Ochills they observe the flash, as a single point of glory, like a star in the broad blue sky. They measure their angle with security now

A great elevation does not belong to every Christian. This is a matter that does not lie in his own hands. It is not like the climbing of the mountain by a man: it is like the uplifting of the mountain from the plain, which is the prerogative of the Creator. Some he both elevates and kindles, that their light may stream afar; but he has use for most of his lights on moderate elevations, and close to the benighted world. The great business of Christians is to keep their light bright, and make it broad, that all who are within reach may be compelled to see it. A mirror besmeared with mud, although it is set in the sun-

light on a mountain-top, will not be seen; whereas a bright burnished glass will reflect the light truly over a greater or a smaller sphere, according to the height which it may have attained. Thus, Christians should take care that their light should be large and pure, leaving it to God in his providence to determine the height of their elevation and consequent radius of their influence. All who have let their light shine, like all who have used the intrusted talents, will be welcomed with the same words, Well done! whether their position has enabled them to spread the truth among many or only among a few.

Among a crowd of placards, varying much in size and subject, which jostled and overlapped each other on a piece of neglected wall at the entrance of a large city, one particularly arrested me. At the distance at which I stood, it exhibited only these words—"Large Type Christians." Doubtless intermediate lines in smaller letters, invisible where I stood, informed the nearer reader that some publisher had prepared a series of tracts in large type for the special use of aged Christians. From my view-point at the time only the larger letters were visible. I passed on with what I had got, not desiring to exchange it for the meaning that a closer inspection would have revealed. Large type Christians! That is not the conception which the writer of the handbill intended to convey, but is the conception which in the circumstances it conveyed to me, and I determined to retain it. This shadow, which the publisher's circular projected on the wall, was to me a tenfold greater thing than the circular itself would have been. Large type tracts may be good for the conversion of the careless and the edification of believers: large type tracts may be good, but large type Christians are better. Tracts, large and legible, may win their thousands of captives in the battle of the kingdom; but Christians large and legible, if we had them, would win their tens of thousands.

As young and struggling colonies advertise amid the teeming population of the mother country for able-bodied farm-labourers, and skilled artisans, covertly hinting, by their silence, that certain other classes would only be in the way; so the Church, charged to colonize and cultivate the world for Christ, should distinctly own and

loudly proclaim her need of large type Christians.

We have many who are really Christians—more, perhaps, than either a scoffing world or a desponding Church would acknowledge ; but not so many who are clearly, largely, unmistakably Christ-like, whatever they may be doing, and whoever may be looking on. If the graces of the Spirit, though real, are small and stunted, and especially if they are overshadowed by a rank growth of vanity, worldliness, and self-pleasing, they will not be seen by those who most need their evidence. The careless passenger will class you according to the earthliness which is large in your life, and not according to the heavenliness which is small. If conformity to every vain show make up the bulk of your history, while your compliance with Christ's will can only be detected by the microscope, your influence will, in point of fact, tell on the side of the world. Christians, although the Light of life be within, yet, if it is choked and hidden by an abounding worldliness of spirit and conduct, you are in point of fact hindering the kingdom of Christ. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Observe here, how closely the lines of a true disciple's life approach at certain points to those of a hypocrite's course. The Pharisees gave their alms and repeated their prayers that they might be seen of men ; and therein they are condemned by the Lord : but when his disciples let their good works be seen by men they are commended. Paul was frequently in a strait betwixt two here. He abhorred the Pharisees' ostentation,—I am less than the least of all saints ; and yet, when he saw that he could promote the kingdom by boldly taking the place which belonged to him, he flashed forth in the face of the world the lofty claim, that he was not a whit behind the chiefest of the apostles. The hypocrite performs what are accounted good works in order that he may be seen of men, and get glory to himself : the true disciple, doing necessarily the things that please God, in conformity with his new nature, endeavours carefully to do them in such a way as will best commend the gospel to his neighbours, and so extend the kingdom of Christ.

The redeemed should consider well the end of the Lord in redemption. To save the perishing, is not by itself the aim and the hope which directed and animated the Redeemer in his work. As a husbandman makes an evil tree good by engrafting, in order that he may enjoy its good fruit, so our Father in heaven saves us from condemnation, that he may delight in the new obedience of his children, and employ them in his work. Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever.

What is contained in yonder vessel? I inquire of a stranger who, like myself, is passing by the door of the threshing-floor where it stands. Chaff, he replies, turning a momentary glance towards the object, and so passes on. His answer is all that I could expect him to give ; and yet it is not true. It was not true, for the vessel was mainly filled with wheat ; but it was what seemed true, for it was chaff mainly that met the traveller's eye. The measure standing on the floor, while the process of threshing proceeded, was gradually filled with what fell from the sheaves—with wheat and chaff commingled ; but as it has been shaken somewhat roughly from side to side, the wheat grains have for the most part sunk to the bottom, and the chaff for the most part risen to the top. In some such way many real but defective disciples are set down as hypocrites in the books of a careless world, because the things of the Spirit gravitate downwards, and lie hidden in the secret parts of their life ; while the vanities of time usurp and occupy almost all the visible space on the surface of their history.

I do not know any means by which the gospel of Christ is more effectually hindered. Alas ! the Lord knows, we have all too little of the true Christian life in the visible Church ; but if even that which exists were well employed, it would soon change the face of the world. Christians have in them more of Christianity than they have the wit to employ well in the cause of the kingdom. Oh, if the talents that belong to our Master were as wisely and vigorously laid out, as those which we count our own, the kingdoms of this world would be won over !

That which is the fruit of the Spirit in Christians should not be small, but large and full-grown—should not be jostled out of its place by the

urgency and impudence of mere worldly fashion. That which is Christ-like in Christians should not be hidden under a thick shade of cares and pleasures. If you would let your light shine before men, you must labour to cut down and kill off the covetousness, the pride, the evil-speaking, the equivocation, the falsehood, the dishonesty—all the bitter roots, whose branches weave themselves together into a thick veil, so as to turn your light into darkness.

You have asked the question, What must we do to be saved? and through the blood of sprinkling you have obtained an answer of peace. Another question demands now all the energy of a saved soul—the question, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

There are many wandering in the darkness, and stumbling even to a final fall. To enlighten, and win and save them, the Lord hath need of you. Yield yourselves instruments of righteousness unto God.

In particular, he calls for lights. In us there is not a light which can give life to any; but from the Lord the light of life is streaming down like the rays of the sun: if we receive it, and reflect it, the light of life may through our means reach the perishing.

Occasions turn up daily in every one's experience, when he must make a choice between faithfulness to Christ and conformity to the world's ways. Take no hesitating, double-minded course. Be on the Lord's side; and be on his side out and out. Let your Christianity be written in large characters for the sake both of friends and foes. A halting walk is a painful walk: plant your foot firm on the path of righteousness, and a new joy will be infused into your life. A life devoted because it is redeemed is not a wearisome, but a joyful thing. It is not like a stagnant pool, but like a sparkling river: bright is its course over time; blessed its issue in eternity.

THE LATEST BREACH IN THE ROMAN WALL.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ULTRAMONTANE STRUGGLE IN SWITZERLAND.

BY THOMAS T. GRAY, M.A.



THE Papacy has certainly fallen on evil times. Within a few short years she has beheld the thrones of her most devoted champions hurled in rapid succession to the dust; her own temporal dominions ruthlessly torn from her grasp; and her spiritual supremacy flouted and trampled upon by the civil powers of foreign nations. Those of her friends who fondly imagined that the recent dead-lock in the ecclesiastical relations of Rome and Germany was mainly due to the absolutism of the Prussian government, and that no such crisis could arise in a country governed by free institutions, must have found themselves strangely undeceived by the latest phase of Ultramontane aggression. The additional example of Switzerland was all that was wanted to complete the proofs we possess, that under every form of government, be it the most rigid despotism or the most liberal democracy, the claims of the Papacy are totally incompatible with the co-ordinate and independent jurisdiction of the State. The diametrically opposite forms of government prevailing in Germany and Switzerland sufficiently attest the fact that, whenever a conflict of jurisdiction arises between Rome and the civil power, the partisans of the former who remain loyal to their spiritual head cannot at the same time maintain their allegiance to the laws of their native country. "No man can serve two masters," is an adage which seems

stamped with extraordinary vividness on the whole course of recent events, both at Basle and Geneva. For suspending a priest who had attacked the doctrine of infallibility, Dr. Lachat, Bishop of Basle, has, after full warning from the civil authorities, been deprived of his see, and interdicted from the discharge of his episcopal functions. In Geneva, Monsignor Mermillod has worked out for himself, on a somewhat different line, a substantially similar issue, and, by a course of ambitious scheming and perfectly illegal procedure, effected a wide breach in the relations of the Church of Rome with the governments both of the Canton of Geneva and of the Swiss Republic. The history of this latter transaction is pregnant with so many important lessons bearing on great public questions, which the politicians and churchmen of this country may be called upon to face sooner perhaps than they expect, that we propose to reproduce it in detail. We are indebted to Professor Pronier of Geneva for the principal portion of the following brief statement of the facts of the case.

The history of the present struggle carries us back to the beginning of the present century, when the bishopric of Geneva was finally and definitively suppressed. For all practical purposes, indeed, it had ceased to exist at the Reformation; but, for the sake of the handful of Catholics who still clung to the Church of their fathers even after the sweeping changes of that eventful time, it was per-

mitted to linger on till the year 1802, when it was suppressed by a Papal Legate, in virtue of a special mandate from the Holy See. This suppression, says M. Pronier, was confirmed by Napoleon the First, and the Catholics of the departments of Mont Blanc and Lemman were placed under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Chambéry. This state of things did not last beyond the year 1819. Certain parishes of Savoy having been incorporated at the peace of Vienna with the Canton of Geneva, which was then united to the Swiss Confederation, a general desire was expressed that the Catholics of that canton should be placed under the jurisdiction of a Swiss bishop. Negotiations with this end in view were opened in 1817, and went on for more than two years. At length, by a Brief of 1819, the Pope agreed to extend as far as Geneva the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Lausanne, who resided at Strasburg. Since the year 1821 that bishop has also been authorized *honoris causa* to assume the title of Bishop of Lausanne and of Geneva. Under this arrangement the Catholic inhabitants of the latter city have lived from that year down to the present time, their immediate spiritual head being simply a *curé* or parish priest, elected by the common consent of the diocesan and civil authorities.

The Catholics have not had the slightest reason to complain of this system. Faithful to its pledges, and firmly maintaining its rights, the Conservative government which was in power after the restoration resisted all the usurpations of the clergy, and took its stand on the letter and spirit of the treaties. The ambition of the clergy would have wished a very different course of action. The most unfounded complaints were repeatedly uttered by their party; they declared that the Church had no freedom—that the Catholic worship encountered incessant obstacles—that persecution had commenced. They managed to fill the whole of Europe with their piteous cries, and the *curé* Vuarin, a man of daring but intolerant and despotic spirit, carried his complaints to the foot of the thrones of princes, and displayed the greatest dexterity in pulling all the strings of worldly politics, in order to interest the Great Powers in the fate of the pretended martyrs of Geneva. It was impossible for him to make a great impression. The plan which he had secretly cherished of reconstituting the Episcopal See of Geneva, for his own greater glory and that of the Holy See, was completely upset, in consequence of Monsignor Henry, then Bishop of Lausanne, having refused to denude himself of the smallest particle of his authority. The *curé* Vuarin died without having succeeded in the accomplishment of his purpose, esteemed as a saint by the Catholics, but by the Protestants regarded as an intriguer.

The government of 1815 fell in the year 1845, and, strange to say, its fall was brought about by its policy of supporting the right of the Jesuits to establish themselves in Switzerland. Radicalism came into power by making capital of the religious question; but, as soon as the war of the Sonderbund was over, the Radicals

hastened to extend a hand to those same Catholics with whom they had been at war. James Fazy, the Radical leader, leaned upon them; by their support the Radical government maintained itself for several years at Geneva. These years of Radical government were, therefore, times of prosperity for the Catholics of Geneva. It was then that there began that enormous influx of Savoyards and French into the dismantled city of Calvin which encouraged the *curé* of Geneva to form the fairest expectations. In the name of toleration and liberty, the treaties which regulated the existence of the Catholics at Geneva were allowed to fall into oblivion. Even after the fall of Fazy the same policy was adhered to. One day, for example, the government made a grant to the Geneva Catholics of a large piece of ground for the erection of a cathedral in the Gothic style; at another time the Protestant population, by their solemn vote, admitted the Savoyard Communes, which had been annexed in 1815, to a share of the millions of money which up to that moment had been the exclusive property of the Evangelical Church; and later on, a magnificent site was sold for a few francs with a view to the construction of a third Catholic church. At the same time, various religious corporations went on establishing themselves quietly upon Genevese territory; the salary of the *curé* of Geneva was doubled, as well as the number of his assistant priests. In short, among the devotees of the Papacy in France and Savoy, nothing was so frequently talked about as the conquests of Catholicism in Geneva, and its approaching and inevitable triumph.

Everything was going full sail before the breeze, when suddenly the wind changed. The old spirit of Protestantism and of liberty woke up little by little at the sight of the audacity and astuteness of the priest of Notre Dame of Geneva. "By virtue of what right," it was asked, "have all these friars and nuns come to settle among us? Perhaps our canton is destined to become a second edition of Belgium?" By the nomination of a State Council, with M. Carteret at its head, the Genevese declared in the most emphatic manner their resolution to set limits to the inroads of the Ultramontanes. Interpreting in its more rigorous sense the law relating to religious corporations, the new Council of State shortly afterwards compelled those which had been established within the territory of the canton to apply for authorization, a thing which up to that moment they had never so much as thought of. That authorization was granted only to a few; all the rest were obliged to break up or emigrate. The government went still further. By the public rumour of both Switzerland and France, it had been for some time asserted that the Episcopal See of Geneva had been reconstituted in favour of M. Gaspar Mermillod. The backstairs intrigues of the *curé* Vuarin had therefore been renewed. The State Council did everything in its power to bring the truth to light. Finally, on the 20th of September 1872, after a lengthened correspondence, and discussions, and negotiations of every description, in the course of which

the dignitaries of Rome did little else than evade all direct questions, and pass from one equivocation to another, the Council of State, by two simultaneous decrees, declared that it ceased to recognize M. Mermillod as Catholic *curé* of Geneva, and that in consequence of this it deprived him of the stipend belonging to that office. It further prohibited him from performing either personally or by power of attorney any act which might belong to the jurisdiction of the ordinary. Thus ceased to exist, in point of fact, the hitherto legal status of the Catholic administration.

The Catholics wanted to give out that the Genevese received the publication of these decrees with the liveliest indignation. We must say that their approbation of them was, on the contrary, quite universal. In vain did the Ultramontane party try to raise a disturbance. Their proclamations and the virulent articles in their newspapers made no difference either one way or another; and shortly after, on the occasion of the general elections of the Grand Council, the people of Geneva gave their full sanction to the policy of M. Carteret. The clergy alone persisted in making an uproar, and of their lamentations Pius IX. has too willingly made himself the echo. But the most profound tranquillity has not ceased to reign in the city of Geneva and throughout the whole canton; nay, more, there prevails the most intense satisfaction at seeing Ultramontanism held in check.

But it may be here naturally asked, What grounds had the civil authorities for treating their *curé* in this high-handed way? The circumstances which led to Monsignor Mermillod being extruded from his office may be very shortly stated. Whilst the aggressive practices of the Ultramontanes had been gradually stirring up jealousy and indignation in the public mind to inaugurate and carry out a policy of repression, another train of events had been proceeding side by side with this newly awakened popular feeling. In the year 1865, the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, spontaneously or otherwise, had appointed the *curé* of Geneva, who was Bishop of Hebron *in partibus*, his Vicar-General, in so far as regarded the Catholic interests of the canton. The Council of State then in power was weak enough to give its consent to this modification of the state of affairs which had prevailed until then: all that it specified was that the Vicar-General should not act except in the name and on the responsibility of the ordinary. It further reserved the right of direct application to the latter as often as it should be deemed expedient. In the beginning of 1872, popular rumour, seconded by a public journal, having announced that the Episcopal See of Geneva had been reconstituted, with Monsignor Mermillod at its head, the existing Council of State, which, as we have already seen, had begun a reaction against the Ultramontane intrigues, suddenly seized the opportunity afforded by two parishes in the canton falling vacant, to demand directly of Monsignor Marilley, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, that he should pre-

sent to them as usual. He referred the Council of State to Monsignor Mermillod as solely charged with the affairs of Geneva, but without giving a copy, as he was asked, of the legal act by which the Holy See charged the *curé* of Geneva with this administration. On that point Monsignor Marilley was altogether silent. It became necessary to have recourse to Monsignor Agnozzi, *Chargé d'Affaires* of the Holy See in Switzerland. Then came the letter of the Council of State to Monsignor Mermillod ordering him to confine himself henceforth to his duties as *curé* of Geneva, since they alone could be recognized by the law. Next followed the refusal of Monsignor Mermillod, who appealed to his ecclesiastical superiors, declaring that he would persist in exercising all the powers which had been committed to him seven years before by the Holy See and the bishops. On the other hand, Monsignor Marilley asserted that he had neither desired nor favoured the division of the ecclesiastical administration, but that he submitted to decisions the announcement of which could not be long delayed. In these circumstances, the Council of State, perceiving that they were being trifled with by these ecclesiastical personages, and that their authority was distinctly repudiated by Monsignor Mermillod, summarily deprived the latter of the office of *curé*, and of the emoluments and privileges thereto attached.

The tortuous policy pursued by these high dignitaries throughout the whole course of the transaction is sufficiently manifest. People wanted to know if the separate diocese of Geneva had been actually re-established; in other words, if the Pope, disregarding the rights of the State and the solemn covenants formed between the Holy See and the Canton of Geneva, had completely modified the state of things which existed since the year 1819. What do these bishops and legates do? They act as if Geneva were in fact a distinct diocese (Monsignor Marilley refusing to present to vacant parishes, and Monsignor Mermillod wishing to do so in his own name and on his own responsibility, like a legally constituted bishop), but they say not a word as to its being reconstituted. Monsignor Mermillod refers the State to his superiors; Monsignor Marilley sends it to Monsignor Agnozzi; Monsignor Agnozzi feigns ignorance, and refers it to Rome. Better still: Rome, which has never made a positive declaration, speaks at last on the 23rd of December. This time, perhaps, the light will appear: it cannot fail to issue from that fountain of light called Pius IX. A mistake: read the allocution of the Pope at the consistory of the 23rd December, and what do you find there? Declamation, recriminations, and nothing else. On the question whether or not the Episcopal See of Geneva had been reconstituted, absolute silence along the whole line from Rome to Berne. The single point which it was of importance to make clear was precisely the one on which silence was obstinately maintained. But the Genevese authorities were not to be hoodwinked or driven from their purpose by this policy of evasion and

delay. No longer knowing with whom it had to deal when it treated with Monsignor Mermillod, and not being able to obtain the slightest explanation of a situation full of intrigues, equivocations, and Jesuitical reserves, the Council of State took the only course by which it was possible to save the rights intrusted to its keeping. It ceased to recognize Monsignor Mermillod as *curé* of Geneva, and deprived him of the stipend belonging to that office.

Such is the plain, unvarnished account of the so-called persecutions of the Catholics of Geneva down to the end of last year, when, thanks to the firmness of the Council of State, all that Monsignor Mermillod had made by his intrigues was the loss of his former legal position as *curé*, without the recompense of obtaining a higher dignity in its stead. It is important to remember here, in view of what immediately follows, that Monsignor Mermillod at the beginning of the present year no longer occupied any ecclesiastical position recognized by the law of the land, being neither a regular bishop of any diocese in Switzerland, nor vicar-general, nor even *curé*. He was a Swiss citizen, amenable to Swiss law, and nothing more. His episcopal title of Monsignor, derived from a bishopric which existed only on parchment, was purely honorary, and conferred no real civil status.

The vigorous measures of the Genevese authorities immediately produced the most wholesome effects on the policy of the Curia Romana, and forced it, *volens volens*, to take up the gauntlet. In pursuance of this change in the position of affairs, Rome replied to the challenge of the Swiss by ordering the publication, in all the churches of the canton, of a Pontifical Brief, by which Geneva was detached from the bishopric of Lausanne, and Monsignor Mermillod appointed Vicar-Apostolic of the new diocese. This Brief, dated the 13th January, was actually read in the various churches on Sunday the 2nd of February, in direct violation of the law which prohibits the promulgation of such things without the authorization of the government. After the first feeling of excitement, occasioned by this open defiance of their authority, had passed away, the local government, recognizing the gravity of the crisis, wisely resolved to refer the difficulty to the Federal Council, the supreme court of the Helvetic Republic. The question was no longer cantonal, but national, and as such could not be competently dealt with except by the highest representatives of the nation. To the Federal Council the case then went, and that body was not slow to indorse and carry out the policy of the local government. An energetic protest was immediately drawn up and sent to the Papal *Chargé d'Affaires*, denying the right of the Vatican to dismember a legally constituted Swiss bishopric without the consent of the governing powers, and warning the Holy See that the Federal Council, in the exercise of its constitutional authority, would take the necessary steps to prevent any further encroachment on its rights, as guaranteed by the Brief of 1819. The Federal

Council at the same time sent a copy of this letter to the State Council of Geneva, and instructed that body to convey it to the knowledge of Monsignor Mermillod, in order that he might make known, within a given time, whom he intended to obey. This communication of the government was received with the highest gratification, and gave rise, when it was read, to no little excitement among the members of the Council. They immediately despatched their ultimatum to Monsignor Mermillod, intimating that if within three days he did not resign the dignity of Vicar-Apostolic, he would be expelled from Switzerland. The answer was such as might have been expected—namely, that he would not cease to discharge the functions of Vicar-Apostolic, even in opposition to the orders of the civil authorities. This explicit declaration having been communicated to the Federal Council, a decree was immediately issued for the arrest of Monsignor Mermillod, and on Monday, the 17th of February, a commissary of police waited on him at his house, and conducted him there and then across the Swiss frontier into France.

The painful impression produced by these violent measures has been, to a certain extent, counterbalanced by the direct practical benefits which a portion of the citizens of Geneva seem likely to obtain from the transaction. The position of antagonism into which these events gradually forced the court of Rome and the civil authorities of the canton, made it quite plain, to men of the most opposite shades of political opinion, that a new *modus vivendi* between the two contending parties was absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of peace and order in the Genevese community. Two alternatives lay before the citizens. They had it in their power to restore peace either by dissolving the existing connection of Church and State, or by granting to their Catholic fellow-citizens the right of choosing their own pastors. The former course would certainly have set the matter most effectually at rest, but the great majority of the State Council do not seem to have regarded the proposal with favour, introduced as it was by Fazy and the Radicals. Partly on account of its being mixed up with the political schemes of the Opposition, partly, perhaps, on other grounds, the Carteret section of the Council fought shy of this plan, and fell back on proposals of a milder type. A Bill, conferring on the Catholic parishioners the right of choosing their own pastors, was immediately laid before the Council, and rapidly passed, by overwhelming majorities, through the various stages required by the constitution. A day or two after Monsignor Mermillod's expulsion, it had received, by an emphatic vote of seventy-six to eight, the requisite legal sanction of the Grand Council. Before these pages are published, it will have been submitted to the consideration of the assembled people, and, in all probability, have received from them the final approval which is necessary to constitute it the law of the land.

OUR FATHER'S LOVE: A STORY OF LONDON STREETS.

CHAPTER I.

ALL ALONE IN LONDON.

HERE are some places in London where King Dirt holds a carnival all the year round—narrow back streets, where the tall houses, almost meeting at the top, shut y gleam of sunlight, except during the longest best days of summer, and then only a narrow olden glory lights up a strip in the centre, and he shady corners look more dark and desolate r.

of the shadowed nooks of such a street sat a l, her head leaning against the brick wall for a and you might have thought her fast asleep, but occasional sob. She had cried so long that her e swollen and heavy; and even the faint light r's Land made them ache so much that she was lose them.

e noticed her for some time, but at length a it her own age stopped and looked at her, and oke. "What's the matter?" she said, touching lder.

a sob and a start the girl opened her eyes. "O it you?" she said, and then her tears broke out

it is it? Haven't you got anything to eat?" she

ll never want to eat anything again," sobbed the "O Elsie, mother's dead!"

d, is she?" said Elsie, but looking as though she t understand why that should cause anyone to

hall never be happy again, Elsie.—O mother, why didn't you take me with you?" wailed the le orphan.

: because she didn't want you, I guess," said t at the same time sitting down to soothe the e could not understand. "There, don't cry," t on in a matter-of-fact tone. "My mother's ay, but I don't cry after her; not a bit of it; I tter than that, Susie Sanders."

sbrank from her companion's touch as she said . thought of what her mother had said about companions of the children in the street, and retted having spoken to Elsie. There was a ference in the two girls, anyone could see, though ght be equally poor. Elsie was unmistakably a hild, ragged, dirty, sharp-looking, with bright eyes shining out of a good-tempered looking ille Susie, in her patched black frock and tidy , and timid shrinking ways, showed unmis- that, poor as she might be, there had been some ve and take care of her. Alas! for her, poor

child, her only friend in the wide world had died that morning, leaving her alone in the streets of London!

It was the old, old story: a widow striving to work for herself and her only child, and sinking at last beneath the stroke of disease, after giving up one by one every article of furniture, and moving from place to place, until at last she was glad to find a refuge in the garret of one of these gaunt houses, where she had not lived many weeks before God called her to the mansion he had prepared for her.

She had talked to Susie of this, and tried to prepare the child's mind for the coming of the sad trial; but the little girl had hoped that her mother would get better "by-and-by." And so, when at last she woke up that morning and leaned over her mother, and found that she could not speak, or even return the caresses lavished on her cold lips and brow, she grew frightened at the unwonted stillness, but yet could not think her mother was dead, until some of the neighbours came in and told her so.

Mrs. Sanders had not made friends with her neighbours, and they had thought her proud, because she did not talk to them of her affairs; and so, beyond telling Susie to go to the overseer of the parish, and ask him to send some one to bury her mother, they did not trouble themselves.

Susie had just been on this errand, and wandered out again into the street to cry there, when Elsie saw her. They had spoken to each other before, but there had not been much acquaintance, for Mrs. Sanders kept her little girl in-doors as much as possible. But Elsie had taken a fancy to Susie, and resolved to befriend her now; so instead of moving away when she was repulsed, she put her bare grimy arms round Susie's neck, and said, "Tell us all about it, Susie; the boys shan't hit you while I'm here."

To tell "all about it" was just what Susie wanted. No one else had asked about her mother, except the few hard questions put by the overseer, and so she gladly nestled close up to Elsie and told of her waking that morning to find her mother cold and dead.

A grief like Susie's was quite beyond Elsie's comprehension. Her mother had left her six months before—gone off no one knew where, and no one cared—at least, Elsie did not. No one beat her now, she said; and if she was hungry sometimes, it was better to be hungry than bruised, and no one dared to do that now, so that she was rather glad to be left free to do as she pleased. But Susie shook her head very sadly when told she ought to be glad. "I can't," she said, "though mother told me God would take care of me when she was

gone. I wanted to go with her, and be happy in heaven now."

"And why didn't she take you?" said Elfie, whose ideas about heaven were not at all clear.

"She said I must stay here a bit longer, and do the work God meant me to do."

"What work's that?" asked Elfie.

Susie shook her head. "I don't know, unless it's sewing shirts like mother did," she said.

"Sewing shirts," repeated Elfie; "people starve at that, and have to sit still too. I'd rather go about and see places, and starve that way, than the other," she added, shrugging her shoulders.

"You don't like sewing then," said Susie. "What do you do, Elfie, to earn money?"

Elfie laughed. "Oh, it ain't much money I earns; but I manage to get something to eat somehow, and that's what you've got to do now, I suppose."

Again the tears came into Susie's eyes. "I don't know what I'm going to do," she said; "mother told me to read last night about the ravens taking food to Elijah, and she said God would send his angels here to take care of me."

"Then that shows she knew nothing about this place," said Elfie, in her hard matter-of-fact tone. "Angels don't come down Fisher's Lane—at least, I never see 'em, and I'm out pretty near all hours, night and day too."

Susie sighed. "I don't think it was quite an angel with white wings mother meant, but somebody who would be kind and take care of me—a lady or gentleman perhaps," she said.

Elfie laughed. "Catch a lady or gentleman coming down here," she said; and the idea of such a thing seemed so ridiculous that she burst into a second peal of laughter, until Susie looked offended, and then she said more gravely, "It's all a mistake, Susie, about the angels or anybody else caring for you. I know all about it, for I've lived in Fisher's Lane ever since I was born, and people have got to take care of themselves, I can tell you."

"But how shall I take care of myself?" asked Susie. "I know there's some money to pay the rent next week, but when that's gone what am I to do?"

"Get some more," said Elfie shortly. "I'll help you," she added.

"Thank you; will you come home with me and stay to-night, I'm dull by myself?" said Susie with a deep sigh.

Her companion joyfully assented, and went off to the market in search of some stale fruit to share with Susie at once. Then they went back together to Susie's home, and, going up the stairs, overheard two of the women talking to the man who had come to see about the funeral.

Susie was too much overcome with grief to pay any attention to what was said; but Elfie had had all her wits sharpened, and she laid her hand on Susie's arm

and made her sit down on the stairs, while she listened to the conversation going on just above them.

When they reached the garret, and Elfie had shut the door and glanced round the room, she said, "Look here, Susie, which will you like best,—to stop here and work for yourself, and go out when you like; or have somebody come and shut you up in a big horrible place, with high walls like a prison, and make you work there?"

Susie shivered. "Nobody would do that to me," she said, looking across at the bed where her mother lay covered with the sheet, and thinking what she had said of God caring for her.

"But they will, though, if you don't look sharp, for I heard the woman say you'd better go to the work-house," replied Elfie.

She had heard the work-house spoken of very often, but did not know what it was like, or that the life of children there was far less hard than hers. She only knew they were not allowed to run about the streets, and the idea of being shut up in any place was dreadful to Elfie, and must be to everybody else, she thought.

She succeeded in making Susie dread being taken there. "But what shall I do to pay the rent here?" she asked.

"Well, it would be nice to stop here," said Elfie; "but I manage without paying rent anywhere, and that's a saving of money."

"But where do you go to bed?" asked Susie.

"Well, I ain't been to bed in that sort of bed for nearly six months," she said, pointing towards the corner. "I sleep under a cart, or on a heap of straw, or anywhere I can find a nice place; it don't matter much when you're asleep where you are, so long as you're out of the way of the rats."

Susie shook her head. "I shouldn't like that," she said.

"Well, no, I suppose you wouldn't," said Elfie, again looking round the room. "People that's always been used to tables and chairs, and them sort of things, like you've got here, wouldn't like to sleep out under a waggon, I guess."

"How can people do without tables and chairs?" said Susie. "How can they live?"

"Oh, pretty well! Lots of us have to do without them, and other things besides," said Elfie carelessly; "but you couldn't, I suppose, and so we must try to keep these."

"How shall we do it?" asked Susie.

"Well, you can sew shirts, and I can get a job now and then at the market, and sometimes I clean steps for people, and that all brings money. How much do you pay for this little room?" she asked.

"A shilling," answered Susie. "Mother's put the shilling away for next week, and she paid the landlord yesterday."

"All right. Have you got any shirts to sew?" asked Elfie.

Susie opened her mother's bundle of work, and took out two that were unfinished.

"I'll finish them and take them home, and ask them give me some," she said.

Elfie seized one and examined it. "Well, I shouldn't know how to put all them bits in the right places," she said.

This was a difficulty that had never struck Susie. She had helped her mother to make these coarse blueirts—sewing, hemming, and stitching in turn; but she had never put one together entirely by herself. She looked up in a little dismay. "I don't think I know how to do it either," she said in a tone of perplexity.

But Elfie turned and turned the shirt about, and at last she said, "Look here, Susie, you'll have to keep one of these back when you take the others home, and then I'll find out how they're to be done between us."

Susie began to think Elfie almost as wise as her mother. She seemed to know how to manage everything, and before evening came she began to look up to her as friend as well as a companion. Elfie hardly liked sewing in the room with that long stretch of whiteness the further end. She had never seen Susie's mother while living, and would not have raised the sheet now to look at the still, calm face for anything. She would rather have gone out to sleep in one of the holes or corners of the Adelphi arches, even risking an encounter with the rats, rather than sleep there; but for Susie's sake she determined to stay.

The next morning she persuaded Susie to sit down to sewing, while she went out to look for something to eat. Meals taken in the ordinary way, Elfie had no idea; she was used to look about the streets for any scraps of food she could pick up, in the same way that a homeless, hungry dog might do, and so it was no hardship for her to go without her breakfast. Susie had often had to wait for it lately—wait all day, feeling faint and hungry, but obliged to sew and stitch on still, that her mother might get the work home in time. She had to do this every day; and then could not finish all. But she tied up her bundle, leaving the unfinished one out for a pattern; and then put on her bonnet to go forth to tell the sad story to another—that her mother was dead, and would never sew shirts any more.

As the man counted the shirts over, she said, "Please, sir, I've left one at home, it ain't quite finished; but mother—"

"There, there, child, I can't listen to tales about your mother," interrupted the man; "she's always been honest, and I won't grumble about the shirt this time; but it must not occur again. I can't give you so many either this time, trade is getting dull now," and pushing Susie's bundle towards her, he turned to another workwoman, and Susie went out wishing she had had the courage to say her mother was dead; for she felt as though she was deceiving him, taking this work to do by herself.

As she went back, Elfie met her. "I've got a nice lot of cold potatoes at home," she said, "and a big handful of cherries that I picked up in the market; and I've seen the work-house man, and told him you ain't going with him."

"What did you say?" asked Susie.

"I told him somebody was coming to live here and take care of you. It's just what I mean to do, Susie," she added; "for I like you, and it'll be fair, you see, if I comes to sleep here when it's cold and wet; for it ain't nice out-of-doors then, I can tell you."

So the compact was formed between these two, and they agreed to help each other and live together, if only the neighbours and work-house people would leave them alone.

They need not have troubled themselves very much about this. The neighbours thought they had done enough when they told the man he had better take Susie to the work-house; while he evidently thought the parish need not be troubled if she had some one to come and live with and take care of her. And so, after the coffin was taken out and carried to its lowly resting-place, no one troubled himself to visit the little garret, or look after the lonely orphan. Elfie did not stay in-doors much; but whenever she found anything extra nice, she always ran home to share it with Susie, and faithfully brought in every penny she earned to put into the tin box where the rent-money was kept. Susie succeeded in her shirt-making better than she expected; but life was very hard, and she sorely missed her mother, and shed many bitter tears when she thought of her. E. B.

THE DIVINE OUTCAST.

'And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.'
LUKE ix. 58.



MOT where to lay Thine head!—O'erwhelming thought
Amidst the splendour of Thy healing power,
That from the silent land earth's dead ones
brought!

And yet, when softly fell the twilight hour,
Thou hadst no home to gladden Thy sweet soul,—
No resting-place that Thou couldst call Thine own:

When sleep from man, with balmy pinions, stole
Life's cares, Thou wert beneath the night alone!

Not where to lay Thine head!—Say, were there
none,

On all the slopes that kissed Bethsaida's wave,
To shelter Thee, the lordly, noble One,
Who came the tribes of all the earth to save?

Or, didst Thou find their doors upon Thee closed,
As was that inn, far in the days gone by,
Against Thy virgin mother, who reposed
In lowly shed, beneath the starlit sky?

Not where to lay Thine head!—By Kidron's rills
Was there no other quiet resting-place,
Besides that home of peace which ever fills
The world's broad heart with thoughts of love and grace?
Is Bethany alone in all Thy life,
With its three loved ones sitting at Thy feet,
To soothe Thy troubled soul, new from the strife
That swayed around Thee in the noisy street?

Not where to lay Thine head!—'Midst Salem's domes,
All gleaming like a snowy-crested sea;
In all its temples and ten thousand homes,
Was there no voice to say,—“Abide with me”?—
No hand to lead Thee from that temple gate,
When fell the dews of night upon Thy hair!—
No loving spirit by Thy side to wait
Till break of day, and find Thee kneeling there?

Not where to lay Thine head!—In all that throng
That welcomed Thee to Zion with delight,
'Mid waving palms and grand triumphal song,
Were there no hearts, when fell the gloomy night,
To lead Thee to a quiet resting-place,
And there rejoice that they their King had met?—

Why had the Prince of Salem, Lord of Grace,
To sleep beneath the shades of Olivet?

Not where to lay Thine head!—When bowed down
Upon the slopes of dark Gethsemane,
Was there not one kind heart in yonder town,
Whose far-off hum Thou heardest, to grant to Thee
A chamber where Thy soul, in its despair,
Might cling to Heaven amidst its bitter moan?—
Why had Thy wail to cleave the midnight air,
As, 'neath the olives, Thou didst kneel alone?

Not where to lay Thine head!—Amidst the gloom
That wrapped the stricken earth from sea to sea,
When, dying, Thou didst vanquish death and doom,
Was there no peaceful sepulchre for Thee?—
Could Judah's tribe not honour its great Son,
And honour more itself in what it gave?
Say, why hadst Thou, its best and noblest One,
To find a refuge in the stranger's grave?

Not where to lay Thine head!—Sweet, only Rest
For those who, weary, in the darkness dwell;
Come in Thy love and lean upon our breast,
And tell our yearning soul that all is well!
Come in Thy Spirit and with us abide;
Lift us above the world's sin-stricken throng!
Be Thou our Friend and sweet sustaining Guide,
And in Thy wondrous love we shall be strong!

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

SKETCHES FROM A VILLAGE IN MOUNT LEBANON.

BY MISS M. WHATELY, AUTHOR OF “RAGGED LIFE IN EGYPT,” “AMONG THE HUTS,” ETC.

IT has been suggested that, though the accounts of *travels* in Lebanon and Syria are numerous enough, a few notes made during a sojourn in a secluded spot among the Syrian mountains might not be uninteresting to English readers, especially as my familiarity with the language enables me to give more details of the customs and ways of the people than is possible for passing travellers, who (except as regards scenery and the mere outside casual observation) are usually dependent for information on a dragoman, who is rarely an accurate informant.

The inhabitants of Lebanon consist, as is generally known, of Christians, Druses, and Moslems, the two former being the most numerous, and almost the exclusive occupants of a large part of the country. The observations I have been enabled to make relate to them only.

This village (which I avoid naming, for several reasons) may serve as a fair specimen of its kind; those nearer to the sea-port of Beyrout are more advanced in civilization; those still more remote, and without the advantages of any means of education, are less so.

It is a large rambling place, beautifully situated, and only needing more shade to be a very agreeable summer residence for those who can bear a considerable amount of “roughing.” The houses are built up and down without regularity, but all are of solid stone, fit to defy the winter storms, flat-roofed, like all Eastern houses, and the roofs rolled smooth with a stone roller, and carefully plastered to serve as a drying-ground for corn, silk, and all manner of things.

There is neither street nor market, but the houses are intersected with rough paths covered with loose stones, brought down by winter torrents, so that even a call on a neighbour a hundred yards off demands an actual scramble; and the wear of shoe leather is amazing. Mulberry plantations surround most of the dwellings; and though a few have a pretty vine trellis, or even a plane or apricot tree in front, these are quite exceptions—silk being the staple of the country, and the people mostly poor, every available corner is generally given to the mulberry. Every house has a wooden pillar, and sometimes two, in the centre, to support the rafters and the weight of the roof. They are built in many cases uncomfortably close together; but this was the old custom.

for the sake of protection. It seems that all belong to occupants, instead of being rented, and this causes them to build more solidly, because each man builds for his children, and not for strangers. The beautiful little village in the valley below the mill has only one or two small buildings near it besides the mill. In Switzerland the valley would have been the place selected to live in; but probably the higher ground is more healthy, and the fountains are not very abundant, and in any case afford only a slender stream, the women having to spend much time and labour in bringing and filling their pitchers sometimes a good distance. The vineyards are all on the higher land; but the little vegetable gardens are all near either to the river or the fountains, and need irrigation. The potato grows very well, a recent introduction; and besides it their variety of vegetables is not great, considering the capability of the climate.

At this spot there are three divisions of Christians,—the Maronite, and Protestant, and Druses; the latter being the most numerous and the poorest, because they are not fond of work, and will scramble for a comfortable life rather than engage in regular labour; while most of the Christian population are very hard-working and industrious.

There is a want of roads (for there is, properly speaking, only one road in North Syria,—that from Beyrout to Haïk), and, even more, the long centuries of crush and oppression under which the Christian population have lived, kept them in a rough, uncivilized state, and retarded progress. In fact, frequent massacres, and persecutions, and constant fear, reduced them to a condition probably far below that of their ancestors; but lately more liberal rulers have opened the way for improvement, and a great increase of education (for which the people are mainly indebted to the efforts of English and American Christians) has done yet more. But it is no time for education to penetrate, especially in a scattered mountain population; and of course there are many of old folks who shrug their shoulders at "new ways," wonder why women should learn to read, and old ways should ever be changed. But the young are very different where they have had any advantage. In this village the few boys or girls who have had good Christian schooling are bright, intelligent, well-mannered, and every way hopeful, and would never consent to go back to ignorance and superstition.

These matters are yet in a very infant state in the mountain villages. The houses consist mostly of a single room, and those which have two have no upper story; nor glass windows, wooden shutters being the substitute. However, for the greater part of the year the climate is so equable and so fine that this inconvenience does not amount to the misery it would be in cold rainy islands. Before the door is frequently a sort of verandah roofed over, which answers as a sort of ante-room. The cooking is done out-of-doors, either in a little court, or (with the poorer people)

simply before the door in a rude fire-place of baked clay.

It seemed very funny at first making tea at such a primitive kitchen, but we soon reconciled us to it. The dwellings of rich and poor are all in the same style here, the difference being only in superior cleanliness. In our temporary abode the rooms are both furnished, like those of our neighbours, with hollow receptacles in the walls called *kovara*, and used to hold stores of corn, &c. Curious niches in the plaster serve the place of cupboards, though here and there an enterprising individual has set up a press, and even a shelf or two. A larger niche every house has in its chief room (where two exist), for holding the bedding of the family, which consists of thin cotton or wool mattresses, easily folded and stowed away, and covered with wadded quilts: they are spread out at night, and put out of sight in the niche (shaded by a light curtain) by day. Usually the rooms are large, and therefore capable of containing the household goods without seeming crowded. It is true there are neither tables nor chairs to take up space. A thin long mattress, covered with coloured print, and furnished with cushions stuffed with dry rushes, and made quite hard, forms the chief furniture of a country farm-house here; the clay floor is spread with mats, and, if the owner is well-off, a handsome carpet at the upper end of the room. There are no wash-stands; a large brass vessel is held by a servant or young member of the family, and water poured over the hands of any one who wants to wash, this (with soap and towel) being presented after meals, and also after a walk or ride. This all seems, and is, very rude and primitive; but I can say, from experience of both, that the dirty, half-civilized state of things one has met in many of the less frequented parts of the Continent (to say nothing of inns and farm-houses in dear old Ireland) is a great deal worse. Furniture and all the appliances of civilized life need to be kept in nice order and very clean in order to be comfortable; and one is better without them if the owners do not understand this. A fusty little room, stuffed with worm-eaten chairs and sofas, cracked basins and jugs, a venerable four-post bed, &c., with a vulgar paper on the wall stained with smoke, glass windows that need cleaning, and atrocious prints hanging against it, and a mirror that makes you look as if just having a tooth drawn.

Who that has travelled has not seen such? and is not a large airy room, plainly whitewashed, with a clean mat, and a mattress covered with white cotton or pink print, better than all this? There is so little to keep clean that, except in very slovenly families, it generally is kept so. The personal habits of the worthy peasant women want reform more than their houses; but the fact is, they are as a rule too hard-worked, and a drudge finds it hard to be tidy. With the first peep of day up springs the active matron, who having lain down in her clothes has no dress to put on. She is in her working-gown of coarse, dark-blue cotton (or more primitive

brown or red cloth, but these are less frequent latterly). The good woman sits at her door feeding, or rather stuffing, her sheep, which has to be fattened for Michaelmas, and is the great resource of the family in winter—its fat being boiled down and kept in jars to use as we do salt butter, but much more largely—being, in fact, the chief animal food of the people. A huge basket of mulberry or vine leaves stands beside the woman, as she fills the great creature's mouth till he can swallow no more, snatching a mouthful of bread for her own breakfast meantime. There seems no regular breakfast among the poorer peasants; but every one gets a thin loaf of coarse bread, and a cucumber or some other relish whenever inclined.

The more advanced of the people wish to introduce the plan of getting a shepherd with assistants to fatten all the sheep of a village, instead of letting the mother of a family neglect her children, and be dirty and coarse herself, from the constant rough work needed for at least three months. But it was impossible to convince them that a change from old ways could be good; and even the wives of the priests and of the Protestant minister are to be seen sitting at their doors, cramming a fat sheep like the rest. Every day this precious beast has to be led to the fountain and drenched with water, and its wool scrubbed. I one day asked a good woman, whose little children were all rags and dirt, whether they did not need a daily scouring more even than her sheep. She laughed at the novel idea, and replied, "The sheep—yes, yes! We wash *him*; but the children—there is no time for that!"—"What! because you can't eat them must they be dirty?" I said. She laughed more heartily than before; but *voilà tout*. I have, indeed, seriously argued the point of children *versus* sheep with some of the more sensible women, and they allowed it was a pity things should be so; but they said, truly, that unless there were a company large enough to pay a shepherd, one alone could not afford to change the old custom.

Before the sheep are the silk-worms. In the spring and early summer, if the house is uncomfortable, the woman untidy, or the little ones neglected, the answer to everything is "the worms!" And these voracious little things do really require such attention, that the poor woman has to rise in the night to go and gather fresh leaves and feed them; but only for a short time. Meanwhile the men are not idle. Clad in the picturesque garment of goat's hair, dyed crimson, between a coat and a cloak in shape, loose trousers of blue cotton descending just below the knee, and a coloured handkerchief bound turban-ways over the red cap or tarboush, the sturdy farmers, whether owners of the plot of wheat or barley, or labourers employed by the possessors (receiving half the produce as payment), are to be seen at daybreak going forth to their work, ploughing up the land where the corn has been reaped, or threshing it with the primitive wooden machine, which the little mountain oxen draw round and round on a

space prepared for the purpose. At busy seasons they will work till long after sunset; but a rest in the heat of the day is usual. And as workmen are paid not by the *time* but by the *work*, there is a more independent, cheerful way of going about their business, and sometimes there appears more leisure, than one would expect; but this arises from the men being able to choose their own time for doing things.

The people of Lebanon are eminently social and generally of a cheerful turn. I have heard them called the French of the East; but this is not a very correct expression, for they are not so light and merry as the French, and much quieter in their amusements. Instead of seeking excitement, they appear especially to relish the calmer pleasures. Dancing and diversions of that class are never seen in the villages; but the men assemble in groups for quiet though lively chat after work is done, or in its intervals, and need no *absinthe* to enliven them, or pots of beer to stupify their heads, like too many Europeans of the working-classes.

The women mix less freely with men than with us, but among the Christians more so than the Mohammedans; and they move about without hiding the face. They wear a veil, usually of white muslin, large enough to answer as a shawl; and when strangers are present, they will sometimes draw it slightly over the lower part of the face, but habitually they go about without any concealment.

The Druse women, on the contrary, always cover every part of the face but *one* eye when outside their doors, or when men not of their family are present. These strange people are often on familiar terms with their Christian neighbours, but do not *assimilate*: like oil and water, they may approach, but not meet. They are of much more modern origin than the Christians of Lebanon, and are quite a mixed race, made up of several tribes, some of the country and many others from a distance, as Kurds and Algerines, who joined the sect and formed one body. Their warlike habits, and the strength always given by a *secret* faith, enabled them to wrest most of the Lebanon from the Christians, and for many years they were lords over the whole of the mountains. Now, when their power has, happily for the country, been considerably reduced, many of the Christians continue to show to the chiefs among them an almost cringing deference of manner, painful to see, especially as it is often accompanied by secret dislike. On the whole, however, there is more friendliness than could well be expected, considering how recent and how terrible was the massacre.

In our village, several of the poorer Druse families have been indebted to the chief Protestant family for assistance, and have received from their liberal hands provisions in scarce winters, as well as numberless acts of kindness; and in consequence, they, I believe, sincerely respect these friends.

One day I was seated near the fountain sketching,

and a Druse woman, with whom I had a slight acquaintance from previous visits to the place, came up, and after saluting me, began to bewail the recent loss of a highly-esteemed member of the family I allude to. "Never," she said, wiping her eyes, "never shall we see *his* like again! Who that saw his life could help loving him?"—"Do you believe he is with God now?" I asked, knowing that the Druses excluded Christians from *their* heaven, and indeed all but themselves. "Ah yes!" replied the poor woman, weeping more than before, "I feel sure of it. He served God and helped every one, Druse and Christian—he *must* be with God now." What a testimony! I went on to ask her if her people did not think that the blessed among themselves went to China after death (a very odd paradise, certainly, but such is their idea). "Yes," she said, "they say so; but I am ignorant—I don't know much about China."—"Well, I have read a good deal about it," I told her, "and the people there are clever in making cups and in cultivating tea; but crockery and tea do not constitute paradise. Ah no! my dear friend; our Book tells us that the blessed go to a far better place, where sin and sorrow and tears cannot follow them." And I told her of Jesus and his love, and of our hopes in him. She seemed much interested; but the hard part of speaking to Druses is, that they are too ready to acquiesce and please at the *time*; while the awe in which they are brought up of the secret tenets, which only the *ash* or initiated among themselves know, keeps them from daring to think steadily and seriously on religious subjects, or avowing it if they did. They will often *listen*, especially to English people, and this is always some advantage. We know not where the seed may, by grace, be enabled to take root; but *words* of acquiescence mean nothing with them, because their curious tenets permit that, for political ends, they should please strangers, and say that falsehoods towards them are no sin.

A little while ago a very agreeable and handsome Druse chief visited us. I was asked afterwards by one of my friends if I noticed him clear his throat, as if he had a cold, on entering. I replied, "I suppose he felt hoarse."—"Not at all; this clearing or hemming is a ceremony among his people, and means to convey twenty curses to every Christian in the room (a higher number to Jews and to Moslems; but as we were all Christians, this was only our share). Nor does personal friendship excuse him from the custom."

We visited the wife of the principal Druse the other day, and the Christian maid-servant who went before to announce us evidently thought extraordinary respect was necessary, for she ran first to change her walking-dress, and after ushering us in with much ceremony, herself seized the head of the mistress of the house and kissed the top of it! (this being a special mark of humility and devotion, it seems). There were signs that greater wealth had once been in the house, which possessed some ancient wood-carving and arched windows,

&c., but all very ill kept; and a heap of corn lay on the floor in one corner, near the cradle where the baby was asleep, its covering fringed with gold, and its cap adorned with little silver chains and coins. The mother and wife of the Bey (as he was usually called) looked as if they led a quiet in-door life, not being weather-beaten and roughened by daily toil like most of their neighbours; in fact, they rarely stir from the house. But when we came to talk to them, they had even less to say than the poorest peasant woman, their minds seeming utterly blank of ideas. The younger one was pretty, as far as a face devoid of expression can be. It was impossible to keep up conversation long with people who had nothing to say, and it was quite a relief when grapes were brought in, giving something to occupy guests and hostess. (In this season grapes supply the place of sherbet and coffee.) The men are much more conversational, as they mix more with others; and many of them are in the habit of dropping in quite familiarly into our abode, the venerable head of the family being highly esteemed by them. Sometimes two or three will come in the evening, and stay during evening worship.

A few days ago an elderly man, who was with us at prayers, held a long conversation respecting the chapter just read with his host and myself, and made some very intelligent remarks, but only in an intellectual point of view.

Another (who is a man of property, and has one of the handsomest faces that can be seen, but for the fault, so general in his people, of a suspicious and curious expression of eye, as if unable to look quite straight at you) comes here occasionally; and when some of my friends went by special invitation to visit him, having some mutual business to transact, they met with a most hospitable reception, and found quite a feast prepared, or what, considering the poverty of the mountains, seemed such. And yet they do not venture to drink coffee with this friend! Personally, they would have no idea that he would think of injuring them; but among the numerous relatives who reside in his house there are supposed to be some who are not so friendly as he is to Christians; and they will always shield one another under *any* circumstances, so that the friendship of the sheikh could be no absolute protection.

For the same reason, they take care to return by broad daylight if possible when going to this family, who live at two hours' distance.

The Christians, having often rougher manners and less complimentary language, are not so popular with foreigners as Druses; but though we know God's Spirit can change even a nature *warped* by being bred up in deceit, we ought to be aware that the polite expressions are, as a general rule, merely assumed for policy. The roughest Lebanon peasant, however, in hairy garment and ragged shirt, is courteous and graceful compared to most English or German countrymen, and that not to strangers only, nor nearly so much, as to their own equals! I often observe with pleasure the meeting of

two of them after an absence. "How are you? Oh, George, how is your health? May it please God you return safe and well? I trust you have had a successful journey? How are your family?" &c., &c. The other, taking the hand of his neighbour in both his, returns all these inquiries with cordiality and cheerfulness. If relations, they embrace, as also if they are very dear friends; a father and son fall on each other's neck, in the old scriptural fashion, which is very touching and pleasant to see.

In the family where I am staying there frequently come "poor relations," who are so different from the more wealthy and educated members of the family that it is hardly possible to conceive them to be even distant cousins; but, like the old Highland clans, these are never coldly kept at a distance or unacknowledged, but most kindly welcomed; and, however slight their relationship, they all address the aged head of the family as "uncle." From a sort of tact or good taste native to the people, these simple poor relations do not wish to join guests of more distinction, but sit contentedly round a large straw tray called a *tabac*, and sup with the servants; in fact, one of the servants is sometimes a poor relation. Here one is, though not a relation, a connection of the family; yet not the slightest disrespect is ever observed in her manners. There is a great deal of equality here, as in the East generally, but the distinctions of position, wealth, and education are all fully acknowledged. It was curious to see the profound respect with which a person of distinction was welcomed on his arrival the other day,—the kissing of his hand by all the humbler people, who hastened to meet him, and gladly assisted the servants of the family in serving the sherbet and coffee, and taking care of his horses, &c. Yet when all this was over, the poorest labourers crowded into the room and took their seats on the mat to hear the conversation, and even join in it occasionally. It looked quite patriarchal (but for the pipes, which I presume are modern, comparatively speaking); the guest and his host with one or two friends and relatives at the upper end of the divan, then the farmers and labourers, the stone-mason (who is rather a superior young man, by the way), the schoolmaster, and others; most of these Protestants, like the visitor himself, and no doubt not a little proud at the thought that the most talented and learned man in Syria, and one who is frequently consulted by the Pasha, belongs to their faith. Besides these, however, were several Maronites and a few Druses. The room was crammed with men, from the wealthy land-owner in good-cloth dress to the most patched and ragged of the labourers of our host. The servants, male and female, came in, as soon as the dishes were washed, for prayers; and our esteemed friend gave an exhortation after reading the chapter in our course, which could not fail to profit the hearers, and prayed with much fervour and spirituality.

You will expect some notice of our Sundays. The

Maronites and Greeks of course keep this day much as those of their persuasion do elsewhere, but more quietly; there is no noisy announcement, and only a little work carried on, except among Druses, who do not keep Sunday at all.

The Protestants assemble at an early hour in their humble chapel, and I must do them the justice to observe that, though mostly very poor people, and dirty enough all the week, they come to church as clean and neat as could be desired; even the little boys have evidently had their curly locks well attended to, and their vests or long tunics of gay print or plain white calico carefully washed by their mothers. All sit on the floor—men on one side, women on the other—except a few of the most respectable men, who have the dignity of a bench. I cannot say much for their singing, as it is more like the growling of bears than anything else, there being no one in the village capable of leading.

The native minister reads some portions of Scripture, and preaches from some written notes beside him. The doctrine is sound; but the people, mostly ignorant and hard-working, and occupied in the open air all day, are inclined to sleep easily when sitting still, and would require a good deal of liveliness, energy, and tact to keep up their attention, and keep them awake.

After the service, which is but short, most of the women remain with me when I am here for a little instruction in the gospel, and of course I do all I can to rouse their attention by illustrations, anecdotes, and frequent questions. Just after church is not the best time; but they got dispersed and would not be collected when I tried a "cottage meeting."

As every one takes off his or her shoes at entering a room, it may be supposed what a shuffling goes on at the chapel door as the congregation goes out. As all are nearly alike, it is a mystery to me how each finds his own; and the same when the women go in their turn. At last it is done, the slippers all appropriated, and the babies shouldered (they being, like soldiers' muskets, carried on the shoulder), and amidst a flood of salutations we retreat, and the white-veiled throng disperses. Scarcely any of the old costume remains in this village, except on a few old women; all wear prints or strong linen dyed dark blue.

Perhaps it is more cleanly than the more valuable, but less frequently washed, dresses of old time, made of fine woollen cloth; but it is far less picturesque.

One day I amused a party of neighbours by making a sketch of one of the family attired in the real old costume, which she had to borrow for the purpose. It consisted of a curiously cut gown of dark green cloth, embroidered tastefully in white silk cord all down the seams and round the borders, which were also edged with red; the sleeves were tight, and just came to the elbows, a calico or linen dress with long sleeves appearing within. But the great curiosity was a *horn*, called a "tantoor," such as was formerly worn by all females in the mountains, Christians and Druses alike,—though

I have heard it called the "*Druse* horn," as if peculiar to them. It is now so entirely gone out, that it can only be met with in a few remote spots; and the only one in this place had not been worn for many years. Our hostess told me she had worn it, like all her neighbours, till the invasion of the Lebanon by Ibrahim Pasha, from Egypt, when he and his Moslem soldiers spoiled the villages, and took all the "*tantoors*" away by force. The people were robbed of so many valuables that no one could spare money afterwards to replace an article which cost at the lowest price 400 piastres (about £2), as it must be made of silver; so the fashion was abandoned.

The "*tantor*" is a hollow horn, or tube, about four inches round, and from half to three-quarters of a foot high, made of embossed silver, thin enough to be no great weight, though tolerably solid. It is fixed on by rings, through which a string is passed; and a coloured muslin or silk handkerchief round the forehead secures it in its place. Then the veil of white muslin is thrown over it in such a way as to show a part in front only, and to hang gracefully round the shoulders. I thought, on examining this curious head-dress, that it was amazing what women could mean by encumbering themselves with such an inconvenient concern, and one with so little beauty. But when my young friend had put it on I soon saw their reason (though far from thinking it worth the cost): it was so becoming, strange as it may seem, that a rather ordinary-looking girl appeared all at once really handsome in this new equipment. I cannot say how Europeans would look in it—my subject had thoroughly Oriental features, though without much regularity and beauty—but I could at once see that the Lebanon fair ones knew what they were about in wearing "*tantoors*." The pretty looked beautiful, and the ordinary ones pretty, under its strange power. Their attention is now, however, I hope, beginning to be turned to some matters of higher importance than outside looks; and the fathers are more anxious to buy books for their girls than silver horns.

We were all much diverted, however, at the antique costume; and I was interested in hearing one or two of the old matrons telling anecdotes of Ibrahim Pasha's invasion, and how their fatted sheep, as well as their beloved horns, had been confiscated by the Moslems.

Poor things, first persecuted by the Mohammedan power, and then by the *Druse*; always robbed and injured! It surely becomes foreign Christians to be liberal in assisting them, both in endeavouring to give them the unadulterated gospel, and in raising them by education and civilization, not to what they once were, but much higher. Some Europeans who come here to teach, or merely to visit, express much surprise at the primitive and often rough ways of the mountaineers; but these persons have probably mixed little, if at all, with the peasantry in remote country districts, even in our own islands. The humblest Lebanon dwelling is far above an Irish cabin in Galway or Derry; and in

mixing with the people all seems to show that they formerly enjoyed much more wealth, and in some respects more civilization, than at present.

The almost total absence of drunkenness is one most important point in which they are superior to the beer and whisky-drinking population of too many agricultural districts in Europe. Their vines produce excellent wine; but it is rarely used, except on festive occasions and in illness, and this in great moderation. The juice of the grape is made by long boiling into a thick syrup or honey called *dibs*; and this is eaten with bread, and used in cookery. Raisins are also made in quantities, but for want of a market and roads are all consumed at home. In September the people are all busy raisin-making; and the business, being done at the vineyards, partakes of the nature of a festival. All relations and friends in town who can get a holiday select this time for it; children come home from school; and parties are made to eat grapes at each other's vineyards.

It is pleasant to see so much innocent enjoyment at so cheap a rate; and the family groups wending their way up the steep mountains forms a pleasant sight. With their simple habits and social nature, the gathering together in the open air, with the enjoyment of the delicious climate, and the abundance of beautiful grapes, supply all they require.

I thought the other day, when seeing a party of young people setting off on one of these little excursions, of the expression of the prophet, "There shall be *wailing* in the vineyards;" and how evidently this was meant as a peculiarly emphatic description of universal gloom.

But, indeed, all through the summer in this country, we are perpetually reminded of Scripture images and expressions, by the very habits and language of the people. Earlier in the season I used to hear one and another say, "Let us get up early to go up to the vineyards and see how the grapes are advancing;" and again, "Let us go *down* to the valley to the nut-trees;" and soon it will be, "Let us go and see them treading the grapes in the press," this being done for grape honey as well as for wine.

The "cottage in a vineyard" spoken of in Isaiah, ought more correctly to be called a hut, or shed, as it is not a residence of a permanent sort, but a temporary abode (made usually of boughs and reeds) for the *notoor*, or keeper of the vineyards; a man appointed by each village to watch them and drive away "the little foxes (here called *warsee*) that destroy the vines," and also thieves. He is always provided with a staff and a loaded gun; and at certain seasons has to be awake all night. He has a rather solitary life for the time; and his lonely little wigwam, perched generally on the summit of some eminence, so as to command a wide view, is a conspicuous object in the landscape; and the Scripture comparison seems strikingly appropriate when one views the *notoor's* hut from a distance.

There is a beautiful bird which at this time frequents

the vineyards, and remains for about six or seven weeks, coming when the grapes are sweet enough to attract a number of bees and wasps, which form its food, and flying away to some other region when the vintage is over. I could not learn from the inhabitants whence it comes, but all agree it is a migratory bird, and never breeds here. This lovely visitor is called the "wa-warr." It is about the size of a thrush, with plumage of delicately shaded green, the head crowned with reddish-brown feathers, a throat of brilliant yellow, and a green breast; its bill long, hard, and jet-black, and black circles round the eyes, which are of a crimson colour: the effect is not gaudy but dazzling, the hues being blended so exquisitely together. The hen bird is less brilliant than the male, but very gaily clad, nevertheless. They come in flocks, and make a cheerful piping as they dart about after their prey. These pretty birds, unluckily, are good to eat, and so are often snared by the peasants; they taste much like a snipe. No one was able to stuff one for me, so I was obliged to be content with painting them, having tied a pair by a string round the feet. But they were not agreeable sitters, being fierce little things; they snapped at me with their beaks whenever I ventured near them, and even pecked at each other. Linnets and larks abound here, as well as some other birds I do not know. But all are rather hunted down to eat, as the scarcity of meat makes it a temptation to catch the humblest game. The people's diet is somewhat meagre, consisting principally of very dark, coarse bread, baked in thin flaps (usually mixed with more or less *grit*, from the nature of the grindstone), sour milk, and dried curds, with vegetables, which in the summer consist of small gourds or pumpkins, kidney beans, and tomatoes, besides potatoes and black egg-plants. These are cooked with the fat of their sheep instead of butter or oil. Eggs, and now and then a fowl, as a treat, make up the summer bill of fare; not forgetting rice, which, however, though relished by all, is not cheap enough for the poorer people to obtain habitually. The bread is not palatable to any but those early accustomed to it, but is wholesome and nutritious to the hardy mountaineers, who often make a meal of nothing else but their coarse bread and a handful of the sweet herbs so abundant on the Lebanon, which are eaten both fresh and dried as a relish. Dry pease and lentils are much used, but when possible, rice is always cooked with them, and either prepared fat or oil is never omitted, so that Europeans think the food too greasy; but as they have no butter, and meat very rarely, these supply the place. A goat is now and then slain, but its flesh is very coarse, and it is not till autumn is far advanced that the fat sheep, which have given so much trouble, and which by that time can hardly walk, are killed, and the fat fried down for winter use. It is very delicate, superior to lard, which it much resembles.

While speaking of food, I may mention here how we eat in the mountains, where modern ways have not penetrated. We all sit round a little table a few inches

high upon the floor; and as we are a mixed party, we have some forks for those accustomed to them, and plates also. Those who eat in the old fashion, take a bit of bread in the fingers and *hook up* a morsel out of the dish thereby. But I observe knives and forks are much used in the towns by the better families, and certainly are more cleanly and comfortable; though they manage more cleverly than one would expect, and rarely drip the sauce in conveying it in that primitive manner to the mouth. At least, this is the case with well-bred persons; but a circle of rough labourers or hungry boys at a meal is not a pleasant sight. The thing I like least, however, is the custom of each despatching his meal as quickly and silently as possible, and then jumping up and running off, so that one who cannot eat so fast is left in solitary dignity at the table!

Those who have mixed much with Europeans generally catch our habit of chatting during the meal, and then cannot leave it off; but the former is the old fashion. Children rarely find room at the small table if many are present, and indeed have the bad habit of going about all day munching something, so that they cannot take a hearty meal at once. The splendid air and constant exercise keep them from being sick with such a system; but in a town it would never answer. The hospitality shown to strangers and visitors I have already alluded to; but in nothing is it more remarkable than in the readiness with which a "table is spread" (this is the term, a strictly scriptural one, observe, for providing a meal) for strangers. Every muleteer, every traveller, every lad who comes with a message, or labourer who brings wood from the hills, no matter what hour of the day he comes, has a table prepared at once, with half-a-dozen little plates, supplied with fried eggs or salad or cooked food, if such is ready; if not, sour milk, grape-honey, or cheese, olives, &c., is set out, with a heap of bread, more than three men could consume. But it is in order to let him see he is welcome that such an immense allowance must be set before him. In families where there is no servant (and but few, even of those comfortably off, keep any), the mistress and her daughters often have to prepare these tables half-a-dozen times a day, if chance sends so many guests; but it is always done cheerfully and cordially, want of hospitality being looked on as something horrible. And though the mountaineers have the character of being stingy as regards money, no one can say they are so as to provisions, or in taking trouble, especially for travellers. When guests are departing, it is the custom to urge them to delay till next day, or at least for several hours, and if they are persuaded to do so, the hosts always seem delighted. Of course there must be cases where there is no particular friendship or any reason for trying to prevail on them to delay; but it is a point of honour to insist on it. "Tarry a little till the afternoon and rest yourselves, and after that you can depart," in almost scriptural language, is urged on the departing guest. If at last he must go, his

saddle-bag is stored with whatever portable food can be found ; and if he is a poor man going on foot, a napkin is tied up with bread, eggs, &c., and all the family bid him a kind farewell, and commend him to the care of God. These may be words of course sometimes, but certainly arise from a right feeling, and are often sincere prayers in Christian persons.

I need hardly say that a good many superstitions still linger among the villagers, amongst which the fear of the evil eye is the most troublesome ; it is going out, however, among the younger inhabitants. Some of their fancies are rather droll. For instance, the other day, a young woman who had a few years ago been servant to some of our party, and had since married, called to pay her respects. She carried her first child, a fine little girl a few months old, in her arms. After noticing it, and asking the age, &c., I inquired the baby's name, and to my surprise the mother said, "She is called *Ditheby*" (I cannot write the curious sound more nearly than this), the meaning of which is "she wolf !" "What a very singular name," I said, and not common here, where the meaning of names is even more thought of than sound.

I was then informed that the young woman was a second wife, and that her husband had lost all his children by the first wife in infancy, therefore when this little one by the second marriage was born, the old women all assured her that it must be given the name of some wild beast, and that then the spell would be broken. Wild beasts are supposed to be very long-lived, and boys are not unfrequently named *Lion* and *Tiger* on this account. As the second wife is a remarkably strong, vigorous person, and her child the image of its mother, the superstition will probably be confirmed in the ignorant family, to whom it would never occur that the sickly woman who died early had naturally weak children.

A benevolent superstition is, that it is unlucky to

refuse a beggar, especially if a gipsy, and the pieces of stale bread are kept for the purpose of giving to tramps by those who have a household on a sufficiently liberal scale to have more than is needed absolutely from day to day. I own the mountain bread, when stale, is indeed "bread of affliction," and needs the appetite of a very hungry beggar to swallow it !

Our last day having come, we had quite an assembly in the large room, which has to do duty as reception room for female guests, as well as for—I am afraid to say how many purposes besides. Every one of the Protestant women, amounting to about twenty-five or more, and several of the Greek and Maronite Churches also, came in to bid farewell, and spend part of the evening, and the mat was quite covered with guests, most of them carrying children. We endeavoured to improve the opportunity, and read from the Scripture, and conversed with our poor friends, of whom only two or three could read, and most of whom were very ignorant. Their husbands were in the other room having a similar meeting with the heads of the family, so that the house was full. Nor was this a final leave-taking. All the neighbours who were able to spare time from their work collected at sunrise to see us off, and many of the men walked a considerable way over the rough mountain path down to the river in the valley ere they would say farewell. This friendly courtesy to parting guests is a very pleasing trait, and makes people go off with kindly feelings to their neighbours. May the light of the gospel, which shines as yet but here and there over the mountains of Lebanon, soon illuminate them with a spiritual brightness more lovely to the Christian than the fair sunshine was to the eye as we wound our way up and down its steep tracks ; and may the day soon come when Lebanon and the isles of the sea shall rejoice together in the coming of the glorious Redeemer !

BREATHINGS ON THE BORDER.—NO. IV.

BY ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

LEAVE His summer garden—into His pleasant garden—
In the dawn of the morning, the Master bade me go ;
And the place he showed to me was beneath a spreading
tree,
Where I only saw the sunbeams as they passed to and
fro.

I was glad of that shelter—of that broad branching
shelter ;
It was green in that shelter, so quiet and so fair :
Out beyond the cooling shade weak flowers droop and
fade ;
And I was one weaker than the weakest flower there.

Far out amid the sunshine—the bright, happy sunshine—
They walk in the sunshine, where I shall never be :
And roses red they bring, for the Master's welcoming ;
But pale, pale the roses are that grow round me.

Yet when the Master cometh—when the dear Master
cometh—

In the cool of the evening, to see the garden green,
I have flowers too to give, that in the shadow live,
And lift up their leaves, all shining, where heaven's dew
hath been.

I will bring him tall lilies—the white, patient lilies—
Like the crowns of the angels, so stainless and so fair ;
I have violets, dark and sweet, to lay before his feet ;
I have pale flowers that blossom but to scent the night air.

So when the day shall darken—when the long day shall
darken—

I shall rise from my shadow, I shall listen for his word.
And oh, that it may be, looking on my flowers and me—
"Thou art my good servant ; thou hast watched for thy
Lord !"

Apologetics for the People.

BY DR. R. PATERSON, CHICAGO.

[We propose to present a series of papers on the Christian evidences, from the pen of an eminent American minister. They will differ from most treatises on that subject in that the theoretic and the practical will freely intermingle. Logical and scientific argument will alternate with the most loving and pungent appeals to the heart and conscience.

We on this side may gain something at the present crisis by seeing the subject treated by competent hands from an American view-point. For a long time the line between belief and unbelief has been much more sharply drawn across the surface of society in the West than in our own country. This circumstance gives more definiteness and directness to the utterances of Christian men there on the questions that rise between themselves and their non-believing neighbours. There is thus more, if not of uprightness, at least of downrightness in their methods and expressions. Our readers will, we are persuaded, find and welcome in these papers the skill of an acute dialectician in union with the warmth of a Christian heart.—EDITOR.]

I.

A MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIS BELIEF.

"I DON'T believe in religion." So a great many people say, and a greater number think. When one of this class is urged to love Christ, to pray to God, to read the Bible, to keep the Sabbath holy, to worship God in his family, and bring them to church, or any other plainly commanded duty which he dislikes, he will coolly reply, "I am not a member of the Church; I don't believe in religion." As if he supposed that the authority of God's law depended on his pleasure, or the truth of religion upon his belief of it.

Some of these unbelievers will lament their unbelief as a misfortune which somehow or other has befallen them. They would like to enjoy that high religious feeling which Christians possess, but really they are unable to believe the dogmas of religion. And as their opinions are the inevitable result of their education and circumstances, if they should happen to be wrong, they cannot help it, but must just rely upon the infinite mercy of God to preserve them from the consequences of error, and do not see why they may not please God as well as the rest of the world, most of whom do not give themselves very much trouble about religion.

But this convenient creed is short at both ends. For the teaching of the Bible is, that the rest of the world does not please God at all, but is crowding down the broad road to destruction; and the particular business of the Holy Spirit is to convince the world of this sin of unbelief. And if unbelief of the truth be a misfortune, and the mercy of God has not prevented it from falling upon them, it may happen that it will not prevent a further misfortune of the belief of a lie from falling upon them, for misfortunes never come single. If a blind man shall undertake to walk a crooked road, sincerely believing it to be straight, neither God's mercy nor his sincerity shall prevent him from falling into the ditch. So, if a worldly-minded man shall persist in the belief that ungodliness is just as pleasing to God as piety, and contemptuously despise mercy and salvation through Christ, and sincerely believe that he is better off in the devil's service than in God's worship, I see no good reason why God's mercy, which allowed all these

unfortunate delusions to come upon him, may not as well allow them to remain upon him—and as he has had the misfortune to live in his sins because of his unbelief, why he may not have the misfortune to die in his sins because of his unbelief—and, as God's mercy did not prevent him from despising the service of God in this world, why it may not well enough consist with allowing him to remain of the same opinion in the next world; ay, and to continue of the same opinion throughout eternity—and as his opinion led him to serve the devil on earth, notwithstanding God's mercy, why the same opinion may not lead him to continue in the devil's service in hell notwithstanding God's mercy; for surely God's mercy is not bound to drag people to heaven whether they will or no. If unbelief, then, be a misfortune merely, it is certainly a great one, the cause and beginning of many others, a fire that will surely burn the house it has caught on, a sickness that will be the death of the sufferer. The man who will not believe God's truth must of necessity believe the devil's lie—for there is no third theory—and so live in error and die in error, and find himself as far astray from truth and happiness in the next world as he was when he left this. And so unbelief and perdition are as firmly chained together by common sense as they are by Holy Scripture, which says, "*He that believeth not shall be damned.*"

But still you may urge that "it is very hard that God should damn a man for his opinions, seeing he cannot help them—that belief or unbelief is wholly involuntary. We believe where we have sufficient evidence; and where we do not see sufficient evidence, we cannot believe if we would. If I see anything with my own eyes, I cannot help believing it. If I have had experience of any feeling, I cannot help believing its reality. If any scientific problem is mathematically proved to me, I cannot help believing it. But religion gives no such proof to me, therefore I cannot believe it. Its doctrines are beyond my comprehension. The miracles recorded in Scripture are contrary to all my experience, and the duties it requires are utterly beyond my power to perform. How can I believe such a mass of mysteries, or live up to such a standard of piety?"

The truth or falsehood of the gospel does not depend on your likes or dislikes, nor the authority of God's law on your notions of your ability to keep it. God nowhere commands you to understand the mysteries of religion any more than the mysteries of nature. You never allege that you cannot believe that the sunshine is warm and bright because you cannot explain how it is so. Nor is the evidence on which you are called to believe the truths of religion the evidences of your senses; for you believe in God, I hope, yet you never saw him: nor yet the evidence of your own experience, for you believe you will die, though neither you nor any one living ever experienced death. You have no more need for mathematical demonstration of the authenticity of the Bible before you believe it and frame your life by it, than of the authenticity of the Constitution of the United States, or of the laws of Ohio, of which, nevertheless, you have not the slightest doubt, and frame your life accordingly.

And now as to your not being able to help your unbelief, we will inquire a little into that. A person believes according to the evidence he sees of the truth of any statement, or according to the confidence he has in the integrity of the person who makes it. His view of the evidence depends upon the attention he gives to it. There may be sufficient evidence for the truth of religion, but the man who does not attend to it will not see it. The astronomer knows very well that the earth moves round the sun, because he has studied the evidence of that truth; while the savage who has not, or the school-boy who will not, obstinately asserts that the sun moves round the earth. This they very sincerely believe, because of their ignorance; and while they are ignorant they cannot help believing as they do: but surely no one will say that they cannot help their erroneous belief, unless he can show that they cannot help their ignorance. The things revealed in the Bible are not self-evident truths; had they been so, we had needed no Bible: he who would believe them must attend to the evidences of their truth which God has furnished. If any one, either from dislike of these truths themselves, or of the duties to which they lead, will refuse or neglect to consider these evidences, it is very certain that he will not believe them, and still more certain that he should not affirm that he cannot help his unbelief. So when you say you cannot believe the Bible in general, or some of its particular truths, that may be very true, because you keep yourself in ignorance of the evidence; but while you keep yourself ignorant, it is false to say you cannot help your unbelief. You can certainly read the Bible through, from beginning to end. That is the very least examination that any book worth reading at all can receive. You know that it would be only a lie to your own conscience to say, "I cannot help my unbelief of this book, which I have never read." Now I put it to your own conscience, Have you read the Bible through, yea or not? If not, your unbelief is wilful. You can help it, but you will not.

When I speak of reading the Bible, I do not mean such a cursory and forced perusal as a lazy school-boy gives his arithmetic, reading the words and figures because he is told to do so, but never giving any serious study to learn their meaning, nor applying to his teacher for aid in his difficulties; but after yawning over a page or two, throwing down the book with disgust, and saying he cannot believe such nonsense. Just so some persons read the Bible, either because they are told to do so by their parents, or because their consciences say they should; but they fill their hearts and minds with other matters, and when their sleepy attention is by chance roused enough to see a difficulty, they never grapple with it; and though God has promised his Holy Spirit as a teacher to those who ask him, they never thought it worth while to try whether he was in earnest or not. Now, let the conscience of every such person answer, Is it your fault or God's that you are thus impious? Until, then, you repent of your impiety, and earnestly pray for the Holy Spirit to teach you the truth, and pray, it is utterly false for you to say that you cannot help your unbelief. Your religion or irreligion is just as much a matter of your own choice as the trade you practise or neglect at your pleasure.

But still it is urged: "Granting that we do choose our belief, what great harm can there be in doubting certain mysterious dogmas, or denying certain religious doctrines? There must certainly be room for harmless differences about religion as well as about other things. My belief or unbelief can do no injury to God, who is far removed beyond the reach of my opinions. And if my opinions do no injury to my neighbours, I see no reason why I should perish eternally on account of them, even though they should prove to be erroneous, and I might have known better."

If—ay, that is just the point, that if. Let us inquire whether unbelief of God's Word, and contempt for God's law, be injurious treatment of him or not; and whether a life of ungodliness and irreligion be a harmless example to set before your neighbours; and whether God could, with safety to the universe, allow such people as you to think and do as they please with impunity.

The character of the person whom you refuse to believe has certainly something to do with this matter, though you seem not to have thought of that at all. There are thousands of persons in this world who have no special claim upon your attention, and yet the honour due to all men as fellow-beings demands that when one of them addresses you, you listen to his communication. It is not until a person has earned the character of a public liar and cheat that you refuse him a hearing, and turn him out of doors. By your wilful unbelief and neglect of religion you treat God with more contempt than you would show to any passing stranger, and turn him out to receive the like disrespect from others. If an intimate friend addressed a letter to you, and you returned it unanswered, unperused, unopened, every person who knew that would at once conclude that this

friend had deceived and injured you, and that you took this method of closing your intercourse with him to prevent him from deceiving and injuring you again. God has been a good friend to you; yet you will neither read his letter nor believe his communication. Is that kindly to your friend? When the Secretary of Congress sends authenticated copies of the laws of the United States to the governors and people of the various states, if some of them should refuse to read them, and say they did not mean to pay any attention to them, because they did not believe in such things, would you think that this was simply a queer opinion of these people, but one that had no great harm in it? Would you think them good loyal American citizens, albeit they would neither acknowledge the Constitution nor obey the laws, and submit to the judges? Would you not say that their rejection of the documents argued their disloyalty to the Government that sent them—that their disobedience proved their treason—and that their rebellion called for all the forces of the nation to suppress and punish it? God is your Governor. He has sent you a communication, but you will not receive it. It contains his laws, but you will not read them. You live in the daily violation of them, and say to your fellow-man you hope it is no harm, that your opinions on religion differ from God's, and surely there can be no great harm in one's opinions. When you answer to God for your sins, will you dare to say that you transgressed his law because you did not believe it—that indeed you never read it—that you did not think such a matter worthy of the least attention—that you did not believe in religion?

The Lord Jesus Christ is certainly worthy of better treatment than you give him. If you could prove him to be a liar and an impostor, if you could show that his teachings were impure and unholy, and that the record of his mighty works was all a fable, then your unbelief would be blameless. There is no middle ground for you to take. Jesus is either what he said he was—the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners—and his gospel is what he declares it is—God's message for your soul's salvation,—or he is not what he professed to be, and so is a liar and an impostor, and as such to be despised by all honest men. This is what every unbeliever says by his conduct; namely, that Jesus is not worthy of belief. Now, let me press this upon the conscience of every half-way unbeliever who may read this paper:—Are you prepared to prove Jesus Christ to be an impostor and a cheat? Will you go to the judgment-seat of God with the evidence in your hands that he is a liar, and his gospel an imposture? It makes no difference what the form of your unbelief may be—whether you are a scoffing libertine, or a decent church-goer—whether you have sense enough to see the consequence of unbelief, and honesty enough to avow it—or whether you try to cloak the unbelief of your heart by an oily-tongued civility—the language of every person who does not profess a hearty faith in Christ, and become a member of his Church, is most plainly and unmistakably this:—

"I do not believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God."

"I do not believe that God sent him into the world."

"I do not believe that he taught the truth."

"I do not believe that he wrought miracles."

"I do not believe that he died to save sinners."

"I do not believe in forgiveness through his blood."

"I do not believe that he rose from the dead."

"I do not believe that he ascended up into heaven."

"I do not believe that he governs the world."

"I do not believe that he will come again to judge me and all the world at the last day."

"But I believe that,—

"The Bible is a fable."

"That such a person as the Jesus it describes never lived."

"That the apostles were vile, lying impostors;" and,—

"That all Christians are either knaves or fools."

Can you imagine that it is an affair of no consequence that you thus vilify Christ and his gospel, and put him to open shame?

The Holy Spirit bears witness to the truth of God's message and of Christ's mission. He has attested the truth of the gospel by many most wonderful works; among others, by teaching the first preachers to proclaim it in languages they never learned from man, else it had never come to your ears. Multitudes of those who saw these miracles were convinced so fully of the divinity of the gospel, that they suffered death rather than disown it. The Holy Spirit has given you stronger evidence of the truth of the facts of the gospel history, of the life and death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus, than you ever had of any other history whatever. You have no such abundance of conclusive proof that such a man as George Washington lived and fought his country's battles, or that the Continental Congress declared the independence of these United States, as you have that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, and that his apostles preached the gospel and planted Churches to preserve and proclaim it over the world. You have only one national holiday in the year to commemorate the Declaration of Independence, while every week has a "Lord's-day," to celebrate the resurrection of your Lord; and every church bell rings out in your hearing, "Christ is risen, Christ is risen." If you suppose it an easy matter to get people persuaded to give up their usual employments, and celebrate commemorations of things which never happened, you can try the experiment. Suppose you persuade the people of Kentucky, black and white, to observe the 4th of August every year as a holy day, and to go to church and give thanks to God for the dissolution of the Union, or for some other event which never happened, and which, if they can help it, never will. You would, doubtless, be sent to the nearest lunatic asylum before you had proceeded far on such an errand. Now, do you think Christ and his apostles were such madmen, or that the hundreds of

thousands who believed them were fools? Or that, at some later period, the world was peopled with a race of idiots, and suddenly, in Italy and England, in Syria and Switzerland, in France and Persia, in Germany and Africa, a number of knowing men invented the gospel story, and got them to believe it, and persuaded them to employ a day in every week in hearing and commemorating events in which they were no ways interested, and which, in fact, never happened? How do you account for the observance of the Lord's-day, and of the Lord's Supper, and the existence of the Church of Christ? By your saying, "I don't believe in religion," you would make out these things to be all delusions of Satan. Are the struggles of your own conscience from the same source? Is it a light thing to strive with the Spirit of God, and quench the light within you, and feed your own soul with a miserable lie, which for very shame you dare not put into words and tell to your neighbours?

Do you really believe that it is in no way offensive to God, that you treat his message with such contempt as you would not show to the meanest of your neighbours—that you receive his Son as a lying impostor—that you treat the writings inspired by the Holy Ghost as forgeries, and his ordinances as fooleries, and drown his voice in your own soul as a delusion? Is it a small sin to despise the Father, to reject the Son, and do despite to the Spirit of Grace? Or, do you suppose he is only jesting who says, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord"?

And now, let us inquire whether your unbelief be not as injurious to your neighbours as it is offensive to God, and hurtful to your own soul. Your opinions, it is true, will hurt nobody so long as you keep them to yourself. But you do not. Every action of your ungodly life proclaims them. Your neighbours all know that you do not serve God, that you do not love Christ, that you do not belong to his Church; and you tell them, "I don't believe in religion." So, by precept and example, you do your best to make them all of the same opinions, and teach them to imitate your practices. If irreligion and ungodliness be good for you, it is equally good for them. It is not your fault that all the world is not of your way of thinking and acting; for, if they would be guided by you, they would every one say as you say, "I don't believe in religion." God judges you according to your heart and intention, and according to the tendency of your conduct, though he does not let you do all the evil you would; just as you judge the villain to be an incendiary, and worthy of the penitentiary, who sets fire to your house, though you see it, and put it out before it is burned down.

Let us see now what would be the consequences of your unbelief to your neighbours, if God did not prevent them. Your forefathers were naked savages, with a piece of raw hide thrown over their shoulders, who lived in wattled huts, and ate roasted acorns, and burned their own children in sacrifice to devils. If you have a

coat to your back to-day, or a loaf of bread in your cupboard, if you have a market to go to, or a road to reach it; if you have a school for your children, or children to send to it,—you owe all these blessings to that religion which you say you don't believe. Yet you would do what you could to stop its progress, and allow the savage and the heathen to live on in misery, and butcher each other, as they ever have done, and say, "Oh, my opinions do no harm to my neighbours." Are you not worse than a savage?

You are a friend of liberty. For six thousand years tyrants have trampled upon the liberties of mankind. Pharaohs and Nebuchadnezzars, Emperors of Rome and Emperors of Russia, the Sea Kings of Europe and the Khans of Tartary, Kings of France and Emperors of Germany, one race of tyrants after another, with bloody sword or legal chain, has hewn down the rights of men, and manacled their God-given liberties in every land where the religion of Christ has not reigned. The world's history does not show a single exception. The only notion of true liberty you have, you learned from the Bible. The manliness to speak for it, and fight for it, and die for it, which bequeathed your birthright of liberty, your Puritan fathers gathered from religion. Religion, Christ's religion, which makes men free indeed, is the only safeguard of liberty. There is no liberty at this moment save in those lands where the religion of Christ prevails. Look over the map of the world. Have the people of China liberty? Are the people of Russia free? Have the butchering, kidnapping tribes of Africa freedom? Is Mohammedan despotism liberty? Is South American anarchy liberty? Would you exchange the Constitution for a concordat, or the ballot-box for three revolutions in the year? England and America, the lands of liberty, are the lands of religion; but you "don't believe in religion." A whole nation once did not. They voted that there was no God, that death was an eternal sleep, that reason was the only ruler, that the Sabbath and the worship of God should cease. Then, having removed the law of God, the only foundation on which the law of man can rest, they commenced butchering each other, until the streets of Paris ran ankle-deep with blood, and the remnant rushed into the arms of absolute military despotism as a refuge from atheistic anarchy. And this, unbeliever, is what you would bring your country to, if you could. Let every one adopt your opinions, and we would have all the horrors of the French Revolution, and of Napoleon's decrees, and conscriptions and proscriptions, before seven years. How dare you say your unbelief does no harm to your neighbour, when it undermines the citadel of your country's liberties?

Your neighbours have consciences and souls. They know they have offended God. The guilt of unforgiven sin is a grievous load upon the heart of a sorrow-stricken, dying man. He knows, he feels in every fibre of his soul, that losses and disappointments, that sorrows and pains, that agony of mind and sickness of body, which

ever follow the transgression of God's laws, are marks of God's displeasure. His common sense tells him that these things befall sinners too uniformly to happen by chance, and that the God who sends them has some reason for thus visiting sin. He knows, he feels, that if God continues to deal with sinners after death as he has done before it, the sinner will have sorrow. Then this death which approaches! Almighty God smiting every sinner with the sword of death, making earth one vast grave-yard; and the human race, shrieking and flying from the fearful foe, compelled to become its tenants! What does it mean? And conscience says, and Scripture says, and he knows it to be true, "The wages of sin is death." Oh to be freed from this sin! Oh to be delivered from this punishment of a sore wounded conscience, of the pangs of guilt, of the present dread, and dreadful prospect of deserved torment! He has no power to repair the past, little ability to amend the brief future. What shall he do to be saved? In this extremity the gospel comes to his ears, the only religion on earth which even professes to offer free forgiveness of sins. He hears repentance and remission of sins proclaimed in Jesus' name. He is told, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house." He inclines to believe the joyful sound, to accept pardon and peace in Jesus. But you stand at his side, and with a contemptuous smile you inform him, "I don't believe in religion."

Were you able to prove religion false, surely in such a world of sorrow, and with such a certainty of a coming world of woe as its falsehood would render inevitable, it were horrid cruelty to snatch from the parched lips of the dying sinner the only draught of peace which earth affords. But how awful your conduct, seeing that you cannot prove it false, nay, that in your own soul you more than suspect it true! You dash in pieces the chalice which contains the blood of Christ—you laugh to scorn the voice of mercy to a dying world—you chase peace from earth and hope of heaven from men.

Unbeliever! this is the peculiar malignity of your

sin. You turn your face to the way of ruin—you murder the only religion that can deliver men from sin and hell—you close the gates of heaven, put the torch to God's building of mercy, open the bottomless pit of woe, and plunge every sinner of earth into everlasting perdition! How long, think you, will God tolerate such an enemy of God and man?

Fly, fly to Christ for pardon of your awful guilt. Bless God that there is forgiveness even for such as you. And say to every one of your acquaintances to whom you have declared your unbelief, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God....."

"He that cometh from heaven is above all. And what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth; and no man receiveth his testimony. He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true. For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him. The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii.)

The Children's Treasury.

OLD ELI: A STORY OF ALSATIAN COMMON LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLESSING OF GOD MAKETH RICH.

"The Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us."—Ps. cxv. 12.

IT was a cold, dark November evening. "The fog is perfectly choking," said Tony, when he came home from the workshop and found Josephine busy in the kitchen preparing supper, and vainly endeavouring at the same time to quiet the fretful little Lena, and keep back the

boys who wished to go to the station to meet their mother, who had gone to Basle in the morning, and was expected back with the last train.

"I am so glad you are come, Tony," cried Josephine, as he came in; "I can't think what is come to the little one, she is so cross, and the boys are wild to get to

the station. I don't know what to do among them all."

"Let them go, Finy, they are big enough to take care of themselves," answered Tony, lifting little Lena on to his shoulder, where she soon forgot her tears. The boys made a rush for the door; but Josephine was before them, and held it shut, while she cried, "No, no! you must not; you might miss the way in the fog, and fall into the canal."

"But Tony said we might," complained the impatient boys.

"I'll tell you what," said Tony; "wait till you hear the engine whistle, and then you may go. But only as far as the corner of the road; you will stand there, and wait for mother; do you hear?"

At that moment the shrill whistle pierced the air. The boys rushed out. Josephine started, grew pale, and put her hand to her heart; even Tony stood silent for a few moments, then asked anxiously, "Where is father?"

"In the parlour. Do you not hear how he is pacing up and down? He has been so restless all day, and would eat nothing. Ah, Tony! you will see he will not survive it if the house is sold."

"Well, well, Finy; we will hope for the best. Who knows, perhaps mother has got the money in Basle?"

"And if not, Tony?"

"Then we will emigrate, and settle in America."

"What with? One can do nothing with nothing; and we can't travel to America, and make a home there, with empty hands."

Tony sighed, took Lena from his shoulder into his arms, and said quickly, "Come, Finy, we will go to meet mother too; there is nothing so hard to bear as suspense."

Josephine threw a warm shawl over the little girl, lighted the lantern, and then gently opened the parlour door, and said timidly, "Uncle, the train has come in—we are going to meet aunty; will you not come too?"

"What's the use? I will know soon enough; go yourselves and leave me," answered Anton Lindfelder in a hollow voice.

When they got outside, Josephine clung trembling to Tony's arm, and said, "Uncle has been weeping again, Tony; it breaks my heart to see him. He has not been able to work all day; whenever he sat down at the table to draw, the tears fell down under his spectacles. Oh, if God would have mercy upon us!"

Tony bit his lips, and answered nothing. They walked on a little way in silence; Lena had fallen asleep under the warm shawl, her little arms clasped round Tony's neck, and her head resting on his shoulder, when suddenly they heard the joyful shouts of the boys, who had seen the light from a distance, and now came running to meet them.

"Mother has brought us books!" cried Dresy in triumph, holding up some little tracts to show them.

"But no gingerbread," grumbled Hammy, "and I've been looking forward to it all day."

"Who is going to buy you gingerbread, when everything is so dear?" scolded Josephine. "How could you think of it?"

"Are you there, mother?" called Tony, hurrying on.

"Yes, thank God! welcome, children," sounded the friendly voice of Mrs. Lindfelder; and there was something so soothing in its very tone, that Tony and Josephine were quite comforted by it.

They could not have told why, but both felt their hearts grow lighter; and it seemed to them as if all must be well, now the dear mother had come back. But no one asked, What news? good or bad? for Mrs. Lindfelder was asking so calmly how things had gone on in her absence,—“if the father was well; and the little one; and if the boys had been good, and had done what Josephine bade them, as they had promised her the evening before?” And her calmness was so soothing to the others, that they did not dare to put the fatal question which was trembling on their lips. And when the house door was opened, and they caught sight of the blazing fire, and the steaming coffee-can, the feeling of rest and comfort increased; even the father, who advanced pale and trembling to meet them, felt its power; and when, in the light of the lamp, he saw the peaceful face of his Salome, it was as if a heavy load had fallen from his heart, and he felt assured that these true loving lips could bring him nothing but good tidings.

"Here, father, take the basket! It has caused me anxiety enough all the way from Basle, for it is very heavy; yes, heavy with God's blessing!"

"Wife! Salome! you have—"

"Mother—auntie—you have got the money!" they all cried out at once.

"Yes, dear ones, I have got it, and brought it with me! And,—"

'Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices.'

He has inclined the heart of a good man to me to-day, and we will be able to stay in our dear little house."

What joy these words caused! The home, thus restored to them, now seemed doubly dear; for in these last dreary days they had learned to understand the sorrows of the homeless. The father stood silent with the heavy basket in his hand, looking now at the happy children, now at the loving mother, with deep emotion and a feeling of thankfulness such as he had never experienced before. In Mrs. Lindfelder's eyes glistened tears of joy, as she embraced Josephine, and said tenderly, "And your fees are there too, dear child; and now you can help us to work and to earn as you wish."

The girl stood as if petrified, and only came to herself when Tony, in the joy of his heart, seized her by the head and pressed a hearty kiss on her burning cheek. Then she fled, like a frightened deer, into the good mother's arms. The boys were crying out for coffee, and asking if they could stay at school now, and not have to

go to the factory. Hammy added: "When mother has got so much money, she might have brought some gingerbread after all." Little Lena, wakened by the tumult, struggled out of the shawl in which she was wrapped, and joined her little voice to the general rejoicing.

At length they recovered composure sufficiently to enjoy their supper, and the mother made the evening worship very short, for she knew that the children were too excited to listen long. Then Lena and the noisy boys were put to bed, and the mother sat down with the father, Tony, and Josephine round the table, to tell the history of the day, and to propose a plan which she had long had in her mind.

So she began to tell them: How she had gone to the station in the morning with a very heavy heart, and had turned round on the bridge to take one more look at the little house; and it seemed as if she had never known before how dear it was to her, and as if she would rather die than have to leave it. And on the journey she had prayed without ceasing, told all her anxiety to the Lord, and said to him, "Lord, with thee all things are possible, and thou turnest the heart of man like rivers of water,—turn the heart of this rich unknown man, that he may be friendly to me!" And as she thus communed with God, her heart became lighter, and her courage rose. But in Basle, when, after a long walk from the station, she found herself before a large, beautiful house with closed windows, she became afraid again, and trembled so that she could hardly pull the shining handle of the bell. An old servant opened the door, and led her through a long passage, up a splendid staircase, to a hall, hung round with beautiful pictures. There the servant took her letter and told her to wait. She was left there alone about a quarter of an hour; the house was silent as a cloister, anxiety almost took away her breath, she could not even pray, only sigh from time to time, "O Lord, help me!" And then, all at once, the sun broke through the clouds, and shone so brightly through the high windows, that the pictures seemed to become alive, and to smile at her, as if they would say, "Be comforted; thy prayer is heard!" And just at that moment the servant returned and led her into a beautiful room, with a thick carpet on the floor, and flowers in the windows; and there sat an old gentleman in a dressing-gown and fur cap. He had Mr. Reymann's letter in his hand, and rose to meet her as she came in; and he looked at her so kindly, that she took heart at once, and told him everything as easily and frankly as if it had been old Mr. Reymann himself, and she had known him all her life. And he asked so many questions,—“How many children she had, and how old they were? What they worked at, and how much they earned, and if they thought they could manage to pay the interest regularly, and how long they had lived in the house?” And she answered all his questions; and when she told how hard it was to live, now that everything was so dear—and how her husband had inherited

the house from his father, and had himself been born in it, and what a grief it would be to them all to leave it, she could not keep back her tears. But the old gentleman took her by the hand, and said kindly, "Don't be afraid, my good woman; I will gladly lend you the sum which is due upon your house!"

"That was generous and noble of him," cried Tony, striking his hand on the table.

"But the interest, wife! the interest for this year and last year, we owe that too," said the anxious father.

"Doubting again, faithless one!" answered the mother, smiling: "hear me to the end. I was then told to go and have my dinner with the servant in the kitchen. That was a kitchen, Josephine! everything in it shines like gold and silver; I never in my life saw such a kitchen. I could not eat much, though the good woman pressed me very kindly—the food seemed to stick in my throat. After dinner I had to wait a little, and then the gentleman called me again. He sat now before a desk, on which lay a large book and Mr. Reymann's letter, and when I came in he asked: 'What is the exact amount of the bond on your house?' 'A hundred louis d'or.' 'That is 2400 francs, and the interest which is still due?' 'For two years, sir, I am sorry to say; we were not able to pay it last year either, but the lady was so good as to let it stand.' 'Then that will be (at 5 per cent., I suppose) 240 francs. Have you any other debts?' 'I think I mentioned to you, sir, that we still owe 100 francs for my niece's apprentice fee; if we could pay that it would be a great comfort, for she could then help us to earn.' 'Then you require 2740 francs to make you clear?' 'Yes,' I said with a sigh, for it seemed such an immense sum of money, I thought he could never give it to me. 'Now listen,' he said: 'Mr. Reymann assures me of your honesty; he writes that your cottage is in good condition, and in better times—which may the Lord send us soon!—would be worth at least 4000 francs. It is a pleasure to me to help industrious, God-fearing people like you in their troubles; so I will give you 3000 francs. Out of that you will pay your debts and the expenses at the notary's, and you will still have a little over to fall back upon in this hard winter. For this you will give me a bond on your house, and 150 francs a year of interest. Are you content with that?' 'Great God!' I cried, 'only content!' and I wept like a child."

"And he gave you the 3000 francs at once in your basket?" asked the astonished father.

"Yes, and the little books for the boys too! He brought the money from the next room, put it in my basket himself, and said: He would give it me at once, for my honest face; Mr. Reymann would attend to the drawing out of the bond, and we must pay the expenses of the notary. Then he made me sign a receipt, and gave me a letter to Mr. Reymann, which I am to take with the money to him to-morrow, and he will arrange it all. I do not know how I got to the station after that. At first I felt as if I could fly to you, but then a

dreadful fear came over me that I should be robbed of the money, for I never in my life had so much in my hands, and I thought the very stones must see what a treasure lay in my poor little basket. Then I had to wait more than an hour for the train, my terror increasing every moment; and it was not till I got near home that I began to feel more composed and like myself again. And I made a vow in my heart to the Lord, which you must all, especially you, Antony, help me to pay."

"We have enough to do if we pay our debts, wife! And what is over of the money will all be needed to buy wood, potatoes, shoes, and warm clothes for the winter. For we have absolutely nothing, and are poorer than church mice. And, Salome, if we could not manage to pay 120 francs interest, how are we to pay 150? We earn barely enough to keep us from starving."

"Yes, father, when only you and Tony are earning; but when Josephine and I help too, with God's blessing we will easily make it out. What do you think, children, —if we all four do our best, we will get on, will we not?"

"Oh yes!" cried both with one voice.

"But," continued Mrs. Lindfelder, "if I go to the factory, and Finy goes out to work too, we must have some trustworthy person at home to attend to the house and the garden, and take care of the children; or else we will get into terrible disorder, and without cleanliness and order there can be no prosperity, and so—"

"You want to take Swiss Anna and old Eli into the house! I see quite well what you are after, wife! and I can't understand how a sensible woman as you are could come on such a ridiculous idea. We have not enough bread for ourselves and our children, and you wish us to take an old woman and a poor cripple on our shoulders too. No, no, Salome, I will not have it; it would be folly and nonsense."

"Swiss Anna is still able to work, and she is the honestest soul in the world—we could trust her with anything; and for diligence, order, and cleanliness, she has not her equal. She has often said to me: 'If your garden were mine I would make a deal of money out of it.' See, father, I am sure she would be of use to us, and would earn more than she would eat."

"Swiss Anna is a good woman, I have nothing to say against her, but she is old, and might soon become helpless and a heavy burden to us. And as to Eli, the old fanatic! No, a hundred times no, Salome; that shall never be—and you must be out of your senses to propose it."

"Eli would not be here for nothing; he has his 150 francs pension."

"And do you think, wife, that in these dear times you can feed, clothe, and nurse an old man for 150 francs. Don't let me hear another word about it, if you don't wish to see me angry."

"Poor Eli needs little or nothing in the way of clothes now, and where seven or eight are to be fed, the ninth

can sit at the table too without making much difference; the 150 francs would be found money, and would just pay the interest."

"And Eli eats no more than a sparrow, uncle," put in Josephine. "Anna told me just to-day that he takes almost nothing but a cup of coffee morning and evening."

"Hold your tongue, Miss Impertinence! and don't meddle with what does not concern you!" cried Anton Lindfelder in a passion, springing up from his seat and pacing rapidly up and down the room.

Josephine trembled, for she saw that a storm was brewing; but the mother said quietly: "Tony, go into the kitchen and fasten the board under the window. There is such a draught comes in there that the candle was blown out yesterday evening as I was washing the dishes. Josephine will go with you and hold the light."

"Only wait a little, mother. Now that the house is still our own, I will soon have everything mended up and put in order, so that there shall not be a nail wanting in the whole house." So saying, Tony took up his hammer and went into the kitchen with Josephine.

But the father, who expected a fresh attack, steeled himself against it, and determined to meet his wife's request with such a decided refusal and such rough words that she would lose her courage at once and not trouble him again with her foolish notions. To his surprise, however, she did not say a word, but calmly took off her best gown, brushed the dust from it, folded up apron and neckerchief, and put all carefully away in the great chest, as she was accustomed to do on the evenings of Sundays and holidays. Then she went to the table where the basket with the money still stood, and said in a friendly voice: "Where will we put the money to be safe all night, Antony? I am beginning to be afraid of thieves again; I would not like to have it long to take care of. I think I will put it into the straw sack under our mattress; it will be safest there," she added smiling, and going into the adjoining bed-room.

This disconcerted her husband, who had prepared himself for a battle, and he began to feel very strange. He wanted to be angry; but the joyful feeling that he was now relieved from his great anxiety, and could stay in his little house, rose up within him and scattered his anger as the wind drives smoke away. And then a still, small voice in his heart said to him: "Your good wife has helped you in your need, and are rough angry words all the thanks you are going to give her?" Ashamed, he followed her into the bed-room, where she was busy concealing the money in the straw sack.

"Can I help you, wife?" he said at last.

"No, thank you, Antony, I have just finished;—but, yes, lift the mattress on the bed again; it is so heavy, and I am tired out. I will not need to be sung to sleep to-night."

"Salome, I have never even thanked you for what you have done for me."

"Not I, father, the Lord has done it, and praise and thanks belong to him alone!"

"Yes, but if it had not been for you, Salome, what would have become of us? And by way of thanks I got angry and spoke roughly to you," said Anton Lindfelder gently, holding out his hand to his wife.

She took it between both of hers, led him to his father's arm-chair, and said: "So, my Antony, when you sit there all evil thoughts fly away; I always think that the good angel of the dear father hovers over you here."

"I have returned you evil for good, Salome! I am very sorry, but—"

"But you had not considered the matter, father; and I know when you have slept upon it you will see it in quite another light."

"No, no, Salome, there's no use talking of that. I will never agree to it, and you had better not speak of it again if there is to be peace between us."

"Listen to me patiently for a moment, Antony; I am not going to say much, for my eyes are falling shut with sleep. The day before yesterday, when I went to tell Swiss Anna about our troubles, it went to my heart to see the heavy cross the old woman has to bear. Joseph is away, the landlady has given her warning, and she does not know where she can go with poor old Eli; and I thought: 'Oh, if the Lord would let us remain in our dear little house, what a pleasure it would be to show our gratitude by giving these poor homeless ones a corner at our fireside.' And to-day as I came back from Basle so happy, I vowed to him that I would do it; and, Antony, if you would further enjoy God's blessing, you must not force me to break my vow."

"Well, take old Anna into the house, in God's name, if it must be so, and you will have your own way. But Eli must go to the hospital with his pension; and that is my last word."

"Tell me, father, are you sorry now that we adopted Josephine, and brought her up with our own?"

"Josephine! What do you mean, wife? The child is my greatest joy, and as dear to me as any of my own."

"Well, well, Antony; do you remember when my poor sister died, and I asked you if I might take the little Finy and bring her up? You feared then she might be a burden to us, and said we should send her to the orphanage."

"But there is all the difference in the world between a child so nearly related to us, and old lame Eli, who is nothing to us whatever."

"I don't know, father, but it seems to me that if the child brought us a blessing, old Eli, who is more helpless than an orphan, would bring a still greater blessing, if we have compassion on him."

"He will be better off in the hospital than he could be with us."

"That is as you take it, Antony. He would certainly be well cared for in the hospital; but the old man is accustomed to be alone and quiet, and there he would

be always in a crowd, and that would be very painful to him. Then he has lived with Anna for thirty years, and it would be hard for both to part now. Remember, father, how heavy your heart was when you thought we should have to leave our home, and yet we would not have been parted from one another; I and the dear children would still have been with you, and we would have helped each other to bear the trial. The sorrow that has been taken from you to-night is still weighing on Anna and Eli; and if, besides that, they must separate from one another, I fear they will neither of them survive it. Ah, Antony, to be old, and poor, and homeless, is surely the hardest earthly lot. And when God has been so merciful and gracious to us, he means us to have compassion on others, and has thrown these two old forsaken ones in our way."

"But where do you mean to put them? Our house is as full as an egg already. And when we are all out at work, who is to look after old Eli? No, no, Salome, charity is all very well; but Eli must go to the hospital, and that is the short and the long of it."

"Where will I put them, father? That is easily arranged. We will give up this room to Eli, and put Dresy's bed in too. It will be a treasure to the boy, if he learns to perform little services of love to an old man."

"And we are to put up our bed under the apple-tree and sleep outside, I suppose?"

"Not at all! We will put it in the parlour, where it stood in your father's lifetime, and Lena's little crib beside it. We had always three or four little ones then, and we had plenty of room."

"And where would you put Anna?"

"In the attic, where Tony and the boys sleep. Tony and Hammy would get Josephine's little room, and Finy would go up beside Anna. They are very fond of each other, these two, and would get on nicely together. But now I am going to bed, or I will be falling asleep on my chair."

For some time Antony continued pacing up and down the room, not sure whether he ought to be pleased or angry. It went quite against the grain with him to think of taking the two old people into his house. But then Salome had helped him in his need; and where he had seen no remedy and had quite despaired, she had lifted the load of care from his shoulders. "That is true," he said to himself; "and there is not a better wife in the whole world, that is true too. But she is obstinate, and when she once gets an idea into her head, there is no getting it out again, and she must have her own way, and that is unfortunately true also!" he added, with a sigh, as he prepared to go to bed.

The next day it seemed to be taken for granted that Eli and Anna should come to live with them. The father certainly made a wry face every time the subject came up, but he had not time to hunt up new objections, for he had to go with his wife to Mr. Reymann's with the money, then to the notary's, and then to the heirs of the doctor's wife, and lastly with Salome to Mr. Staudig

at the factory. He willingly promised Mrs. Lindfelder a printing table, and her husband a place in the designing room, which was surer work than drawing patterns at home. So there was work for all; and the future, which had seemed so dark and threatening, was all at once cleared up.

Meanwhile Tony and Josephine were turning the house upside down, and preparing everything for the reception of the new inmates. Tony had begged a holiday from the workshop, and set to work with such good will, that it was a pleasure to see him. When the parents returned home in the evening, the great four-post bed with the yellow curtains stood once more in the parlour, and the father exclaimed involuntarily, "How homelike that looks! It brings back the days when my dear father was with us."

And what did Anna and Eli say to it? It seemed to Anna like a message from heaven, when Mrs. Lindfelder made the proposal that she and Eli should come and live with them, and take care of the house and the children and the garden, because she was going to work in the factory, and Finy would be out at work too. She wept, to be sure, at leaving her own little home where she had lived so long; but she wept also for joy, at having found another home where she would be surrounded with love. And only those who have experienced it know what it is to be homeless and friendless. She said to Mrs. Lindfelder, "The Lord God will surely reward you a thousand-fold for what you are now doing for Eli and for me. And I will work for you, and keep everything as neat and tidy as in a doll's house. And as for the garden, wait till the spring and you will see what I will raise there, and what a nice little bit of money it will bring!"

The greatest difficulty came from a quarter from which no one expected it,—from old Eli himself. Anna complained that since Joseph had gone, he was not like himself. He was dissatisfied with everything she proposed, and when she asked him what it was then that he wanted, and where he wished to go, he did not know himself. Tony had come several times and kindly offered to help him out of bed as Joseph had done, but the only answer he got was a surly "No." And he had not been out of bed for a fortnight, and had tasted nothing all that time but a little coffee morning and evening.

Mrs. Lindfelder, too, found the old man wonderfully altered; and to all her friendly persuasion, he only replied that it was all the same to him, they might do what they liked with him. But she thought, old people are often like little children, too weak to form a resolution, and so they must just treat him like a child, and arrange everything for him; the unexpected changes had been such a shock to him that his head had got quite confused. So they should not talk much more about it, but when everything was ready, bring a coach and put him in it without asking if he was willing. Meanwhile she did all she could by means of little loving attentions

to rouse old Eli from his lethargy; she sent the boys to him every day, now with a little tobacco, now with a wheaten roll, which he always enjoyed to his coffee. One of Anna's great troubles lately had been, that since bread was so dear she could no longer afford to buy him one every day as before. Josephine also came often with little Lena, and while she and Anna talked over the necessary arrangements, the little one would be left with Eli alone in his room, and then he would sometimes smile at her and play with her. He began to get used to the boys too, "especially the Brefessor," said Anna. "But as long as he keeps to his bed, never cries 'Wood here,' does not enjoy his pipe, does not sing, and, does not argue, there is something very far wrong."

At last the day arrived when they must leave the old home and go to the new one. Poor Anna wept as if her heart would break, for old Mrs. Fellenberg—with whom she had been in service in her youth in Berne—had always said to her, "Anna, to have a home of one's own is worth much gold," and now she had none! And while she packed and Tony lifted her goods into the cart, she said at least a hundred times that her heart was broken, and it would be the death of her.

"Cheer up, old Anna," comforted Tony, "and go upstairs now and get Eli ready; in the evening I will come with a coach and fetch you both. And when once you settle down among us you will begin to live again, and will not wish to leave us."

"Don't forget to nail a little shelf over Eli's bed for his can of honour," said Anna, as Tony prepared to start. "It is dearer to him than his life."

Tony promised, and set off with the cart, on which Eli's bed too was packed. Eli sat in his arm-chair, with his wooden leg strapped on, his can of honour on the floor at his feet. He did not speak a word, stared right before him, and looked so pale and strange that Anna got frightened, and said to the landlady, "You will see we will not get him away from here alive!" His little possessions were soon got together, and Anna had the pleasure of throwing out the "rubbish" from his old chest, and packing it in an orderly way, for Eli took no notice of what she was doing, and seemed to sleep with his eyes open. But she found no more six-franc pieces, eagerly as she sought for them.

Towards evening Tony arrived, not as he intended with a hired coach, but in the beautiful carriage, drawn by two splendid gray horses, belonging to the gentleman in whose factory his parents worked. Mr. Staubig, the foreman, had asked for it, and received a willing assent. Hammy was mounted beside the coachman on the box, and looked down from his elevation, "as proud as a king on his throne," said the people of the little street, who had all gathered to bid Anna and Eli farewell. Inside sat Tony, and Josephine with Lena on her lap, crowing and laughing for joy.

Tony, without much ceremony, lifted Eli in his arms, carried him down-stairs, and placed him in the corner of the carriage, where Josephine placed the cushions

comfortably for him, and took both his hands lovingly between her own. They were cold as ice, and trembling like aspen leaves, and great tears fell down from under his closed eyelids. All the spectators were moved at the appearance of the helpless old man, and wished the Lindfelders "God's blessing and reward;" even the

landlady wept—"crocodile's tears," growled Anna, as she took a sobbing farewell of all her old friends and neighbours, shaking hands all round, till Tony lifted her almost forcibly into the carriage. Then Dresy, solemnly bearing the can of honour, stepped in too, and the carriage rolled away.

HOW TOM WAS INTERRUPTED.

A SKETCH FOR THE BIG BROTHER.

MARY, if you have any more crying to do, I wish you would just do it up-stairs, and then, perhaps, I might have some chance of getting on with my Greek," observed Tom Wake to his sister. This was said in a tone of cold precision and politeness, which younger sisters will at once recognize.

Now Mary had been sitting there with the express expectation of being asked what her troubles were, but this touched her dignity, and without a word she rose, and quietly left the room.

Tom's studies, however, did not seem to get on much better than before. His dictionary had grown perverse, his pen was surely a very bad one, and all his perseverance seemed to have left him. Tom felt somehow that his Greek Testament, which he was studying, was out of place in his hands just then, and he let it fall on the table, saying aloud, to reassure himself, "It's only one of my lesson-books after all." But the book itself seemed to contradict him, for the cover had fallen back, and the title-page stared him in the face,—*"The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."*

Tom pushed back his chair, sprang to the door, and bounded lightly up-stairs.

Mary was in the school-room, and these were the thoughts she was just concluding in her little mind: "Well, then, I don't care; and I'll never tell anybody. I *could* have told Tom, and he would have helped me,"—here a few tears—"but he sent me away and was angry with me. And I'll say nothing to Miss Wilson, and she'll never know; I can't help it if it's wrong; and, besides, I don't care."

But here was Tom, and he was saying, "Well, Mary, come and tell me all about it."

It took a good deal of coaxing first, but Tom knew that was his own fault, and went through with it patiently. At length Mary laid her head on his shoulder, and sobbed out, "Well, I told Miss Wilson a lie this morning at school—at least it was nearly one."

"Oh, Mary, how could you?" cried Tom, starting. He thought he knew his little sister's faults very well, but this was a new one.

"I don't know," answered Mary in a frightened tone, "but I did. We all had a sum given out, and Miss Wilson read out the answer, and all who had the same were to stand; and I *thought* I had it: and I stood, and we were all put up, and I got second dux. And then, after we had sat down, I looked at my slate, and

I saw that I had taken a nothing for a six, and that my answer was wrong. And I never said anything; and I'm second dux now."

"It was very wrong, Mary," said Tom, sternly; "it was a great sin, and God hates it; and as long as you don't confess it, you are just fighting against God with all your might."

Elder brothers, when they take any interest in the inner and higher lives of the little ones, have generally a good deal of the Old Testament spirit about them, and a strong leaning towards the severity of the earlier dispensation. It is, perhaps, not unwholesome, tempered with love, but it is a little terrifying. Mary burst into fresh tears. Fighting against God with all her might!

"Oh, Tom, I never meant to do that. I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry."

"So am I," said Tom in a softer tone; and Mary, hearing the love that was in it, put her hand timidly into his, feeling deeply thankful in her sorrowful little heart that Tom would have anything to do with one so wicked as she was. And through all the long and grave rebuke that followed, striking a sense of awe and misery into Mary's sinking heart, a little ray of light was always before her. For was not Tom, who spoke those sad and terrible words, drawing her nearer to him all the time, was his arm not round her, and did he not take her on his knee at last?

"And you'll tell Miss Wilson this afternoon, Mary," said Tom, when she had whispered her penitence and her new resolves.

"Yes, this afternoon," Mary said. But Tom knew by her tone that it would be a little difficult for her.

"Let us kneel down, and tell Him about it," he said, and they knelt down together.

The prayer Tom offered was not a long one, yet he had hard work to get through it. Something had touched him, he did not know why. The harsh feeling of righteous displeasure was all gone. Did not he too need forgiveness? Love and pity for the little one he had been reproving filled his heart. Something of Christ's infinite compassion, of His tender, unspeakable yearning over the weak and erring, had taken possession of him, and the words would scarcely come.

When they rose, Mary wondered why he took her face in his hands, and covered it with those unusual kisses; but she only collected her books, and set off quietly to school, and Tom went down again to his Greek Testament.

A. M. S.



Bright out of Darkness.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

"O Love! Love! strong as Death, from such an hour
Pressing out joy by thine immortal power,
Holy and fervent Love!"—HEMANS.

RE let me pause awhile, and recall wherefore I commenced retracing these pages of my life's story. Let me not forget, as scene after scene before me, the dim, colourless gray sent—forming a background against bright sunshine or deep shadow of a thrown out in startling relief: how, a grace subdued and sanctified the sun shade, mercy cheered and illumined—how, in storm, peace, "peace that understandings," came like healing balm filling-place in the heart of Jesus into sunshine, and shade, and storm alike and high by the rainbow arch of Love. So indeed. Bitter has been the cup held to my trembling lips; but it was pierced hand, and sweetened by the sun who drank a deadlier draught for more let me echo the word I wrote myself to live through again in memory that are gone by—"He hath done all" All things!—all things! I know it, now; one day I shall see it. That the wounds are healed, that they rob with pain. Ah, no! that cannot know there is a "need be" for every could not have had one less. Even every wound torn open afresh by the realization of all I have written, I can not. Not one pang less; for each has

driven me nearer Jesus. His love is to me more than all I have lost; and my treasures are in his safe keeping—not lost, but gone before. They will be mine again where no sin can intrude, no idolatrous worship of the gift wound the heart of the Giver. And so, with bleeding heart and streaming eyes, I can cast myself into the arms of Jesus, and say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Barbe led me from the room when all was over, and placed me like a child in my bed. I did not weep; I was in that state of numbed, apathetic quiet which follows the sudden cessation of a long strain of mind and body. My father was with Jesus; and that was all I thought of. I did not feel then that I was left on earth alone—in the home that would be home no more without his loved presence. And soon I slept: for twenty-four hours I had never left my father's bedside, and exhausted nature craved repose.

It was afternoon when I woke—woke to the knowledge I was an orphan. That thought went like a stab to my heart, taking away my breath like a sharp physical pain. But no tears came; their fountain was sealed. After a time Barbe stole noiselessly in. Dear old Barbe! How little she figures in these pages; and yet how her constant, loving, unobtrusive tenderness and care surrounded every step of my path! Not that I forget or fail to appreciate her. No. But

such services as hers are written more frequently on the heart than on paper. How she soothed and tended me that day! How she wept over my mute, tearless grief! How she entreated and coaxed me to take the refreshments she had prepared! When I had striven to do so, she gave me a message from Conrad full of sympathy, and begging that when I felt able I would go to him, as it was impossible for him to come to me. A definite purpose gave me strength. I rose at once and dressed.

But first I went to my father's room; and then, in the darkened room, in that cold, still presence, the full agony of bereavement swept in a rushing tide over my breast. I sank on my knees beside the bed, and wept till I could weep no more. For those bitter moments I forgot even Conrad. But suddenly I remembered him. He was in the house, thinking of me, watching for my coming. Instantly I rose, and, with something, I think, of the feeling with which a wounded child might turn to its mother's arms, went to the door of the room in which he had been laid: I felt so assured of sympathy, and comfort, and help, and peace. Conrad's presence ever brought them all to me.

At my first timid knock, Jeanne Didôt opened the door. With a few murmured words of sympathy, she bade me enter, herself passing out into the corridor. I walked quietly up to the prostrate form on the low pallet near the window. But as I took the outstretched hands, and met the look of unutterable tenderness and sympathy that was upraised to mine, my composure failed once more. It needed not the tone in which "Léonie! my poor, poor Léonie!" was murmured, to make the brimming cup overflow. I sunk on my knees beside the couch with a low cry of anguish, and gave way to a passion of tears and choking sobs which shook my whole frame. "My father! O papa! papa!" was all I could utter.

"Dearest Léonie, it is hard, very hard, to part, even for a little while. But, darling, you must not sorrow as those who have no hope. Did you not tell me your dear father was seeking light, owning darkness?"

"Yes! oh, thank God, yes!" I sobbed; "or how could I bear it at all? O Conrad, he

found it—he found it! Jesus was with him at the last. He said so."

"Then, dear, dear Léonie, you must not grudge him having reached home first. You will not, after a little time. Jesus has taken him unto himself. He knows how bitter the parting is; but he knows, too, how sweet the meeting will be."

But the low, tender tones, and loving clasp of the gentle hands, made me weep with greater violence, and for a time I lost all control over the hysterical paroxysm. With what patient tenderness I was comforted and soothed!

At last I felt what I ought to have felt before—how very dry and burning were the hands that still held one of mine in a firm, tender clasp; and looking up, with a sudden lull in the storm of sobs, I saw how deep a flush had mounted to my friend's cheeks and brow, and how sadly bright and pained were the sorrowful, shining eyes. At once I rose, and struggled for calmness.

"O Conrad, how wrong, how cruel I have been! I forgot you were ill and suffering. I only thought of myself. Oh, forgive me!"

"My poor child, your sorrow is greater than my pain. It is hard to see *you* weep, Léonie, and to know your grief is too deep for me to reach. But I know 'it is well.'"

He turned towards me with one of his full, sweet smiles of eye and lip. But he was wearied and feverish, and his brow slightly contracted with pain.

"You are in pain. What can I do for you? Shall I call Jeanne?"

"No," he said, brightly and decidedly; "the sight of you does me more good than all Jeanne's nostrums. Will you not draw up that ottoman, and sit beside me a little while?"

I did; and that low ottoman was to be my place for many an hour after that. Seeing a cooling preparation on the table, I bathed his head with it. But he would not have me do it long.

"O Conrad," I said, as I sat down again beside him, "when I last bathed your head, I thought—I thought—"

"You thought it would be in vain. And it would have been, Léonie, an hour later. Had it

not been for your noble, generous devotedness in seeking me, I must have died where I lay. The miller, Bertin, declared he would have left us 'Prussian dogs' to perish rather than have taken us up, had he been alone. He only yielded to Father Fontaine's entreaties on your account. And Dr. Duprât said, another hour without help, and I should have needed it no more. I owe my life to you, Léonie. How was it that you, so gentle and so timid, ventured so much for me? Was it—"

But as he spoke, the "*might have been*" to which he alluded rose before me with agonizing distinctness. What if it had been even as I had feared? What if the dear friend, whose presence was so unspeakably sweet to me in that sad hour, had been, ere my father was taken from me, laid in his early grave? I could hardly endure the bare thought. I covered my face, and struggled hard for victory over a second burst of hysterical weeping, and gained it. Conrad gently took my hand in his as I removed it from my face, and said,—

"We will not speak of it to-day; you cannot bear it now." And for a time we were quiet. Then he asked, "Do you like to tell me of your father, or is it too much for you yet?"

"No, I should like it." And with many tears, but soft and healing ones then, I told him again of the great change that had so gradually taken place in his views—of his last hours; and together we rejoiced over the rescue of that troubled spirit from the bonds of Satan's weaving that had fettered it so long.

"I wish he had known you were here," I said, as I ended. "It would have been a comfort to him to know I had you to help me now."

"To *help*! Alas, Léonie! I cannot help you much, as I am, I fear. But I must not complain of that, helplessness being the only condition in which I could be with you at all. But did not your father know?"

"No; Dr. Duprât thought it better not to excite him that night; and the next morning—And then at last there was no time. I wonder what he meant by telling Barbe to 'remember.' It was something about me, I know; he looked so at me as he said it."

"I think I can guess."

"You! Tell me."

"No. Ask Barbe first; she will tell you. I—"

Just then Jeanne Didôt re-entered. One glance at her patient, and her experienced eye at once detected the feverish symptoms my outburst of grief had induced.

"Excuse me, dear mademoiselle," she said; "but the captain has already talked too much—he has still fever. And you, too, look fitter to be in your bed. Mademoiselle must pardon me asking her to go now."

I rose at once; but Jeanne, exclaiming at her stupidity, left the room hastily in search of something she had forgotten to bring up. As I turned to bid Conrad farewell, he took my two hands in his, and looking up into my face, said, in a voice deep and thrilling with tenderness,—

"Léonie! it is *my* Léonie, is it not?"

With those eyes, filled with such pleading love, reading my own, it scarce needed the only word-answer I could give. But I gave it. Then, yielding to the gentle constraint of the hands that held mine, I bent down, and our lips met in a long sealing kiss that pledged us one for evermore. Yes, my Conrad, for *evermore*—for time and for eternity; in a bond that distance and danger, separation and suffering, not even death itself, can sever.

Then I went and knelt again by my dead father's side. Oh, how I longed for him to share my new joy; for it was joy even then, so strangely grief and gladness, bitter and sweet, are blended in the cup of life. My grief was there as before, bare and sharp and agonizing; but the utter, bitter desolation of loneliness was gone. I had a strong arm and tender breast on which to rest below. Did this make me forget the still stronger and tenderer one of my Friend above? Alas, alas! that it should have done so even in part!

There Barbe found me presently, and gently led me away. The rest of the day was spent under her care. I questioned her about my father's meaning in his dying charge to her. She told me, a few days after Conrad's departure, feeling the precarious state in which his health was, he had told her that the evening before Captain von Edelstein left, he had asked and obtained his consent to his seeking my hand when the war should be over; and also a promise that in

case of his (my father's) death during its continuance, he would send her with me to Munich. My father had placed a sufficient sum of money, and several letters to old friends in that city, in a certain drawer, and charged her to lose no time in communicating, if possible, with Captain von Edelstein. If unable to do so, she was to go at once with me to Germany. I understood then why Conrad divined the meaning of my father's words. It was very sweet to me to know I had his sanction and blessing.

The next day we laid him to rest beside my mother.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN AWAKENING.

"The dream has passed away, Lord,
 'Twas born of summer days;
 It was not hard to follow
 Thy steps through quiet ways,
 Down in the fair green pastures,
 Down where the lilies lie—
 Where the still waters murmur,
 And low, soft breezes sigh.
 But now the 'Follow, follow!'
 Falls with a dreary chill;
 My heart moans, in its anguish,
 'I cannot love Thy will!'"

HETTY BOWMAN.

AFTER my father's funeral, there followed a time of sweet peace, of subdued and chastened happiness. It was not that my sorrow was deadened—swallowed up—lost! No! oh no! But my tears were blessed ones; my very grief sweetened by the fulness of love and sympathy I received. That time is like a bright oasis in my life's pilgrimage—none the less green that the dew of tears fell softly upon it.

Of course, till Conrad's recovery, no change could be thought of. When able to travel, he hoped to obtain a short leave of absence before his strength was sufficiently restored to rejoin his regiment, and escort us himself. Jeanne was sent away the day after the funeral. Barbe disliked strangers; and besides, our reduced stores, and the difficulty of obtaining supplies, rendered any unnecessary addition to the household undesirable. So by day I took my place beside the invalid's couch; and at night Barbe slept in the ante-room. The fever declined; and though the ball had not been extracted, Conrad did not seem to have much pain. If he had, he did not show it. His eye was

always bright, his brow clear, his smile ready. I thought he did not suffer, and was happy in the thought. I never left him by day, except for one hour, which he insisted I should spend pacing the garden, if the weather was fine; the hall and corridor, when wet.

I learned in those days how, from the first night, when he saw me standing with my white dress and pleading face under the hall-lamp, he had taken me into his heart as a being to be loved and protected—how that love had grown—what a struggle it had cost him that last day, on the mountain-side, and in the arbour, when I wept at the tidings of his sudden departure, to keep back the burning words that rose to his lips. I knew then the secret of those rigid features and set lips. My noble, unselfish Conrad! He preferred to leave me with his love untold; to risk the happiness of his earthly life, which he felt to be bound up in me, rather than draw out, in my girlish heart, feelings that, in that time of war, could but bring with them anxiety and pain—it might be, anguish and desolation. If he lived, he told himself, he would win me. If he fell, the loss of a friend would be a wound that would heal; that of a lover in my heart, not. So he left me free. Thank God, I am not free still!

Much we talked those days of his mother and of Thekla,—till, from his descriptions and their own letters, I seemed to know and love them both,—and of the home and haunts of his boyhood and youth. He told me of his past life—of his friends—till I was almost as familiar with all as if I had grown up by his side. Other talks too we had about various things; and each one seemed to bring out more and more his noble and generous character, his refined and exalted mind, his pure and elevated spirit. But longest and sweetest of all were those we had over the little Bible that had brought such blessing into the house.

And, by degrees, Conrad alluded less frequently to the end of those pleasant days than he had done at first, when he dwelt so much on the pleasure it would be to present me to his mother and Thekla. Was it that he, like me, was too restfully happy in the present to contemplate a future?

Time passed on, but still he lay prostrate. Dr. Duprât forbade any attempt at an upright position. The chest-wound had healed rapidly; but all his endeavours to extract the ball from the severer one in the side had failed. Still, he was only waiting, he said, till Wilhelm Sandmann, who had been wounded with Conrad, should be able to join the German camp at Belfort, when, he doubted not, the army-surgeon of that division would come at his request, and together they would accomplish the troublesome operation. Then his recovery would doubtless be rapid.

At last Wilhelm left, taking with him letters from Conrad to his mother and sister for the feldpost.

The day after his departure, in the early afternoon, as I sat beside Conrad as usual, I heard the sound of horses' feet coming towards the house. Conrad was sleeping. I quietly stole to the window, and saw four German soldiers dismounting at the gate. For a moment my heart turned sick as I looked at the calm, slumbering face on the pillow. But the suffering would be short, the relief certain; so I gently roused the sleeper, and told him, in a voice that would tremble a little, that some of his friends were at the gate.

"That is well," he replied cheerfully; but he took my hands, and looked searchingly into my face. The tears would come. "My Léonie," he said with grave, deep tenderness, "are you afraid to leave me in our Father's hands?"

"I cannot bear to think of you suffering," I answered.

"Little coward! Is this the heroine who so lately braved the night and dark woods?"

"May I stay with you while—when it is done?"

"Dearest, no; it—" But Barbe entered, saying the doctor and three officers had arrived; that the former asked permission to see Conrad, and requested the attendance of Dr. Duprât. Their time was short, she added.

Conrad drew me down to him, and whispered, "Go and tell Jesus, love, and remember 'he doeth all things well.' He will do well for you and for me, my Léonie." The grave, sweet serenity of his brow and eyes as I left the room

made me feel how strong was that assurance in his heart.

In the hall, I saw Dr. Duprât just entering. I beckoned him, and asked, Would it take long to do what they had to do? To my relief, he answered abruptly in the negative.

I retreated hastily to my own room, till I heard the footsteps cease in the house. Then finding the quiet insupportable, I stole down the back stair-case, to assist Barbe in preparing refreshments. She was not there; her attendance had been either required or given unsought in the sick-room; but Victoire had already nearly completed her preparations.

Having given a little help and some directions, I turned into the library. It was out of the way, and not likely to be entered by the strangers, who, with the exception of the doctor, had already returned to the dining-room. There I waited anxiously, distressfully. It was so painful to picture my beloved one's sufferings. But I must not grudge them, I told myself: they would soon be over; and then he would speedily be his old, active self again, such as he was when he spoke the first words of sympathy and comfort to me in that very room. Had not Dr. Duprât said so? How vividly that scene rose before me as I thought of it!—Conrad's very looks and tones!

Long before I could have thought it possible, I heard the opening and shutting of a door, subdued voices, footsteps down the stairs, then—yes, they were approaching the room which I was restlessly pacing. With a sudden impulse, I shrank back into the wide window-seat, behind the dark, heavy curtain. Why I did so, I know not. Perhaps from an instinctive fear of what tidings they might bring—a shrinking dread, lest they might be such as I could not receive calmly before strangers. It was but an instant's work. What I thought, I cannot tell; what I heard, I can.

The door opened with a quick, nervous movement, and closed upon the two doctors. Dr. Duprât was the first to speak. "Then there is no hope?"

"None, whatever; not the slightest!"

"With your experience of gun-shot wounds—of complicated cases like this—do you think any—

thing could have been done? could the ball have been extracted earlier?"

"Impossible! the injuries are extensive and far beyond reach. Mortification must inevitably ensue. You see,"—

Then followed a long technical description and illustration. And I sat and listened, and made no sign. Listened and understood—understood all,—the death-knell of all my earthly hopes, the ghastly technical details, the kindly lamentation over blighted promise and half-gathered laurels. The life-current seemed driven from my heart; yet I was alive—oh, how intensely alive! Past, present, future—the dreary, desolate, terrible future—flashed before me, vivid, and quick, and sudden as lightning! A life-time of agony compressed into a few fleeting moments.

A few words of mutual compliment and courtesy, and the interview was over. The doctors rejoined the rest of the party, and I—well, I lived! I did not swoon—or scream! Quietly, calmly, like one who has received a death-wound, I rose and went up-stairs, passing some one in the hall without seeing, save with my outward eyes. Afterwards I knew it was Dr. Duprât. I can see even yet the startled, anxious look with which he met my white, fixed face.

But once in my own room, and the door locked, I sank prone on the cold, polished floor. I did not weep; no moan broke from my cold lips; but I *felt*. Oh, the unutterable agony of blank horror and despair that crushed body, soul, mind, and heart alike! I cannot dwell upon it, even now. It was, indeed, a horror of great darkness. Wild, rebellious thoughts, dark, unbelieving doubts of God, of his love, of his truth.—But why analyze the frantic anguish of that fearful hour?

How long I lay there I know not; I took no note of time. At last it flashed upon me that even then I might be losing the last hours with my friend; for I knew now, not only that the day must soon come that would leave me widowed in heart and life, but that it might be at hand—any day—to-morrow. "It may be to-day, to-morrow, or not for a fortnight," the German doctor had said. That thought roused me, and strung my quivering nerves with strength to rouse. I must go to him, my Conrad, so soon

to be mine no longer. I rose, and began with trembling hands to bathe my aching brow and smooth my ruffled hair. But as I laid my hand on the lock of the door, the bright, calm, patient face rose before me, with the sweet smile of welcome on it that was sure to greet my entrance, and my heart turned sick. How could I meet those looks? how hide the anguish that was wrenching my very heart-strings asunder? Again the tide of wild, dark rebellion and doubt rolled over my spirit. But this time I sank on my knees, and from my lips burst their first wail of anguish, "Lord, save, or I perish!"

And he did save. His was the power that made me strong in the marvellous might of love to endure; to go forth, resolved, for that loved one's sake, to bear all silently, cheerfully, at least outwardly, even should my heart break in the effort. His last days must be lighted by the sweetness of earthly love—clouded as little as might be by the shadows of human grief. I would conceal my sorrow—be with him as before—till the time came for him to know the truth.

I seemed to have lived years in the two short hours I had been absent from his room. The blow was so sudden, so utterly unexpected. Strange it is, looking back, to know that from the moment Conrad opened his eyes after his death-like swoon on the road-side that fatal night, no fear for his life had entered my heart, not even once. He had been given me back as from the dead. I counted him mine. I forgot he was not mine, but God's. Ay, more: I had given him God's place in my heart—the first. And He will brook no rival; his love is too great for that.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUNSET HOURS.

"I will cause the sun to go down at noon."—Amos viii. 8.

WHEN I at last opened the door of Conrad's room, one glance at the calm, peaceful face turned towards me, with a look almost heavenly in its deep pitying love—its solemn holy serenity—told me he knew it all. That look at once proved the uselessness of my resolutions of silent, secret endurance, and broke them down. I sunk into the arms held out to receive me, and was folded closely

heart whose generous throbbings were so he stilled by the icy hand of death. r of us spoke. But in that close embrace eat to heart.

rad's voice at length broke the long, long

He spoke not to me, but to One who ould fathom and control the anguish of ur. The tempest of my soul was hushed uiet before the pleading earnestness, the trust, the holy solemnity and submissive- that prayer. And before those low thrill- es ceased the answer came: grace to sub- length to endure.

over that hour, as over the close heart- ume that yet remained to us, I must leave drawn. Deeply, ineffaceably as every line ved on the living tablets of memory, the is too sacred for other eyes than mine, and whom all things are open. Unspeakably s are those records to me now.

r that, we spoke little of the earthly parting h of the eternal meeting; little of our- -much of Him in whose hands one at least sive, restful, happy, as a loving child in a mother's arms.

e was little change in him, except that he eaker, and that he no longer sought to his suffering entirely; he knew the know- f it would make it easier for me to let him the land where "there is no more pain." a the revelation of that day came not as a but as a confirmation. And it found him

His sun was indeed going down ere noon; was setting in a refulgence of golden glory ured every object on which it rested with action of its own living light, flooding even k waters of death, and leaving traces of its ; rays long after it had sunk beneath our . No cloud dimmed its brightness, no ruffled the peace of that parting spirit. felt it, and marvelled. "If this be heresy," d, "it makes a soft pillow to die on!"

such for Conrad; and what for me? The ion of the promise, "As thy days, so shall ength be," through the closing hours of st day, on to the last hours of the last day! it, the strength given by the constraining of love strong as death; within, the re- of Conrad's peace—the echo of his trust;

above, shining through clouds, Jesus. But close and heavy round my heart lay the thick folds of my sorrow, tinged indeed by his brightness, but veiling much of his beauty.

Ah! there was the difference. Between Conrad's heart and his sorrow stood Jesus; between my heart and Jesus rose my sorrow.

And through the strange calm of those last days, ceaselessly, beneath the smooth surface, surged through my spirit the under-current of unrest, with the monotonous dirge-like wail, "When? How long?" The very clock pressed those words into my brain with every beat. Of course, I never left the room, which was then all my world. Except for the night—the first I had petitioned not to be sent away even then, but Conrad had said, "Not now, love; there will be warning enough."

Yes; I knew it. Too well. Each word of that terrible conversation was stamped on my brain in letters of fire: "Once let the pain cease, and a few hours will bring the end." How *could* love dread the only relief that could come? Ah! we all know how tenaciously we cling to the dear presence of our parting ones, even while their suffering wrenches our heart-strings asunder.

Once only was that dream-like calm broken. A few days—perhaps three—after the one I last spoke of, two young officers rode up with a packet of letters for Conrad. One had accompanied the doctor before; he was a friend of Conrad's, and had promised to inquire for the letters which must somehow have missed their destination—nothing strange at that time. Conrad had received none from home since before his first visit to Drécy. Both came up to his room for a few minutes; they had not more to spare, and Conrad's strength could not have admitted a longer interview. Fearing the excitement might bring on the overpowering faintness, which occurred more and more frequently as the days went by, I remained in the ante-room, while he spoke solemn tender words of warning and farewell. But before they left, I went to seek a letter Conrad had partly written, partly dictated, to Thekla and his mother, which had been put aside to wait for the first secure chance of postage.

I was absent but a few moments; but when I returned, at the first glance at Conrad my heart

stood still. Was that haunting monotone about to be silenced? He lay back on his pillow, with closed eyes, and exhausted look; but there was an expression on his face I had never seen there before—unearthly in its solemn beauty. I could not define it then. I cannot describe it now. Even my entrance did not rouse him. As I approached his couch, trembling with the deadly dread that had come upon me, I saw a letter lying by his listless hand. It bore a black border and seal. That gave me fresh nerve. The summons was not yet.

"Conrad, my Conrad, what is it?" I whispered, bending low over him.

At once he opened his eyes, and smiled with the same unearthly brightness and sweetness of expression his countenance had worn in repose.

"There is one less to mourn for me on earth, Léonie; one more to welcome me in heaven! My mother has gone home first!"

"Your mother! O Conrad!" and the tears rushed to my eyes.

But his were dry and clear, as he replied, "Yes; and, Léonie, I thank God for it. Her rest is won. Instead of a crushing bereavement, my death will be to her a joyful, eternal reunion."

"But Thekla! O poor Thekla!"

For an instant the shadow of a cloud crossed his bright open brow. It passed, and he continued, "It will be well even for Thekla. She is His, and her Heavenly Brother will more than fill to her the place of the earthly one he is taking from her. Only for a little while, my Léonie. When first it began to press upon me that I must leave *you*, my beloved, and the two dear ones at home, it tore my heart to think such grief must be yours, and I the cause. It was the sting of death. But his love quenched it. And his love, to which mine is but as a rain-drop to the ocean, is yours. Shall my love question his? No; it does not now. Long ago, I gave myself to him. And that day, when I knew as certainty what I had begun to look to as probability, I gave *you* to him—my dearer self—and them. It grieves me still to think of your sorrow, my own, and of theirs. But I have reached the border-land: looking down from its heights—forward into the boundless expanse of eternity, backward upon

the narrow strip of time—things take their true proportion. Only a little while, my Léonie, and then an eternity together. One has reached home. Can I mourn? Can you, Léonie?"

"For your mother, oh! Conrad, for her? But for myself—for Thekla—" I broke off; I dared not think, much less speak, of the time which was coming—coming so near even then. We spoke no more. Conrad was exhausted, and slept with his head on my shoulder, and I rested persistently, desperately in the present.

When he woke again, it was to ask me to read the other letters. There were four, written at different dates—one from the mother, speaking of failing health, breathing love and blessing; the rest from Thekla. One full of joy. Karl had written. He had been taken prisoner at Ville-Juif, and had just obtained his release. His wound had been severe, but not dangerous, and he wrote in good health and spirits from his post in the Crown Prince's army before Paris. Then another full of fears for her mother, and longings for her brother's presence. And the last, the brief tale of bereavement, written in the first freshness of a young heart's sorrow, and pleading for her brother's return, if possible, if but for a day. Alas, alas, poor sister!

"Thekla will have her Karl; you will have Jesus," Conrad said as I finished. After that, the quiet days went on as before.

Till the last one came. Each day the weakness had increased, but he was still the same—his brow clear, his eye bright, his smile ever ready, and his voice calm and sweet. He had had little strength, I little heart, for talking. But the words that were spoken between us—of love, of faith, of comfort, of prayer—are still, and ever will be, living and fresh in my heart's treasure-chamber. Not one lost, not one forgotten!

When the last night came, and the hour at which I usually left him—it had grown later each night—I had noticed no change. But when Barbe came to take my post, and I looked the plea I did not utter, she said, in a strange, hurried manner, "Mademoiselle, it is late; it is time you went to rest." But Conrad laid his hand on mine, and said, "Not to-night, Barbe!" Then I knew. When I dared to look at him, he met my eyes with that deep sweet look of unspeakable

and sympathy, and comprehension, which was calmed, while it broke, my heart. And I came to the very last.

Some hours passed, as such hours do pass. His head rested on my breast, save at intervals when he slightly varied the position to relieve him, through them all. I was conscious of no weariness, scarcely of pain. My whole being was concentrated on him; there would be time enough to live through the dreary years to come. And for his sake I bore all that was to be borne, did what was to be done. He was conscious to the very end; and, when voice failed, a faint glow of his old smile rested on the silent lips, the eyes still met mine clear and full, and his spirit was tuned with mine through them. And in the dark hour that precedes the dawn, I felt the hand that rested on my breaking heart grow heavy, heavier still. Then Barbe came, took the motionless form from my arms, and laid it gently on the pillow.

He stood up, stunned. Barbe's sobbing wail of grief broke on my ear like a far-off sound in a dream. But when she sought to lead me from the room, I roused, and, yielding to a sudden impulse, stooped down and gazed closely into the closed eyes—for an instant. No light would again shine upon me through those darkened lids. Conrad was gone. Heart and body failed. I sank senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

"But the true parting came. I looked my last
On the sad beauty of that slumbering face.
How could I deem the lovely spirit past
That there had set so tenderly its trace!
Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow;
Oh, not like sleep to look upon art thou,
Death, Death!"

HERMAN.

But yet remains to be told? Anything? No; much. Yet that dark December morning, when my senses at last struggled back through merciful unconsciousness that had shrouded me for many hours, I might have said with the queen, whose discrowned head struck against the low doorway of her prison cell, "Nothing can be done now!"

It was even so. But then I had realized the depth of my desolation. In those

first hours of bereavement, his gain, rather than my loss, filled my mind. In imagination I followed his freed spirit. He was in that Presence, where there is "fulness of joy for evermore." He had "another day than ours." His sun had set to me; but its rays glorified my atmosphere yet. Some of the rest and peace and joy that shone from that bright departing spirit lingered round me still. As I lay quiet, with closed eyes, in the silence of my darkened room, I seemed raised above earthly feelings—as if I had gone half-way with him. That exaltation could not last; Nature must have her way. But her time was not then.

Even Barbe's agony of tears and pity and endearment could not shake my composure. Now it is a marvel to myself—as it was a terror to her then. I believe it was in the hope of causing the tears she begged me to shed that she at last proposed my going to the room which held my earthly all. If so, it failed. "Leave me," I said. Reluctantly she did so. I could brook no common presence there.

Who says death is like sleep? Who speaks of its being like *life*? There he lay. He? No. *It*! There were the noble form, the graceful agile limbs, the beautiful clear-cut features. There, folded on the quiet breast, were the very hands whose tender clasp still lingered on my own—there were the very lips that had been so sweet to me in word, in smile, in touch—there, under the heavy-fringed lids, were the very eyes that had looked such love into mine—and there, marble white, was the broad smooth brow I had so loved to gaze upon, the soft shining hair falling back from it in the very waves my fingers had so often caressed. Over all, a strange, solemn beauty. A weight of rest—a fulness of peace.

And yet I stood calm and tearless, looking at all this. For *it was not Conrad*. There was indeed the beautiful casket, but the jewel was gone. Gone from its earthly setting—waiting to be made up in the glory—in the cloudless resurrection morning.

Yet, with the strange inconsistency of our nature, feeling this, owning this, I could not leave the precious clay, upon which the parting spirit had stamped so perfect a seal of beauty and of peace. While even that remained to me, I could

not feel wholly desolate. Barbe came in, and went away weeping. Again and again. "Leave me, Barbe; leave me. He is not here, but this is all I have left of him," was all I said; and she yielded.

What were my thoughts? I cannot tell. Had I any? I think not. I only sat gazing on the beloved face so soon to be hidden from my sight for ever. I thought of Thekla, with deep pity, that she might not share that last sad vigil; and with that thought I remembered I had one thing to do still—at his request. Very gently and calmly I gathered up a few of the rich bronze locks, that had grown long during his illness, and severed them, carefully stroking back the rest from the pale brow again,—so cold, oh, so cold! Even that did not break me down. But my bodily strength failed. I knelt beside the low pallet, and laid my head upon the pillow, gazing still on the beautiful face of my dead.

There Barbe found me, sleeping, she thought, in the waning light; and raising me in her strong arms, carried me to my bed. But I was not asleep.

Then came the morning,—and with it the last farewell. I gathered with my own hands a few late blossoms from a white chrysanthemum, whose pure fragile beauty he had admired one sunny morning as we paced the garden together, and laid them round him in his narrow bed. Then came the last kiss—the last long look.

Barbe and I alone stood by the grave. Father Fontaine buried him. What mattered difference of creed then? He was past all that. We laid him by my father.

Then we went back to the silent, empty house. How silent—how empty! Till that time my eyes had been burning and tearless. But as I went up the stone steps, some impulse made me turn and look round. I had not passed that doorway since the night I went out to seek Conrad. Not by day, since he had stood before me there. Back, in one swift lightning-flash, came that brief interview. Before me rose again that lithe active frame, so full of life and vigour, as he sprang lightly into the saddle, and turned for a parting look and smile as his horse bounded forward. The "*then*" and the "*now*" were too much. With a wild cry of anguish I threw my-

self into Barbe's arms, and poured forth the tears she had so longed to see—tears that rained out the pent-up agony of all those days of unnatural elevation and repression. I wept myself at last into a sleep of utter exhaustion, and woke only to weep again.

And what of the days that followed? I must not dwell upon them. They were dark indeed. I was not ill in body, as Barbe and Dr. Duprît feared; but what was worse, my heart was sick—sick even unto death. My spirit failed utterly. The spring of life seemed broken. I do not think I murmured or rebelled; but instead of bearing my burden, I sunk down beneath it. Life, without Conrad, seemed impossible—life, that is, beyond the mere animal life, that sorrow does not quench at a blow—life such as he would have lived, such as I had thought to have lived with him—earnest, and useful, and holy, and true. I could now but wait, helpless, purposeless, for the slow years to wear away. And I was so young—so strong! Before me stretched such a long, long, lonely pathway!

And then I learned how heavily I had leaned upon the arm that was but one of flesh—how my faith and my hope had been his. Not wholly. No, thank God—my feet were upon the Rock. But I had rested most upon the earthly love, that had been so pure, and strong, and tender; and now its support was gone, I sunk prostrate. I wrapped myself up in the mantle of my sorrow, reaching out indeed imploring hands and streaming eyes to the tender compassionate One I saw dimly and afar off through the mist of tears; but not seeking for strength to bear my trial, wisdom to understand it, grace to live through it, and power to rise above it. Only for pity in it—only for deliverance from it. And for that I saw but one way,—to follow my Conrad's steps through the dark valley he had so early trod.

Once I roused to write to Thekla. Barbe began to make preparations for leaving, but I pleaded, "Not yet, not yet," with such intensity of anguish, she could not urge it. And Conrad had bidden us wait till we received a passport from a friend whom he had requested to send one, who was high in office, and upon whom he could depend. He expected its arrival while he was yet with us. But days passed and grew into weeks,

and yet it did not come. Barbe began to speak going without it; but the idea was intolerable to me. What had I now to tie me, but the dear old home, where all life could hold for me of consciousness had been mine? but the three graves lie by side in the little churchyard? It was Conrad's wish and my father's that I should go to Munich; but, oh, not yet, not yet, I moaned.

So we stayed on, Barbe, old Pierre, and I, in that great lonely house. Victoire had gone to the mother of her François; Blaise—poor, awkward, half-hearted Blaise—to swell one of the new raw recruits whose fate Conrad had foreboded so sadly. Heavy tidings reached us from without of the horrors and desolation that were spreading over our hapless country. I heeded them not, but Barbe mourned them sorely. Dear, dear, true-hearted Barbe! Did I value your presence and earnestness as I ought, those weeks? Did the tears for the loss of my dearest friends blind my eyes to the worth of the one left? No; I think not. I know she was as a mother to me. And yet one sweet memory of that melancholy time is the earnestness with which she listened to the words I read to her from Conrad's little Bible, translated into French for her benefit. I rarely read the one he had given me—the one that had cost him his life to bring me. I loved his own best. For it was not only to please me she listened. Firmly as she clung to her old faith, her heart had, I am sure, received Him whom to know is life everlasting. Especially she loved to hear of him the Good Shepherd, or of his people as his sheep. Again and again I read to her the passages and chapters up and down the Word where these figures are used. Her father had been a shepherd on the sunny southern slopes of the Jura; there her youth had been passed among the flocks; often she had even tended them herself. This, and a picture of the Lord Jesus as the Good Shepherd, bearing a lamb in his arms, and tenderly looking back after the rest, which she had once seen and vividly remembered, enabled her to grasp the full beauty of this aspect of truth.

Often have I seen the tears coursing down her wrinkled cheeks as I read of these things. Yet she tenaciously clung to the rites and superstitions of her old creed. But she had seen Conrad die—

she had heard his testimony to the grace and love of Jesus—she had heard of him in his Word—she could not read herself—and she rested upon him. She is with him now. Of that I am sure.

My other memories are all of weary, listless days. Hours of bitter weeping—others of dull, heavy, heart-crushing grief—grief too deep for tears: some spent, when the wet wintry weather permitted, in the little graveyard—some in my father's room, or study—most in my old seat by the bed that had been Conrad's. Alone! oh, so utterly alone! Dear, good, homely Barbe, with all her worth and love, could not reach the aching void within: earth was so unutterably dreary; heaven so far away.

A letter from Thekla came to me—the German rule began to make itself felt, and the posts were more regular—a letter full of bitter grief and tender sympathy,—bitter grief for her brother, tender sympathy for me. She pleaded with me to come to her at once. She too was lonely, she said; and with the bond of a common love and a common grief between us, we must be dear to each other. If we could not comfort one another, we might at least weep together.

The receipt of that letter decided Barbe; Dr. Duprat too urged my leaving scenes in which so many sad memories overwhelmed me. And it was Conrad's wish. After all, time and place could make no real change to me. Those haunting memories would go with me everywhere, I knew. And did I wish to leave them? They were all I lived for then. So I yielded. Barbe's plan was to leave Pierre in charge of the house, while she accompanied me, and then to return until the close of the war should enable some arrangement to be made as to the disposal of it. For we all tacitly acknowledged it could be my home no longer. But it was not to be. I needed more than change of scene,—a baptism of blood and fire to rouse me from my desponding torpor, and seal me for my life-work.

One leaden December morning I had gone to the little churchyard—alone, as usual. Only a few days remained now before our purposed journey. It is difficult to realize that little more than three weeks had passed since the day my Conrad had been laid in his early grave. To me

it seemed a lifetime. Days might well have measured for years.

That morning I stood leaning against the great old chestnut-tree beneath which my dead all slumbered, and read the inscriptions on the simple wooden crosses which marked my father's grave and his, contrasting strangely with the white marble one bearing my mother's name. I could not bear to leave them unmarked; and they had been placed there but the day before. I read the record of my father's ripe years with quiet sadness; that grief seemed so old a one, so natural, separated by a great gulf from the other. Then I turned to the rudely-cut letters on that last made mound:—

CONRAD VON EDELSTEIN.
DIED DECEMBER 6th, 1870,
Aged 24.

Nothing more. But it told me all.

A great wave of bitterness swept over my sinking heart; and I threw myself prostrate on the cold turf, clasping it passionately in my arms. I forgot everything then, except that Conrad had been—had been mine—that he was not. And wildly, presumptuously, desperately, I questioned the love, the wisdom, the *right* even of Him who

had given me that most precious gift, but to take it back when I most prized, most needed it. I knew death lurked in the cold damp earth on which I lay; but it was death I sought. I might have found it had not some one raised me, and kindly but gravely bade me go home.

It was Father Fontaine. He had seen me from the windows of his little room, which alone overlooked the churchyard. He pointed to the road, and to my surprise I found it filled with soldiers. And now I was aware all was hurry and confusion in the village street beyond. I had been deaf to all before. The soldiers were French. One glance showed me the way I must pass homeward was crowded with them. Father Fontaine took me by the hand, and climbing with some difficulty the low wall that bounded the churchyard, assisted me to do the same, then hurried me quickly across the sloping field that alone separated the chateau from it. He left me when I had passed through the little gate into the garden, bidding me to run quickly into the house, and staying until he saw me do so. Lost in the surprise, hurry, and confusion of the present, I did so with no thought of the past. It was the last time!

THE BLESSED HOPE.

SUNG AT FUNERALS IN THE DISTRICT OF ALSACE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.



TILL, beloved, be your sighings,
Dried your tears, and hushed your
cryings;

All His promises are true,—
Life from death is sure to you.

Sleeps the casket, broken, buried,
Emptied of the gem it carried;
But the soul will yet resume
Clothing gathered from the tomb.

Onward quick that day is winging,
Pulse of life from dust is springing;
Bodies, mouldering in the earth,
Leap into immortal birth.

Corpses now in ashes sleeping
Then shall be like eagles, sweeping

Heavenward through the azure sky,
Living, never more to die.

Dead to-day beneath the furrow,
Living springs the seed to-morrow;
Bursting from the enclasping ground,
Golden harvests wave around.

Therefore, Earth, our common mother,
Open to receive another
Nursling, wearied, needing rest;
Fold him gently to thy breast.

Once,—a work of skill unbounded,—
This frail shell a soul surrounded;
Christ the Lord, in whom we trust,
Had his dwelling in the dust.

to thee, therefore; rest thee, brother,
 In the bosom of thy mother;
 He who made thee son and heir,—
 He will not forget thee there.

Thou, when Christ in clouds descendeth,
 When the heavens and earth he rendeth,
 Shalt, though in dishonour sown,
 Rise in glory like his own.

Studies in the Old Testament.

BY PROFESSOR DAVIDSON, D.D.

THE OLD TESTAMENT VIEW OF DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

A GOOD deal of obscurity hangs over the whole way in which the Old Testament saints thought and felt about Death and the things that follow it; obscurity has appeared to many all the more surprising from the contrast it and the very clear light of the New Testament. But it is possible that a change in the medium through which it arrived, or of the medium through which it looked at, may have given to its light not properly belonging to it. For all times beliefs concerning eternal life and things beyond the grave have been much more composed of emotion and presentiment than of clear, naked conceptions. And it is considered certain that our present conceptions about these things are not primary and identical with those of the early Church; secondary, having flowed from our present doctrinal teaching, while those of earlier times flowed from the simple facts of Christianity. Any one who had made himself familiar with the feelings expressed by Old Testament believers on such subjects, and sympathized in them, would suddenly pass to a comparison of the example made use of by believers in the New Testament, he might be surprised to find that it did not seem to him to differ from one as widely as he had been led to believe; he would probably conclude that either the light of the Old Testament or the light of the New had been exaggerated.

A certain amount of the darkness surrounding these questions belongs to the nature of the subject, and could hardly have been dispelled by statements, however precise. For it may

not be possible to explain either what life is or what death is, nor even what the body is, not to speak of the soul; and certainly these are questions of a kind which Scripture is as far as possible from considering it its part to raise. Scripture uses here, as on all other subjects, that way of speaking which we call the language of common sense; but this very usage, though it might seem to have the opposite effect, contributes considerably to the obscurity which overhangs the whole question, because we do not know with what degree of strictness we are entitled to take such language. The late Dr. Duncan used to aver that the strongest evidence to him of the existence of matter was the assumption of its existence in Scripture. But there are probably not many to whom such a thing would be any evidence at all; most men would reason in precisely the opposite manner, and conclude the assumed existence of matter in Scripture, so far from being an independent testimony to its existence, to be due to the ordinary way of thinking and speaking among men, which in all such matters Scripture habitually follows.

Any question concerning death and immortality and resurrection must be preceded by questions relating to the nature of man. For death being, in some sense, a dissolution, and that which is simple being incapable of separation into parts, the nature of man must be compound; and some understanding is required of its elements, the dissolution of which is death, and the continued separation of which is the state of the dead, and the reunion of which is resurrection. But there is no question of Biblical theology more obscure than the question of the nature of man. Not only is there no certain information regarding it furnished in the

Old Testament, but the New seems to leave it involved in similar uncertainty. That man possesses a soul and a body, is clearly enough assumed; and that these two are separated in death and remain dissevered during death, and that when the man lives again they are reunited, or when they are reunited he lives again,—these are also general assumptions of Scripture which shine out perspicuously from every page. But within these larger statements there lie concealed a number of minor problems. With regard to the body, except in the matter of its resurrection, where the inquiry, what the body in its simplicity is, becomes of importance, there is not much complication. But on the side of the soul there is such a variety of terms employed, and statements apparently so irreconcilable are made concerning it, that certainty can hardly be expected from any investigation. The first and most prominent fact is that Scripture constantly uses two words for this side of human nature—*soul* and *spirit*. These two terms it does not employ indiscriminately, but seems to use the latter to describe something primary, the union of which with body gives rise to *soul*. But whether this soul, that so arises by union of spirit with body, be itself something distinct from the spirit, the union of which with the body gave rise to it, or whether it be not the spirit itself in this state of union and under all the relations incidental to it—the naked essence being called spirit, and the same essence in vital union with the body being named soul—is a question to which very divergent answers have been returned. Moreover, in regard to this *spirit* itself, its relation to God's nature is very obscurely set forth in the Scriptures; for it is sometimes called his—he gives it and men live, he takes it away and men die; it returns to God who gave it; he is the Father of our spirits—and sometimes it is called man's. And we are at some loss to know the exact cause why the spirit, which is called man's, is also called God's. Thus there are two really difficult questions raised in the Bible account of man's nature—the one is: What is the relation of man's spirit to man's soul? Are the two substantially distinct, or are the two terms merely descriptive of one thing in different relations? And the other is: What is the relation of man's spirit to God? Are man's spirit and God's numerically distinct; or is the same spirit

called man's because possessed by him, and God's because given by him and coming from him! These are questions not uninteresting in themselves, and they have acquired a fresh interest from the attention bestowed on them by writers on the doctrines of the Old Testament, and their bearing on the questions of death and immortality also adds considerably to their importance. And it is in this last connection only that any allusion is made to them here.

There are certain statements in the New Testament that might seem, and by many have been held, undeniably to establish a distinction between soul and spirit of a kind that must be named substantial. In 1 Thessa. v. 23 occur the words: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." The commentary of a writer, not undeserving of attention, on this passage is as follows: "The position of the epithet shows that the prayer is not that the whole spirit, soul, and body, the three associated together, may be preserved, but that each part may be preserved in its completeness. Not mere associated preservation, but preservation in an individually complete state, is the burden of the apostle's prayer. The prayer is, in fact, threefold: *first*, that they may be sanctified by God, the God of peace,—for sanctification is the condition of outward and inward peace,—wholly, in their collective powers and constituents; *next*, that each constituent may be preserved to our Lord's coming; and *lastly*, that each so preserved may be complete and entire in itself, not mutilated or disintegrated by sin; that the body may retain its yet uneffaced image of God, and its unimpaired aptitude to be a living sacrifice to its Maker; the appetitive soul, its purer hopes and nobler aspirations; the spirit, its ever-blessed associate, the holy and eternal Spirit of God." * This New Testament passage certainly names three constituent elements of human nature, names them all co-ordinately, and speaks of each as needing sanctification and capable of preservation. And it might not unfairly be argued that, as the three are specially named, there is as good reason for consider-

* Ellcott, "Destiny of the Creature," p. 167.

g the spirit distinct from the soul, as there is for considering the body distinct from either. But this reasoning would be admitted to go further than it ought; and on the other side it may plausibly enough be represented that the apostle's language does not require, to justify it, a distinction of parts or substances, but may be accounted for from a somewhat fervid conception of one substance in different relations.

In Heb. iv. 12 there occurs a similar passage: For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The word of God has four attributes assigned to it: it is quick—that is, living; it is powerful—that is, active; it is sharp; and it reaches even to the dividing—that is, so far as to divide soul and spirit. The word "dividing" means rather the act of dividing than the place of division. The meaning does not seem to be that the word of God, like a two-edged sword, enters so deep as to reach the place of division of soul and spirit, the boundary-line between them, where the two meet,—where the line of division runs between them; but that it goes so deep as to divide the soul and spirit, to effect a division of them. Yet this is left ambiguous, whether the sharp word of God, which enters so deep that it divides, effects this division between the soul and spirit, the joints and marrow, or within them; whether it separates between the two, or cuts asunder each—dissects, as we might say, both the soul and the spirit, both joints and marrow. But to the question whether the soul and spirit be distinct things, this other question is of less consequence. The passage recognizes two things,—one called soul and another called spirit; these are so substantial and independent, that either they may be separated by something introduced between them—an operation delicate enough, but one which the word of God, sharper than any two-edged sword, is qualified to accomplish—or each of them may be severally divided and cut open into its own elements. Probably that view which considers the division to be made, not between the two elements soul and spirit, but within each of them, is the true one. If the other view

were correct, according to which a division is effected by the word of God between soul and spirit, a relation between soul and spirit would be pointed at, which is now injurious to the latter, a sensuous sinking of the spirit into the soul, where its higher energies become drowsy, and expire in the soft, voluptuous lap of the lower soul; and the word of God comes to break and divorce this illicit and depraving union, and elevate the spirit again to its position of reserve and command. But in any case the question forces itself forward—Are we here on the ground of literal speech, or only of metaphor? A writer, whose somewhat grandiose and rhetorical manner endows the word of God with life and activity, may very readily multiply one thing in its various states and connections into various things. We need to remember that the writers of Scripture are Orientals, or we shall be in danger of taking figures of speech for statements of doctrine. Perhaps the vivid grandeur of the conceptions of Scripture is not altogether due to their authors being children of the East. The time when these conceptions were reached was one of profound excitement. The old system of thought and life was breaking up like an ice-bound river, and the strong currents, newly released, were dashing the fragments wildly against one another. A new moral world had been suddenly created, more real, and, to the earnest imagination of the time, almost more visible, than the world of matter. It was not any more conceptions that men had to face, it was things, almost beings. Even to a man of the prudence and circumspection of Paul, the words sin, death, law, and the like, far more represented personalities than abstract ideas. He wrestled with them as they wrestled with one another. And it was not outside of him alone, and for him, that the conflict was carried on, but within him. He found himself divided. One less conscious than he was, that the influence that gave men power to be at any time victorious over the evil within them came from without, might have described his moral sensations by saying that he felt himself sometimes on the side of good, and sometimes on the side of evil. But the apostle was not sometimes one kind of man and sometimes another; he was two men, or there were two men within him. There was an

"old man" and a "new man," an "inner man" and another. And where the fervour of the religious imagination produced creations like these, it may easily be conceived to have spoken of two aspects of the one substance mind, as if they were two substances.

These passages raise only one of the two questions over which the obscurity hangs. The other question—namely, that of the relation of man's spirit to God's spirit—is raised almost as soon as we open the Old Testament. In the more specific history of the creation of man, given in the second chapter of Genesis, it is said that "God formed man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." There are three stages in this process: *first*, God formed man of the dust, the most immaterial form of the material element of earth. Contrasting man's formation with that of the beasts, we find it to be the result of special purpose on God's part, and a particular independent act. The earth and waters, at the command of God, *brought forth* the other creatures; but man's formation was a piece of distinct workmanship of God's own hand. *Second*, his body being formed, God breathed into his nostrils the *breath of life*. The word *breath* does not seem used, if one disputed passage be excepted, of the life-breath of other creatures besides men; but it is no easy matter to say what the language here employed means. The words *breath of life* must mean more than "breath which is the sign or expression of life," although, probably, no very sharp distinction was drawn between the source of life and the sign of it. *Third*, this having been done to man, man became a *living soul*. The soul lives, it is the bearer of life, within it all the functions of life go on, and all the phenomena of life are realized, and so Paul says: Man was made a living soul. But the breath or spirit does not live; it is the breath or spirit of life, what bestows life—"it is the spirit that giveth life."

It would be altogether absurd to suppose that the author of this passage intended nothing more by the expression "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life" than that the Creator set in motion Adam's lungs, and caused him to begin to breathe atmospheric air, and thus be visibly

a living soul or being. There is the same double use of words in Hebrew as there is in other languages, the word for breath and spirit being the same, a thing which must be due, as has been said, to a confusion of the sign of life with the source of life. Elsewhere this breath or spirit which God breathed into man is said to be the cause of intelligence in man: The breath or inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding—that is, is the source or subject of intelligence. And we must conclude that the author intended to teach in this passage of Genesis, that God breathed spirit into man, and man became a living soul.

But what relation to God had this spirit which he breathed into man? Was it his own spirit? On the one side we might strictly adhere to the figure and say: No man breathes his own spirit, that essence whereby his own existence is continued, but only that whereby his existence manifests itself—namely, breath. And thus what God breathed into man must have stood related to himself as a man's breath is related to him. But, on the other hand, it is evident from the use of words that this distinction between breath and spirit was not sharply drawn; and a passage just cited says that the inspiration of the Almighty is that in man which is intelligent. We are here, no doubt, to some extent dealing with figurative language; but it is very remarkable that this cardinal passage in Genesis does not speak of man's spirit as created, but as breathed into him out of God's own mouth. God drew man's being, so to speak, out of the depths of his own; man's spirit is that ethereal perfumed fire which is the breath of God.

It is hoped that the relevancy of these statements to the subject of death and immortality, if it be not seen now, will appear by-and-by. It may in the meantime be enough to say that what is called the "soul" seems considered in Scripture the seat of life and of personality in man, and that, having been endowed with personality, it never loses this possession; for death, as it puts an end to the existence of no soul, puts an end as little to the existence of any person. When a man dies the soul departs from the body; if he be restored to life the soul returns to the body; if one be rescued from death his soul is said not to

be left or given over to *sheol*—that is, the place of the dead, in such passages personified by the strong imagination of terror or love of life; but the disembodied persons in this place of the dead do not seem named in the Old Testament either souls or spirits. They are called by other names which describe the thinness, and flaccidity, and unsubstantial nature of their existence, but they are the same persons as they were above, however sadly “weak” they have now become. Again, that which is named “spirit” seems considered the source of life in man; it returns to God who gave it; its withdrawal causes death, and its partial withdrawal a diminution of the powers of life.

The remainder of this paper may be occupied by bringing forward from the Old Testament some general views about death and the state of the dead. It might be surmised, from the strong expressions used many times of death in the Old Testament, that it was believed that in death personal existence came to an end. In Psalm cxlvi. 4, it is said: “His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.” In another psalm, the thirtieth, the suppliant prays: “Oh spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more.” And in Job such expressions reach their climax: “And why dost thou not pardon my transgression? for now shall I sleep in the dust, and thou shalt seek me but I shall not be.” “For a tree hath hope, if it be cut down, it will sprout again.....But man dieth and wasteth away; man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?.....man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep.” But these are only the strong expressions of despondency and of regret over a life mournfully soon ended, and that never returns to be lived on this busy earth again. The very name and conception of *sheol* is sufficient to remove the first impressions they produce.

The term *sheol* is the Old Testament name for the place of the dead. The derivation of the word is uncertain. At first sight it seems connected with the word to *ask*, and it has been supposed that the name was conferred on account of the insatiable craving of the grave; as a prophet says: “Therefore ‘hell’ hath enlarged herself

and opened her mouth without measure;” and Agur, the son of Jakeh, one of the Wise, saith: “There are three things that are never satisfied, yea four things say not, It is enough: the ‘grave;’ and the barren womb; and the earth that is not filled with water; and the fire that saith not, It is enough.” But such a derivation of the word is more sentimental than solid. Most probably the term is connected with a root that means to be *hollow*, or to *gape*, *yawn*, and hence has itself the meaning of *hollow*, *abyss*, like our own word *hell*—that is, hollow. In the English version the word is sometimes rendered *grave* and sometimes *hell*, both unfortunate renderings; for, perhaps, the word never means the grave, and that additional idea of torment or misery which we associate with the expression “hell” forms no part of the meaning of this word.

The Old Testament represents *sheol* as in every way the opposite of this upper sphere of light and life. It is “deep *sheol*.” “Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell;” it lies deep down within the earth: “Those that seek my soul to destroy it shall go down into the lower parts of the earth.” Corresponding to this, it is the region of darkness, as Job, looking forward to it, mournfully describes it: “A land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.” Of course no formal or exact topography is to be sought for *sheol*. It is deep down under the earth, even under the waters, and dark, and all within it chaos. It is in great measure the creation of the imagination. Hence it is often decked out in the horrors of the grave. The prophet Isaiah represents the King of Babylon entering *sheol*, and occasioning no small stir among the shadowy persons there: “*Sheol* from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming.....Thy pomp is brought down to *sheol*, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.” And a later prophet says: “The strong among the mighty shall speak to him out of *sheol*. Asshur is there and all her company: his graves are about him: all of them slain, fallen by the sword: whose graves are set in the sides of the pit.”—Ezek. xxxii. 22, 23. According to this representation, *sheol* is a vast underground vault, with

cells all around like graves. But though sheol is sometimes painted in colours borrowed from the grave, it may be asserted that nowhere is the name used for the place of the body in death. Sheol is the place of departed personalities; it is the place appointed for all living, the great rendezvous of disembodied persons. The generations of one's forefathers are all there, and he who dies is gathered unto his fathers. The tribes of one's race are there, and the dead is gathered unto his people. Separated here, he is united with them there. And if even his own descendants had died before him, they are there, and he goes down to them, as Jacob thought to go down to his son mourning. None can hope to escape passing down into that universal gathering of those that have lived and are dead: What man is he that saith and shall not see death, that shall deliver his soul from the hand of sheol?

The state of those in sheol.—As death consists in the withdrawal by God of the spirit of life, and at this spirit is the source in general of energy and vital force, the personality in death is left feeble and flaccid. All that belongs to life ceases except existence. Hence sheol is called *Abaddon*—"perishing;" it is called "cessation." The personalities crowding there are powerless, and drowsy, and still, and silent, like those in sleep. The state is called *dumah*, "silence": "Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence." It is the "land of forgetfulness"—"The living know that they must die, but the dead know not anything; also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished." To the Preacher this present life did not seem very charming; but it had at least one superiority to the state of the dead—"the living know that they must die, the dead know not anything." Yet other passages leave those in sheol in possession of almost all that they had here, though in a much impoverished condition. Those who greet the Babylonian king at his coming, though confessing themselves "weak," yet know themselves and others, and have not quite lost their love, and their hatred, and their envy. They seem to keep a kind of shadowy life of their own—a dreamy pomp and ceremonial, sitting with invisible forms upon imperceptible thrones, from which they are stirred with some flicker of emotion to greet any

distinguished arrival. It is the shadow of earth and its activities—waving shades of the present life. One can perceive that there is no knowledge among the writers of Scripture concerning it. It is the creation of imagination almost entirely. They shudder at the thought of dying, and imagination paints the place of the dead as like the grave, dark as darkness itself. The sleep of death causes them to deem it a land of stillness and silence. The flaccid corpse makes them think of the person as feeble, with no energy or power. All seems due in some way or other to the circumstances of death, and none of it can be taken as deliberate expression of opinion. Only this may be considered assumed under it all, and part of the deliberate belief of the writers,—that departed persons had not ceased to exist, but continued to live, although the life had not the light and joy of the present one.

There does not seem any distinction of good and evil in sheol. As all must die and pass into sheol, all are represented as being there. Sheol is no place of punishment itself, nor of reward. Neither does it seem divided into such compartments. The state there is neither blessedness nor misery; it is existence. "There the wicked cease from troubling (that is, from unquietness), and the weary are at rest. The small and great are there the same, and the servant is free from his master." "To-morrow," said Samuel to the king whom God had rejected, "shalt thou and thy sons be with me.....Then Saul fell straightway all along upon the earth, and was sore afraid, because of the words of Samuel." The dead know not anything, says the Preacher, neither have they any more a reward. There are a few passages from which it has been by some surmised, that there existed among Old Testament believers a belief of a deeper sheol than the ordinary; but probably the passages have been misunderstood or overpressed. In Isa. xiv., a passage so rich in contributions to our knowledge of Hebrew feeling concerning the things of the dead, the Babylonian king is threatened with a fate which looks like something more gloomy than that which befalls men in common—"thou shalt be thrust down to the sides of the pit;" but this strong expression is evidently used in antithesis to one which the monarch, in his towering ambition, had himself

ed, when he proposed to "set his throne
sides of the north, in the mount of God."
ough the passage did mean, that he who
ed to seek to sit in the highest heaven
be thrust down into the lowest hell, all
a certainly have been intended to be ex-
is the most extreme opposition between
ogant hopes of the king and the actual
f his history. Neither can the fervent
of Balaam, "Let me die the death of the
as, and let my last end be like his," have
ictated by anything which he feared after
or by any faith which he had in a distinc-
between the destinies of the righteous and
in sheol. The meaning of his prayer is
that he may live such a life as he sees
[Israel, rich in God's blessings, and there-
ceful and long, so that he might die old

and full of days, and be carried to his grave in a
full age, as a shock of corn cometh in in his sea-
son. No doubt other thoughts began to arise
towards the close of the Hebrew commonwealth,
and gradually acquired strength and consistency,
and were in full currency by the time of our Lord;
but these may be alluded to afterwards. So far
as the canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament
are concerned, sheol is represented as the com-
mon rendezvous of all, the evil and the good
alike.

There is a good deal more that needs to be
added in order to present anything like a fair
view of the *general* impressions prevailing in Old
Testament times on the state of the dead. But
this paper, besides being heavy, has attained its
legitimate length, and what more has to be said
must be reserved for another.

OUR FATHER'S LOVE: A STORY OF LONDON STREETS.

CHAPTER II.

GETTING A LIVING.

AFTER Mrs. Sanders was buried, people
seemed to forget all about Susie. The
landlord called for his rent, and Susie paid
him, which was all he wanted, so he did
ble himself to inquire whether she was living
had any one to take care of her; and Elsie had
not to say anything about it unless she was

was rather proud of her new mode of living—
a roof to shelter her at night, a little spot she
ll home,—and she honestly believed Susie could
n without her; and the feeling that she had
e to take care of, made her more careful of
gs which were placed under her charge in the

spite of her care, and the extra employment it
ught her, the rent money could only be made
times by Susie going without food the day
or she could not eat the rubbish and refuse
med to enjoy. A breakfast or dinner of raw
ls Susie could not eat above once or twice; and
fruit that Elsie brought home for her often
r ill, so that if she could not afford to buy a
often preferred being hungry to the chance of
and unable to work.

he greatest trouble of all to Susie was the dif-
iy in which she spent Sunday. She missed her
more on that day than any other; for poor as

Mrs. Sanders had been, she had always contrived to go
to church and take Susie with her, until she came to
Fisher's Lane, and was unable to go out on account of
illness. Elsie, however, had no other idea of Sunday
than of a day to play more and eat less; for as there
were no steps to clean or baskets to mind, and very
little refuse to be found about the market, she generally
lay down to sleep feeling very hungry on Sunday night.

Susie always folded up her work and put it away
early on Saturday, that she might have time to clean
the room, just as her mother had done; and so Elsie,
finding her companion was not going to do any needle-
work on Sunday, persuaded her to come out to play,
and for the sake of pleasing her Susie went. But the
rough noisy games of Elsie's companions Susie could not
enjoy, and she was glad to sit down in a quiet corner
and think of her mother, and the bright home she had
gone to. Then she thought of their walks to church,
and what she heard there, and how grieved her mother
would be if she could see her now playing with these
children, until she felt strongly inclined to run off to
church now if only she knew her way.

She resolved not to go out to play again on Sunday;
and when the next came round, she said, "Do you
know your way to church, Elsie?"

"To church!" repeated Elsie; "they won't let us
play there."

"No, I don't want to play," said Susie, looking down

at her shabby frock, and wondering whether that was fit to go to church in. "I want to do as mother did, and she always went to church on Sundays."

Elfie looked puzzled. "Church ain't for poor people like us," she said.

"Oh yes, it is. Mother used to say she could never bear the trouble at all, if she could not go to church and get some help from God for it on Sundays."

"Eh? it's all along of the tables and chairs, and sleeping in beds, I suppose," said Elfie, a little disdainfully.

"Church has nothing to do with tables and chairs," said Susie. "We go there to hear about God and the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Well, there ain't no God for poor people that don't have tables and chairs," said Elfie.

"Oh, Elfie, don't say that; God loves you, and wants you to know and love him."

"What! wants me to go to church?" asked Elfie.

Susie nodded. "Come with me, will you?" she said eagerly.

Elfie laughed. "Catch me trying it, won't you; and there's a policeman walking up and down in front all the time."

"But the policeman is not there to keep people from going in," said Susie.

"What does he walk up and down there for, then?" asked Elfie quickly.

Susie could not answer this question, but she said, "Well, I know he don't keep people out."

"Not fine people that's got tables and chairs at home. God wants them in there perhaps, and so he gives the police orders to let 'em in. I know all about it, you see," she added triumphantly.

But Susie shook her head. "No, you don't," she said. "God wants us to know and love him—you and me, Elfie."

"I know them police that stands at the door, and that's enough for me," said the girl. "You can go if you like. Church, and tables, and chairs, and eating off plates, and sleeping in beds, is all one, I guess; and them that gets used to it can't do without it. But I can, and I shan't run to the police for that."

But although Elfie would not go with Susie, she willingly consented to show her the way; for she had not been to a church in this neighbourhood, and only knew the road to take the work backwards and forwards. So, after carefully washing her face and brushing her hair, and making herself as tidy as possible, Susie went out, carrying her prayer-book in her pocket-handkerchief, and trying to fancy that her mother was with her still.

Elfie would not come near the church; but after pointing it out, and watching Susie go in, she ran back to play with her companions, wondering all the time what could be going on inside the church to make Susie so anxious to go there. This was her first question when she met her as she came home. "What do you look at—what do you do," she asked, "when you go to church?"

"We pray and sing, and hear what the minister says," answered Susie.

"What does he say?" asked Elfie.

Susie thought for a minute, and then answered, "Well, he reads out of the Bible, and says 'Our Father.' You know that, don't you?"

But Elfie shook her head. "Who is 'Our Father'?" she asked.

"God, who lives up in heaven, where mother's gone," answered Susie.

"He's your Father, then, I suppose," said Elfie.

"Yes, and yours too," said Susie quickly.

"No, he ain't; I don't know him," said Elfie, shaking her head with a little sigh.

"But he knows you, Elfie—knows you, and loves you, and wants you to love him."

But Elfie shook her head persistently. "I don't know nothing about him, and nobody ever loved me," she said; and, to end the conversation, she ran away to finish her game of buttons, while Susie walked quietly home.

She ate a slice of dry bread for her dinner, and saved one for Elfie; and then took her mother's Bible out of the little box, and sat down to read a chapter just as she used to do before her mother died; but the sight of the familiar old book upset all her firmness, and she sat down with it in her lap, and burst into tears. She was still crying when Elfie came rushing in to ask if she would not come out and join their play.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed when she saw Susie in tears. "Are you so hungry?" she asked—for hunger seemed the only thing worth crying for to Elfie—and then, seeing the slice of bread on the table, and guessing it had been left for her, she put it on the Bible, saying, "You eat it, Susie; I've had some cold potatoes, and I ain't very hungry now."

But Susie put it back into her hands. "No, no, Elfie; you must eat that," she said. "I'm not crying because I'm hungry."

"What is it then?" said Elfie.

Susie looked down at the book lying in her lap. "I was thinking about mother," she said.

"Are you getting tired of living with me?" asked Elfie quickly.

"Oh no; you're very kind. I don't know what I should do without you, Elfie; but I do want my mother," said Susie through her tears.

Elfie looked puzzled. She was beginning to understand that all the mothers in the world were not like hers; that Susie's was not; and she could not understand why Mrs. Sanders had gone away and left her. "What made her go away?" she asked.

Susie left off crying to look at her companion in surprise. "Don't you know God took her to heaven?" she said.

"Yes, I know you said that before," answered Elfie impatiently; "but what made him take her?"

"Because he loved her," said Susie.

“He said just now he loved you; why didn't he go there as well?”

“I told my mother about that one day, when she said she should have to go away; but she said she would had some work for me to do in the world when he took me home.” And Susie dried her eyes and tried to be brave and choke back her sobs as

“What work will you have to do?” asked Elfie, sitting on the floor close to Susie's stool. Elfie preferred rolling on the floor to sitting on anything; and she greatly enjoyed questioning Susie. “I said God would teach me that if I asked,” answered Susie. “I don't know yet what it

“Why don't you ask him?” said Elfie in her usual fashion.

“I ask him every night; but he won't do it, and then go home to mother.” “What do you do when you kneel down before your bed?” asked Elfie.

“God hears what I say, too,” she answered.

“Then, why didn't your mother ask him to let him help you to do the work, if she didn't want to?” said Elfie sharply.

“I don't know what to answer. The question puzzled a little; and to escape from Elfie's saying she proposed reading a chapter from the

“I'm grown tired of playing, and was quite willing to read. She could not read herself, and was full of questions that Susie could; and for some time she chatted and questioned so much about this that Susie began to get impatient; but at last she grew quiet, and Susie began to read her favourite verses in St. Matthew—the verses about the children being brought to Jesus.

“How kind of him to say, Let the children come to me,” said Elfie when Susie paused.

“The Lord Jesus is always kind,” said Susie.

“He was here in London; I'd go to him,”

“It's nice to have anybody speak kind to

“I don't go to him, Elfie,” said Susie. “The Lord Jesus has gone up to heaven again now; but he'll hear me as plain as though he was in the room here.”

“You don't think I'm going to believe you?” she said sharply.

“It's not so; it's the truth,” said Susie.

“It is for fine folks that wants a lot of things; but it's not for a poor little street girl like me,” answered Elfie.

“Don't you think it's for you, Elfie?” asked her

“I don't know what I am, and I guess he'd soon find out,” said Elfie. “I know what I am, and I guess he'd soon find out,” said Elfie. “I know what I am, and I guess he'd soon find out,” said Elfie. “I know what I am, and I guess he'd soon find out,” said Elfie.

“O Elfie, Jesus don't think you're street rubbish!” said Susie. “I think he cares for people all the more when he knows they're poor, because he was a poor man himself once.”

“A poor man!” exclaimed Elfie; “why, you said he was God's Son, and all the world was his.”

“So it is; but when he came down here, the people wouldn't believe he was God's Son, and so he lived like a poor man—as poor as you and me, I think, Elfie.”

But Elfie shook her head. “I'm street rubbish, but you ain't,” she said.

“I've found a verse about it,” said Susie, “where Jesus says how poor he was—‘The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.’ There; that means Jesus had no home or comfortable bed, he was so poor,” said Susie.

Elfie sat looking at her in dumb surprise. “He was just as poor as me,” she said. “Why didn't he go away, and leave the people, if he was God's Son?”

“Because he loved them, and he wanted them to know it, and to know that God loved them too, and wanted them to love him and be happy.”

Elfie had never had any one to love her in all her life, and she could but dimly understand what Susie meant; but she did understand it a little, and all the vain longings she had felt when looking at a mother kissing her child sprung up in her heart now, as she said, in a subdued, gentle voice, “I wish he'd love me just a little.”

“He does love you,” said Susie, “not a little, but a great deal.”

“Did he tell you to tell me so?” asked Elfie eagerly.

Susie knew not what to reply to this; but the thought stole into her heart, “Was this the work her mother had spoken of—was she to tell Elfie of the love of God, try to make her understand it, and lead her to love him?” But her silence made Elfie think she had no message for her, and she said, “You need not be afraid to tell me, Susie; nobody ever did love me, and nobody ever will; and I don't want any love either.” But in spite of these words, so sharply and angrily spoken, Elfie burst into tears.

Susie had never seen her cry before, and for very sympathy she burst into tears herself, as she threw her arms round her companion's neck, and drew her closely towards her. “Don't cry, Elfie; I'll love you,” she said. “I'll love you ever so much; and you'll believe God loves you too; won't you?” she added coaxingly.

Elfie clung to Susie, and held her in a passionate embrace. “Say it again,” she whispered—“say you love me, Susie; it's what I've been wanting ever so long, I think.”

“Everybody wants it,” said Susie. “God puts the feeling in our heart, mother said; and then he gives us people to love us, just that we may know how he loves us himself.”

“Tell me some more about it,” said Elfie, still in the same subdued voice, and clinging fast round Susie's

neck, her dirty tangled head of hair resting on her shoulder.

"I don't know how to tell it, Elsie, only as the Bible tells it. Mother made me learn a good many verses about the love of God. I'll tell you some of them. 'God is love;' 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;' 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Now, don't you see God must love you, for you're in the world, and God so loved the world that he sent Jesus Christ to die that we might be saved?"

"Saved!" repeated Elsie.

"Yes; saved from our sins—the wicked things we do that makes God sorry, and angry too," said Susie.

But Elsie did not care to hear about this; she wanted to know whether it was possible for God to love her—whether he had told Susie he would love her.

"I'd do anything for that," she said, pushing back her tangled hair. "Do you think he'd like me better if I was to keep my face clean and comb my hair like you do?" she asked.

Susie smiled. "I think God does like people to be clean," she said; "and I'd like it, Elsie."

"Then I'll do it," said Elsie in a determined tone. "I've thought it was no good. Before, I was just street rubbish, and nobody cared for me; but if you do, and God will, I'll wash my face; and perhaps he will by-and-by, as the Lord Jesus his Son was a poor man himself." And Elsie went at once to fetch some water to wash her face, and Susie promised to help her to do her hair.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN," ETC.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.



ONE of my principal objects in visiting the United States was to ascertain, and as far as possible from personal observation, the character and efficiency of the leading Educational Institutions. I had heard much of them—much in their favour, much to their disparagement. Elementary training was generally represented as superior to that of England; but the colleges were as generally spoken of as little better than grammar schools. The Universities of Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Columbia I had already visited; and I was now glad of an opportunity of inspecting one less known in Europe, and which, from its retired position and comparatively recent origin, might be regarded as a fair type of American colleges.

Charlottesville, in which the University of Virginia is located, is about ninety miles west of Richmond. The railway to it winds through a picturesque country, with hill and dale, river and upland. The primeval forests have long since been cut down; but a second growth, almost equal in places to the old trees, covers large tracts. The towns along the route are few and small. Gordonsville is the most important. Large farms, well cleared and fenced, line the railway; and not a few of the residences upon them rival in size and appearance the old manors of England.

Everywhere one sees evidences of former industry and comfort. In fact, the Virginian proprietors appear to have lived much like the squires and farmers of Yorkshire. But the war ruined them. Their capital was swept away. Slave labour no longer exists; the soil is untilled; the houses are falling to decay; and every second farm is for sale, at a price scarcely more than nominal. The little roadside stations, and the walls of Gordonsville and Charlottesville, were covered with advertisements of farms and estates to be sold. Wherever the cars stopped, I had dozens of maps and papers thrust into my hands, or thrown into the carriage. I was told that capitalists from the North, and even enterprising Scotchmen, are making large and profitable purchases. This will do good in the end. It will infuse new blood into the somewhat stagnant veins of the old population of Virginia.

The scenery increases in beauty towards the west. At Gordonsville a change is noticeable. The hills are higher; the outline is more varied; and a rapid river, a tributary to the James, rushes along between richly-wooded banks. Towards Charlottesville the hill-tops become peaked; and their graceful forms and variegated foliage remind one of the environs of Heidelberg. Further westward still, they rise gradually, until at length,

the distance, they unite with the grand range of the Blue Mountains. In an upland vale, embraced in these hills, and encircled by forests, green glades, and cultivated fields, lies Charlottesville, a town of some three or four thousand inhabitants. Externally, it resembles other American towns, situated like it far from the great centres of commerce. Its houses are widely scattered, and mostly built of wood; its streets are wide, but generally in a state of nature, with narrow wooden side-paths, and carriage-ways covered in mud or dust. There is now no evidence of the wonderful progress and business bustle once known in the North. The thoroughfares look deserted; many of the houses and stores are tenanted; and there is a painful aspect of stagnation and decline. In fact, the war almost ruined Charlottesville, and left desolate the rich agricultural region of which it is the centre.

On alighting from the car, I was invited by a railway conductor to enter a rickety-looking omnibus, which, he said, would convey me to the hotel. I entered accordingly, and took my seat. After waiting with praiseworthy patience for half an hour, deserted by both conductor and coachman, I called to the former, whom I needed to see emerging from a neighbouring whisky-store:—"When are you going to start?" "Not likely, sa' ; jess gwine," was the reply, and he sat down on a rail. Again I waited a dreary interval, battling with flies and choked with dust. At last I got out, and demanded my bag, which my friend had prudently taken possession of, expressing my determination at the same time to set up my quarters in the wretched hotel beside the dépôt. This brought matters to a crisis. The conductor shouted; the coachman came out from the whisky-store and made his way to the box as quickly as, under his peculiar circumstances, was possible; and we jolted up the streets to the hotel.

The University, I was told, is more than a mile distant; and as there was no conveyance available, I set out on foot. The road is thoroughly American; it is a broad strip of rough ground, bordered by rude fences, and having here and there along one side a few planks so laid as to enable the pedestrian to cross channels of water and places of mud. The day was hot, and the dust rose

in dense clouds, so that the walk was not agreeable. On reaching the College, I called upon Professor Gildersleeve, to whom I had an introduction from my friends at Brook Hill. His welcome was thoroughly Virginian. I must make his house my home; and then and there he sent off his servant to the town for my baggage. His kindness, cordial as it was unexpected, gave me an opportunity which I could not otherwise have enjoyed of becoming acquainted with a body of as highly-cultivated gentlemen, as efficient professors, and as accomplished scholars, as it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Knowing my object in visiting them, they gave me every facility for gaining information. I had free access at all hours to library, class-rooms, lecture-halls, laboratories, and even to the chambers of students. As far as it was possible, during my short stay, I saw and judged of everything for myself.

The University occupies a splendid site at the base of two conical hills, surrounded by a park of some three hundred acres. The buildings have an odd, fantastic appearance. One can scarcely divest himself of the idea, especially if he looks down upon them as I did from the hills overhead, that the whole group is some kind of exaggerated toy structure—the little domes, and pediments, and porticos, and colonnades are so quaint and formal. In the centre is a rectangular lawn, or *campus*, with a rotunda at its northern end, modelled after the Pantheon; on each side is a range of residences for professors and students, with miniature porches or porticos, of different elevations and various orders of architecture. Each house, I believe, is designed after the style of some noted Greek or Roman temple. Outside the central group are other ranges of buildings; and beyond these again, scattered over the undulating grounds, are the newer houses, chambers, class-rooms, and laboratories. The numerous colonnades have one advantage: they form cloisters which afford a pleasant promenade during the winter rains, and the intense heat of a Southern summer.

The University was founded by Thomas Jefferson, author of the "Declaration of American Independence," and the third President of the United States. Mr. Jefferson was one of the earliest advocates of national education. Nearly

a century ago, he declared that free schools were an essential part—one of the columns, as he expressed it—of the State edifice; and he affirmed that without such instruction, free to all, the sacred flame of liberty could not be kept burning in the heart of Americans. And he did not stop at the elementary department, but, with the sagacity of a true statesman, and the zeal of a genuine patriot, he laboured to establish colleges, and thus promote the higher mental culture of the nation, knowing that mental culture and national prosperity must advance together. His scheme for university training was large and comprehensive. It was not, like a recent scheme devised in our own enlightened and highly-favoured land, shorn of some of the noblest departments of human knowledge, and muzzled in obedience to ecclesiastical dictation; but, in addition even to the ordinary branches taught in universities, it embraced schools of applied science, such as are now just beginning to be considered an essential part of our best institutions.

Mr. Jefferson's influence was sufficient to induce the State of Virginia to build and endow the University. He superintended the work. Day after day he rode over to it from his beautiful house of Monticello. He imported capitals and pediments from Italy, so as to carry out his own favourite ideas of architecture. He even accomplished a more difficult and delicate task. He felt that, if the University would prosper, the professors must be men of eminence; and he was aware that such men could not easily be found in a new country. He therefore set aside national feeling and prejudice, and resolved, in the interests of learning, to endeavour to select professors in England. He was successful. The names of Charles Bonnycastle, Thomas Hewitt Key, and George Long, who were among the first professors, gave celebrity to the new University, and gave an impetus to scientific research in it which it has never lost.

The University has some striking peculiarities, and I was anxious to see, as far as possible from observation and inquiry on the spot, how the plan works. The official "Catalogue" tells us that, "In this institution there is no curriculum, or prescribed course of study, to be pursued by every student, whatever his previous prepara-

tion or special objects. In establishing the University of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson, for the first time in America, threw open the doors of a university in the true sense of the name, providing as amply as the available means would permit, for thorough instruction in *independent schools* on all the chief branches of learning, assuming that the opportunities for study thus presented were privileges to be voluntarily and eagerly sought, and allowing students to select for themselves the departments to which they were led, by their special tastes and proposed pursuits in life, to devote themselves.

"The wisdom of this plan has been amply vindicated by time and experience; and within the last few years many of the institutions of higher culture in the United States have to a greater or less extent remodelled their method of study in accordance with the example here set. This elective system commends itself especially to those who desire to make professional attainments in any department of knowledge. At the same time, the courses of academic study are so arranged as to provide for the systematic prosecution of a complete plan of general education.

"While every student may thus select the schools he will attend, in the academic department he is required as a rule to attend at least three, unless, upon the written request of his parent or guardian, or for good cause shown, the faculty shall allow him to attend less than three."

There are sixteen chairs, and the occupant of each is head of a school or department, which is independent of all others. Instruction is given, as in the Scotch colleges, wholly through lectures and text-books, combined with examinations. The examinations are of three kinds:—1. Daily; 2. Intermediate and final general examinations; and 3. Examinations for graduation. In the *first*, each professor, "before commencing the lecture of the day, examines his class orally on the subject of the preceding lecture, as developed in the text-book or expounded in the lecture." "Two *general* examinations of each class are held during the session in the presence of a committee of the faculty, which every student is required to stand. The first, called the intermediate, is held about the middle of the session, and embraces in its

the subjects of instruction in the first half of the course. The second, called the final, is in the closing week of the session, and embraces the subjects treated of in the second half of the course. These examinations are conducted orally. The questions have each numerical value attached to them. If the answers are given in the aggregate at not less than three-fourths of the aggregate values assigned to the questions, those giving them are ranked in the division, and certificates of distinction are awarded to them.....The results, whatever they may be, are communicated to parents and guardians. The standing of the student at these examinations is taken into account in ascertaining his qualifications for graduation in any of the departments.

The examinations for graduation are held in the last month of the session. They are conducted by the professor in presence of the other professors. They are chiefly carried on in writing, but in some of the schools they are partly oral.

The following note is appended to the regulations for the various examinations, and, simple as it appears, is worthy of more general consideration than it gets in some countries :—"As a due instance with the English language is indispensable to the attainment of any of the honours of the institution, all candidates for graduation are required to exhibit in their examinations due qualifications in this respect."

When a young man has thus passed through one department (say Latin, Greek, or Philosophy) it is, when he has attended regularly all the lectures, and satisfied the professor in the daily term examinations, and when he has scored a minimum of seventy-five per cent. at a final examination, by written papers, upon the whole department—then he receives a certificate of graduation in that department. This system secures thorough teaching, for the credit of the professor is at stake; and it is the natural ambition of each professor to set up a high standard in his own department. The professor, besides, has in this way the opportunity of developing his subject, and of thoroughly testing and training his students. He is not cramped and fettered by the routine requirements of a fixed examination. He is not

tempted to "cram" just as much knowledge into the head of his unfortunate subject as will secure a "pass," or, it may be, score a certain number of marks, before an Examining Board. He has a far higher aim. He aims at mental culture; and he leads his students along with him to the lofty walks of scientific or literary research. He is an independent investigator; and it is his great ambition to inspire his pupils with a kindred spirit, and prepare them for the independent pursuit of knowledge. As in Scotland, the collegiate and university functions are united. The men who teach and train are the men who examine for and confer degrees. The examinations being continuous throughout the course, and not merely terminal, "cram" is avoided, and real culture secured.

The degree of *Master of Arts* is conferred only upon such students as have graduated separately in the departments of Latin, Greek, French and German, pure Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, History, and Literature; and who have afterwards scored at least seventy-five per cent. of marks at a general written examination, conducted by all the professors, and extending over the whole course. These examinations are lengthened and severe; and if the degrees of the University of Virginia be few in number—as of necessity they must be under such a system—they are evidences of thorough scholarship. There are no honour degrees; every degree is considered such.

I was deeply impressed with the manifest earnestness alike of professors and students. As there is no compulsion in any department, and as there is entire freedom of choice in regard to subjects, there is no sham, and no mere formality in attendance upon lectures. Every man feels that it is work alone which can secure what he aims at. Routine would be useless. It is a place for study, and not for routine. Its system is based upon this principle; and the character of the professors individually, and of the college generally, is dependent upon the thoroughness of the training given, and on the superior culture of the *alumni* and graduates.

It would not do to have all the universities in a country conformed to the model of the University of Virginia, just because all the young men

who go, or are sent, to the universities are not in earnest. Most of them require pressure to make them do anything. There must be some fixed course for them, otherwise liberal education would not be even so general as it is. But it is well, I think, to have at least one such college, where professors may be free to develop their views, and to adopt their own plans of training; and where youths, who have a real thirst for knowledge, may follow out fully their favourite studies, under the guidance of teachers as independent and as enthusiastic as themselves. Rigid rules would only cramp such minds. The prospective requirements of an Examining Board would only quench their ardour, and take from them that freedom of thought and originality of conception which always characterize genius. The attempt to press the entire higher culture of a nation into one uniform mould, is just in so far an attempt to dwarf the nation's intellect, and reduce it to a miserable mediocrity. Freedom is an essential condition of that profound and persevering research which alone can achieve discoveries such as those of Newton in England, Laplace in France, Thompson in Scotland, and Henry in America.

The students of the University of Virginia are all resident. Their chambers are intermingled with the houses of the professors. The college thus forms a distinct community, complete within itself; and provision must, therefore, be made for the religious and moral as well as the mental training of the students. This is not so necessary in those places where they only go to the college for lectures; for then they may have the advantage of home discipline, and of such religious instruction and moral guidance as their parents or guardians may provide. Here, however, there is a chaplain, who, strangely enough, is chosen alternately biennially from the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist bodies. This may seem strange to us, but it works well, and its general tendency seems to be to foster a spirit of charity and Christian forbearance among the young men. In regard to religion, there is perfect freedom, as there is in study. The college is unsectarian. The conscientious convictions and scruples of every man are respected; and while there is regular morning prayer and Sunday service, no one is compelled to attend on one or

other. Yet, as a rule, most of the students do attend. The professors set a good example in this as in other respects, and the pupils are not slow to follow.

One thing I noticed with much pleasure while attending in the lecture-rooms. The professors are not afraid to touch, whenever occasion requires it, upon the fundamental truths of revelation. They are careful not to intrude them unnecessarily; but they mention them, examine them, and defend them, just as they do other truths. They are recognized and dealt with as constituent and necessary parts of a liberal education. Jewish history is considered as important as Grecian history; the laws of Moses are thought not less worthy of study than those of Lycurgus and Solon. This is just as it should be. Young men, while being informed regarding the mythology of Greece and Rome, are not left in entire ignorance of the theology of the Bible; while the ethical and philosophical systems of Kant and Cousin and Berkeley are investigated, the system of the New Testament is not ignored. Creeds and confessions are, of course, excluded from the class-room. There is no Faculty of Theology; and there is no systematic training in any department of religion. The professors, as I found, draw a wise and logical distinction between two things which are often confounded, and the confounding of which leads, in my opinion, to great confusion of thought, and sometimes to serious practical difficulties. They distinguish between that mode of instruction which tries, or tends, to force upon the mind peculiar views on controverted points in theology, philosophy, or history; and that mode which contents itself with showing clearly and simply what opinions have been held by opposite parties on those disputed and delicate points. The former method is an unwarranted interference with free thought and the rights of conscience; the latter is a legitimate and, indeed, a necessary branch of education. Some may think it dangerous; but the real danger, in my opinion, lies in the action of false views and arguments upon crude and ill-trained minds; and the true mode of counteracting that danger is thorough mental training, and a full exhibition and comparison of truth and error. Truth will ever prevail in the cultivated intellect.

told that more than a half of the four and fifty students who are in attendance University are members of "The Young Christian Association." Soon after my [was waited upon by a deputation from naging committee, and requested to lec- n Palestine. I gladly consented ; but as r could not be prolonged, they were to fix the following evening for its de- Yet, though the notice was so short, the llege chapel was filled. The unflagging : of the students during the lecture was gly gratifying. The points brought out inly illustrative of Scripture history and prophecy ; and I was pleased to find a d eager group of young men waiting for e close, and desirous of obtaining fuller ion in regard to some subjects I had upon. Their thirst for knowledge im- me deeply. They are manifestly in ear- all they do. The acquisition of know- their first and chief aim. They have nes and societies, as in other colleges ; but e systematically kept in the background. ng farewell to the University of Virginia, at I was leaving behind me a body of s who would reflect honour upon any

seat of learning in the world ; and a body of young men, many of whom are destined to occupy proud positions in their country.

The late war formed a sad but noble episode in the history of the University. The whole of the students, and those professors whose age did not disqualify them, entered the Southern army, and were distinguished for valour and enthusiasm. I glanced over a large volume, containing a series of brief but interesting memorials of those who fell in battle or died of their wounds. The list is a long one, and many of its details are deeply interesting. Some of the survivors—and among them my kind host, Professor Gildersleeve—still bear the marks of that terrible campaign. War is a fearful scourge ; but perhaps nowhere are its dread effects so plainly seen as when it breaks up a whole educational institution, and sends hundreds of young men—the very flower of their country—to an early and a bloody tomb.

I took leave of my kind friends on Saturday afternoon, with feelings such as I have rarely experienced in parting with strangers. Professor Gildersleeve accompanied me to the station at Charlottesville, and his affectionate adieu almost brought tears to my eyes.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

It comes—it comes—with a gush of song
Pealing the kindling earth along ;
With the sunbeam's crown on the moun-
tain's crest,
e dance of light on the stream's glad breast !

—with its wealth of leaves and flowers,
and garlands for forest bowers ;
astering stars in the primrose-dells,
ng 'midst graceful hyacinth bells.

—it comes—and the light winds bring
' breath on their scented wing,
their lowly bed 'midst the emerald hue
wavy grass that the light looks through.

—with its glancing light and shade,
h budding boughs in the wood's arcade,
pearly-cupped anemone,
e sorrel's meek faint purity.

—it comes—with the cuckoo's note,
bird and bee in the air aloft ;

With the rainbow's arch, with the shower's bright
fall,

And a flush of light round the homes of all.

It comes—to beauty and life and bloom
To awake the earth, but not the tomb ;
It comes—it comes—but it brings not back
The loved and lost in its sunny track.

It comes—glad hearts to its voice bound high,
Round mine deep shadows and silent lie ;
For light from my heart and home has passed
Since the glad Spring greeted our dwelling last.

Oh ! all too bright is the laughing sky,
Sad is the woodland minstrelsy,
And a dimness rests on the opening flowers !
Why ? Hath not Heaven what once was ours ?

Yes ; a morn shall rise upon death's long night,
And a Spring shall come to the grave's dark might ;
And the buds and flowers that withered here
Shall bloom afresh in a brighter sphere !

THE WITNESS OF THE MONUMENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM ORIENTAL REMAINS.

BY THOMAS T. GRAY, M.A.

II.

"And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven."—GEN. xi. 3, 4



THE progress of modern investigation has elicited some remarkable facts illustrative of the statements of Scripture in regard to the structure of the Tower of Babel. Nothing, indeed, has been done to prove in a satisfactory way the exact spot which that tower actually occupied. Many ingenious theories have been started, with a view to identify the ancient site with one or other of the great ruined mounds which mark the whole extent of the valley of the Euphrates; but no explanation has yet been offered which is not burdened with almost insuperable difficulties. Yet while nothing can be gained by fanciful identifications, which the next wave of speculation or discovery may sweep into the land of forgetfulness, there is a good deal to be gathered from the various scattered side-lights which the researches of travellers have thrown, first, on the probable form of the tower; and second, on the materials used in its construction.

I. The external form of the building.

A vast quantity of evidence can be adduced to prove that the sacred edifices of the early Chaldeans and later Babylonians were built in the form of a tower. The *ziggurat*, or temple-tower, was not only a prominent feature in the landscape of Mesopotamia, but formed a characteristic peculiarity of the ecclesiastical architecture of the country. It consisted of a succession of stories, built on an elevated platform, and rising sometimes as high as one hundred and fifty feet. All the ruins of temples which have been uncovered in recent times are distinguished, some with greater, others with less distinctness, according to their respective antiquity, by this custom of building in stages. The best surviving specimen of the earliest buildings has been found in the ruins of Mugheir, situated on the right

bank of the Euphrates, at a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles from the head of the Persian Gulf, and believed on good grounds to be identical with Ur of the Chaldees. The explorations there made have revealed the existence of a large building of two stories, built in the form of a parallelogram, and placed on a mound twenty feet in height. The first story of the temple was found on examination to have been partly destroyed by time, and partly covered with rubbish, and is calculated to have been about forty feet in height. The larger portion of the structure is composed of common sun-dried bricks of small size, and cased on the outside with a covering wall of burnt bricks, which, like the others, are laid in bitumen. This lower story is connected with the platform on which it rests by a staircase nine feet wide, placed on the north-east side of the building. The height of the second story is about nineteen feet, and its materials are similar in character and arrangement to those found in the first stage. The Arabs of the vicinity informed the traveller who examined the structure, that there existed, less than half a century ago, a third story of small dimensions, in the form of a chamber, set apart as a shrine or sanctuary in honour of the particular divinity worshipped in the temple. With the exception, however, of some enamelled bricks found among the fallen rubbish of the second story, and entirely differing in appearance from the bricks used in the rest of the building, all traces of this third story had disappeared. But even though we discard these fragments of a third story as insufficient to prove its existence, we possess, in the existing stages and the platform, which was itself twenty feet high, an adequate illustration of the primitive tendency of the Chaldean architects to construct their great buildings in the form of towers. It is true that the materials of the second stage belong to a later

than those of the first, the bricks of which supposed bearing the stamp of a king of more times. This fact would tell seriously the antiquity of the second stage, but for every which has been made among these bricks of a quantity of others belonging to the period as those of the first story. This is regarded by the most competent authorities as "sufficient to show that the two are part of the original design, and therefore the idea of building in stages belongs to most primitive times." Some idea of the type of the temple of Mugheir may be deduced from the fact that the early bricks of it is mainly composed bear the name of a king called Uruk, who, according to the evidence of the monuments, ruled over Chaldaea in the year 2000 B.C.

A special form of construction, of which a specimen may be taken as a specimen, was not known to the earliest times, but characterized the Assyrian through all the varying phases of its history. The sculptures unite with the existing ruins in affording illustrations of this feature in Assyrian and Babylonian architecture. On a sculptured bas-relief discovered in the vicinity of Nineveh, the outline of a temple with four stages is distinctly portrayed; whilst a tower-shaped mound laid open at the base was found, on examination by an explorer, to possess as many as seven stages.

That this number need not of itself be regarded as by any means exaggerated, may be seen by reference to the great Temple of Belus in Babylon, which Herodotus numbered among the wonders of the ancient world. The celebrated passage in the first book of his history, in which that writer describes the grandeur of the temple, contains the following account of the structure—"In the middle of the precinct [of Jupiter] there was a tower of solid masonry, as high in length and breadth, upon which was a second tower, and on that a third, and so up to eight. The ascent to the top is made outside, by a path which winds round all the towers.....On the topmost tower there is a temple, and inside the temple stands a table of unusual size, with a golden table by its side. Though the structure thus described has

long since perished, there can be no good ground for doubting the general accuracy of the historian's statement, who is believed to have visited Babylon in the course of his travels, and obtained his information on the spot.

But by far the most remarkable illustration of the Chaldaean system of tower-building has been furnished within the last few years, by the discovery of the splendid Temple of the Seven Spheres, which, in the completeness of its parts and the imposing grandeur of its appearance, eclipses all other remains of the same class. The ruins of the Temple of Birs-Nimrud, as they are now designated, lie at a distance of eight or nine miles from the site of ancient Babylon, and, rising abruptly from the plain to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, are distinctly visible from a vast distance. The original building has gradually fallen into the form of a pyramid, the lower portion being overlaid with heaps of crumbling rubbish, which have slipped down and left a good many feet of brickwork exposed at the top. When closely surveyed by experts, it was found to be an almost perfect specimen of the ancient Chaldaean temple erected on the usual platform of crude brick, and consisting of an ascending series of seven stages, each built in the form of a square. The lowest story was two hundred and seventy-two feet square, the second two hundred and thirty, and so on; the stories gradually diminishing towards the top, till the dimensions of the seventh measured only twenty feet square. "These seven stages," says Professor Rawlinson, "were coloured so as to represent the seven planetary spheres, according to the tints regarded by the Sabæans as appropriate to the seven luminaries: the basement stage being black, the hue assigned to Saturn; the next an orange or raw sienna tint, the hue of Jupiter; the third a bright red, the hue of Mars; the fourth golden, the hue of the Sun; the fifth a pale yellow, the hue of Venus; the sixth dark blue, the hue of Mercury; and the seventh silver, the hue of the Moon." The Birs-Nimrud was dedicated to Nebo, or Mercury, and had originally been built by one of the early kings. But having fallen into disrepair, it was restored by Nebuchadnezzar to the condition in which it has been preserved comparatively perfect down to the present time. Several laboured attempts have

been made to prove its identity with the Tower of Babel ; but the great distance of the Birs from the ruins of Babylon, and other obstacles of an equally serious kind, have been urged against the adoption of this view. In such circumstances, it will be always hazardous to attempt to prove more than the facts of the case will fairly bear ; and it would seem to be the wisest course to limit ourselves to the office of collecting such manifest and reasonable probabilities as the nature of the case suggests. The very antiquity of the event recorded in Genesis might of itself suffice to deter the incautious theorist from endeavouring to establish a clear and continuous chain of proofs, many links of which must have long since perished beyond hope of recovery. Confining our attention, then, to the region of coincidence, we possess, in these unburied mounds of the Valley of the Euphrates, the strongest antecedent probability of the existence of such a tower as is described in Holy Writ. The various remains of the sacred edifices of the country, belonging to all periods of its history, stand forth in silent majesty as witnesses to the truth of Scripture, in so far as regards the broad fact that tower-building was the natural practice followed in their great structures by the builders of the plain of Shinar ; so much so, that had any other form of building but this been mentioned by the sacred writer, such a statement would have run counter to the whole body of evidence with which existing remains furnish us on the subject. That the evidence, on the other hand, should actually run in a parallel and unbroken line with the statements of the Mosaic record, is a coincidence amounting, as nearly as could be expected in the circumstances, to the value of positive proof.

II. The materials used in the construction of the Tower.

The impression thus formed of the truth of the Scripture history as to the form of the Tower is confirmed in a singularly striking manner by an examination of the materials of which it is said to have been constructed. These materials consisted, according to the sacred text, of burned bricks laid in slime. Here we are met at the very outset with the question, which suggests itself even to the least thoughtful mind, "Why did these

ancient builders use brick ? " "Why not stone ? " For the simple yet sufficient reason, we reply, that there was no stone to be had. It is a fact notorious to all who have given attention to the subject of the natural resources of Babylonia, that the country is so signally destitute of minerals, and especially of stone, that there is not a single quarry to be found throughout its whole extent. The nature of the soil, which is rich and clayey, and the absence of rocks and hills, sufficiently account for a peculiarity which has left its own mark on the architecture of the country. As a consequence of this deficiency in mineral products, it has been satisfactorily proved that stone was never used for ordinary building purposes by the Chaldeans and Babylonians ; and when on rare occasions it was actually employed for other purposes, it had to be brought from a distance. Sandstone was occasionally imported from Arabia, and basalt could also be procured ; but the difficulty of transporting stone in sufficient quantities seems to have always materially interposed as an obstacle to its general use. The positive evidence furnished by existing remains fully bears out this view. It is a simple matter of fact that all the great buildings already explored are composed almost entirely of brick, and show comparatively few traces of stone. The huge temples of Wara and Mugheir, the massive walls and palaces of Babylon, the private dwellings, the vaulted tombs and ingenious drainage system of the great cemeteries, are all composed of the favourite material. Brick is visible everywhere ; while, with the single exception of the ancient temple at Abu-Shahreia, in which an outer wall of limestone and a marble staircase have been found, stone is nowhere to be seen.

Assyria, which lay on the upland to the north of Babylonia, and was closely begirt on the north and east by high mountain ranges, was very differently situated in this respect. The mineral wealth of that country, which abounds in sandstone, limestone, alabaster, basalt, and marble, would at once recommend building in stone as the most natural course for its artificers to follow. But as there was no such supply of building materials in the Lower Valley, the architects were obliged to dispense with them, and resort to the substitute with which nature had provided them in all but

lleled abundance. The soft clammy mould, ally impregnated with the moisture of the ivers, furnished an inexhaustible supply of lmirably adapted for brick-making ; indeed, ole plain could, if required, have been easily into an immense brick-field, and was per- more favourably situated for the prosecution : particular industry than any other place world. The Valley of the Nile is perhaps ly other district which can be compared it in natural advantages for the rapid and sful development of this branch of manu- . Herodotus, with his keen eye for natural urities, was struck with the extraordinary ties of the soil, and the skilful way in the inhabitants had turned them to ac- in building the great walls of Babylon. here," says he, "I may not omit to tell the which the mould dug out of the great moat rned, nor the manner wherein the wall was kt. As fast as they dug the moat, the soil they got from the cutting was made into and when a sufficient number was com- they baked the bricks in kilns. Then they building, and began bricking the borders moat, after which they proceeded to con- the wall itself, using throughout for their t hot bitumen." The system thus del by the historian was very much the same t which had been practised from a very t date. It was the method which would readily suggest itself to men in the infant of civilization, whose material and artificial ces were alike scanty. No great stretch enuity or expenditure of labour was re- to convert the masses of raw material ed by the soil into a substance suitable for ag. Little more was needed than to fashion y into the requisite shape, and let it lie ex- for a short time to the burning heat of a l sun, in order to make it fit for use. The brick thus obtained was largely used in the sition of all the great structures of the y, and though liable to crumble from ex- to the air, is yet capable of standing for when the main body of the brick-work has rvelled into a tough coherent mass by pres- rom above or other causes. on all occasions when it was considered de-

sirable to make special provision for the perma- nence and stability of a building, recourse was had to kiln-dried bricks. The superior value of these seems to have been thoroughly appreciated from an early period, and may be still seen in the per- fect state of preservation in which they have been actually found. While the crude bricks have either crumbled into dust or run together into an unshapely lump, the burnt bricks, even of the earliest buildings, are still as hard and brittle as ever. The distinctive colours of the various quali- ties have been preserved, some being described as of a yellowish-white tint, others of a blackish- blue, and others still, the most ancient of all, of a pale red colour. Owing to the cost of production, they were but sparingly used in building, and were principally reserved for the more important pur- poses of construction. The keystones of arches and the corners of walls were formed of kiln-dried bricks ; but they were chiefly used for facing the heavy masses of crude brick of which the inner portions of the great edifices were constructed. By this contrivance the vast amount of labour and expense involved in building wholly of kiln- dried brick was saved, and a sufficient degree of permanence obtained for all practical purposes. Hence, to build a great edifice exclusively of burnt brick, as the builders of the Tower of Babel would seem to have proposed, must have necessitated an expenditure of labour and fuel which forcibly illustrates the gigantic proportions of their plan of operations, and the mingled energy and daring of their enterprise. From the silence of Scripture on the use of crude bricks in the erection of the Tower, it is impossible to conclude with certainty that they were not used in any part of the build- ing. It is, of course, quite a possible thing that they may have been used to some extent ; but as the whole gist of the narrative points in the direc- tion of something so extraordinary as to border on the superhuman, the probabilities of the case seem all to lie in favour of the exclusive use of burnt brick.

If further confirmation of the sacred narrative be required, it will be found in connection with the cement used by the builders of the Tower. The *slime* mentioned in our Authorized Version is generally believed to refer to the bituminous sub- stance which bubbles up from the ground on the

plains of Babylon. Travellers and scholars of all ages and nations have remarked with surprise the inexhaustible abundance of the springs from which it is obtained. Herodotus was probably the first to call attention to the bituminous springs of the district, and particularly to those of Is, the modern Hit, a town not far from Babylon, on a small stream flowing into the Euphrates from the west. Still fuller accounts have been given of this singular spot by later observers. "Having spent three days and better," says an old traveller, "from the ruins of old Babylon we came unto a town called Ait (Hit), inhabited only by Arabians, but very ruinous. Near unto which town is a valley of pitch very marvellous to behold, and a thing almost incredible, wherein are many springs throwing out abundantly a black substance like unto tar and pitch, every one of which springs maketh a noise like a smith's forge in puffing and blowing out the matter, which never ceaseth night nor day; and the noise is heard a mile off, swallowing up all mighty things that come upon it. The Moors call it the mouth of hell." The principal bitumen pit at Hit is described by Mr. Rich, Political Resident at Baghdad, as "having two sources, and divided by a wall in the centre, on one side of which the bitumen bubbles up, and on the other the oil of naphtha." It is said that when the river is flooded by the melting of the snow, the spring overflows in consequence, and the bitumen is carried in large masses down the stream. In this state the Arabs gather, dry, and use it for fuel. In the liquid form it is commonly used for building purposes, and for smearing the wicker-work boats used on the Euphrates, so as to make them water-tight. That this bitumen is identical with the *slime* of Scripture, there seems to be no reasonable ground for doubting. For, in the first place, the word used in the original to describe it is the same as that which is employed to designate the *slime-pits* of the Vale of Siddim (Gen. xiv. 10), that celebrated tract of country presently covered by the Dead Sea, whose other name, the Lake of Asphaltites, indicates with sufficient clearness the bituminous character of the springs there referred to. The same term (*chémâr*) is made use of to describe the material with which the ark of bulrushes, invented for the preservation of the infant Moses on the Nile,

was bedaubed by the dexterous hands of an affectionate mother. In this case, also, there can be no doubt of the real meaning of the word, the old unchanging customs of the East still remaining to testify to the actual use of bituminous substances in the making and repairing of river-boats. Secondly, the early translators for the most part seem to have understood the expression in the same sense; the Septuagint, for example, rendering it *asphalt*, and the Latin Vulgate *bitumen*. Thirdly, the oldest remains hitherto discovered prove the substance in question to have been used from the earliest times as a cement in brick-laying. Not only so, but in every instance in which burnt brick is made use of for building purposes, it has been found that such bricks are laid in bitumen, whilst for cementing layers of crude, or sun-dried brick, a tenacious kind of mud has been regarded as sufficient. Lastly, it is not a little remarkable that the language even of modern travellers, in describing these bituminous springs of Mesopotamia, seems almost imperceptibly to slide into the actual expressions of our English Bible; as in that notable passage where Layard describes the firing of the pits at Nimroud. "Tongues of fire," says that traveller, "and jets of gas, driven from the burning pit, shot through the murky canopy. To break the cinched crust, and to bring fresh *slime* to the surface, the Arabs threw large stones into the spring. As the fire brightened, a thousand fantastic forms of light played through the smoke. In an hour the bitumen was exhausted for the time, the dense smoke gradually cleared away, and the pale light of the moon gradually shone over the black *slime* pits."

Here then we have a connected series of facts, every one of which is brimful of meaning. 1. Stone was not used in the construction of the Tower, because no such material could be procured. 2. Brick was used instead, because from the special adaptations of the soil it could be obtained at once easily and expeditiously. 3. Throughout the whole subsequent history of the country brick continued to be made use of as the staple material in building operations, the use of stone being quite exceptional. 4. The district is famous for the abundance of its supply of the bitumen or *slime* referred to in the Scripture statement. 5. The

of the oldest buildings, and particularly such as consist of burnt bricks, are actually covered with this bitumen. If, finally, we add to this list of coincidences the native custom, referred to, of building sacred edifices in the form of a tower, we possess a small body of very compacted circumstantial evidence, which seems very difficult for human ingenuity to explain away. For suppose the document which is accustomed to call inspired is nothing more than a poor old story, which by some chance has survived the wreck of ages, it would then happen to fit in with the most ex-

quisite precision to the nicest minutiae of modern discovery? Are common legends usually remarkable for such exactness of detail? Quite the contrary. Indeed, their distinguishing peculiarity would seem to consist in this, that whatever general foundation in fact they may possess, they are seldom able to stand the test of a searching cross-examination. But the remarkable thing in this case is, that the deeper we dig about the roots of the subject, the fuller and clearer is the harmony which reigns between the Inspired Record and the facts on which its statements are founded.

Apologetics for the People.

BY DR. R. PATERSON, CHICAGO.

II.

DID THE WORLD MAKE ITSELF?

And ye brutish among the people: and ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see? he that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he correct? he that teacheth man knowledge, shall he not be glorified?—Ps. xciv. 8-10.

I.—ETERNITY OF MATTER, AND THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

WAS the Creator of the world common sense? Did he know what he was about in making it? Had he any object in view in forming it? Does he know what is going on in it? care whether it answers any purpose or not? questions, you will say; yet we need to ask a question: Had the world a creator, or did it make itself? There are persons who say it did, and that the Bible sets out with a lie when it says "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Whereas, say they, "we know that matter is eternal, and the world is wholly composed of matter; the heavens and the earth are eternal—never beginning nor a creator." However fully the Atheist and the Pantheist may maintain that matter is eternal, we do not know any such thing must be allowed to ask, *How do you know?* If matter is not eternal, we cannot take it on your word. The only reason which anybody ever ventured for making such an assertion is this, that "all philosophers agree that matter is indestructible by its very nature; that it never ceases to exist. You may boil water into steam; it is all there in the steam; or burn coal into ashes, and tar, but it is all in the gas, ashes, and so on; you may change the outward form as much as you please, but you cannot destroy the substance of it. Wherefore, as matter is indestructible, it is eternal."

Profound reasoning! Here is a brick fresh from the kiln, which will last for a thousand years to come; therefore, it has existed for a thousand years past!

The foundation of the argument is as rotten as the superstructure. It is not agreed among all philosophers that matter is, by its own nature, indestructible, for the very satisfactory reason that none of them can tell what matter in its own nature is.* All that they can undertake to say is, that they have observed certain properties of matter, and, among these, that "it is indestructible by any operations to which it can be subjected in the ordinary course of circumstances observed at the surface of the globe."† The very utmost which any man can assert in this matter is a negative, a want of knowledge or a want of power. He can say, "Human power cannot destroy matter;" and, if he pleases, he may reason thence that human power did not create it. But to assert that matter is eternal because man cannot destroy it, is as if a child should try to beat the cylinder of a steam-engine to pieces, and, failing in the attempt, should say, "I am sure this cylinder existed from eternity, because I am unable to destroy it."

But we are not done with the absurdities of the

* It will be seen that the proof of the being of God here presented rests upon the impossibility of self-existent design in matter.

† Reid's Chemistry, Chap. II., § 37: Chambers's Educational Course.

eternity of matter. We say to our would-be philosophers, When you tell us that matter is eternal, how does that account for the formation of this world? What is this matter you speak of? This world consists not of a philosophical abstraction called matter, nor yet of one substance known by that name, but of a great variety of material substances, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, sulphur, iron, aluminum, and some fifty-one others already discovered. Now, which of these is the eternal matter you speak of? Is it iron, or sulphur, or clay, or oxygen? If it is any one of them, where did the others come from? Did a mass of iron, becoming discontented with its gravity, suddenly metamorphose itself into a cloud of gas or a pail of water? Or are they all eternal? Have we fifty-seven eternal beings? Are they all eternal in their present combinations? or is it only the single elements that are eternal? You see that your hypothesis—that matter is eternal—gives me no light on the formation of this world, which is not a shapeless mass of a philosophical abstraction called matter, but a regular and beautiful building, composed of a great variety of matters. Was it so from eternity? No man who was ever in a quarry or a gravel pit will say so, much less one who has the least smattering of chemistry or geology. Do you assert the eternity of the fifty-seven single substances, either separate, or combined in some other way than we now find them in the rocks and rivers and atmosphere of the earth? Then how came they to get together at all, and particularly how did they put themselves in their present shapes?

Each of them is a piece of matter of which *inertia* is a primary and inseparable property. "Matter of itself cannot begin to move, or assume a quiescent state after being put in motion." Will you tell us that the fifty-seven primary elements danced about till the air and sea and earth somehow jumbled themselves together into the present shape of this glorious and beautiful world, with all its regularity of day and night, and summer and winter; with all its beautiful flowers and lofty trees; with all its variety of birds, and beasts, and fishes? To bring the matter down to the level of the intellect of the most stupid Pantheist, tell us, in plain English, *Did the paving-stones make themselves?*

Absurd as it seems to every man of common sense, there are persons claiming to be philosophers who not only assert that they did, but will tell you how they did it. One class of them think they have found it out by supposing everything in the universe reduced to very fine powder, consisting of very small grains, which they call atoms; or, if that is not fine enough, into gas, of which it is supposed the particles are too fine to be perceived; and then by different arrangements of these atoms, according to the laws of attraction and electricity, the various elements of the world were made, and arranged in its present form.

Suppose we grant this uncouth supposition, that the world millions of ages ago existed as a cloud of atoms, does that bring us any nearer the object of getting rid

of a creator than before? The atoms must be material, if a material world is to be made from them; and they must be extended; each one of them must have length, breadth, and thickness. The Pantheist, then, has only multiplied his difficulties a million times, by pounding up the world into atoms, which are only little bits of the paving-stones he intends to make out of them. Each bit of the paving-stone, no matter how small you break it, remains just as incapable of making itself, or moving itself, as was the whole stone composed of all these bits. So we are landed back again at the sublime question, *Did the paving-stones make themselves?*

Others will tell you that millions of years ago the world existed as a vast cloud of fire-mist, which, after a long time, cooled down into granite, and the granite, by dint of earthquakes, got broken up on the surface, and washed with rain into clay and soil, whence plants sprang up of their own accord, and the plants gradually grew into animals of various kinds, and some of the animals grew into monkeys, and finally the monkeys into men. The fire-mist they stoutly affirm to have existed from eternity. They do not allege that they remember that (and yet, as they themselves are, as they say, composed body and soul of this eternal fire-mist, they ought to remember), but only that there are certain comets which occasionally come within fifty or sixty millions of miles of this earth, which they suppose may be composed of the fire-mist which they suppose this world is made of. A solid basis, truly, on which to build a world! A cloud in the sky fifty millions of miles away may possibly be fire-mist, may possibly cool down and condense into a solid globe; therefore, this fire-mist is eternal, and had no need of a creator: and our world, and all other worlds, may possibly have been like it; therefore, they also never were created by Almighty God. Such is the Atheist's and Pantheist's ground of faith. The thinnest vapour, or the merest supposition, will suffice to build his eternal salvation upon; provided only it contradicts the Bible, and gets rid of God. We cannot avoid asking with as much gravity as we can command, Where did the mist come from? Did the mist make itself? Where did the fire come from? Did it kindle of its own accord? Who put the fire and the mist together? Was it red-hot enough from all eternity to melt granite? Then why is it any cooler now? How could an eternal red-heat cool down? If it existed as a red-hot fire-mist from eternity, until our Pantheists began to observe it beginning to cool, why should it ever begin to cool at all, and why begin to cool just then? Fill it as full of electricity, magnetism, and odyle, as you please; do these afford any reason for its very extraordinary conduct? The utmost they do is to show you *how* such a change took place; but they can neither tell you *where* the original matter came from, nor *why* its form was changed. Change is an effect, and every effect requires a cause. There could be no cause outside of the fire-mist; for they say there was nothing else in the universe. Then the cause must be in the mist itself. Had it a

a will, and a perception of propriety? Did the
 10 sensible of the lightness of its behaviour,
 11 resolve to cool off a little, and both consult
 12 the propriety of dropping their erratic blaz-
 13 in infinite space, and resolve to settle down
 14 y, well-behaved suns and planets? In the
 15 the property, what became of the mind?
 16 the sun, or to the moon, or to the pole star,
 17 arth? Or was it clipped up into little pieces
 18 among the stars in proportion to their re-
 19 gnanitudes; so that the sun may have, say the
 20 part of an idea, and the moon a faint percep-

Did the fire-mist's mind die under this cruel
 1 dissecting process; or is it of the nature of
 2 each piece alive and growing up to perfection
 3 way! Has each of the planets and fixed stars
 4 ul of the world" as well as this earth, and
 5 oking down intelligently and compassionately
 6 the globe of ours? Had we not better build
 7 all the host of heaven, and return to the re-
 8 acorn-fed ancestors, who burned their chil-
 9 in honour of the sun, on Sun-days?
 10 ous solution of the difficulty of getting rid of
 11 God is frequently proposed. It is known that
 12 mical solutions, when mixed together, deposit
 13 , or precipitate, as chemists call it. And it
 14 that the universe was all once in a state of
 15 primeval oceans, and that the mingling of
 16 if these oceans caused them to deposit the vari-
 17 ed earths which form the worlds in the form of
 18 afterward hardened into rock, or vegetated
 19 and men. Thus it is clearly demonstrated
 20 is no need for the Creator, if—if—if—we only
 21 dy to make the primeval oceans—and some-
 22 x them together!*

development theory of the production of the
 1 from the mud, through the mushroom, the
 2 tortoise, the greyhound, the monkey, and the
 3 b is now such a favourite with Atheists and
 4 , if it were fully proved to be a fact, would
 5 as the difficulty of getting rid of God. For
 6 primeval mud had all the germs of the future
 7 monkeys, and men's bodies and souls, in it-
 8 ally, or it had not. If it had not, where did
 9 ? If it had all the life and intelligence in
 10 se in itself, it was a very extraordinary kind
 11 e shall call it the *mud-god*. Our Pantheists,
 12 ve in a god of muddy body and intelligent
 13 t, if they deny intelligence to the mud, then
 14 ck to our original difficulty, with a large ap-
 15 pendency, *The paving-stones made themselves*
 16 *all Pantheists and Atheists afterward.*

be supposed that such a theory is too palpably ab-
 1 lished by any save the inmates of a lunatic asylum,
 2 writer, and hundreds of the citizens of Cincinnati,
 3 ner perform the ordinary experiment of producing
 4 opitates by mixing colourless solutions, as a demon-
 5 self-acting powers of matter. Common sense, being
 6 , is righteously withdrawn from those who deny him.

But the whole theory of development is utterly false
 1 in its first principles. From the beginning of the world
 2 to the present day, no man has ever observed an instance
 3 of spontaneous generation. There is no law of nature,
 4 whether electric, magnetic, odyllic, or any other, which
 5 can produce a living plant or animal save from the germ
 6 or seed of some previous plant or animal of the same species.
 7 Nor has a single instance of the transmutation of species
 8 ever been proved. Every beast, bird, fish, insect, and
 9 plant brings forth after its kind, and has done so since its
 10 creation. No law of Natural Philosophy is more firmly
 11 established than this, *That there is no spontaneous*
 12 *generation nor transmutation of species.* From Cuvier
 13 down, all practical naturalists maintain this law. It is
 14 true there is a regular gradation of the various orders
 15 of animal and vegetable life, rising like the steps of a
 16 staircase, one above the other; but gradation is no more
 17 caused by transmutation than a staircase is made by an
 18 ambitious lower step changing itself into all the upper
 19 ones.

To refer the origin of the world to the laws of nature
 1 is no less absurd. Law, as Johnson defines it, is a rule
 2 of action. It necessarily requires an acting agent, an
 3 object designed in the action, means to attain it, and
 4 authoritative prescription of those means by a lawgiver.
 5 Are the laws of nature laws given by some supposed in-
 6 telligent being, worshipped by the heathen of old and
 7 the Pantheists of modern times under that name? Or
 8 do they signify the orderly and regular sequence of cause
 9 and effect, which is so manifest in the course of all
 10 events? If, as Pantheists say, the latter, this is the
 11 very thing we want them to account for. How came the
 12 world to be under law without a lawgiver? Where
 13 there is law, there must be design. Chance is utterly
 14 inconsistent with the idea of law. Where there is de-
 15 sign, there must, of necessity, be a designer. Matter in
 16 any shape, stones or lightnings, mud or magnets, cannot
 17 think, contrive, design, give law to itself or anything
 18 else, much less bring itself into existence. There is no
 19 conceivable way of accounting for this orderly world we
 20 live in but one or other of these two: Either an intelli-
 21 gent being created the world, or—*The paving-stones*
 22 *made themselves.*

II.—MARKS OF A DESIGNER IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE EYE.

Leaving these speculations self-condemned, let us
 1 ascertain what we can know of the great Creator of the
 2 heavens and the earth. God refers the Atheists and
 3 Pantheists of the Psalmist's days to their own bodies for
 4 proof of his intelligence, to their own minds for proofs
 5 of his personality, and to their own observation of the
 6 judgments of his providence against evil-doers, for proofs
 7 of his moral government. Our text ascribes to him per-
 8 ception and intelligence: "He that planted the ear,
 9 shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not
 10 see?" It does not say, He has an eye, or an ear, but he
 11 has that knowledge we acquire by those organs. And

the argument is from the designed organ to the designing maker of it, and is perfectly irresistible. A blind god could not make a seeing man. Let us look for a little at a few of the many marks of design in this organ to which God thus refers us.

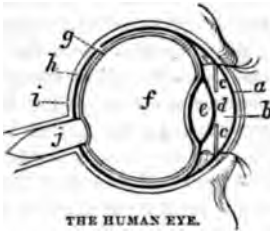
We shall first observe the mechanical skill displayed in the formation of the eye, and then the optical arrangements, or rather a few of them; for there are more than eight hundred distinct contrivances already observed by anatomists in the dead eye, while the great contrivance of all, the power of seeing, is utterly beyond their ken. I hold in my hand a box made of several pieces of wood glued together, and covered on the outside with leather. Inside it is lined with cotton, and the cotton has a lining of fine white silk. You at once observe that it is intended to protect some delicate and precious article of jewellery, and that the maker of this box must have been acquainted with the strength of wood, the toughness of leather, the adhesiveness of glue, the softness and elasticity of cotton, the tenacity of silk, and the mode of spinning and weaving it, the form of the jewel to be placed in it, and the dangers against which this box would protect it—ten entirely distinct branches of knowledge, which every child who should pick up such a box in the street would unhesitatingly ascribe to its maker. Now, the box in which the eye is placed is composed of seven bones glued together internally, and covered with skin on the outside, lined with the softest fat, enveloped in a tissue compared with which the finest silk is only canvas, and the cavity is shaped so as exactly to fit the eye; while the brow projects over like the roof of a verandah, to keep off falling dust and rain from injuring it while the lid is open; and the eyebrows, like a thatch sloping outward, conduct the sweat of the brow, by which man earns his bread, away around the outer cover, that it may not enter the eye and destroy the sight. If it were preposterous nonsense to say that electricity, or magnetism, or odyle contrived and made a little bracelet box, or spectacle case, how much more absurd to ascribe the making of the cavity of the eye to any such cause.

Let us next look at the shape of the eye. You observe it is nearly round in its section across, and rather oval in its other direction, and the cavity it lies in is shaped exactly to fit it. Now there are eyes in the world angular and triangular, and even square; and, as you may readily suppose, the creatures which have them cannot move them, to compensate for which inconvenience, some of them, as the common fly, have several hundred. But, unless our heads were as large as sugar hogsheads, we could not be so furnished, and we must either have movable eyes, or see only in one direction. Accordingly, the contriver of the eye has hung it with a hinge. Now there are various kinds of hinges, moving in one direction, and the Maker of the eye might have made a hinge on which the eye would move up and down, or he might have given us a hinge that would bend right and left, in which case we should have been

able merely to squint a little in two directions. But to enable one to see in every direction, there is only one kind of hinge that would answer the purpose—the ball and socket joint—and the Former of the eye has hung it with such a hinge, retaining it in its place partly by the projection of the bones of the face, and partly by the muscles and the optic nerve, which is about as thick as a candle-wick, and as tough as leather. Most of you have seen a ship, and know the way in which the yards are moved, and turned, and squared, by ropes and pulleys. The rigging of the eye, though not so large, is fully as curious. There is a tackle, called a muscle, to pull it down when you want to look down; another tackle to pull it up when you have done; one to pull to the right, and another to the left; there is one fastened to the eyeball in two places, and geared through a pulley which will make it move in any direction, as when we roll our eyes; and the sixth, fastened to the under side of the eye, keeps it steady when we do not need to move it. Then the eyelids are each provided with appropriate gearing; and need to have it durable too, for it is used thirty thousand times a day—in fact, every time we wink. If God had neglected to place these little cords to pull up the eyelash, we should all have been in the condition of the unfortunate gentleman described by Dr. Nienwyt, who was obliged to pull up his eyelashes with his fingers whenever he wanted to see. There is, too, another admirable piece of forethought and skill displayed by the Former of the eye, in providing a liquid to wash it, and a sponge to wipe it with, and a waste pipe, about the size of a quill, through the bone of the nose, to carry off the tears which have been used in washing and moistening the eye. Now what absurdity to say that a law of nature, say gravity, or electricity, or magnetism, has such knowledge of the principles of mechanics as the eye proclaims its Former to have—that it could make a choice among multitudes of shapes of eyes and kinds of joints, and this choice the very best for our convenience; and that having known and chosen, it could have manufactured the various parts of this complicated machine. Such a machine requires an intelligent manufacturer; and yet we have only as yet been looking at the dead eye, paying no regard to sight at all. Even a blind man's eye proves an intelligent Creator.

Let us now turn our thoughts to the instrument of sight. The optic nerve is the part of the eye which conveys visions to the mind. Suppose, instead of being where you observe it, at the back part of the eye, it had been brought out to the front, and that reflections from objects had fallen directly upon it, it is obvious that it would have been exposed to injury from every floating particle of dust, and you would always have felt such a sensation as is caused by a burn or scald when the skin peels off and leaves the ends of the nerves exposed to the air. The tender points of the fibres of the optic nerve, too, would soon become blunted and broken, and the eye, of course, useless. How, then,

to be protected, and yet the sight not obstructed if it were covered with skin, as the other you could not do. For thousands after men have used them, no substance could be found and transacted which could answer the purpose of vision. In this day, they are hard enough for clear vision and elastic enough to assume its form. But men thought they could, and found a round piece of



THE HUMAN EYE.

- a. Cornea.
- b. Aqueous humour.
- c. Iris.
- d. Pupil.
- e. Crystalline lens.
- f. Vitreous humour.
- g. Retina.
- h. Choroid.
- i. Sclerotic coat.
- j. Optic nerve.

transparent glass in a ring of tougher metal for use of the hands of a watch: the cornea, made of ice at once hard, transparent, and elastic—has never been able to imitate—set into the hat white, muscular coat which constitutes the sclerotic coat of your eye, acts as a frame for the cornea, and another important purpose, as we shall pre-

pare, is to bring the end of the nerve protected by the sheath to the glass without interposing lenses or humours, as, in fact, is nearly the case in some crustacea. We cannot well imagine the inconveniences of such an eye to us. If we could see at all, we could not see much further or the breadth of the end of the nerve at once. It would then be very like that faculty of persons who are blind by the points of the fingers, which some would say to possess. In that case, seeing would be a kind of groping, and our eyes would be fixed on the points of our fingers; or, like insects, on the ends of long antennae. Such an eye is precisely suited to the wants of an animal that has not an idea beyond its food, which has no use for any object too large for its mouth, and whose concern is to stick to a rock and catch whatever the water floats within the grasp of its feelers. The eye whose intercourse should be with all the world, and whose chief end in such intercourse is to behold the Creator reflected in his works, is evidently necessary to have a wider and larger vision; and, therefore, a different form of eye. The breadth of field combined with length of vision is obtained by placing the optic nerve at the side of the eye, and interposing several lenses, through which the objects are observed. By this arrangement a focus is secured, and all objects lying within it are equally visible at the same time. This faculty of seeing several objects at the same time is a special sight which tends greatly to enlarge our con-

ceptions of the knowledge of him who gave it. A man who never saw can have no idea of it. He cannot taste two separate tastes at once; nor smell two distinct smells at once; nor feel more than one object with each hand at once; and if he hears several sounds at the same time, they either flow into each other, making a harmony, or confuse him with their discord. Yet we are all conscious that we see a vast variety of distinct and separate objects at one glance of our eyes. I think it is manifest that the Former of such an eye not only intended its owner to observe such a vast variety of objects, but from the capacity of his own sight to infer the vastly wider range of vision of him who gave it.

Besides the breadth of the field of vision, we also require length of range for the purpose of life. The thousand inconveniences which the short-sighted man so painfully feels are obvious to all. Yet it may tend to reconcile such to their lot to know that thousands of the liveliest and merriest of God's creatures cannot see an inch before them. Small birds and insects, which feed on very minute insects, need eyes like microscopes to find them; while the eagle and the fish-hawk, which soar up till they are almost out of sight, can distinctly see the hare or the herring a mile below them, and so must have eyes like telescopes. We, too, need to observe minute objects very closely, as when we read fine print, or when a lady threads a fine needle at microscopic range; but, if confined to that range, we could not see our friends across the room, or find our way to the next street. Again, in travelling we need to see objects miles away, and at night we see the stars millions of miles away; but then, if confined to the long range, we should be strangers at home, and never get within a mile of any acquaintance. Now, how to combine these two powers, of seeing near objects and distant ones with the same eye, is the problem which the Maker of the eye had to solve. Let us look how man tried to solve it. A magnifying lens will collect the rays from any distant object, and convey them to a point called the focus. Then suppose we put this glass in the tube of an opera-glass, or pocket spy-glass, and look through the eye-hole and the concave lens, properly adjusted in front of it, we shall see the image of the object considerably magnified. But suppose the object draws very near, we see nothing distinctly; for the rays reflected from it, which were nearly parallel while it was at a distance, are no longer so when it comes near, but scatter in all directions, and those which fall on the lens are collected at a point much nearer to the lens than before, and the eye-glass must be pushed forward to that focus. Accordingly, you know that the spy-glass is made to slide back and forward, and the telescope has a screw to lengthen or shorten the tube according to the distance of the objects observed. Another way of meeting the case would be by taking out the lens and putting in one of less magnifying power, a flatter lens, for the nearer object. Now, at first sight, it would seem a very inconvenient thing to have eyes drawing out and in several inches like spy-glasses, and

still more inconvenient to have twenty or thirty pairs of eyes, and to need to take out our eyes and put in a new set twenty times a day. The ingenuity of man has been at work hundreds of years to discover some other method of adapting an optical instrument to long and short range, but without success. Now, the Former of the eye knew the properties of light and the properties of lenses before the first eye was made; he knew the mode of adjusting them for any distance, from the thousands of millions of miles between the eye and the star, to the half-inch distance of the mote in the sunbeam; and he has not only availed himself of both the principles which opticians discovered, but has executed his work with an infinite perfection which bungling men may admire, but can never imitate. The sclerotic coat of the eye, and the choroid which lies next it, are full of muscles which, by their contraction, both press back the crystalline lens nearer the retina, and also flatten it; the vitreous humour, in which the crystalline lens lies—a fine, transparent humour, about as thick as the white of an egg—giving way behind it, and also slightly altering its form and power of refraction to suit the case. Thus, that which the astronomer, or the microscopist, performs by a tedious process, and then very imperfectly, we perform perfectly, easily, instantly, and almost involuntarily, with that perfect compound microscope and telescope invented by the Former of the human eye. Surely, in giving us an instrument so admirably fitted for observing the lofty grandeur of the heavens and the lowlier beauties of the earth, he meant to allure us to the discovery of the perfections of the great Designer and Former of all these wondrous works.

But there is another contrivance in the eye, adapted to lead us further to the consideration of the extent of the knowledge of its Maker. We are placed in a world of variable lights, of day and night, and of all the variations between light and darkness. We cannot see in the full blaze of light, nor yet in utter darkness. Had the eye been formed to bear only the noon-day glare, we had been half blind in the afternoon, and wholly so in the evening. If the eye were formed so as to see at night, we had been helpless as owls in the day. But the variations of light in the atmosphere may be in some measure compensated, as we know, by regulating the quantity admitted to our houses—shutting up the windows. When we wish to regulate the admission of light to our rooms, we have recourse to various clumsy contrivances—paper blinds perpetually tearing, sun-blind rollers that will not roll, venetian blinds continually in need of mending, awnings blowing away with every storm, or shutters which shut up and leave us in entire darkness. A self-acting window, which shall expand with the opening of light in the mornings and evenings, and close up of its own accord as the light increases toward noon, has never been manufactured by man. But the Former of the eye took note of the necessities and conveniences of the case, and besides giving a pair of shutters to close up when we go to sleep, he has given

the most admirable sun-blinds ever invented. The nerve of the eye at the back of its chamber cannot see without light, and its light comes through the little round window called the pupil, or black of the eye—which is simply a hole in the iris, or coloured part. Now this iris is formed of two sets of muscles: one set of elastic rings, which, when left to themselves, contract the opening; and another set at right-angles to them, like the spokes of a wheel, pulling the inner edge of the iris in all directions to the outside. In fact, it is not so much a sun-blind as a self-acting window, opening and closing the aperture according to our need of light, and doing this so instantaneously that we are not sensible of the process.

It is self-evident that the Maker of such an eye was acquainted with the properties of light and the alternations of night and day, as well as with the mechanical contrivances for adjusting the eye to these variable circumstances. He has given us an eye capable of seeking knowledge among partial darkness; and of availing itself for this purpose of imperfect light—an apt symbol of our mental constitution and moral situation in a world where good and evil, light and darkness, mix and alternate.

Perhaps some one is ready to ask, What is the use of so many lenses in the eye? It seems as if the crystalline lens and the optic nerve were sufficient for the purpose of sight, with the cornea simply to protect them. What is the use of the aqueous humour and the vitreous humour?

Light, when refracted through a lens, becomes separated into its component colours—red, yellow, green, blue, and violet; and the greater the magnifying power of the lens, and the brighter the object viewed, the greater the dispersion of the rays. So that if the crystalline lens of the eye alone were used, we should see every white object bluish in the middle, and yellowish and reddish at the edges; or, in vulgar language, we should see starlight.

This difficulty perplexed Sir Isaac Newton all his life, and he never discovered the mode of making a refracting telescope which would obviate it. But M. Dolland, an optician, reflecting that the very same difficulty must have presented itself to the Maker of the eye, determined to ascertain how he had obviated it. He found that the Maker of the eye had a knowledge of the fact that different substances have different powers of refracting or bending the rays of light which pass through them, and that liquids have generally a different power of refraction from solids. For instance, if you put a straight stick in water, the part under water will seem bent at a considerable angle; while if you put the stick through a little hole in a pane of glass, it will not seem near so much bent. He further discovered that oil of cassia had a different power of refraction from water, and the white of an egg still a different power. He discovered also that the first lens of the eye, the aqueous humour, is very like water—there-

talline lens is a firm jelly—and that the vitreous is about the consistence of the white of an egg. Combination of these three lenses of different of refraction secures the correction of their errors. He could not make telescope lenses of water; therefore, he could not make a periscope, but he learned the lesson of compensations of difficulties which the Maker teaches the reflecting anatomist, and procuring crown glass of different degrees of refraction, aged them in the achromatic lens so as nearly to correct the defect.

If you will at once admit that Dolland's attempt to correct the evils of confused sight in the telescope, and a desire to obtain a precise and correct view of things; and that his success in constructing an instrument nearly perfect for the use of astronomers, evinces that he himself had a clear idea of that and accurate vision which he thus attempted to give them. Shall we then imagine any inaccuracy of sight of Him, who not only desired, but executed toward on us an instrument so perfectly adapted to the imperfections of this lower world, and whose imperfections are the materials from which he has given us clear and perfect vision? No! in God's eye there is no chromatic refractions of passion, or pre- or party feeling, or self-love. He sees by no other light than the direct or refracted light. O Father of lights! with no variableness, or shadow of turning, open our eyes, and behold thee clearly.

III.—THOU GOD SEEST ME.

This text thus leads us to a knowledge of God's will, from the structure of the bodies he has given us, that formed my eye sees. Though my feeble vision by no means a standard or limit for his omniscience, yet I may conclude that every perfection of the eye of sight he has given me, existed previously in Him he endowed me, a poor puny mortal, the tenant of only two yards of earth, with an ability of ranging over earth's broad plains and mountains—of traversing her beautiful lakes and rivers—of scanning her crowded cities, and investigating all their curious productions—and specially enabling me to investigate the bodily forms of men, and moral characters displayed on the printed page? I have given me the principle of curiosity, without which an endowment were useless? Then most truly he has himself both the desire to observe

all the works of his hands, and the power to gratify that desire. The Former of the eye must of necessity be the great Observer.

Whosoever an eye is found of his handiwork, and whosoever sight is preserved by his skill, let the owner of such an instrument know that if he can see, God can, and as surely as he sees, God does.

If it is possible for us to behold many objects distinctly at once, it is not impossible for God to behold more. If he has given us an eye to look from earth to heaven, then his eye sees from heaven to earth. If I can see accurately, God's inspection is much more impartial. And if he has given me the power of adjusting my imperfect vision to the varying lights and shades of this changing scene, let me not dream for a moment that he is destitute of a corresponding power of investigating difficulties, and penetrating darknesses, and bringing to light hidden works and secret things. God is light. In him is no darkness at all. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom I have to do. He has seen all my past life—my faults, my follies, and my crimes. When I thought myself in darkness and privacy, God's eye was upon me there. In the turmoil of business, God's eye was upon me. In the crowd of my ungodly companions, God's eye was upon me. In the darkness and solitude of night, God's eye was upon me. And God's eye is on me now, and will follow me from this house, and will watch me and observe all my actions, on—on—on—while God lives, and whosoever God's creation extends.

"O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me;
Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising,
Thou understandest my thought afar off.
Thou compassest my path and my lying down,
And art acquainted with all my ways.
For there is not a word in my tongue,
But, lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.
Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there!
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me;
Even the night shall be light about me.
Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee;
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.



Syrian Missions.

BY REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, DAMASCUS.

I.

A PANORAMA IN GALILEE.



ON the last evening of October 1872, we arrived in Safed. The sun had already shot his fiercest rays as we wound up round through the Jewish quarter, and out at the top of the village. My travelling companions had never been in Safed before, and were not fully aware of the splendour and glory of the scene that was about to break upon them. We had approached Safed from the north, along dry, dusty paths, and the scenery around us was mostly bare conical hills. A few hasty directions having been given, as to the arrangement of tent and baggage under the olives, I led my party to the castle which crowns the oval summit of the hill to which the village clings.

We scaled the castle with ease, as the earthquake of 1838 had shaken its battlements into a heap of rubbish. As we ascended to the highest point, which is about one hundred feet above the ditch, I requested my fellow-travellers to keep their eyes on the ground for a few seconds, and then we all stood gazing mutely on the most interesting scene on earth. The shrill Moslem call to evening prayers was piercing the sky from the minarets, and the little old-looking, fantastically-dressed Jews of the place were crawling at our feet; but we had neither ears nor eyes for these, as the scene of Jesus' life and labours lay at our feet like an open book, and so near and clear that its every feature impressed itself upon our souls. Few realize, without having once seen it, the smallness of the theatre on which was enacted so much that stirs the imagination and fires the heart. Yonder, in the distance, beneath the westering sun is the long, low range of Carmel, where Israel's Knox struck down the ritualistic priests of Jezebel. Nearer, and more eastward, is the hill above Nazareth, which Jesus in his childhood must have often climbed on his way to Kana and Sephoris. Beyond that hill was the home of his childhood. There he grew in mind

and body. There he was subject to his parents. There he worked at the rude village-carpentry,—a true, brave life, doing the work that God had put in his way, and lightening the burdens of home. There, no doubt, as a thoughtful boy, he pondered on the mysteries of existence, and vanquished the spectres of the mind. And there, too, as a man among men, he set an example of holy living. He passed among the corruptions of Nazareth, unsullied as a sunbeam, shedding around him the warm light of blameless benevolence; till his envious and turbulent neighbours, unable to endure the stainless purity of his life, drove him from the home of his childhood.

That conical hill east of Nazareth is Mount Tabor, down from which went Deborah with her noble ten thousand, like an avalanche, on the hosts of Sisera. And yonder, on the hill beyond, in the line of Deborah's march, are Endor, and Nain, and Shunem, with their dismal and joyous memories.

That irregular elevation between us and Tabor is Hattin, the mountain pointed out by tradition and reason on which Christ opened his mouth in beatitudes to the thirsty crowd, and to all who feel their need of him. And those same jutting peaks are honey-combed with tombs, for there lie thirty thousand Crusaders who fell in the disastrous "battle of Tiberias."

On the spot where Christ promised fulness to "the poor in spirit," the proudest spirits in Europe fought, professedly for Christ, with weapons which were not of Christ's armoury. On the 3rd of July, seven hundred years ago, the weak king, Guy de Lusignan, and his betrayed and dispirited followers, held those heights. Salâh-ed-Dîn, the flower of Moslem chivalry—the "Saladin" of romance—hemmed them in with burning forests, and a circle of eighty thousand fanatics. The Crusaders, shut in among bare rocks, under a blazing sun, fainting for thirst and de-

spairing of victory, await the onset of the enemy. The fiery hosts of Salâh-ed-Din, a living sea, surge up those slopes like a rising tide, ebbing and swaying, but still rising higher and higher, till it sweeps over the summit. And then among those peaks there is a short, fearful struggle, and the Crescent waves above the Cross; for they who have taken the sword contrary to Christ's orders, have fallen by the sword according to Christ's warning.

But it is impossible to linger on that plateau, for, in the depression to the left, more than 3300 feet beneath, lies the Sea of Galilee. It seems very near and very small, and yet the lake is 16 miles long by 6 broad, and it is distant from us nine or ten miles. From our position it seems an irregular oval, curving out so far on the side next us as to almost give it a triangular shape. The most northern part of the lake is screened from us by the shoulder of a hill east of Safed. At the other extremity of the lake, what seems a meadow becomes narrow gradually in a southern direction, until it becomes a deep gorge: that is the course of the Jordan as it passes to the Dead Sea.

Apart from its sacred associations, there is something wonderfully striking and beautiful about the Lake of Gennesaret itself,—so deep among the hills, so still, so hemmed about by rolling table-land and furrowed ridge,—steeped in the rich colours which, in paintings such as Holman Hunt's, we used to consider an exaggeration.

Away to the east we could distinctly see the castle of Sulkhad beyond the ruins of Bosra. The shades of evening began to mark more distinctly and bring out more clearly the rugged features of the country east of the lake, and the many tortuous and deep ravines which wound down to its shore. There was not a boat visible on the lake. Several large flocks of wild fowl whitened patches on the water, and an enormous flock of flamingoes, the red on their plumage clearly visible, hovered about for a time, and then flew away towards the Damascus marshes. Except the town of Tiberias, we could see nothing in the vicinity of the lake that indicated the presence of man.

But as we gazed on this scene, there was one mastering thought that filled every heart and hushed every voice—"That is the home-land of

Jesus." As the rocks, and braes, and streams, and glens, and lakes, and mountains of our own dear native lands are ever familiar and fresh in our memories, so was this scene ever present on earth with the man Christ Jesus; for he who painted the lily, and whose hand curved these hills, delighted in their strength, and solitude, and beauty. This Safed, which crowns the eminence on which we stand, is doubtless "the city set upon a hill" to which Christ directed the eyes of his audience as he gave point to his parable. At the foot of that lake he used to cross over to the other side to join the annual pilgrimage, as it wound its way down the eastern side of the Jordan, to escape the contamination of the Samaritans. From the margin of that sea, Jesus of Nazareth gathered around him twelve peasants to be his disciples and witnesses; and these twelve unlearned, weak, uninfluential men, with the spirit of God in their hearts and the story of Christ's love on their lips, laid the foundation of that Christianity which has overturned the altars of idolatry, and has brought hope, and peace, and joy to every human heart that would receive them. The epitome of Christ's life down there was this—"He went about doing good."

Here it was that Christ's power was so often exhibited in the healing of diseases and the relief of distress generally, not for the purpose of striking the attention of by-standers, but from a deep, true sympathy with pain and human weakness, and that in a manner so far above the ordinary course of things as infallibly showed the action of supernatural power. It was not alone to confirm the faith of the multitude that followed Christ's steps, and hung upon his words, that he miraculously fed the five thousand on the grassy sward yonder where the Jordan empties itself into the lake, but because "he had compassion on the multitude."

The kneeling leper, whose foul bodily disease was typical of sin and ruin in the soul, did not receive cleansing that the crowd might admire and believe the great wonder-worker. "Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will: be thou clean." And so it was that "Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick."

Nor did Christ cease after his crucifixion to put forth his divine power through sympathy with his disciples. He sees them toiling all night in faith on the Sea of Galilee, and catching nothing—types of those workers who do their duty uncheered by success. But as the flush of morning opened upon them, weary and dispirited, Jesus stood watching them from the shore; and the voice that once stilled the troubled lake sounded across its waves in accents of gentlest tenderness, "Children, have ye any meat?" At his command they change the net to the other side, as if, by means used by themselves, he would draw their attention from the miraculous. And then by an enormous draught of fishes he cheered their disappointed hearts, as he gave them an earnest of future success in the great business of catching men; and, by the ready meal and ruddy fire, he showed his solicitude and care for the bodily wants of dank and hungry men.

Bethlehem was Christ's birth-place. Nazareth was the home of his childhood, where he became a man among men. Jerusalem was the scene of many a hard contest with the scribes and Pharisees, of sorrow, and agony, and death; but down there, on the western shore of that lovely lake, Jesus made the home of his manhood. That solitude, now lighted up by the golden glow of evening, was then a most populous district. The Greek and the Roman were there, and the multitudinous ministers of their luxury. One Herod had built Tiberias, on the south-west side of the lake; and miles beyond the limits of the present city, foundations of ruined houses testify to the splendid monument which he dedicated to his abominable patron. Another Herod built Julias, on the north-east corner of the same sheet of water, in honour of the profligate daughter of Augustus; and between these two cities were Capernaum, and Chorazin, and Bethsaida—cities exalted up to heaven. And by the suburbs of these cities, and all along the shore, there were Roman villas, and the costly palaces of rich Galileans, who, like modern Syrians, imitated the luxurious habits of their masters. That solitude was then one of the busy centres of the world; for Christ was no anchorite. The Roman, effeminate by vice, sought the tropical climate of Genesaret; and the typical Roman, the world-

instructor in law, order, and government, was there with his legions to keep in order the turbulent Galileans. The Arabs were there, with their "ships of the desert," to exchange the merchandise of East and West by the shortest route to India. From the Lake of Tiberias the Roman road runs in a straight line past Bosra and Sulkhad to the Persian Gulf. From the castle of Sulkhad one sees it stretching across the desert in a straight line to the distant horizon, and the soft feet of the camels have scarcely displaced a stone from its pavement.*

That lake, now abandoned to three large flocks of wild-fowl and a few solitary grebe and heron, once swarmed with white-winged boats, bearing merchandise to and from the sister-cities Tiberias and Julias; and the phosphoric flash from hundreds of oars showed that the fishermen were toiling to supply the wants of the populous cities of the coast. That precipitous eastern coast, rising up almost sheer from lake to table-land, is "the country of the Gadarenes over against Galilee," and the thousands of swine on its acclivities demonstrate to us the immense demands of the Gentile population; for, with Jew and Arab alike, the swine were unclean.

In that busy throng the man Christ Jesus mixed. *Ecce Homo*, as, with heart brimful of sympathy with the victims of sin, he went about drying up the tears of mourners, lifting up the fallen and outcast from the gutter, cheering up the frailty of old age, lighting up the smile of infancy by a goodness patent to infant instinct, and emancipating woman from being the victim or toy of man to the position of being his constant companion and best adviser and helper along the path to heaven. That is the man to whom a true woman is willing to give over her dying babe, and he is the truest man who is most womanlike in submission to Christ.

In our teaching of Christianity in the past, we have been so anxious to exalt the divine in the life of Jesus that we have not given sufficient prominence to the human; and, therefore, in seeking for the human sympathy that every human heart needs, men have invested the Virgin with

* Strange that politicians, who want the shortest route to India at the least expense, should have ignored this oldest and shortest way, and that while the greater part of the road is made, and only awaits the sleepers and ralls.

notes of kindness that they ought to in Christ. Nor have we as yet ad-teaching to the perfect portraiture of the wants of man, as may be inferred access of the fragmentary work, "Ecce

who study the perfect human life of he moved sinless but sympathizing crowded hamlets of Galilee, will find the fulness of sympathy for which the are and thirsts. As he looked out on t maze of man's life, with its bright and and woof, he is ever more ready to of manly sorrow over human error and id shame, than to indulge in the sneer or join in the roar of vehement de-

And yet, as a true man, he felt hot at oppression and meanness; and the urning scorn have never been equalled hurled against the hypocrites of his

ot from the example of Christ that we id to fling anathema at the Jesuits, and it a distance, while meanness and hypo- or midst have ceased to be infamous. find the Saviour echoing the general gainst Samaritan and Gentile; but he ask of showy goodness from the scribes sees, and held them up to scorn as pulchres," as "wolves in sheeps' cloth- levourers of widows' houses," as "ser- malignant enemies of man, and as chil- devil who did their father's work. The s phraseology in which we couch our lan- 1 we censure respectable hypocrisy, is he genius of Christianity, for it is the of Christians to teach public opinion very baseness with infamy.

ile we recognize the suitability of de home for the active life of that full- , Jesus of Nazareth, we see also how fitted for solitude and contemplation. minister who has felt the weight of s to dying men, knows how great is n from high-wrought earnest feeling, we might almost call religious dissipa- how much the soul needs rest for silent ion and prayer. So Jesus, when weary, to the solitary desert. And so when

the apostles returned after their first missionary tour, and reported to Jesus, "both what they had done and what they had taught," the Great Master knew how much they needed rest; "and he said unto them, Come ye yourselves into a desert place, and rest awhile." To that red desert which frames the lake, Jesus retired when weary in body and mind; and in those deep ravines and glens the sinless soul of Jesus held mysterious communion with God. Alone in that wide temple, with the silent stars above and the mute rocks around as his witnesses, and no sound to break in on the scene except the chirp of the grasshopper and the plash of distant oar, Jesus passed the night in silent contemplation, and received sus- tenance and strength to enable him to do his father's work.

In that home of Christ's manhood we are not distracted and provoked by holy places. The scene is inconveniently distant from the safe re- treat of priests, and therefore has not been made the subject of the pious frauds so offensive to the spiritual sense in Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jer- usalem. But the whole scene has a sacred inter- est, for the natural features of the country are un- changed since the eyes of Jesus last rested upon them. The sea, in its patience and power, ever changing and ever the same; the wavy highlands of Bashan; the steep mountains of Naphtali cut- ting the sky; and the massive bust of Hermon,— were exactly the same in form and outline on that day when Jesus set his face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem for the last time, as they are to us after the lapse of eighteen hundred years.

When we took up our position on the summit of the castle it was about three o'clock, and now the sun had sunk into the mists of the Mediter- ranean. For three hours we had pondered with intense delight on the chosen home of Jesus, fill- ing up the outlines and correcting preconceived opinions. All that time the marvellous colouring of the landscape kept perpetually changing and shading, from roseate and chocolate around the hills, to violet and indigo in the deep waddys; and at last, as the stars came out, leaden Death seemed to settle on the scene.

As we rose to leave, my companion, the Rev. James Orr Scott, A.M., who was fleeing from the rigours of a Damascus winter to the generous

climate of Egypt, said, "I have now seen where our Saviour spent the best part of his life on earth. I do not care to see any more. Jerusalem is only associated in my mind with the sorrows of Jesus." In thirty-five days he was with Jesus in paradise, where there is neither sorrow nor pain, nor ought to annoy. Fifteen years before, he and I first met in a public school. We passed through college together, occupied the same lodgings, graduated at the same desk, and for several years he had been my true yoke-fellow at Damascus; and I knew that in three days we should part at Nazareth, as I too justly feared, never again to meet on earth.

On the 16th of December, I stood with his desolate sister by his lonely grave in the bare sands of Suez; and I then only fully realized that the Church on earth had lost one of the clearest intellects, and friendship one of the purest hearts, that were ever lighted up by the fire of Christ's love.

Many a time we had planned and talked over our tour to Galilee; and among the many memories of a long unbroken friendship, there is nothing to which I shall look back with more sincere pleasure, than the evening we spent together on the crest of Safed, tracing the features of the scene of Christ's mature ministry on earth.

DAMASCUS, 21 STRAIGHT STREET.

DR. CHRISTIAN GOTTLOB BARTH OF CALW.



THE subject of the following sketch was one of those happily constituted men who, along with a physical frame of quite unusual strength and vigour, possessed a spirit of peculiar brightness and force. His great energy of character had its influence on all with whom he came in contact, so that not only did he himself live a life of abounding work for Christ, but he was the happy means of inciting others by the infection of his own unwearied energy to labour diligently in the same good cause. His influence was felt not only by those with whom he was personally acquainted, but through his writings, which were spread abroad throughout Germany. He was known in an especial manner by his books and magazines for the young, which united much fresh and quaint vigour of style in narrative, with sound precept and earnest admonition. A small specimen of his writings, "Valentine Ondermeer," appeared last year in this magazine.

Dr. C. G. Barth was born in Stuttgart in 1799. His father was a painter, and both he and his wife were godly people, whose first desire was to present their children before the Lord, with prayer for his blessing, and to train them up in the knowledge of God's Word. Dr. Barth's own testimony as regards his father was that all his great natural gifts were consecrated to the service of God; that he, Joshua-like, resolved, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord;" and that this resolution was continually carried out in the daily family life. Dr. Barth was also happy in having for his godfather a pious schoolmaster, to whose care he was early committed, and who was not content with endeavouring to develop the intellect of the bright boy, but, viewing his office of godfather as something more than a mere name, did all in his power to lead the child early to the Saviour. This early training was not in vain. Christian Barth was but eleven years old when he was left father-

less, but by the kind care of an uncle and faithful friends the loss was greatly replaced, and he found that his father's trust in Him who is the "Father of the fatherless" had not been misplaced. His education went on in a regular course, and he passed through the lower and high schools of Stuttgart, which, in spite of all the troubles through which the German fatherland was then passing, still possessed masters well fitted to instruct and train the youth of that city.

In the autumn of 1817, by favour of the King of Württemberg, in whose more immediate service some of his relations were employed, he was received into the theological seminary of Tübingen. There he studied under many eminent professors, of whom he had ever a most grateful remembrance.

Among his companions there were also several who have since distinguished themselves by their labours for the cause of Christ, such as Hofacker, J. and E. Burkhardt, &c. In their society, and industriously occupied with his studies, Barth passed four peaceful years at Tübingen. Not that he was without temptations, and conflicts of mind—free-thinking scepticism was far too common for that to be possible—but his early training in God's Word and prayer were not in vain. He was ever able to bless God, that while many whom he had known were led away by philosophy, falsely so called, till they made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, he was preserved from going astray, and found every doubt end only in clearer light, and fuller confidence in the Rock Christ, and the word which he has given for the guidance of his Church. To the mercy of God he ever ascribed his preservation from false doctrine, scepticism, and corrupt life; while he humbled himself in the thought that though his life had been pure in the eyes of men, it had been full of shortcomings in the sight of him who searcheth the heart. In an address which he delivered at Möttlingen, when about to enter

on his pastorate there, he speaks feelingly of "the mercy of God that had in so many respects guarded and hedged in my way during my university life. Thus, although brought through many a doubt, which, however, only served in the end to the establishment of my faith, I was ever able to hold fast my belief that the Bible is God's word, that Jesus Christ is God's Son, that we are corrupt by nature, and must be born again of the Holy Ghost if we are to reach heaven. It was by God's working in me that I could believe these truths, that I yet believe them, and ever will believe them."

During his years of study in Tübingen, Barth was in the habit of going out into the country villages around to preach, thus exercising his gifts in preparation for the day when he should be regularly commissioned as a minister of the everlasting gospel. In the same address at Möttlingen, he speaks of the comfort it was to him to think that he was not forgotten in the small communities to whom he had thus ministered, and that through their prayers for him he would be helped on in the work of the pastorate to which he was called.

In 1821 he was appointed "vicar," or assistant, to Pastor Dornfeld, in Neckarweihingen. "Then," he says, "I had disclosed to me more and more what a weighty office I had undertaken, and I felt myself driven to seek for one who could help me to bear the burden of it. In Golgotha I found Him." This little sentence lets us into the secret of his strength throughout life; it was the same as St. Paul's, "When I am weak, then am I strong." So he could say of this his first pastorate, "My stay in Neckarweihingen was blessed to my heart at least."

But his stay there was short, and he was soon transferred to Dornham, where he found that the blessing which he had received in his own soul was accompanied by the command, "Freely ye have received, freely give;" and the Lord in his mercy gave the word in his servant's mouth entrance among the people, and hungry souls were fed.

Here too his stay was short, and for a little time he was left without any regular work, and passed some weeks at Stuttgart. During this time he passed examinations before the Royal Consistorium; and, while waiting to have his way opened up for him by God, found that he was gathering new strength for the work before him. It proved to be all needed, for he says of his next sphere of labour—the united parishes of Efringen and Schönbrunn—"The position in this community was in many respects a difficult one, and it needed much strength, and wisdom, and patience from above in order not to injure God's cause there." The labour was great, but his powerful frame and vigorous intellect were given him for labour, and he could testify, "Though I had undertaken to have four services every Sunday, and to preach often three and four times in a day, He whom I served did not let my health suffer from it, and continually opened streams of refreshment for me in his Word."

After two years spent in this most laborious field, he determined, by the advice of his friends, and with kind assistance from the king, to devote six months to travelling through North Germany and other lands. His chief aim in his journeyings was to hear the most celebrated preachers in each land, and to become personally acquainted with earnest Christian men, that he might by intercourse with them be strengthened in his own soul, and then return with fresh impetus to his work as an ambassador of Christ to perishing sinners. So he wandered through Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, Westphalia, the Netherlands, Holland, and the Rhenish provinces; and says, in looking back on what he witnessed in these lands, "Everywhere I was knit with disciples of the Lord in bonds that will last for that eternity in which alone we shall know how many blessings we have gained as fruits of the intercession of those who are with us united in covenant relation to Christ. I found matters much the same in every place. The world is everywhere much alike, sunk in the darkness of sin, carried along by frivolous thoughtlessness in the broad way that leadeth to destruction. The gospel, too, is everywhere alike the power of God unto salvation to those that believe; and nowhere have I found that the men of Prussia, Holland, or France have discovered any other way to peace of heart and heaven than just the way of faith in the Crucified One, the way of the new birth by God's Spirit. When I was asked to preach, I could only tell the people that I had nothing new to bring before them, for in Würtemberg there was just the same gospel as with them for those who were in earnest to be saved."

His six months' wandering ended, he returned to Stuttgart, and had only been there eight days when he was offered the charge of the church at Möttlingen, which he accepted, under the conviction that he was called of God to the work. He undertook it under a strong feeling of his own weakness, trusting—as he said—in "Him who has promised, 'I will feed my flock, I will seek that which is lost, I will strengthen that which was sick;' 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;' and, 'The Spirit, he shall lead you into all truth.'"

For thirteen years Barth laboured at Möttlingen as a faithful under-shepherd. During this time we obtain a graphic glimpse of him in his home life from one who, though his family had long had friendly relations with that of Barth, now himself as a young student for the first time made his acquaintance. He was accompanied by a friend, and thus describes his first interview with Barth. "The old, hearty friendship between our family, and especially the close intimacy between my sister and Barth's sister Beate, who then kept the young pastor's house, gave me a certain right to pay this visit. But the real incentive to it was the widespread fame of his bold, courageous attitude in speaking and writing for the cause of God's kingdom, and for pure evangelical truth. Besides, there were rumours

of his singular originality, a quality so attractive to young people, of the peculiarity of his bachelor-house-keeping, and of the rare fund of knowledge and interest to be found in that country manse. Our reception was as hearty as if we had been old friends. There, on the top of the front steps, stood the tall, powerful, well-proportioned man, clad in a loose dressing-gown, his long black hair streaming over his neck, his bright piercing eyes gleaming from behind his spectacles, and the inevitable long pipe in his well-formed, kindly mouth. The dressing-gown and pipe were to us a guarantee that we should be exempt from all stiffness and ceremony, and might feel ourselves at home. But when he soon after appeared from a neighbouring chamber bearing two other dressing-gowns, and two pipes similar to his own, and with his own peculiar decision of manner, which admitted of no remonstrance, exclaimed, 'There! make yourselves comfortable!' the last vestige of shyness was gone from our hearts.

"The evening was entirely devoted to us. We spoke of Tübingen and our theological studies; and there still remains in my mind, amid the many vivid impressions left by that earnest talk, one thing which he specially pressed on us both, and that was to aim, not at *multa*, but at *multum*,—rather to study fewer things, and to study them thoroughly; an advice which he drew from his own experience of the injurious effects of a contrary course. He spoke of two celebrated predecessors he had had at Möttlingen, and told us many striking anecdotes of them. He showed us the numerous curiosities from the heathen world which he had already collected, the missionary terrestrial globe prepared by himself, many portraits of distinguished missionaries framed by his own hands; also a picture which he had himself painted representing the enthroned and glorified Saviour, with men of all nations and colours worshipping at his feet; and at last he brought out the portfolio in which he kept a whole collection of sketches which he had drawn of the good men with whom he had become acquainted during his travels. By this time it was near midnight, and, full of the impression which he had made on us, we retired to the upper chamber which was allotted to us. But it was the next morning which left the strongest and most lasting impression on us.

"It was early, between four and five o'clock—we lay in a deep sleep, wearied by the journey of the day before—when, from the hall below, in deep, full, sonorous tones, the morning watchman's call awoke us:

'Up in the name of Christ the Lord!
Anew the day breaks at his word.
Dispersing all the shades of night:
Up, Christians, watch, be zealous sons of light,
And praise ye God the Lord!'

It was Barth, who, standing at his study door, sent up to us this morning greeting through a speaking-trumpet nearly as tall as himself. I shall never forget that awaking. For in this strange scene, in this

memorable morning watch-cry, which awoke sleepers and dreamers to the bright day that was before them, lay a wonderfully expressive image of the life-task to which Barth felt God had called him in the midst of his time and race—a task, to fulfil which he gave himself all his life long with the whole strength and perseverance of his vigorous being. He understood as but few do how by word and writing to awake his fellow-men from sluggish sleep, to arouse and call into action the gifts and energies of each one who came within his reach, and to remind all of the day which is before them, and of the day's work each individual has to perform, as his share of the great total organism of life. Everywhere and at all times one seemed to hear from his mouth the watch-cry, 'Up, Christians, watch, be zealous sons of light!' In his presence one could not keep off a feeling of shame—shame because of one's own remissness and sluggishness in the work of the Lord. There ever seemed to go forth from him involuntarily an impulse which awoke and spurred on others to diligence and energetic exercise of all their powers."

During his thirteen years' residence at Möttlingen, it became a gathering place for the friends of Christ. Barth's hospitality was always exercised on the widest and most liberal scale. He remained unmarried throughout life; but if he had no family of his own, all the more did he embrace in the arms of affection the whole family of Christ. He early manifested the deep interest in missions which distinguished him throughout his whole career; and many a worn-out labourer, returning home from bearing the burden and heat of the day in foreign lands, found rest and refreshing in the hospitable manse at Möttlingen, where the four guest-chambers were apt to be found all too few for the numerous visitors. The housekeeping was conducted on a scale of liberality which made many imagine the master of the house to be possessed of a much larger income than he really had, for Barth was one of those who spent next to nothing on himself, while almost lavish in his expenditure on others. For himself, he was content with the worn old furniture inherited from his father; a hammock, which he daily hung up and took down himself, was his couch; and his food and dress were of the simplest kind. But when guests surrounded his hospitable board, they were astonished at the entertainment they received, for then all sorts of good things—which were sent to Barth by his numerous friends in all parts of the world—were brought out for those who, as servants of his Lord, he delighted to honour. One guest speaks of seeing on his table on one day, figs from Smyrna, dates from Cairo, almonds from Jerusalem, Mocha coffee, and products of the West Indies and Cape of Good Hope,—all presents sent for his own use, but kept entirely for others.

Sometimes this liberal hospitality brought after-days of scarcity for the master of the house. Once it happened that, when the manse of Möttlingen had for weeks been filled with a continual succession of visitors, by

Barth was left alone, his provision both of money was so completely exhausted, that he had bread to eat, nor money wherewith to buy more. But the necessity was great, so, after a long struggle, he overcame his repugnance, and went to his neighbour for the loan of a few florins. But he was obliged to confess that he had them not.

Then Barth felt that the Lord, in whom he was trusting, was fulfilling whose command to "show thyself to His friends," without grudging, he had thrown himself into this difficulty, would certainly find help in the right way, and to him he dictated as he went on his way homewards. He was not disappointed, for hardly had he gone, when a messenger arrived, bringing a letter from the Duchess of Württemberg, in which she said she would do so much for others, that she was not apt to be in need herself, and so she wrote till she sent him the enclosed gift.

Sunday, Barth, in addressing, as usual, the children of the Sunday school, spoke to them of faith, and of what it could perform, quoting the lines :

"He who nothing hath but faith,
Can all with it produce."

"produce money with it!" he asked the children, and, as they remained silent in astonishment at the question, he explained to them that he was speaking of his own experience, that whoever has faith with it obtain money, yea, everything he needs. The man who spoke thus, who laboured so much for others, who thought no trouble too great in order to be able to give pleasure to even a child—the man who spent thousands during his life in service and other works in the kingdom of God—died left behind him but a few hundred florins. His faith could produce money, it was not that he spent it on himself, or any personal aim; but that with it he might serve Christ.

In this little incident we see that Barth was a man of what is one of the most marked and distinctive features of religious life in Germany—and alongside of the most rampant neology and liberalism we find a simple entirety of trust in God, His word, and promises, especially as regards His power to shame the faithlessness of even the most advanced in our own land. It may be that the confidence of the people in the plain-spoken declarations of the Word, by which they would literally shut out any interference with his own creation, and any communication between him and his creatures, was the only way to do with this. Those who have learned the need of a personal God and Saviour, and who find it insufficient for their necessities is a belief in a mere abstraction who, under

the name of God, shall maintain his dignity by being hid away in a mist of vague inactive existence, are, by the very boldness and pertinacity of the declarations of rationalists as to the impossibility of God interfering in our small concerns, and the folly of a belief in such interferences, driven to trying the foundations of their faith. And the outcome of such trial is, and ever must be, the confirmation of that faith which, in the face of all difficulties, hangs simply on God's word and promise, and will not let it go.

Perhaps days may be before the Church in our own land when we shall find our need of just such a faith. No mere inherited religion, or intellectual faith, will stand against the attacks of those who are even now, whether wilfully or unwittingly, doing their utmost to shake our belief in God's power and willingness to help those who call on him through Christ. What will stand against every attack and temptation, is that firm trust in God and his word, wrought into the heart by the power of the Spirit, with an intensity of experimental conviction that would make it as easy to reason us out of our belief in our own existence as out of our faith in the ever-present power and willingness to help of him who has come into our hearts, to take up his abode with us, and the daily and hourly communications of whose love are the very joy and rejoicing of our souls.

Children were ever particularly dear to Barth, and with them his simple, genial nature was displayed in its full beauty. His close intimacy with many of the most eminent labourers in the mission field gave him a peculiar interest in their children, when, according to the sad necessity which separates missionary families, they were sent home from unhealthy climates to be educated in their fatherland. A friend describes paying Barth a visit, taking with him a missionary's child of four years old, and tells how inexpressibly touching it was to observe them together, and to see the great, hale, strong man and the tiny, delicate child immediately on such friendly and confidential terms. "Dinner-time came; then the old bachelor, with his own hand, brought out from a box a clean table-napkin, fastened it round the little one's neck as dexterously as any nursemaid, talking gently to her all the time, and then with inimitable tenderness fed her with the best that was on the table. After dinner a delightful surprise was in store for the little guest. He took her by the hand, and, talking all the time of the wonderful things she was going to see, led her into the next room, where lay a large and beautifully stuffed leopard. The first momentary cry of fright, quickly succeeded by growing confidence, and at last the delight and interest of the little one in the beautiful and now harmless creature, and the loving manner in which this friend of children knew how to enter into and make use of these changing feelings to season their talk with holy words, was all most touching to behold. After that he took the small person up in his arms, carried her off to a quiet soft couch, and caressed and coaxed her to sleep."

During his numerous sojournings in Basle, where he for many years regularly attended the "mission feast," the missionary children resident there never failed to receive a visit. Barth had a regularly appointed day for each morning and evening visit to friends and institutions in the city; and on the evening on which he might be with certainty expected in the family where a dozen missionary children lived (before the home for missionary children was founded), great was the eager suspense till he appeared. Many an anxious look was sent down the long road by which he would arrive; and when at length his figure was seen approaching in the distance, the little band rushed forth to welcome him, and he would reach the house leading a child in each hand, while as many as possible held on by his coat-tails. It was not long after his arrival before each little one rejoiced in the receipt of some bon-bons, or a picture, or little book, stores of which his wonderful pockets always contained when paying such a visit.

During his pastorate at Möttlingen, while Barth was a faithful overseer of the flock committed to his care, he was ever more and more engaged in literary work for the cause of Christ. At last he gave up his parish, and removed to the town of Calw, a short distance from Möttlingen, where he devoted himself to furthering, by his labour and influence, the cause of Christian education, missions, and other kindred good works. He conducted periodicals and children's magazines; wrote numerous school books, and books for children; and kept up by correspondence a wide-spread connection with missions in every part of the world; and, by his manifold labours, and the attraction of his hospitable house, gave the little manufacturing town of Calw a celebrity it had never possessed before. Many a missionary, during his months spent at home to recruit his shattered health, found his way to the little valley in the midst of the Black Forest, where the man dwelt whose hearty letters had cheered the worn warrior on the battlefield, where he was fighting perhaps almost single-handed for Christ against the mighty powers of heathenism.

The hospitality begun at Möttlingen was carried out even more fully at Calw, so that, amid the numerous claims on his time from those who came to be strengthened and refreshed by personal intercourse with him, the marvel is how he ever managed to get through all he performed. His habits of early-rising (at four or five A.M.), and his strict punctuality, no doubt helped him greatly. Punctuality was one of his strongest points. Each part of his various editorial work had its appointed day, and no claims of any kind were ever allowed to interfere with the execution of what he had undertaken to perform at its own appointed time. If the hours of the day had been hopelessly broken in upon, early morning or late night must fulfil the appointed task on the appointed day. His large correspondence was conducted in the same methodical manner. Though, after a short absence from Calw, he was heard to say with a sigh,

"I have found twenty-five letters waiting to be answered," no one ever had to complain of waiting long. Once, when a great man told him of having not less than eight hundred letters lying unanswered, his short reply was, "I would rather lie down and die than be in such a case." When he found it impossible to write to all the mission fields with which he kept up intercourse, as frequently as he wished, he would pen a circular, containing in a concise manner all that he thought would be most interesting to the missionaries, accompanied by some hearty loving words of good cheer, and send it out to those who he was determined should not feel any failure of sympathy on his part in their arduous work.

One curious evidence of his interest in missions was supplied by his study clock, which by different hands indicated the hour of the day in the different quarters of the world where his chief missionary friends carried on their labours.

When yet but a student at college, he had painted for himself as his coat of arms a ship in full sail, with the motto, "*Odi tranquillitatem*." It was a most suitable motto; for his life was one of unwearied, unceasing labour, which justified him when, in answer to one who said to him, "You have never in your life known sickness, I believe," he replied shortly, "I have no time to be sick."

Besides the productions of his own pen, he knew how to call out hidden gifts among his friends, and very many of the best publications that have issued from the Calw Press, and which are now a valued possession of the Christian Church, had their origin from the energizing influence of Dr. Barth. That he was not always easy to satisfy, must be granted. One friend tells of how Dr. Barth had asked him to write an article for his magazine on a particular subject, and how he attempted it, though with the conviction of being unequal to the task. Soon after the article was sent to Calw, a letter from Dr. Barth reached its author, in which he said, "I have put your essay in my waste-paper basket. If you do not know how to write anything better than that, you will do quite right in being silent in future." This severe criticism was better taken than could have been expected. It was felt to be deserved, and received as a wholesome wound to the flesh. Doubtless there was something very attractive in the man who could say or write such things without giving offence. The attraction lay in the power of his intensely loving and unselfish nature.

Dr. Barth's labours at Calw were often interrupted by calls to give his help in the assemblies of the friends of Christ, where his pithy, earnest words were felt to be most valuable in spurring on laggards and cheering the faint-hearted. Not only did he attend regularly at the missionary celebrations in Basle, and other places on the Continent, but frequently was a welcome assistant at the May meetings in London. There his large-hearted, many-sided nature fitted him for friendly relations with

name who loved and served the same Master

As a speaker in Exeter Hall, his success was not great; for though he knew English well, and it fluently enough for ordinary intercourse, speaking in the language was not eloquent. His difficulty in clothing his strong, pithy, but and suggestive style of oratory in a foreign medium of speech that has grown up amid many respects very different in their style of its own. A sentence which, uttered in English, and to Germans, might, by its suggestion, have conveyed a whole train of thought to the ears of his hearers, would, when translated into English, be perhaps simply lost. But in smaller gatherings of the friends of his cause, he was ever a valued guest, and his sense and clear judgment made his opinion to be respected by all.

He held friendly intercourse with all the various societies that held their meetings in London, whether they were Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, Baptist, or any other, some, of course, with whom he had more fellowship than with others. As, for instance, among the various missionary societies, while he had but very little to do with the High Church "Propagation Society," his associations with the members of the Evangelical "Church Missionary Society" were close and intimate. Between himself and the valued Nestor of the Society, the Rev. Henry Venn,—whose death we all had to lament,—a most near and loving friendship existed.

His fellow-traveller gives us a lively picture of him on one of his expeditions to London:—He possessed, till within the last few years of his life, almost indomitable strength and health of mind and body, and could endure fatigues and privations impossible to most men. Of food and drink, he needed but little. When he came to England, when, as a rule, we others were obliged to lay in a stock of provisions for the long journey, he did nothing of the kind; he went on from five in the morning till late in the evening; quite satisfied with a single cup of coffee.

During our stay in London, one day our friend had to attend a meeting of the Tract Society at 8 A.M. in the morning, and then to proceed to the Bible Society, and to a whole day in all parts of the world-wide metropolis. In the evening, before our breakfast hour, without resting, and did not return till nine in the evening. He had been on his legs the whole day, occupied in the manner of business, had lost his way many times in the labyrinth of streets, had missed the people he sought, and gone back again at a later hour to see them. He never taken time to get any refreshment, and was—wearied, certainly—without having tasted even a little refreshment he sat up till late in the evening. As ever, wrote up the journal which he carried with him, and the next morning was up

again at four o'clock as hard at work as ever. The long and often very fatiguing meetings in Exeter Hall he attended daily, often twice in the day, besides innumerable smaller gatherings at the houses of friends. At the request of the pastors of the German churches in Savoy and Whitechapel, he and I preached alternately in their churches. On the last Sunday of our stay, he was present at my sermon on Eph. iv. 30, which was treated in a practical manner. After the service, we went back together to our distant quarters. On the way he was silent, and I observed that a storm was brewing, so, to get it over, asked him what he thought of my sermon. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' he said bitterly, 'to preach such a sermon. I was ashamed for you.' Then followed a sharp criticism, which had for its special subject that I had said nothing of the being and nature of the Holy Spirit of God. 'They could not even have known from your sermon what Spirit is spoken of.'

"All shopping in London was put off to the last day. But then a friend, an intelligent merchant, well acquainted with the city, had to go with him; and from ten in the morning till night London was traversed from end to end, making purchases of the most varied kinds in all sorts of shops. English steel goods, paper, elegant books, and miniature editions, in pretty bindings, of all sorts, were chosen. Then, on the home journey, in Paris choice confections were sought, and carried off; and even on the way to Strasburg, in the express train, as we passed a town famed for the goodness and cheapness of its confections of currants, a packet of these was added to the other good things. If any one asked him in surprise for whom he made these purchases, he only got the dry reply, 'If any one asks you about it, you can just say you do not know.' But the secret was not hard to unravel; for his friends, old and young, high and low, he shunned no expense in order to surprise them with some thoughtful gift, while he himself lived poorly and simply, and almost denied himself necessities, in order, on all sides, to scatter joy and love on those with whom he was connected."

In connection with the sharp criticism on his friend's sermon mentioned in the above extract, we may add that Dr. Barth had his own very strong and fixed ideas on the subject of Biblical criticism. On one point his convictions from his thirtieth year onwards were very strong and never changed. He maintained that Holy Scripture interprets itself, and that man's explanations only make confusion; from this ground he never swerved, and in this manner he himself read and interpreted the Bible. "It is this I have to thank," he said himself, "for the fact that I now know where I am, and feel that I need no teaching but God's Spirit. Through this method I have arrived at a sure, immovable ground of faith, and knowledge of God's Word, and to comprehensive views of it. Henceforth no man can perplex me. I know what I believe, and thank the Lord my Saviour for the correct and copious knowledge of the counsels of his grace as contained

in his Word, which he has in mercy given me. The confusion and perplexity among the faithful becomes ever greater. No party can satisfy or put straight all difficulties; on all hands we are reproached as believing paradoxes—in this reproach I take my share with joy. There will be peace when the Lord comes. I wait and sigh for that time."

But the time came when he, who had so long amid his varied and abounding labours found no time to be sick, must bow before the will of his heavenly Father, who now called on him not only to do, but to suffer submissively.

In 1861 Dr. Barth's health began to fail, and in the autumn of that year, by the doctor's advice, he went, accompanied by his friend and assistant Weitbrecht, to try whether the mild aromatic air of the pine-woods of Lichtenthal would benefit him. The friend (Dr. Albert Ostertag) who has already described his first sight of Barth, and his visit with him to England, will give us another glimpses of the strong man as he begins to bow beneath the burden of the failing flesh:—

"Just as he had greeted me on my first visit to Mottlingen, so he now once again welcomed me. And yet how changed he was! Doubtless, there was still the old hearty love which shone in every feature, as he welcomed my unexpected arrival; but his face was furrowed with the traces of suffering, his breath came with difficulty, and his step was trembling and uncertain. And yet how he did work!—even in those days when often he had to lie back in his arm-chair half unconscious, and like a dying man. It is true, he no longer rose at four or five in the morning as formerly, but not till after six o'clock; but it was he who conducted our social morning worship with his accustomed power and unction, and after that he employed the whole forenoon in writing letters, or articles for his various publications. And what a youthful brightness and freshness there was about all he wrote then! He would often read us before dinner what he had written during the morning.

"In the afternoon he always drove out in an open conveyance, which often did him good, and enabled him to sleep. In these drives he was cheerful, happy, and full of an inexhaustible fund of humour; only when thoroughly wearied out would he sit silent in a corner of the carriage. In the evening he returned to the hotel content and thankful, and would sit quiet, pencil in hand, perhaps jotting down some little verses, which would express the main impressions of what he had seen that day, with a wonderful freshness. I can never forget a drive which we took to the waterfall at Gerolsau. Barth was particularly cheerful, and enjoyed the beauties of nature, and inhaled the fragrant pine breezes in eager draughts.

"After our return he went to his room, and in about half an hour came back again, and sitting down smilingly beside the lamp, read us the following lines:—

"Rushing, sparkling, shimmering streamlet,
Say, whence dost thou come?"

"Through the craggy clefts I've hurried
From my early home.
Down the precipices hurried,
Round in foaming eddies whirled,
By granite ridges torn and tossed,
Shattered all to sparkling dust,—
Till in form so changed I seem,
Scarce myself the same I deem.

"When first in youthful glee I came
Swift bounding down the steep,
Bright rainbows spanned me in my course
At every daring leap.
As beneath each iris arch
(Giving back its hues I rush,
Radiant, mirthful, as a boy,
Ready with each flower to toy,
Full of dreams of sport and play,
Life seemed one long holiday.

"Oh, what brilliant hopes I cherished
Of the long summer day,
When adown the vale I'd travel,
On my victorious way.
Thus I dreamed of tranquil hours,
When I'd linger 'mid the bowers.
But, alas! my dreams are past,—
Forced to turn a mill at last,
Meads to water, clothes to wash,
No more in rainbow hues I flash.

"As upward to the home I glance
Where once I leapt in play,
And feel my strength so burdened now,
I falter on my way;
Heavy-hearted, step so slow,
Murmuring on with voice so low;
Through my course of sordid toil,
Dimmed with stains of earthly soil,
Till with Father Rhine at last
I lose myself in ocean vast."

"Nay, streamlet, be content, I pray,
Nor murmur at thy fate;
Is not the lot to thee assigned
Both beautiful and great?
First a youth of rainbow hue,
Then manhood full of labour true,
Bearing blessings all thy way,
With strength proportioned to thy day.
And when toilsome days are past,
Sweet the rest will seem at last."

"When I said to Dr. Barth on one of these days easily he worked, that all he wrote appeared to fall lightly from his hand and pen, he shook his head and said, 'Composition is much more difficult to me than many others. I do not work easily; I have to win out each thought by the hair of the head.'

Then he pictured the way and manner in which he executed his literary labour. Even the least letter he had to write cost him mental toil; he had always to meditate before he wrote it, both what he should say and how he should say it; and he even found it necessary not merely to arrange in his mind the thoughts and their sequence, but to work out fully in his mind the very words and sentences before he wrote them in writing. When it came to the writing of course that was easy enough, but much of the labour had gone before. It was the same with his public speeches, and sermons, and missionary addresses; he never wrote them, hardly even jotted down a

had worked them out mentally, and delivered almost like a discourse learned off by heart. In our small circle at Lichtenthal he was indescribably kind and happy-hearted. He was suffering much; it seemed as if but a thin veil intervened between him and the unseen world, and so all the more richly did he impart his love on all around him. He let us see more than ever before into the interior of his life-path, and loved to linger with peculiar pleasure over the full providence of God, who had led him on step by step into this or that branch of labour. He often complained bitterly of his own uselessness in spite of his faithfulness, and could not imagine, he said, how that people could so love him. When he had been obliged to retire wearied to his room, he would sit at a plateful of fresh grapes, or some other trifle, as a token of his thanks and love. When we sat together on our last day with him at the day meal, and our hearts felt forced to express our thanks towards him, he rested his arms on the table, covered his face with his folded hands, shed tears, and with a voice full of emotion, uttered these—

'Every droplet, every morsel,
Which thy hand on me bestows,
Loudly calls within my conscience—
Art worthy of the least of those?
Yea, Lord Jesus, all unworthy:
Still thou pourest out thy gifts;
Oh! then what wonders wait thy people,
When in thy Father's house they feast?'

On the other hand, although Barth's heart was so full of love to the fellow-servants of his Master, it was the case that he would sometimes reprove his friends with the utmost sharpness for anything they might do wrong in them. He could not love at the expense of truth and of the utmost openness. But the great frailties which he saw, and which he believed it his duty to correct in his friends, had no power to bring about the least diminution in his strong and tender love for them. Indeed, he made one feel that it was the very depths of his love that the sharpest blows were dealt.

In the winter of 1861-62 the news went forth that he was near his end; but when one of his closest friends sent him a word of farewell greeting till they met in heaven, his answer was, "Alas! I have not so far yet," and hope revived in the bosoms of his friends. During the early part of 1862 he worked as of old, but it was but for a short time. On October 27th he was struck down suddenly by a stroke of apoplexy; and though he appeared to revive a few days in some degree, and was even able to talk about, and to write a little, other strokes fol-

lowed in quick succession. The November number of the *Jugend Blätter* contained a little poem of his which he had written since his illness, but it was very fragmentary, and showed what he said of himself—"the ruin that I am." And the end was very near, for on November 11th he was taken gently home by the Master whom he had so long loved and served.

He had so loved Christ that no death-bed testimony as to his faith in him ought to have been needed, or asked of him; and he was not a man to submit to be questioned as to his innermost feelings. It was remarkable that, in spite of the many and dear friends he had, that he so loved and cherished, he was yet with all his free-heartedness ever most silent as to his inner experience and relations to God. He maintained that "in regard to our state of heart we need no other bosom friend than the Lord himself; and it is want of knowledge of his all-sufficiency and of the fulness of grace that is in him, if we find anything more wanting to us than is to be found in him."

And so as it had been with him in active life, so it continued in his hours of sickness, and on his bed of death. The heart companionship which he found in the Lord left no room for that need of other solaces, and interchange of experiences, which to many Christians is so consoling in their hours of weakness.

"In the last seven weeks of his life," writes a young friend, "dear Dr. Barth was hardly ever heard to speak of himself. Many friends tried to get him on the subject, and some attempted to elicit somewhat of his inner experience, but generally with but little success. A friend, who had been closely united with him for many years, asked him how it stood with his heart, and if he had peace, and received the short answer, 'God's word remains ever the same.' But once when mamma said to him, 'Now the crown and kingdom are awaiting you,' he replied, 'I only want to be saved.' In the last days of all, when asked if he had any fear of death, he answered with these words, 'No, I have done with that long ago; I shall get over there poor and needy, but all will be well.'"

In severe suffering he never complained, but was always cheerful, and thankful to the last, only once saying, "I am weary and tired to death." The man who had devoted his days of strength to the service of Christ was not forsaken by him in his hour of weakness, but kept in perfect peace, trusting in the Lord; and at length he passed away peacefully, to be "absent from the body, present with the Lord." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

B. W.



The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

A COMPREHENSIVE CONFESSION.

"But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away. And there is none that calleth upon thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of thee: for thou hast hid thy face from us, and hast consumed us, because of our iniquities."—ISA. LXIV. 6, 7.



It is not enough to say of this brief prayer that it is figurative in the form of its expressions. It is a combination of many types. Natural analogies are piled upon each other, as the penitent strives to give all his emotions vent in language. It will be our effort to analyze the compact conglomerate, and examine in succession each of its constituent parts.

A quickened and repenting people in those ancient times pour forth their confession through Isaiah's lips. The speech is simple and sweet and tender, like the wailing of a suffering child. The conscience has been reached and melted, and here in our sight the confession flows. Obviously this sinful man "pours out his heart unto God;" he keeps nothing back.

Let us draw near and listen while an exercised human spirit makes full confession of sin to God, that we may make his prayer our own.

The confession consists of six several but consecutive and closely connected parts. We shall enumerate them as they follow each other in the text, and then endeavour to obtain for ourselves the lessons which they teach. There is much meaning in each separate ingredient of this confession considered by itself, and more in the relations and union of the whole:—

1. The taint of sin, that from the springs of humanity has poisoned all its streams—"We are all as an unclean thing."

2. The worthlessness and positive loathsomeness of all the efforts which a sinful man can make to set himself at first right with God—"All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

3. The frailty, uncertainty, and shortness of human life—"We all do fade as a leaf."

4. The power and success of internal corrup-

tion in hurrying the man away into actual transgressions—"Our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away."

5. The inability and unwillingness of these helpless sinners, as they are drifting down the stream of sin towards the gulf of perdition, to lift themselves up and lay hold on God—"There is none that calleth upon thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of thee."

6. God's method of dealing with such a case—"Thou hast hid thy face from us, and hast consumed us, because of our iniquities."

I. The taint of sin, that from the springs of humanity has poisoned all its streams: "We are all as an unclean thing."

What feature of his dreadful case is first revealed to an awakening soul, we cannot tell; the beginnings of life are kept secret. Probably, as there are diversities of operation in the process of bringing a man out of death into life, there may also be diversities in the process of revealing to him that he is dead in trespasses and sins. One man, when conviction by the Spirit first begins, may have his eye chiefly fixed on one feature, and another man on a different feature, of the carnal mind. But whether the discovery begin with the root or the branches,—with the deep rebellion of the heart, or the manifold transgressions of the life,—it is certain that when a really awakened sinner proceeds to make an articulate confession to God, he is inclined, like Isaiah in this text, to begin at the beginning: "We are all as an unclean thing." When the patriarch had learned at length to know himself and God, and to bring the two together, a short formula best expressed his experience: "Behold, I am vile." This is the confession of faith, on its under or subjective

, which all who are taught of the Spirit are ing to sign. This confession does not yet claim the way of salvation, but it has unveiled necessities of the lost; it points not yet to sun in the heavens, but it owns and laments darkness which broods over the earth. This mess does not create the light, but it makes light welcome when God commands it to e.

True confession of sin, like its counterpart, true in Christ, is not partial, but universal. It ngs to all, and it belongs all to each. There one that doeth good, and there is no good g in any one. When one, who has been con- ed by the Spirit, takes words and turns to , he begins at the heart, as the spring whence many unclean streams of thoughts and words deeds flow out in the daily life. This sim- ity is a mark of truth. It is not an inventory mbered shortcomings that disturbs the con- ce in the prospect of the judgment. He has ed in on his own heart, and back over his past and forward to the great Day, and upward to righteous Judge, and has discovered that his acter is sin, his condition misery. Around circle of his life he sees no spot where a trou- conscience can find a resting-place. When p- pens his lips to express his state, the com- at is not a superficial gleaning of the bulkiest . He does not dally on the surface; he goes t to the root. An unclean thing. He counts self a defiling spot on God's fair creation, loathes the self which, notwithstanding, he ot fling away. "O wretched man that I am! shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

L. The worthlessness and positive loathsom- : of all the efforts which a sinful man can make et himself at first right with God: "All our teousnesses are as filthy rags." lost naturally this ingredient of the confession es next in order. He looked first to his sins, told what he thought of them; he next looks his righteousness, and we shall learn what his ion is in regard to it also. This is the natural try of the process—the process of conviction. this way the soul went, in order to reach true ntance. The path is rugged and painful. is a voyage of discovery, in which all that lies

before you is unknown, and where every increase of knowledge is acquired at the expense of falls and bruises. When a sense of guilt and a fear of wrath force their way into the conscience, nature's instinct prompts to the method of making peace by doing better for the time to come. There is no instinct more uniform than this recourse to self-righteousness, as soon as conviction of sin becomes alarming. After the discovery of our sin, another discovery, still more terrible, remains to be made—the discovery that our righteousness will do no more for us in the judgment than our sins. In the first stages of conviction, although one by one the pretensions of innocence fail the culprit, he has still hope in another resource,—a second line of defence,—in which he may make a stand. If he must own that the sins deserve wrath, he will betake himself to righteousness, in the hope that, though it cannot be expected to be complete, it may yet go far as a protector. It is when the fugitive soul is driven from this inner line of defence that the crisis of the case arrives. It is this feature,—this step of the confession,—that we examine now.

Perhaps the memory of some painful dream will afford us more help in the examination of this point than any phase of our waking experience. You have dreamed that you were in a strange, unknown place, and that all imaginable difficulties were gathering round you. Among other misfortunes, by some unexplained and unaccountable neglect, you were left without clothing far from home and from friends. In the dreary, shuddering apprehension of the moment you eagerly clutch at the first thing that lies to hand, and wrap it round you with convulsive haste. Glad to have gotten something that feels like a covering, you proceed on your way somewhat more hopefully for a time. The dawn, although it may be discerned in the east, does not yet sensibly diminish the darkness that broods over you and your path. You step forward with a comfortable sensation of being at least clothed. Quickly the light increases, and soon bursts into day; the path is leading to frequented thoroughfares; now you discover that the garment which you hastily snatched is a bundle of unconnected rags, very poor and very filthy. This garment is a conspicuous badge of

shame, and you have none other. A sinking of the heart, and a choking in the throat, awaken you from sleep, and you discover that it was but a dream. Gradually the wildly pulsing heart sinks down again into its normal peacefulness, and nothing remains of the terror but an involuntary sob at intervals, like a ground-swell after a storm.

Not more naturally do you in such a perplexity snatch any covering that lies within your reach than does a sinful man, when convictions first begin to prick his conscience, betake himself hastily to a self-wrought righteousness. As uniformly and necessarily as a rebound in the opposite direction follows the blow, a soul, when first alarmed by a sense of sin, endeavours to deprecate dreaded wrath by getting up a painful and forced obedience. How busily the naked, when he discovers his nakedness, labours to get a covering, and how long he labours sometimes in vain!

For a time a man may be so busy gathering the rags and putting them on, that he does not perceive their filthiness: more terrible, on that account, is the discovery that awaits him when the quickening Spirit sheds in a brighter light, and he learns at length that the King is coming in, while he is destitute of a wedding garment. Those who have never experienced the distress which the dream represents cannot, even in imagination, form a conception of the dismay and sinking of heart that would overwhelm them, if they found themselves, the observed of all observers, entering the presence of royalty clothed in filthy rags. Your limbs would totter beneath you, and your tongue would cleave to the roof of your mouth. Your heart would seem to be a heavy, hard, cold stone lying within your breast and crushing it. Such in kind, but inconceivably magnified in degree, is the dismay that seizes a sinner who has been busy preparing a righteousness for the judgment-seat, when in the light of the great white throne, now felt to be very near, he discovers that the righteousness wherewith he has covered his sins is yet more vile in God's sight than the sins which it is employed to cover.

Nor let any one lightly deem that this representation is introduced as the necessary filling up of a well-favoured theological system. The Scrip-

ture and reason concur in demonstrating that the righteousness which the convicted but unreconciled soul throws over its uncleanness is itself at least equally unclean. Love is the fulfilling of the law; and in these hasty, painful efforts to provide a satisfying obedience, there is no love. You make these efforts while you are strangers to pardon and reconciliation in Christ, not because you trust in God's mercy, but because you dread his holiness. These are peace-offerings flung to an enemy, not love lavished on a friend. If you were near a lion and in his power, you would throw him a piece of flesh, in the hope that, soothed and satisfied with the morsel you had given him, he might not be disposed to tear you. Men, stung by apprehended wrath, and not reassured by tasting mercy, treat God thus. Their diligent tread-mill round of duty, and painful penances, and costly offerings, are a stratagem cunningly contrived to occupy the attention of the omniscient Watcher while they turn round a corner and escape. Wanting pardon and reconciling in the Mediator, there is no love in the good works which men bring to God; and wanting love, there is no life in them; and wanting life, they are dead; and the dead run to corruption; and the more of the dead you heap together, the ranker is the decay. From dead works as well as from acts of sin we must be purged through the blood of the covenant ere our service can be pleasing to God. Such prayers and penances add insult to injury. Hatred of God's holiness is the motive of the deeds. As long as you toil unforgiven, unreconciled, unrenewed, to work a righteousness under which you may be safe from God's displeasure, you are in effect vainly trying to throw dust in the eyes of your enemy. If you could be assured that he did not hate sin and would not punish it, you would instantly cease to strive after righteousness. Ah, these filthy rags! how intensely loathsome they seem to the dear child when Christ has made him free.

III. The frailty, uncertainty, and shortness of human life: "We all do fade as a leaf"

The time is short, and even the short time is uncertain. Any day, any hour, thy soul may be required of thee. This thought, coming on the back of the discovery that your righteousnesses

rag, adds to the agony. Our own rights are worthless, and our breath may be taken before we have time to cast about for

We have suddenly awakened and our lamps out, and our oil-vessels empty; while we go to buy, the Bridegroom may find the door be shut.

We are in debt. It has been announced that we must be ready with payment in your hand to meet our creditor face to face whenever he may stand among a crowd of fellow-debtors before court. From time to time the awful judgment of the judge resounds from within the veil, now one and now another of your neighbour is called into his presence. Every man goes in the moment that he hears the name; some enter cheerful, and some with their look and trembling in their limbs, enter instantly as they are called. You know that your turn cannot be far distant, you know not at what hour or moment it will come.

Will you, in these circumstances, be in peace or in wretchedness? This depends on your answer to the question. Have you enough to pay your debts? Have you nothing? If you have enough, you will answer your call with composure, and obey it comes with a light heart; if you have not enough to pay, your heart beats hurriedly at the summons in the crowd; and when your name is called, you faint and fall to the ground. It cannot be denied that many who would fain be free, are, through fear of death, all their life subject to bondage. Two classes occupying opposite extremes contrive to enjoy life, though their term is short and uncertain: those on the one hand who have never been disturbed by the thought of death; and those on the other who have, through the Mediator, entered into peace. But to those in the middle, who have been made conscious of their own guilt, and not yet got it washed away in the blood of the cross, Death in the distance, by his shadow all the joys of life.

The falling of a leaf supplies a correct and fitting emblem of our mortality in both its aspects—its certainty and its uncertainty. No prospect nothing is more sure than the fall of the leaf, and in another nothing more uncertain. This fruit or forest tree: of all the leaves that bear to-day, glittering in the sunshine

and quivering in the breeze, not one will remain in winter—all will be strewn on the ground. But when each leaf will fall is secret and unsearchable as the purposes of God. One, touched by an imperceptible mildew, may drop soon after it has unfolded itself from the bud in spring; a second, bitten by a worm, may wither as soon as it has fully spread out its surface to the sun of summer; a third may be shaken off by a boisterous wind, and a fourth nipped by an early frost. On what day of the season any leaf will drop no man knows; but that all will drop ere the season is over is absolutely sure.

Such is our condition in this life. We fade as a leaf fades. The generation will in a few years be laid in the dust, but the individuals composing it may be led away at any hour into eternity. This is our condition. It is a sad picture, but it is true; and it would be foolish to hide or forget it. We are on our warning, every one of us. We know not what a day may bring forth. Every day we perform a march, and every night lie down to sleep, a day's journey nearer home. These busy hearts are beating the dead march to the grave. But the hope in Christ turns this sad world upside down; to them that are found in him, these pulsations mean a life-march to the rest that remaineth.

IV. The power and success of internal corruption in hurrying the man into actual sin: "Our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away."

It is a mark of true repentance when the penitent lays all the blame upon himself. He who tries to shift the burden so as to lay it on his neighbour, has not yet, in faith, gotten his burden laid on Christ; on the other hand, he who has gotten his sins laid on Christ, is not under the necessity of shifting the guilt upon a fellow-creature. This confession bears the mark of truth. *Our* iniquities have carried us away. There is indeed a spiritual wickedness in high places, as well as evil communications between man and man; but when a soul is truly convinced of sin by the Spirit, and draws near to the Father in confession, these outward enemies are forgotten, and the sin is felt to be all the sinner's own. Every one is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts and enticed.

Like the wind, in the secrecy of its origin and the greatness of its effects, is the spirit of evil as well as the Spirit of grace. As the wind carries chaff away, so the impetuous passions of an evil heart overcome every resolution of amendment, and direct the whole volume of the life. It is strange that this confession follows immediately upon the reflection that we all do fade as a leaf. You might suppose that if men believed themselves immortal they might dare to sin with a high hand; but that the knowledge of death being certain, coupled with the uncertainty and suddenness of its approach, would compel them to live soberly and righteously and godly in the world. Vain expectation! The knowledge that death is sure, and the day of it uncertain, does indeed exert a force in the direction of restraining sin. It is a power which, to the extent of its ability, binds the evil spirit; but it is like a green wither round Samson's limbs. It opposes wickedness, but it has not power to stop its career, or even to diminish its speed. A great ship is lying in deep water, close to a precipitous beach, with two or three lines made fast to the shore, and all her canvas spread. A breeze off the land springs up, and increases to a gale. Will the ship retain her position? No; she will be driven out to sea. But is she not bound by these ropes to the shore? Yes, these lines hold her to the shore with all their might; but when such a blast fills the sails, they snap asunder like threads. Such and so feeble is the thought of death to keep a man back, when the passions of his own heart carry him away like the wind. Sometimes—and the experience is by no means rare—those whose business it is every day to dig graves and handle the dead, neither fear God nor regard man. The Scripture is entirely accordant with experience, when it intimates that the man who knows that he fades like a leaf permits his own iniquities notwithstanding to carry him away. The fear of death has not power to turn us from sin.

V. The inability and unwillingness of these helpless sinners, as they are drifting down the stream of sin towards the gulf of perdition, to lift themselves up and take hold on God: "There is none that calleth upon thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of thee."

Here again we might at first sight suppose, that as there is help at hand, the feeble will grasp it, and be saved. Because there is a God to lay hold of, we would think, those who are carried away to perdition like chaff on the wind, will lay hold of God, that they may not perish. His feet have well nigh slipped into the pit; but surely on that very account he will stay himself upon his God. Alas! it is not so! If a man were carried down against his own will by some external force, he would gladly grasp any friendly hand that might be stretched out for help. But the state of the case is different,—is opposite. It is his own iniquities that are carrying him away. To grasp God's hand, as it is in Christ stretched out, would indeed save him—would snatch him out of that impetuous flood, and hide his life with Christ in God; but this would tear the man asunder—would separate the man from himself. He would indeed be saved, so as by fire, leaving a right eye and a right hand behind him. This kind of safety he is not yet willing to accept. If he were invited to stir himself up to lay hold of a safe heaven, he might make a shift to obey; but he has no inclination to stir himself up to lay hold of a holy God, and to abide in the light of his countenance. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." "Put off the old man with his deeds."

VI. God's method of dealing with such a case: "Thou hast hid thy face from us, and hast consumed us because of our iniquities."

The Holy One hides his face from his creatures while they live in sin.

"And hast consumed us because of our iniquities." I prefer to take this clause in its most literal sense, as it is given in the margin—"Thou hast melted us by the hand of our iniquities." God melts the hardest sinners, and he employs their own sins to make the flinty hearts flow down. If this melting take effect in the day of grace, it is repentance unto life. What a mystery is here. All are his servants. He can employ a man's own sins as the burning coals poured on his head to melt him into confession and trust. We have often found souls undergoing this process. There is great grief, and great tenderness: the fountains of the

deep seem to have been broken up within and their eyes have become fountains of

Ask what ails them, and from the groans, cries, and broken words you soon discover their own sins have in some way been lifted and poured over them like melted lead. This hand of God. He is melting these high-minded transgressors—melting them down in to mould them again as new creatures in it; and the means whereby he makes the hearts yield are their own sins treasured up, poured in a scalding stream over their own offences. Ah! when they are softened in that way, they will be poured into another type, merge new creatures. By terrible things in our sinfulness the Lord is answering their cry.

But if the sinful are not so melted in the day of grace, they will be melted when that day is

By their own iniquities, too, will the punishment be inflicted. Their own sins on their heads will be at least a material part of the punishment of the lost in the great Day.

Having examined somewhat fully what the gem is, we shall now, in a concluding sentence, point out where it lies. Many lessons may be learned from its contents: at least one, exceedingly great and precious, may be drawn from its position. After having looked to the text, we will look at that which touches it, before and behind. The gem is the chief object of attraction, its setting may be both beautiful and precious. When a diamond of great size, of historic interest and almost fabulous worth, now the property of the Queen, was some years ago exhibited to the public, it was supported on either side by the representation of a human hand made of gold, artistically constructed to represent at once strength and tenderness, as a living human hand would hold fast and hold forth that which is especially precious. In that case, a measure of interested attention was given by the spectators to the setting, only second to that which the gem attracted to itself.

So, too, when, in the expanse of Scripture, a truth so precious was about to be held up to view, it seems to have been taken to give it a setting, glorious in its own nature, and in its form bearing tender care and deep appreciation. A

hand of gold protrudes from either side, expressively and impressively holding forth the precious and full-bodied confession of the ancient prophet. The word that touches it on the one side (end of verse 5) is, "We shall be saved:" the word that touches it on the other side (beginning of verse 8) is, "But now, O Lord, thou art our Father."

It is not by chance that this great deep confession lies between these two words—is held up and held out in these two tender loving hands. "We are saved by hope," not by terror. It is God's mercy that melts. If these arms of love had not been thrown round the stony heart, the stony heart would not thus have flowed down like water. When they propose to melt the rugged ore, and bring the precious metal out, they put a fire below it and a fire above it, and fan both into a sevenfold glow. Between these two fires the rock at length gives way.

It is thus that the melting of repentance and the outflow of confession are produced. Terror alone, even the terror of the Lord, does not avail. The weight of apprehended judgment lying on the guilty will only compress the soul into a harder, intenser atheism, unless redeeming love bursts through. Surround a fallen human spirit with the immediate and certain apprehension of divine vengeance due to sin—leave no chink in that wall of brass to admit a ray of hope from the face of Jesus—confront the creature with the Creator's almighty anger—and nothing more, nothing else: you will not thereby melt that human spirit into repentance and faith. That creature, though guilty now and feeble, is, in his origin and nature, great and Godlike. That spirit, despairing, will curse God and die—die hard. It is another thing than divine anger that really melts and remoulds the man. Isaiah, in this case a representative man—for the word is not of private interpretation—Isaiah, secretly conscious of sin, looks this way, and the signal hung out is, "We shall be saved;" looks that way, and the signal displayed is, "Thou art our Father." Between these fires the heart is melted, and flows down into the great confession of the text. This, O Isaiah, is "Repentance unto life;" but the goodness of God, compassing thee behind and before—"The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance."

The Children's Treasury.

OLD ELI: A STORY OF ALSATIAN COMMON LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW HOME.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."—1 TIM. vi. 6.



ON the threshold of her dear, restored house, Mrs. Lindfelder was waiting to welcome the new inmates. Her heart overflowed with gratitude and love to the faithful God and Saviour who had heard her feeble prayer—given them back their much loved home, sent them work in plenty, and preserved them from want and hunger. Her husband had stayed at the factory; and that arrangement pleased her well, as she must otherwise have feared that a rough word or a dark look from him might have cast a gloom over the poor old people's entrance to their new home, and embittered the hearty reception she had prepared for them.

And now the carriage has stopped. The merry children sprang out first; then Anna, who lay long in the arms of her good friend, and wept out her sorrow and her joy on that loving bosom. Tony followed; and Eli, who still lay half unconscious, with closed eyes, in the corner of the carriage, was gently lifted out by him, and carried into his room. It was pleasantly warm; and while Mrs. Lindfelder, with Tony's help, undressed the old man, Drey climbed on the bed, and placed the can of honour triumphantly on its shelf. And when Eli felt himself once more in his comfortable warm bed, he opened his eyes, looked round with a bewildered air, then held out his trembling hand to Mrs. Lindfelder, while a quiet, peaceful smile spread like a ray of sunlight over his face. Then he turned his face to the wall, closed his eyes again, and fell asleep without having spoken a word.

"And now you must not waken Eli, children, do you hear?" said the mother, in a subdued voice. "Go quietly up-stairs with Anna, and show her her room."

It was well that the attic was on the other side of the house, or the rejoicings there would certainly have roused poor Eli from his much needed rest; for when Anna, with a heavy heart, opened the door, and saw the clean, pretty little room, so like the old one, she opened her eyes very wide, and declared there must be witchcraft in it. There stood her dear little stove in the same corner as at home, and a bright little fire was crackling in it. She thought that Tony had sold the stove, and had grieved much over it, for there was not a stove like it in all France. And there it was, looking as much at home as if it had stood there all its days. And in the other corner opposite the stove was her own bed, with

its red and white curtains, just like home. In the window stood the large table and the four wooden chairs; under the table her chest; and on the wall her own shelf, with the tin cups and plates, and all her things, also just like home. "Is there a witch among you?" she cried in amazement, to the great delight of the boys, who dragged her about from one corner to another, trying to show her everything at once. She opened the chest, and there were all her clothes, neatly folded and arranged. On the pins behind the door hung her Swiss costume, for many years her only holiday attire; and beside it stood a pair of brand new shoes. No, that was too much; she thought she must be dreaming. "But," she asked at last, "where is Josephine to sleep?" She was still more astonished when Tony drew out another bed from beneath hers. He had sawn a piece off the legs of Josephine's little bedstead, and put castors on them, so that it could be rolled under Anna's high bed during the day, to make more space in the room; and the boys laughed so heartily over Anna's wonder and admiration, that the father, who had come home rather out of humour, after he had stood for a while at the door watching them, burst also into a hearty laugh, went up to Anna, shook her hand kindly, and said he hoped they would be good friends, and he would do his best to make everything comfortable for her, that she might be happy among them.

And at the quiet evening worship, Swiss Anna wept for joy as she had never done in all her hard life; while Mrs. Lindfelder, Josephine, Tony, and even the father, felt the sweetness of doing good. None of them could sing—their voices failed them; and, besides, it might have wakened Eli, who still slept soundly. But none of them had ever enjoyed the worship more, for they had been engaged through the day in God's service, and they felt his presence with them now, bringing blessing and peace.

And now began a new life in the little house, full of work and activity. Early in the morning, after the breakfast—which Anna prepared—father and mother went off to the factory, and Tony to the workshop. Josephine, who did not need to go out till eight o'clock, dressed little Lena, and saw that the boys had made themselves clean and tidy for school. Then she helped Anna to make the beds and sweep out the bed-rooms; brought Eli his morning coffee; and then, if she still

l time to spare, did what she could in the kitchen, so that Anna might not be overburdened with work. When Lena was gone, and the boys away to school, Anna would go to old Eli to be taken care of, while she did the sweeping and airing, and strewed the floors with fresh clean sand. Then, while the dinner was cooking, she attended to Eli and the child, and poked about in all the corners of the house to see if there was anything that wanted cleaning or putting in order, so that in a short time the little house really was as neat and tidy as a doll's house; and Anton Lindfelder, who was a great friend of cleanliness and order, rejoiced over it and began to think a great deal of Swiss Anna.

And Anna was very happy in her new home. Parents and children loved her, and did all they could to please her. In bad weather the boys were her little messengers, and brought from the town all that was wanted for the house. In the evening, when Tony came home from his work, he brought in water, and split wood, all ready for the next day. And on Saturday, when he was away earlier, he would go with the boys into the forest and bring home dry sticks and a whole bagful of cones, to help to make the fire burn. By the candlelight Mrs. Lindfelder and Josephine sewed, knitted, and mended for the whole family—for Anna too, who could neither sew nor knit, while she sat at her spinning-wheel; and Tony busied himself making the salt dishes, wooden trays and spoons, bird-cages, and mouse-traps, which poor Eli had planned to make. Anna watched the clever worker with admiration and pleasure; and was as happy as a child when in the spring she could carry the pretty things with the early vegetables to the market, and bring home money for them. She was sure that there must be prosperity in that house, for it was like a beehive—all brought in, and none carried away. And she had never been so contented in her life, and had never prayed so heartily as now, when she heard every evening such beautiful stories out of the Bible. If only Eli were like himself again, her last care would be gone.

And poor Eli really seemed to be the only unhappy one in the little circle. He smoked no more, did not sing or read his Bible, and was always gloomy, silent, and absent; and if Tony did not lift him half by force from his bed to the arm-chair every day when he came home to dinner, and back to bed at night, as Joseph used to do, he would have lain in his bed "like a log of wood," Anna said, and never asked for food or drink. She thought "sometimes he looked as if he had an evil conscience—God preserve us!"

"I think poor Eli has doubts and temptations," said Mrs. Lindfelder, who was always tender and considerate to the old man, "and we must let him settle them alone with his God; we can do nothing but pray for him."

"Pray for him!" grumbled Anna. "He can pray better than all of us put together, when he likes, and he has preached to me better than ever the pastor did. That's not what's the matter with him. He is just

jealous of Tony, who is so kind to him, and only the other day put wheels on his chair. But he never could bear young carpenters, for he always believed it was their fault that he had grown old and useless; and that is really very stupid and unreasonable of him, and I'll tell him so some day."

The next afternoon she was alone in the house with him; and when she brought him his coffee, and again received a short refusal of her kind offer to roll his chair into the parlour—"now that Tony had put wheels to it, he did not need to stay always on one spot, like a snail"—she broke the ice, and said reproachfully,—

"It is really very wrong of you, Eli, to be always so discontented. I am sure every one does their best to make you happy. It is nothing but your stupid jealousy of that good Tony that is making you so makolly."

This plain-spoken reproof seemed to shake Eli out of his apathy, for he answered, in something like his former tone,—

"Why do you use long words that you can't pronounce, Anna? Makolly!—how is a Christian to understand that that means melancholy?"

"Well, you are no heathen, Eli, and you seem to have understood it," answered Anna—thinking to herself, "I was right then, after all, and, thank God, he has begun to speak again." Then she continued aloud—"You used to preach so beautifully to others, Eli, you had better preach to yourself now; for there is nothing in the world so hateful as ingratitude, old Mrs. Fellenberg always told me. And you ought, with me, to thank God, and the good people who have helped us in our trouble and given us a home. Just think what would have become of us! Would you like better to be in the hospital? They would not be so patient with you there, I can tell you."

"I am not ungrateful, Anna," said Eli, quite humbly, "and I know I am not worthy of all the goodness which the Lord and all you good people show to a poor old cripple; but—"

"What is the matter with you, then; and why have you all at once become so altered and so strange that no one knows what to do to please you?"

"I am displeased with no one but myself, Anna; and that is because I am, as it were, under a curse, as my old godfather would have said."

"What do you mean, Eli?"

"You would not understand, even if I could tell you, Anna; but, believe me, I have suffered more under it than under the burning beam, or when my leg was taken off. I have suffered so much that I sometimes thought my old head would go wrong altogether," he added, with his head bowed down, and an expression of such intense pain that Anna was quite moved by it, and repented the hard words she had said to him.

"But," she said to herself afterwards in the kitchen, "I am glad that I did it, after all; for it has opened his mouth at least, and he has begun to talk again as he did at home, thank God."

Poor old Eli had indeed come through a sore struggle. Was it really, as Anna supposed, childish jealousy of Tony; or was it something else? No one could know, for he never spoke of it. But he must have sought help, and found it, in the right quarter—from Him whom the winds and waves obey, and who alone can still the storm in a troubled heart and give peace to the weary soul; for it is certain that from that day he grew more and more cheerful, till he became once more the quiet, kindly old man he had been before. And when the spring came, and the sun shone warm into Eli's little room, and he could sit at the window and breathe in the fresh air, and hear the little birds singing as they used to sing in Herrnhut, where he had been so happy with his old godfather, then he began to read his Bible again; and the more he read, the happier he seemed to be. One fine afternoon the boys rolled him triumphantly in his arm-chair out into the garden, under the old apple-tree, which was covered with pink buds; and that did the old man good, for since he had lost his leg, he had not enjoyed the fresh air. That day he smoked his pipe again for the first time; and afterwards, whenever the boys came in from school, he would cry, "Wood here, wood here, children!" and let them roll him "over stick and stone," round and round the garden, to his own delight as much as theirs.

But it was in Lent that Anna said joyfully to Mrs. Lindfelder—"Now Eli is all right again. He has begun to teach the boys his songs, and the organ is going again." And on the evening of Easter Saturday, when the church-bells were ringing in the holy feast, the old man sat under the blooming apple-tree, little Lena on his knee, and the other children standing round him, and they sang together, to the accompaniment of the bells, the beautiful old Easter hymn:

"Oh, thou holiest,
Oh, thou happiest,
Mercy-bringing Easter-tide!
World lay in prison—
Christ is arisen:
Christians, rejoice o'er all the world wide!

"Oh, thou holiest,
Oh, thou happiest,
Mercy-bringing Easter-tide!
Life has been won,
Death overcome:
Christians, rejoice o'er all the world wide!

"Oh, thou holiest,
Oh, thou happiest,
Mercy-bringing Easter-tide!
Strength He will give;
To Him let us live:
Christians, rejoice o'er all the world wide!"

"Well, these Lindfelders have a good time of it. There they sit and sing, like birds among hemp-seed, while we others are starving and perishing in misery," said a tall, thin woman, with untidy hair and ragged, dirty clothes—who had listened to the hymn from behind the hedge—to Swiss Anna.

Anna, who had paused in her work to listen too, with folded hands and a look of reverence, and was now lift-

ing her spade again, looked at the woman over the hedge, and answered shortly,—

"Those who are willing to work seldom starve, Mrs. Martinell."

"It's easy for you to talk, Anna; you have all that you need. If you were in my skin, and had all the winter through no fire, no good food, not a whole stitch of clothes, and children who despised you in your old age, and did not give you as much as a good word, you would sing another song too."

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Martinell,—if I were in your skin, I would first of all wash it, and keep it clean. I know, too, what poverty is; but the poorest can be cleanly—that costs no money, for God gives us water for nothing. And then I would tear the tawdry finery off that big girl's back, and the ribbons and flowers from her Sunday hat. The money that these cost would make soup for many a day. And I would look after the poor little boy; he looks so miserable, that one's heart aches for him."

"That's true, Anna; his mother troubles herself little about him. And what you say about the finery is true. But what can I do? The girls earn money, and then they spend it as they please; and if the mother says a word, they only laugh at her. And as to the lad, I daren't open my mouth to him now, he is so rough and violent."

"That comes of his lounging about doing nothing all day. The lad is strong as a giant, and has been idle all the winter. You should not have allowed that. Who does not work will do something worse;

'For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'

Mrs. Fellenberg always told me."

"But what can I do, Anna? You don't know what it is to have undutiful children, or you would not talk so. My boy had a quarrel with the foreman at the factory, and was dismissed. He is to get work in another at Easter; but what good will it do me? As fast as he earns anything, he pours it down his throat, and I never see a penny of it. I only wish he had to draw this year, and would be taken for a soldier; then I would be rid of him."

"Has he not drawn yet? He looks older than that."

"No; he draws next year with Tony Lindfelder—they are the same age. But if Tony should lose, and have to go off to the war, it would be a sin and a shame, for there is not a better lad in the world. And that is how the Lindfelders are so much better off than the like of us—their children are so good to them."

Anna was so startled by the commencement of this speech that the spade fell from her hand. Tony was her darling, the chief bread-winner, and the support of the whole house; and if he must go away as a soldier to that dreadful Crimea of which she had heard Anton Lindfelder talking to Eli in the evenings, where the cholera was raging, and where the wild Cossacks lived! She grew pale, and was about to ask Mrs. Martinell if

she was quite sure that Tony must draw next year, when Josephine and Mrs. Lindfelder came up and spoke kindly to the poor woman. Josephine had told, in a house where she worked, about the poor neglected little Carl, and the hard life which his old grandmother led; and they had given her a little dress and some underclothing for the child, and an apron and shawl for Mrs. Martinell.

"And now I will come to-morrow morning, and wash and dress little Carl, and bring him home with me. I can take care of him and Lena at the same time; and you will go with our people to church, will you not?" said the kind-hearted girl.

"But I am all in rags, child; how can I go to the church? No, no, Miss Finy; I would die of shame."

"The apron and shawl will cover the old dress, and I will lend you a pair of shoes and one of my caps," said Mrs. Lindfelder. "Do come with us to-morrow to church, Mrs. Martinell. Perhaps the Lord may put the Easter gladness into your weary heart there."

Mrs. Martinell promised, and, with the bundle under her arm, returned to the "den of thieves," as Anna insisted on calling the little, dark, tumble-down cottage, not far from the Lindfelders', which was inhabited by the Martinells.

"I wonder she didn't ask the loan of Josephine's Sunday gown!" exclaimed Anna angrily, thrusting her spade energetically into the earth. "What a barefaced set these Dutch are! She took the bundle as if she had the best right in the world to it, without so much as a 'thank you!'"

"We must not be hard on the poor woman," answered Mrs. Lindfelder. "I have heard that she has seen better days in her own country; but now, through the ill conduct of her children, she has been brought into such misery that her sensibilities are blunted by it."

"But that is all her own fault," insisted Anna. "She spoiled her children when they were young, and, instead of training them to be sober and industrious, put all sorts of ambitious notions in their heads. The girls were to grow up fine mademoiselles, and the long George a gentleman! Now she has her reward; for old Mrs. Fellenberg always said, 'As we train our children, so we have them.'"

"But if the Lord does not help us to train them, Anna, we cannot make our children good."

"You have done it."

"Not without God's help."

"Well, Mrs. Martinell might have done it too. But she has always been idle and good for nothing, and the greatest sloven on the face of the earth; and is so still. She has as many hands as you and I, and could at least keep that poor child, herself, and her den clean, instead of gadding about all day. No, no, Mrs. Lindfelder. I am poor and old too; but, thank God, I have always done my day's work, and in the worst of my poverty kept my house and myself clean and tidy."

"Do you remember, Anna, what the strange pastor preached a fortnight ago?"

"Yes. It was a fine sermon, but it did not concern me."

"Why not?"

"Because it was all about pride."

"And you really think that that cannot concern you, and that you are not the least bit proud?"

"But, Mrs. Lindfelder, I am the poorest of the poor. What could I be proud of?"

"Of your industry, your cleanliness, and order," said Mrs. Lindfelder, laying her hand gently on Anna's shoulder. "Yes, Anna, you may open your eyes. It is quite true; we poor people have our pride as well as the rich, and are just as apt to be self-righteous."

"But one may say what every one knows is true."

"Yes, Anna, but not think too highly of ourselves, or judge our neighbours too harshly; for if you or I had been in Mrs. Martinell's place, it is not likely we should have been any better."

"No, no, Mrs. Lindfelder; you must not say that. I would rather die than go about doing nothing all day, and live in such a mess of dirt."

"Because God gave you a good mother, who trained you from your childhood to industry and cleanliness, and afterwards when you grew up you found a good mistress in old Mrs. Fellenberg, who followed up your mother's good instructions; while poor Mrs. Martinell has probably all her life seen and heard only evil. See, Anna, none of us know how God has watched over and cared for us from our childhood, and how everything good in us is nothing but a gift of his mercy, and cannot make us better in his eyes."

"Anna," said Josephine, "on Easter Monday you and I will go and see if we cannot help poor Mrs. Martinell to put her place in something like order. But Tony must come with us, for I am afraid of long George."

"O Mrs. Lindfelder, is it really true? That woman gave me such a fright a little while ago, by saying Tony would have to draw next year with her long George."

"Only too true," answered the mother, with a deep sigh.

"But, in God's name, if he loses, he must go away to that terrible war, where the cholera and the Turks kill all whom the wicked Cossacks leave alive! How can you be so calm about it?"

"I am not calm about it, Anna; since the war broke out my heart has grown heavier every day. And yesterday, when I was at the Wunneburger's, and found the good people in tears and anxiety because their eldest son must draw to-morrow, I thought: This is what we will have to suffer in another year."

"But how is it that you have never spoken of it?"

"You see what good speaking of it would do," answered Mrs. Lindfelder, pointing to Josephine, who stood sobbing at the hedge, to which she had turned to hide her tears.

Poor Anna felt as if she had been struck by a thunder-bolt. "But, Mrs. Lindfelder, if our Tony were taken away, it would be a terrible misfortune."

"The greatest that could befall us, Anna," said the good mother in a choking voice, and large tears fell from her eyes.

"We could never get along without him!" continued Anna, also beginning to weep. "He earns as much as all the rest of us put together."

"I know that, Anna. But we are very foolish to torment ourselves so beforehand. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and in a year many changes may come. In the meantime, do me the favour not to speak of it. My husband is sad enough about it already, and poor Tony's heart grows heavier every day as the time draws nearer; I see that. We will cast our care on the Lord; for you know the Bible says, 'The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.' Only help us to pray, old Anna; prayer can do much, if it is earnest."

Anna promised both—to pray, and to keep silence; although the latter was often very hard, especially in the evenings, when Anton Lindfelder began to talk to Eli about the war—about Sebastopol, and all the dangers and privations to which the brave soldiers were exposed in the far-distant foreign land. And when she saw Tony listening eagerly, though without speaking a word, and marked the dark shadow which fell over his usually happy face; and how Josephine struggled to keep back her tears; and how sadly father and mother looked at their son; and how Anton Lindfelder passed his hand over his eyes, as he always did when a sharp pain went through his heart,—then it was all Anna could do to keep her promise, and she would heave such sighs, that old Eli said they might have turned a wind-mill, and which often made the others laugh in the midst of their sorrow. But then, at the evening worship, Mrs. Lindfelder would offer such a heartfelt child-like prayer, and read such a comforting passage from the Bible, and old Eli would sing such a beautiful hymn, that the heavy hearts became gradually lighter, the sad faces more cheerful, and the oppressing cares were for the time driven away.

"What a blessed thing prayer is! I would never have believed it, had I not learned it here, although old Mrs. Fellenberg told me so many a time," said Anna one evening to Josephine as they were going to bed; for at that time she would make up for her enforced silence during the day, and the two would pour out their hearts to each other, often till past midnight.

Anna, who grew fonder of Tony every day, told every one "that there was not in all the world such a good and clever lad!" Whereupon Mrs. Lindfelder would rebuke her laughingly, and say she just went on about Tony as Mrs. Martinell used to do about her children; she should take care lest he too should become vain and good for nothing through too much praise. And it was strange how, as Anna's love for Tony increased, she

herself became dearer to young Josephine; how the girl grew more and more eager to help her, "and would go through fire and water for me, if I would let her! And if the war were over, and Tony did not need to draw next year," sighed Anna, "and if Lena were a little bigger, and could go to school with her brothers—for I would rather dig the whole garden any day than look after the little Will-o'-the-wisp—then I would be quite happy!"

And the blessing of God certainly rested on the little house and its industrious inhabitants. Tony was such an able workman, that he had become almost indispensable to his master, and had the prospect of soon being made a foreman; Josephine rejoiced in being able to earn day by day the shillings of which she had dreamed, and in being useful at home too—sewing, knitting, and ironing; father and mother brought home a good wage every pay-day; and on the market-day Anna carried the vegetables she had grown in the garden, and the fruits of Tony's winter evenings' work, to the town, and would bring home several francs in exchange.

Prayer and work are the best defence against folly and sin, and so peace and harmony dwelt with our friends. The boys behaved well, and made good progress at school; Lena bloomed like a May rose, and was the pet and joy of the whole house. Eli seemed to have got new life again: he heard the boys their lessons, and looked over their exercises; taught them to repeat and sing his favourite hymns; and in the evenings and on Sundays would talk so sensibly with the father about the war, the children, and the hard times, and knew always when to throw in a word in season about the "one thing needful." And Anton Lindfelder grew to love the old man, and learned from him to look at life from another view-point; and, though he never acknowledged it to others, he had to confess to himself that his Salome had been right again when she prophesied that old Eli would bring a blessing with him. And the mother watched over all with faithful anxious love. When one of her dear ones, as often happened, was overtaken by a fault, she reproved the erring one with tender, loving words, and she bore them every day on her heart to the mercy-seat, and commended them to the care and keeping of the heavenly Father.

And by the harvest-time, to the father's great satisfaction, the 150 francs interest were already saved, and the mother intended to carry them herself to Basle on the anniversary of her last visit, with a basket of the finest apples (for God's blessing was on the old tree too, and it was loaded with fruit), that she might have an opportunity of once more heartily thanking the old gentleman for his timely help. Not only had our friends suffered no want up till this time, but they had, like the ants, "provided their meat in the summer, and gathered their food in the harvest." The winter stores were laid in at the proper time, the winter clothing prepared,

ockings mended, and many warm new arti-

Old Eli and Swiss Anna were provided for other cared for them even as for her own, and besides, as pocket-money, a part of all the market, and Eli every quarter the tenth pension. And she had also come to the help of her family, not with silver and gold, which she possessed, but with counsel and kind words; she the sick, comforted the sorrowful, and aided the erring. Anna had found her way once to Mrs. Martinell's "den," and, with Josephine's help, had greatly improved its

Tony had got work in the wood-yard for which, who at first absolutely refused to go, and was of a good family, and would rather put a high his head than work as a common day-labourer. Mrs. Lindfelder, who was present, replied, "The devil would be very quickly shot; but after come the long eternity, and he had better work it would be with him then. Tony reasoned with him, and he let himself at last be persuaded to the regular work all summer, under Tony's guidance, did much to improve him, and seemed a kinder to his old mother

and Josephine took little Carl under their wing. Josephine begged of her employers for soon had him decently clothed. Anna, the child and his clothes, brought him often to the garden, and shared her meals

The boys wished to help too, and it soon came to pass that with them to save something from their little Carl—bread and milk, potatoes, or a piece—till the poor starved child grew gradually lively, and Anna would say with pride, "What a fine boy the poor little skeleton is!" Old Eli, too, loved the child, and played with him as he did with Lena; and often he would take him in his lap, and let the boys draw them all round in the arm-chair, a proceeding much to the liking of all the children.

"The beautiful blooming garden seems to me like the garden of Eden, in the midst of the surrounding want," said Anna on Sunday afternoon, as they all sat together under the apple-tree.

"What sort of a land was that?" asked Anna.

"Of you can tell?" said Eli, turning to the

land where the Gergesenes dwelt," said Hamlet.

Anna laughed at that, though probably some of them knew any better. But the "Brefessor" explained that Pharaoh gave it to Joseph for his old father and seven brothers, when they had to leave the land of Canaan and come to Egypt on account of the famine, and afterwards, in Moses' time, when the ten tribes came upon Egypt, none of them came on the journey. No hailstones fell there; the great locusts did not eat one leaf there; and when it was dark

for three days throughout all the land of Egypt, the sun shone brightly there!"

"And is it not something like that in our garden?" continued old Eli. "When I look at the blackened, diseased potatoes in the fields round about, and then at our green healthy plants, and see the old apple-tree with its branches bending under their weight of golden fruit, while other trees in the neighbourhood stand empty with yellow, withered leaves,—then I could smite myself on the breast, and say with Jacob, 'I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant!'"

"You are quite right, Eli," replied Mrs. Lindfelder. "Do you remember, father, how we sat under the apple-tree this time last year, when Tony found the seven apples? How different everything was then, and how sad and downcast we were! And how graciously the Lord has helped us, and put our faithlessness to shame!"

"But this time next year, mother! you will perhaps all be sitting here again, and who knows where I may be, or if I will be living then!" exclaimed Tony with a sigh; and then, startled at his own imprudence, he hid his face in his hands.

Tears came into his mother's eyes and Josephine's; Anna heaved one of her tremendous sighs; and the father fixed his eyes darkly on the ground, as he had done a year ago.

"Ebenezer; that is, Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," said old Eli solemnly, laying his hand on Tony's shoulder, "'Commit thy way unto the Lord, young man; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' And if you all sit here together next year, and the poor cripple has meanwhile been called home, carve an Ebenezer on the trunk of the dear old tree, and think of old Eli, who foretold it, and who will be thinking of you in heaven."

Silence followed these words, and Anna thought to herself: "Eli is surely going to die soon, that is the first kind word he has said to poor Tony!" And as she could never remain long silent, she soon said aloud, "We must gather the apples this week, Mrs. Lindfelder, or they will begin to fall, and that would be a pity; one struck me on the nose just now. The Borsdorf is the king of apples, and can be used in any way, old Mrs. Fellenberg always said, but now you hardly ever see one, people are so newfangled nowadays."

"When would you have time to gather them for us, Tony?"

"To-morrow, if you like, mother, I can easily manage to get home an hour earlier."

"The sooner the better," said Anna, "for Tuesday is the market-day. Apples are scarce and dear this season, and you will see I will get three or four francs for the hundred."

"But the finest you must put aside for my good old gentleman in Basle, Anna," said Mrs. Lindfelder.

"Well, well," grumbled Anna, "he could surely eat

a few small ones among the rest. If you take away all the best ones, I will not get them sold."

"And we will keep some for ourselves too, won't we, mother?" put in Tony; and was about to add, "perhaps they may be the last I shall eat from the old tree!" but he checked himself in time as he caught a glimpse of Josephine's sorrowful face, and said instead, as cheerily as he could, "You must give us a feast in honour of the apple-harvest, mother, since it has turned out so well, and, as Anna says, will bring in so much money."

"Yes, Mrs. Lindfelder, you might bake us pancakes for supper to-night. It is so long since I tasted any, and I am so fond of them, and so is Eli."

"Oh yes, mother—pancakes, please, mother!" cried the children.

"I have no objection, if father is willing."

"Well," said the father, "once is not every night, and since our apple-tree has done so well, we may allow ourselves a little extravagance in honour of it. I have to go into the town now, but I will be back by the time the pancakes are ready."

Great was the delight of the children, who had enjoyed no little luxury for a long time. The mother went at once to the kitchen; Anna, who was as pleased as the children, said to Tony: "I will fetch you a little basket, and you will climb on the tree and fill it with apples, but only the smallest; we will roast them to eat with the pancakes."

Meanwhile Josephine sat sad and silent on the bench beside Eli's chair. She held the old man's hand in both of hers, and seemed to see and hear nothing that was going on around. The dread that Tony would have to go away to the war had become with her a painful certainty: she saw him departing, heard the trumpets sounding, saw the bullets flying and the swords flashing, and could not restrain her tears, much as she would have wished to hide her sorrow from the rest.

"Look, Tony, there on the very top is the finest apple of all," said Anna; "it would be a shame to let it fall on the ground, but it will be difficult to gather, for it hangs so high, and on a very thin branch."

"The apple belongs to whoever brings it down safely!" said Tony to the boys.

Hammy and Dresy climbed one after the other, and did their best; but the apple hung too high for the sturdy little fellows, who had both to slide down again without it and be laughed at. Then Tony got up him-

self, and swung himself like a cat from bough to bough, higher and higher.

"Take care, take care, Tony!" cried Anna covering her eyes with her hand, "you will get dizzy and fall, or these thin branches will break with you!"

"A strong young carpenter must not be afraid of dizziness, and should feel as safe on the boughs of a tree, or the beams of a house, as on the ground," said old Eli, who watched his movements with evident pleasure.

Suddenly the boys shouted, "He's got it! Tony has it!" and clapped their hands in delight.

"Will he really eat it himself, and not give it to us?" continued Hammy in an undertone.

But Tony took his beautiful apple to Finy, put his arm round her, and as he laid the apple in her hand, said something to her very softly—something that no one else could hear, except, perhaps, old Eli; and he never told.

All at once Hammy cried out, "Oh, look at these two!" while little Lena announced triumphantly, "Tony has given Finy a kiss!"

Anna smiled contentedly; and Eli laughed as heartily as on the day when he had put the six-franc piece under Anna's plate. Josephine sprang from her seat with a glowing face, and then immediately sat down again, taking Lena on her lap. But Tony quietly took the basket from Anna's hand, and climbed into the tree again, to gather the apples for supper.

Old Eli gazed with fatherly pleasure on the embarrassed girl, who was blushing like a rose. He thought he saw, glancing on her finger, a little gold ring, which he had never noticed before; and fixing his eyes on it with a waggish look, he sang,—

"Wedded life, however happy,
Has its darker side, my child;
For the very best of husbands
Is not always kind and mild.

"She to whom the golden ring
Only speaks of golden days,
Does not know life's troubled stream,
Nor of men the heart or ways."

"That's a lively song, Eli! You must sing us that again some day," said Anna.—"It's quite true, Finy; the men have all their whims and fancies. One must take the upper hand with them from the first, or there is no peace. That is how I did with my husband, who is dead and gone.—Make haste, Tony; give me the basket, or the pancakes will be ready before I get the apples roasted."





Light out of Darkness.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER XX.

A BAPTISM OF FIRE.

"Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you."
1 PETER IV. 12.

WHEN I entered the house, I found Barbe and Pierre occupied in supplying the soldiers with such refreshments as our limited stores admitted.

I made my way to Conrad's vacant room. What was it to me what brought these soldiers here!—what that terror, dismay, or despair was, stamped on every face! The worst that could befall me would be the best for me, I thought in my bitterness of soul.

But with the thought of death—it might be a violent and terrible death—close at hand, came calmer feelings. I opened my little Bible, and its sweet words came with fresh power to my passion-torn heart. A flood of tears washed away the bitterness. The darkest hour is said to precede the dawn. The darkest of my dark hours was the one I had just spent at Conrad's grave—darker in its madness of rebellion and presumptuous questioning of God's will even than that which followed my first knowledge that he was sinking into it. And now light dawned.

A strange hubbub and bustle filled the court—now, it seemed, the house itself; but I heeded it not. I had opened my Bible at the 20th chapter of John's Gospel. I read on till I came to these words, "And knew not that it was Jesus." A living power rang through my soul with living power. I felt how, like Mary, blinded by my tears,

wrapped up in my sorrow, I had failed to recognize Him who had stood by me through it all, with pierced hands and feet. And, like her, I fell at those bleeding feet, and from my repentant spirit went up the cry, "Rabboni, Master."

And as I knelt, with my tear-bathed face buried in my clasped hands, pouring out my heart's hoarded agonies before him, the scales fell from my eyes. I saw then—saw Jesus in all I had suffered—saw him with me then, ready to go with me to the end. I saw, too, the sin and unbelief of my selfish grief, and acknowledged the love that had dealt with me thus. His "Peace be unto you!" rested on my heart.

And then it was made clear to me that he who had given *his* life for me, claimed *my* life for himself. And I laid it at his feet—myself, my grief, my life—to do with as he would. I was made willing to wait and to work—to bear the burden of life without its bloom—without the human helper my wild idolatrous love would have made a hindrance. Ah yes! I had given my beloved one the place in my heart that my Lord claimed for himself. The first. Feeling the devotion of a lifetime must be compressed into a few fleeting days, I had concentrated every thought, every feeling, every pulse of affection upon him. And the Lord will have no idols in his temple.

That hour would have been one of the landmarks in life's pilgrimage without the things that followed. But doubtless the wreck of a ruined home,—the pyre of my remaining earthly props,—were necessary, to build it higher and firmer.

The noise below increased; but I knelt on, till the door was suddenly flung violently open, and several soldiers entered. I started to my feet and faced them. They stopped short. Then one said: "Pardon; but if *mademoiselle* will go into the back part of the house, it will be safer for her, and more convenient for us."

But before I could collect my thoughts to reply, Barbe rushed in. "Not here," she cried; "not here! Leave this one room at least. Do you not see the lady is here!" And holding the open door in her hand, she seized the nearest by the shoulder, and pushed him out. The rest hesitated a moment, then followed, and Barbe shut and locked the door.

"What is it, Barbe?" I asked, as she came towards me with ashy face, and clasped me in her trembling arms.

"O *mademoiselle*, *mademoiselle*, it is too terrible! Oh, if the dear captain were but here! How can I save you?—O my lamb, my lamb!"

"But, dear Barbe," I said, though the sharp pang caused by her wish for Conrad's lost presence made my heart turn sick—"dear Barbe, God is with us. Tell me what it is. Is there fighting?"

"There will be. A body of our soldiers has taken up its position in the village. The Germans are close at hand. They say they will try to dislodge them; and this house will, of course, be the first to be attacked. The men have taken their post at every window but this, and the house is surrounded on all sides. I could not get to you before; and now it is too late. There is no escape. Oh that you were safe in Munich!" She could say no more.

A moment of sickening dread, of keen realization of our position. Two defenceless women between two contending parties of soldiers! A moment's glance upward, and I was calm again.

"Dear Barbe," I said, "does the shepherd leave his sheep alone and defenceless when the wolf

comes, when the storm rages? And Good Shepherd—*our* Shepherd, mine as too, Barbe—leave us in our need?" She her face and wept.

I turned to, and read in a quiet voice Psalm; and as I finished, the strife became a ringing shout, the sharp rattle of musk clashing of weapons, groans, cries, and deadly boom of cannon. The old house as each heavy discharge pealed out. The ottoman in my old place, with Barbe in mine—she had sunk on a chair beside me. We did not speak, but Barbe's pale lips were in prayer. More than one bullet crashed the window, shivering the glass, and killed the opposite wall. Once a shell struck, and entered in a portion of the outer wall.

Then came a lull in the roar of war. The sounds seemed further off. Barbe rose in spite of my entreaties to keep still, and ran hastily to the window. "It is over, *mademoiselle*, here," she said; "our men have gained the day."

But suddenly another volley of shot came from some of the windows; I suppose our men firing upon the Germans as they were off guard below. A return volley, a shriek, and Barbe—true, faithful, loving Barbe—fell heavily to the floor!

"I bent over her, called her; in vain could I do? I had no restoratives at hand. A few moments I sat on the floor, holding in my arms an apparently lifeless head in my lap. That *once before* gave me hope for the present. I must seek help. God would protect me. I laid her gently down, and opened the door. A cloud of black smoke met me; the house was in flames. One moment I stood paralyzed. Then I rushed to the head of the stairs. Soldiers were running hither and thither, snatching whatever they could from the flames. "Help!" I called. "There is a wounded woman here! Will no one save her?"

Two soldiers immediately responded to my call, and followed me to the room where Barbe lay. The smoke was suffocating. The end of the house was a mass of flame, with the fire fast spreading to the staircase. I snatched Conrad's Bible, and the one he had given me as his only gift—which lay near—there

to save anything else, even of his—pausing me farewell look, through the smoke, at the so sacred in its associations.

Quick, quick, mademoiselle, or you will be late!" shouted one of the men.

was but just in time. "This way!" I leading to the library, thinking to pass through the window opening into the garden; the flames met us, and the men made for the next door. It led into the back premises, but was everywhere. I guided them through a into the paddock at the back, and there, at a distance from the burning house, they laid their burden down.

was bent closely over her. "She is dead, mademoiselle," he said in broken French; "you do nothing more for her. You had better look of yourself."

"Dead!" I echoed—"dead! O Barbe, Barbe! are you sure?"

The man bowed his head. "I have seen too much of this work, mademoiselle,"—touching a small blue hole in the temple,—"to mistake it. Can we do anything more for you?" he added, with a compassionate look and tone.

"No," I said; "I do not know. Where is her husband, the old man-servant? Have you seen him?"

"We will seek him, mademoiselle.—Ah, we must go!" as the call of a bugle sounded. "We will send help if we can," they said, as they hurried away.

But it was long ere help came. On the cold ground I sat, with the poor lifeless head of my true and known earthly friend resting on my knee, the home of my childhood in the fell grasp of the hungry flames, tottering to its fall before their eyes; and yet not so desolately, bitterly shed in heart beneath all this weight of new sorrow added to the old, as I had been that morning. To my weakness had come strength, to my isolation peace. For close, and strong, and tender; on my feeble hand I felt the clasp of His who had said to me—even to me—that day: "Fear not; I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." And restfully I waited for his help to come.

The air was heavy and thick with smoke; dis-

tant sounds of strife were yet heard in the village. The short December evening was fast closing in; a few flakes of snow fell fitfully; and still I was alone. I could not leave my poor dead friend, though she needed me no more. Presently the roof of the house fell in with a crash, in a cloud of smoke and dust; the fiery tongues shot up fiercely for a few moments, then sank, and I knew all was gone. The precious MSS., the labours of my father's lifetime, his books, the rooms in which I had seen him and Conrad die, all gone! I had saved nothing, no records of the loved and lost, save the two Bibles, the lock of Conrad's hair, and my mother's portrait in my bosom. But crushed, stricken, heart-broken, I leaned on the breast of Him whose grace enabled me to say, "He hath done all things well"—at last.

And the help I waited for came at length, just as I began to question whether Pierre too had not gone with the rest. He and Father Fontaine came together. Pierre had concealed himself in the out-buildings at the commencement of the fight, and had remained hidden there till the fire had done its work on the rest; that part fortunately escaping. Not finding Barbe or me, he had started to the village in search of us when the firing ceased. On his way he encountered Father Fontaine, who had been told by a German soldier—no doubt one of the two who had helped me to escape—that a poor young lady at the large house which had been burned down was alone and greatly in need of help, and was hurrying to my assistance.

Poor Pierre's grief was violent. It was some time before we could sufficiently calm him to enable him to assist Father Fontaine in carrying the sad burden to the good curé's cottage. Margôt, his aged servant, laid it in a small room up-stairs, and then insisted in placing me in her own bed, and administering a warm drink of herbs. That, and the exhaustion of excitement and sorrow, induced a deep, heavy sleep, that lasted for many hours. With some, grief is heavy-eyed. I believe it is so especially with the young. With me it was mercifully so. I was spared the awful oppression of unrest that many have to endure when their sorrow sits by their sleepless pillows through the long dark night hours.

CHAPTER XXI.

THY WILL BE DONE.

"Lord Jesus, as thou wilt !
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear ;
 Since thou on earth hast wept.
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with thee,
 My Lord, thy will be done !

"Lord Jesus, as thou wilt !
 If loved ones must depart,
 Suffer not sorrow's flood
 To overwhelm my heart :
 For they are blest with thee,
 Their race and conflict won ;
 Let me but follow them,
 My Lord, thy will be done !"

B. SCHMOLK.

(From "*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*")

WHEN I awoke, in the dark hour of the early morning, and remembered the terrible events of the last evening, I wept long and sadly. But from the pyre of my earthly treasures arose new hope, new strength. "Lord, thou hast taken all," I cried—"my father, my Conrad, my home, my friend—all but thyself. And thou hast said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Thou wilt never take thyself from me. And with thee I will be content. Thou knowest the pain, the desolation, the loneliness. Thou wilt not chide my sorrow, but thou wilt keep me from sinking under it. I have none left but thee, and thou art enough. Hold thou mine hand, and lead me where thou wilt. Show me what thou wilt have me to do—for thee, as it must be *by* thee."

That prayer was heard and answered—then and since. Then, by the peace that fell like dew on my bruised spirit; since, by the love that has comforted, the grace that has strengthened, the power that has upheld. It was long before I slept again; and though my tears fell like rain on my pillow, and my heart felt crushed beneath its weight of sorrow, they were precious and blessed hours that passed. And when morning came, I rose; sorrowful indeed, but full of peace, ready to *live*—to live and to do, to wait and to endure.

And my work was ready. As I left the little chamber in the early morning, before Margôt dreamed of my being astir, low moans of pain broke on my ear. Guided by them, I passed into the small parlour. There, stretched on the

floor, were three wounded, apparently dying men. With them Father Fontaine, looking frightened, harassed, and worn. Then and there my work began.

There was enough of it that day in Drécy. The village school-house was filled with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. And as I went from one to the other, I blessed God for woman's special gift—the power to tend, and soothe, and succour the sick and suffering. It was mine. And as heavy eyes brightened, and pale, pain-drawn lips relaxed, and restless moanings ceased, before what it lay in the power of my feeble woman's hand and heart to do, I thanked God and took courage. Henceforth it should be mine; not to sit brooding over my own griefs, but to minister to the sufferings of others. What I saw around me there, showed me how sorely such ministry was needed then. And when Barbe was laid to rest that evening, with other victims of the short strife of yesterday—the trifling skirmish, unmarked, like so many such, on the chart of war, yet costing some so dear—my resolve was taken. What had I to do with safety and comfort, and the luxury of grief? Had not the very completeness of my bereavement and desolation marked me out as specially sealed and fitted for the work I desired to do—the work that I believed the Lord would have me do, that I knew he would give me strength to do?

So I told Father Fontaine my determination to devote myself to the care of the many sick and wounded in our stricken land. The kind old man wept over me, and begged me not to expose myself to greater sorrows, when I had already had so many. But I felt sure it was the path marked out by my Lord for the feeble, weary footsteps which he alone could sustain. And the third day from the one on which Barbe had been buried, found me on my way, with Dr. Duprât, to an ambulance near Vesoul, then proceeding northwards towards the seat of war. There were many sufferers in Drécy, but there was no lack of kind and willing attendants; and the wounded men had told harrowing tales of the fearful sufferings the want of them had greatly aggravated elsewhere. And I might not again meet with a suitable escort; so I went, without

farewell to my beloved ones' graves. And, and over the charred remnants of my life snow lay deep. Perhaps it was well, as enough of pain without.

I left Drécy, I had written to Thekla, that had befallen me, and of the feeling had led me to postpone our meeting work to which I felt called was done. She would feel with me it was but carry out lost Conrad's principles.

And work enough—horrors to which all I imagined of war were nothing. But strength came through all; and when heart and mind, as they did sometimes, the everlasting were underneath me.

Though the binding up of others' wounds to heal my own, it was a service that in its own peculiar blessing—its blessing of joy. Yes, *joy*; joy to me, from life I thought all gladness had fled for me. Was it not joy to point the trembling quivering on the brink of eternity, to Jesus; he glazing eye brighten with hope and and the quivering lip move to the music of life? Is it not joy to remember now the of the dying, the agonized, the sorrowful, and what if my feeble services were as to the service needed; what though, was my blessed privilege to comfort and a few, the many were unaided in their need. Shall the rain-drop murmur because freshens one perishing flower? No; if soul went up from its bed of pain to be at rest with the Lord," that Lord to whom I seen my precious privilege to point it, that guerdon enough?

When I remember by how many beds of pain, how many dying ears, to how many hearts, I have told the sweet story of the Jesus, how can I doubt that not one at many a one, turned upon that dying Calvary the look that saves. How many, "yes" will reveal.

And alone be all the glory—ALL, ALL. His life power alone upheld me, and kept me from being overwhelmed in the terrible and trying cases through which I passed—the most desperate where nothing could be done, no help avail.

And there were so many such!—not only of physical suffering, but of heart anguish. The latter made me give thanks for the bright bow in the cloud of my sorrow. My loved ones were all with Jesus; and so many mourning spirits knew him not, for themselves or for their lost ones. Their sorrow was indeed "without hope."

Once it was given me to water the life-seed sown, months before, in the heart of a brave young French officer by Conrad himself. At the time, I only knew that on the red field of a lost battle he had heard words spoken by German lips—first to the dying comrade he had sought, afterwards to himself—that had come home to his soul with mighty power. For the words were God's words,—God's pure, living words of truth and love,—then heard by him for the first time. It was not till long afterwards that I learned that those honoured lips were my Conrad's. Through long hours of loneliness and pain, of agonized wrestling with death, those words had been the hope and stay of that noble and sorely-tried heart.

His story as I have heard it since, even as I heard it then, was a thrilling one, marked out among the many such that form the annals of those fearful months. Almost miraculously rescued from death, he partially recovered and grasped the sword again, only to be stricken down still more terribly. Then it was he was brought to our ambulance. For long weeks I watched beside the pallet on which he lay maimed, fevered, unconscious. But at length he struggled back from the very gates of the grave to the life to which he was bound by many ties—close, and tender, and strong. Then I found he was longing to draw water for himself from the wells of salvation—a few living drops of which had been of such priceless value to him. Little did I think, when God so graciously allowed me to be his instrument in supplying that need, that he was letting me gather up a broken thread in my beloved Conrad's life-work!

At first I read to him from the pages of life; but as his strength returned, and other and more pressing cases occupied my time, he searched them for himself, thus satisfying his own need, and fulfilling his promise to him of whom he spoke often and gratefully, but whose name he never men-

tioned to me, though I afterwards found he knew it. To enable him to do this, I gave him my French Bible—the one Conrad brought me that dreadful day on which he received his death-wound.

His death-wound! *He* would hardly have spoken of it as such. As clear and sweet, and almost as real, as when he spoke them in the arbour at Drécy, and certainly with deeper meaning, his own words came back to me: "I do not know whether bullet, or shell, or steel may not be the instrument my Father may choose to bear me his message, 'Come up hither.' But I do know that no weapon can touch my true life, none wound me, that it is my Father's will to avert."

Ah, my Conrad! my poor weak heart is still more prone to grieve over the young, beautiful, precious life so cruelly crushed out, than to think of the beloved son called home by a rude messenger and a rough pathway to the undimmed love and joy of a Father's presence and home. I rarely used that Bible, even in reading to French soldiers, perhaps because its cost had been too great, and Conrad's own was so dear to me. I had grown quite familiar with the language; and God's Word has but one for every human tongue—his Spirit's. Yet it cost me a pang to part with it, so narrow and selfish are our hearts. But I have never regretted it since, and the memory of God's great grace and tenderness in giving me this sweet privilege of for once sharing Conrad's work ever fills my heart with gratitude and joy. Many are the tokens of grateful love and kindness that have reached me from the friends of those to whom God made me a help and comfort in their loneliness and suffering, and of those by whose death-pillow I alone kept watch; all cheering and precious, as seals of his acceptance of the "cup of cold water" given in his name and for his sake, and as tokens that my stricken and bereaved life need neither be desolate nor barren, while so many mourners remain to be comforted, so many sufferers to be tended and soothed. But most precious of all are the letters of grateful affection and sympathy I receive from that young officer's family, for I feel drawn to them by more than a common bond.

The ambulance to which I was attached moved

about, from one post to another, wherever the need was greatest. One feature in that phase of the war that struck me as specially sad was the number of youthful victims—mere boys, with slight unformed figures, rounded cheeks, and downless lips. They fell like chaff before the iron warriors of Germany. It is true that their loss would be less widely felt—individually, I mean—than that of the bronzed and bearded men, for whose coming widows and orphans would watch in vain; but there was to me something unspeakably mournful in this waste of young, joyous, blooming life, cut down remorselessly, rapidly, entirely, like meadow flowers by the scythe of the mower.

One boyish face especially lingers in my memory. A young fair face—pale then—the large bright eyes full of agony—the dark hair steeped in blood. His life-tide was ebbing fast. I shall never forget the look with which he received the tidings—the tone in which he said, "*Who will tell my mother?*" Poor boy! Poor mother! Who told her? I know not. With those words his spirit passed away. Unknown, but not unwept, he was laid in his red, untimely grave. God comfort that sad mother, whoever she may be!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

"O Jonathan, thou wast slain..... I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."—2 Sa. x. l. 25, 26.

PEACE was proclaimed at last! Peace? Oh, mockery! Peace!—to blood-stained graves, and ruined homes, and desolated hearts, and blighted lives! Peace!—to ravaged fields, and blackened villages, and shattered cities, and decimated communities! Peace!—to the crushed and exhausted nation whose proud neck was indeed at length bowed to the victor's chain, but every throb of whose passion-torn heart beat high with indignation, and hatred, and revenge! Yes; there was peace. The great ones of the earth had spoken, so there was peace!

It found me before the walls of Paris. Tracking the red footsteps of war, we had travelled onward—pausing wherever our help was most

ded. My strength was almost exhausted. The terrible strain of the past months was telling heavily upon my bodily powers. I knew, as the over-wrought nerves relaxed their tension, I should break down utterly. But I could leave the work that, in spite of its pain, had come so dear to me. And so much remained to be done. It would be long, indeed, before the gentle hands of Peace could bind up all the bleeding wounds she found. So, with sinking spirit and failing powers, I struggled on. Not in reckless disregard of health and life, as I might once have done; but in sweet assurance of accepted service, leaning hard upon Him whose strength never fails, who "giveth power to the weak, and might to him that hath no strength." It may be that I shrank from the reaction of knowing I knew must come in the quiet even-tide, when the burden and heat of the day should be over. I had had so little time for brooding over the past. My present had been to soothe and comfort the sufferings of others, and my beloved had seemed very near me, only separated by a thin veil of flesh. He was serving Jesus in the light above, I in the shadow below—that was all.

Once and again I had written to Thekla. My heart was drawn to the loving, sorrowing girl who shared my grief; and she was Conrad's sister—therefore mine, though no recognized tie bound us together. I had received no answer, but that was scarcely strange in those unsettled days. And when the time was come, and it was the place for me, I doubted not the way to Munich would be opened.

One morning, a day or two after the proclamation of peace, as I was going the round of the ward in a temporary hospital of which I had the day charge,—the doctor had insisted on my relinquishing night service long before,—I noticed a fresh face in one of the recently vacated beds. A fine, dark, handsome face, with brilliant eyes and glossy raven hair. I felt at once, though I could not have told why, strongly drawn towards him. I had never seen him before, I was sure, and yet something in his countenance recalled some half-forgotten likeness or description. I felt infinitely relieved when his wound proved to be a slight one, received by the accidental burst-

ing of a shell, as he was superintending the removal of some of the captured guns. He was full of hope and spirit, but chafing at the delay caused by his wound, which prevented his accompanying his regiment—which was first on the homeward list.

When his injuries had been attended to, I passed on with the doctor to the other beds. All full, even yet,—for the most part of wan, wasted faces, the sight of which would never gladden the waiting ones at home. Though peace had come, it was for them, at least, too late. Others, of countenances worn, indeed, but brightened with eager hope, as the kind doctor spoke cheery words of encouragement and promise.

When his round was finished, and he left the ward, after making the patients as comfortable as their cases admitted of, I, as usual, took out my little Bible, and read a few verses by each bed, as the strength of the sufferer permitted. The stranger's was the last, and just as I seated myself beside it, a feeble call came from one of the furthest beds, on which lay a poor fellow suffering intensely from wounds no human skill could heal or alleviate. As I rose to go to him, the young officer held out his hand, saying, "Will you lend me that book, mademoiselle, while you are with the poor fellow yonder? You look worn out. I am more fit to read it for myself, than you are to do so to me."

One instant I hesitated. I felt a strange reluctance to trust that precious and only memento of my Conrad in other hands than my own. The next, I blushed at my selfish folly, and laid it in his. His earnest "Thank you!" made me feel it was no strange book to him; and with a cry in my heart for blessing for him and peace for the troubled spirit of the poor suffering man who was even then in sight of the portals of the dark valley, I crossed the room.

The dying man kept me long at his side—the heart can soothe where the hands are helpless and useless. I spoke of Him who had pledged himself to care for the watching ones, in the far-off cottage-home in the Black Forest, so soon to be widowed and orphaned—of Him whose blood cleanseth, whose grace saves "to the uttermost," even at the eleventh hour. And gradually the

moanings ceased, the tossing head lay still, the contracted brow grew smooth, and with that name "above every name" upon the pallid lips, the sufferer slept. Not the sleep that knows no waking—that would not be yet, I knew. I had watched the coming footsteps of the last enemy too often now to mistake. So I rose and looked round to ascertain where I was needed next.

At once I met the dark eyes of the stranger fixed upon me with a look of earnest entreaty. As they caught mine, he eagerly beckoned to me, and as I reached his pallet, he burst forth, pointing to the Bible he held open at the title-page, "Mademoiselle, tell me! where did you get this book? Where is Conrad von Edelstein?"

The sudden mention of that long unheard and unspoken name for a moment deprived me of the power of replying. But those dark, searching eyes were pressing me, and I answered low and calm, "He is—where he needs the written Word no more—'for ever with the Lord!'"

"Dead! Conrad von Edelstein dead! Surely, mademoiselle, it is not that you would tell me?" He started up from his pillow, greatly agitated.

"Yes; he is dead."

"Are you sure? How do you know it? Did you see him die?"

"Yes."

He sank back, covering his face with his hands. Were my words hard, and cold, and cruel? For worlds I could not have spoken otherwise. Some minutes passed before he spoke again. I sat still, fighting with pain.

At last he looked up, and said brokenly: "So goes half my joy in returning home. Well, for him, as he was so fond of saying, 'It is well,' but for me—for—"

His voice failed. My heart felt bursting, but no tears came. From the lonely height of my sorrow, I looked pityingly down on this fellow-mourner. He wept, but I was calm.

After a while, he continued, taking, I suppose, my pale calmness as a mark of indifference,— "Pardon me, mademoiselle, but this sudden blow unmans me. Conrad von Edelstein was to me a friend—a brother. There is no one like him left. Will you tell me—you say you were with him when he died—when was it, and where? If it will not trouble you too much," he added.

Trouble me! "He died on the 5th of December at Drécy, a little village in the Voages, near Belfort." Each word came slow and heavy, like blood-drops from my heart.

"How was it? Did he fall in battle?"

"No; he was shot by a franc-tireur."

The anxious, sorrowful eyes pleaded for more. And he was his friend—he loved him—had doubtless been loved by him—so with an effort I went on. "It happened thus: In October, he of whom we are speaking," I could not trust myself to speak the name, "came to Drécy, where my father and I lived, with his company. He and some of his men were billeted upon us. We found in him not an enemy, but a friend. He was namesake and nephew of my father's dearest friend. He remained more than a week with us then. Three weeks afterwards, on his way back to Belfort after conveying some despatches, he was shot by a franc-tireur in the Drécy woods, three miles from our house. He was brought there, and there in a few weeks—he died. If you knew him, you will know how. He was buried in the Drécy churchyard."

"And his friends—do they know? He has a mother and sister."

"He has a sister—he had a mother." I was so used to think of Conrad as not dead, only entered upon a higher life, that I unconsciously used the present tense in speaking of him. But he understood.

"Had, mademoiselle?"

"Yes; but she was spared the anguish of his loss. She went home first!"

"Both dead!" he exclaimed. Then, in a low tone of utter grief that went to my heart, he murmured, "Brother and mother gone! O Thekla! my poor, poor Thekla!"

The words were low, not meant for my ears, but I heard and understood. "You are Karl Erhardt!" I exclaimed. "O thank God!"

Surprise overpowered grief in his expressive face as he said, "I am. Ah, I see, you have heard of me from Conrad!"

"Yes; and from Thekla!"

"From Thekla! Have you heard from her? Is she well?"

"I have not heard for more than two months. She was well then, but in bitterness for her

brother and mother. I have written to her several times since, but have received no reply, owing, no doubt, to the uncertainty of our movements."

"Have you been long in the ambulance, mademoiselle?" Karl asked after a long, sad silence, with a look of kind interest and inquiry. "You seem worn and weary."

"Since December."

"You have a father, I think you said; how does he spare you for such work as this?"

"I have no father now—no home. My father died before—your friend. My home was burned down."

"Dear mademoiselle," he said very kindly, "you may well be able to sympathize, as I heard you doing just now, with others whose trials are even less than your own, and from the same cause. Pardon me that I have ignorantly turned your thoughts to such painful subjects. But you must leave this work. You have already done too much. You say you have now no home. Will you not go to Thekla von Edelstein? She will receive you as a friend, a sister, I am sure. And she owes you a large debt of gratitude for your services both to the living and the dead."

The living and the dead! Oh, it was too much. It brought before me in such vivid contrast all those words implied. Thekla would have her Karl, but I—O Conrad, my Conrad! in a paroxysm of mute agony I bowed my head upon my hands.

Only for a moment. I had work to do. Reluctantly crushing it down, I rose to go my round with medicine and food. But first, with a sudden thought, I placed Thekla's last letter to me in her lover's hand. It would tell him all, I knew. But he would know it one day; it was better he should do so at once. For I felt I must not speak of the past again, it would unnerve me in my present.

Mechanically I went through my duties with a failing brain, and failing limbs, and sinking heart. As I passed Karl's bed again, he held out his hand, and with tears in his dark eyes, whispered, "Forgive me. I did not know."

"No, I have nothing to forgive. Forgive me if I ask you not to speak of these things—yet here—I cannot bear it. I pressed my hands to my throbbing brow."

Karl looked at me compassionately. "You must let me assume a brother's right," he said, "and take you away from this. In a few days, please God, I shall be able to travel—sooner, perhaps. You will come to Thekla—say you will come!" But I could not think, could not answer then.

The rest of the evening was spent by the bed of the dying man of whom I have spoken. Face to face with death, I grew calm again, and strong in the strength that is perfected in weakness. At midnight he passed away, with words of peace and trust on his lips.

And then, without even pausing to speak to Karl, I left the ward—left it to return no more. For that night my strength utterly failed. The sudden plunge into the past had been too great a shock to my already exhausted system. I remember the doctor laying his hand on my shoulder, and facing me round towards him. Then I knew no more. For hours I lay in a swoon so death-like that those who ministered to me feared the veiled consciousness would never return. When it did, I knew my work was ended,—for the present, at least. No illness, no fever seized me. But my strength was gone. And when, in a few days, Karl left for Munich, I no longer resisted the doctor's imperative orders that I should accompany him; for, in his presence and protection, I saw the opening I had waited for.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LEFT ALONE.

"Thou knowest"—not alone as God, all-knowing,
As man our mortal weakness thou hast proved
On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing.
O Saviour! thou hast wept, and thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to thee may come
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home."

Thoughtful Hours, by H. L. L.

THAT journey is a dream to me. I know I lay back in the carriage prostrate, exhausted, too weary to think or to realize; that kind hands and pitying faces tended and surrounded me the one night we spent at the house of one to whom Karl was related, who had known Conrad; that Karl did indeed assume a brother's right to protect and care for me. All else is blank.

Not so the end. That is another of the pictures photographed vividly, indelibly in my memory.

Karl had not written to Thekla of our coming. Letters might still miscarry. But he had sent a message by a mutual friend in his returning regiment, that he was detained by a slight wound for possibly a week; after that she might look for him each day. That was prior to our meeting. And now we were arriving before that time, and Karl's heart was beating high with all a lover's hope and joy. And mine? Well, it was too broken, too weary, even to flutter; it lay still in a quiet, half rest, half pain. We arrived at Munich in a clear, cold, sunny March afternoon. All was bustle and confusion at the station. Bright faces and sad ones. Mourning robes and festive garments. Welcomes that were all joy; greetings that were clouded by sorrow. The last the most numerous, alas! For me, of course, neither. Many outstretched hands and kindly faces met Karl, though his arrival was not awaited and watched for by his nearest and dearest. But I knew how glad a welcome was in store for him in the favoured home from whose treasures war had not claimed even one victim. But Thekla was first in his thoughts, I knew, as he hastily broke from the friends and acquaintances that surrounded him.

We were soon rolling through the streets of Munich—the quaint old city of which I had heard my father and Conrad speak so much. At last we stopped before the old mansion of the Von Edelsteins. I knew it well.

The face of the old man-servant who answered Karl's hasty summons to the door lighted up with pleasure as he recognized him; but clouded quickly, darkly. Ah! well I knew wherefore. The shadow fell over Karl's bright look as he grasped his hand for one silent moment. No words were needed. Then Karl asked eagerly, "Where is your young lady Franz? Is she well?"

"Well in health, captain, yes," the old man answered with a sigh. "She will be well in heart now you are come."

"Where shall I find her? In the drawing-room? No; don't go. I will announce myself. —Come," he said, taking my passive hand in his, and leading me up the broad polished staircase. Kind, thoughtful Karl, he did not forget me even then.

Franz looked inquiringly, wonderingly, at me as we passed. I was a stranger to him; he was well known to me. And all I saw—the large hall, with its dark quaint furniture and shining floor, garnished with two enormous boars' heads at either end; the broad staircase with its carved balustrade, and grim old pictures,—I knew them all.

Silently I followed where Karl led, with a strange mingling of dreaminess and vivid realization. Softly a large heavy door swung open to his touch, so noiselessly as not to disturb the only occupant of the large handsome apartment into which it admitted us—a fair girl, in deep mourning dress, seated near the window; some work lay on her lap, with her listless hands crossed upon it. The last rays of the setting sun lingered on the window at which she sat, distinctly revealing every line of the sweet, sad face. Thekla! yes; there were the rich masses of clustering golden-brown hair, the broad white brow—so like another!—the full pouting lips, the large bright hazel eyes, the softly-rounded cheek, all as they had been depicted to me by the voice I might never hear again. But there was not the arch sparkling gaiety and brightness of look on which Conrad dwelt so much. She was changed. The round cheek had lost its rose, the soft eyes were heavy with unshed tears, the sweet lips set with the mournfulness of patient sorrow. She had not heard the noiseless opening of the door, and for a moment we both gazed in silence. Then Karl stepped forward, saying in a low, agitated voice, "Thekla!" With a glad cry she sprang towards him, and was clasped passionately to his heart.

It may well be forgiven if, in the mingled joy and grief of that meeting, I was forgotten for some moments. There I stood in Conrad's home, and he not there! The room was half in shadow, half lighted by the flickering beams of the fire. The tall houses opposite almost shut out the fading evening light, except just where Thekla had sat. But there was light enough. I stood leaning heavily against the high back of a carved chair that stood near me, looking and feeling, not hearing. I had almost forgotten Karl and Thekla's presence. There were Conrad's mother's chair and work-table—just below her picture as a

mother, with a bright-faced, broad-browed
t her knee. There were Thekla's harp and
, the inlaid Venetian cabinet where Con-
shells were treasured,—all as he had de-
d them. They were there, and I—but he—
hat far-off lonely grave, how it rose before
en! I strove to rally my sinking spirit by
; myself of his fairer home above. But it
! not do. I could only cry in my heart,
d, thou knowest," and endure the pain.
t soon Thekla perceived the bowed, droop-
figure standing motionless before her.
l," she whispered inquiringly; but in the
instant she exclaimed, "It is Léonie," and
ing from Karl's arms she flung herself into
with a passion of bitter weeping, sobbing
"Oh, Léonie, Léonie! our Conrad, our
id!" My sweet, impulsive, loving Thekla,
precious she has been to me since that
!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

"Fighting the battle of life
With a weary heart and head;
For in the midst of the strife
The banners of joy are fled.
Fled and gone out of sight,
When I thought they were so near;
And the music of hope this night
Is dying away on my ear.

"Fighting alone to-night,
With not e'en a stander by
To cheer me in the fight,
Or to hear me when I cry.
Only the Lord can hear,
Only the Lord can see
The struggle within, how dark and drear,
Though quiet the outside be."

Hymns for the Church on Earth.

as long before my exhausted frame and
ered nerves recovered any measure of strength
tone. Not only Thekla, but the whole
hold, treated me with almost reverential
rness and pity, for the sake of him who had
ved me. And by degrees their care and
ness were rewarded, my strength began to
a, my poor bruised heart to revive.
d those days, sorrowful as they were, were
e the dark ones that followed Conrad's death
écy. Human sympathy was very sweet to
it was a precious solace to talk of my
ed one with Thekla, to hear of him from
und to recognize in my surroundings his old

familiar haunts and treasures. My grief was no
longer wholly pent up in my own breast, though
no human line could sound its depths. But that
was not all. On the darkness of my sorrow the
Sun of Righteousness had risen, and there was
healing in his wings; yes, even for such grief as
mine. Oh! that all sorrowing hearts knew his
mighty power!

Thekla, too, had found it her stay. She had
learned to *know* him in whom she had only
believed before. Her trial had been a heavy one.
Mother, brother, taken almost by one blow; but
she had still her Karl, whose grief for the brother-
friend he had lost was at least deep as her own,
for the friendship between him and Conrad had
been no common one. And a few weeks after
his return they were married,—very quietly.
There was nothing to wait for, and we knew
what the departed would have wished. Thekla
had many friends, and loving ones, but she was
loath to leave her old home even for a time. So
one bright April morning they stood before the
altar and were made one in name and home, as
they already were in heart and faith.

And as I stood beside the fair young bride,
whose sweet face looked so lovely in its subdued
and chastened joy, no pang of jealous pain or
bitter repining stirred the quiet depths of my
sorrowful heart. For at last it was with me as
with my Conrad,—Jesus stood between me and
my sorrow.

Karl and Thekla settled at once in the old
mansion, Thekla's inheritance now, and my home,
they say. I know it ever will be to me all
of home I can have on earth. But as my
bodily strength returned, and after Thekla's
marriage had brought a change in the quiet
house,—comers and goers, though the shadow of
bereavement rested too heavily on it still for fes-
tivities,—I returned in measure to the work I
had left.

There was enough in the crowded hospitals
still. At times Thekla would gently chide me
when I returned worn and spent, and unable to
rally my sinking spirits from deep overpowering
dejection and depression. But then I would tell
her that just as her life-work was to keep sun-
shine round the domestic hearth, so mine was to
go forth to the service for which I had been

sealed. Not in the sweetness of home joys, not in the pleasures of social intercourse, not in the ties of human love and earthly friendship, must I seek my portion now. But with the sick, the sorrowful, and the suffering; by the bedside of the dying, in the homes of the bereaved and the stricken. And then she would sigh, and press her sweet lips to mine, and look tenderly at me through the gathering tears in her large dove-like eyes; but cease to urge me. And now she contents herself with lavishing even tenderer thought and care than usual, if that be possible, upon me at such times.

So almost daily, as my strength permits, I go to the work that awaits me by the narrow beds of the crowded hospital wards, or in lowly homes of suffering and sorrow; and perhaps when I am quite strong again I may be able to devote myself wholly to it. Karl and Thekla will not hear of that, so I am waiting, and the Lord knows best. I have only to follow where he leads.

One great pleasure my visits to the hospital gave me. In the convalescent ward I met a familiar face—that of poor, awkward, true-hearted Blaise. He had been taken prisoner and wounded, but was then recovering fast. His pleasure at seeing me was only equalled by his grief at hearing of the desolation of the old chateau, and of poor Barbe's death. He even wished to stay in Munich for my sake; but one brother had fallen, another was crippled, thus he would be the sole support of his widowed mother, and I, of course, needed no servant. So, soon after, he left for his home, near the ruins of what had been mine.

To his charge I confided all that remained to me in Drécy—my graves. He will tend them well, for the sleepers' sakes and mine. And some day, when time shall have brought a measure of strength and healing to my heart, I may bear to visit them once more. Perhaps. Why should I? Yet the spot from whence that precious clay shall rise at last must ever be a sacred one to me. To the rest Karl will attend.

Soon after the return home of Blaise, I heard from Father Fontaine. Poor old man, he writes with fatherly kindness, sadly bewailing the changes and bereavements this year of strife has brought to the simple and happy home-hearths of Drécy. God comfort him and lead him into

his light! And from Victoire: her François has escaped the dangers of the war, and they are about to be married. The cottage in which they are to live is, I know, a large one, so I have written to ask her to take in poor Pierre; and, for Barbe's sake, she will be glad to do so. Karl tells me I shall have from the remnants of my father's property what will remunerate her and provide for my own needs. They will be few while I am with him and Thekla, and when I leave them to tread the path marked out for such as me.

At least I think it is such—though I know not how it is—that there seems less of power and blessing in my work of late to me and to those whom I seek to help. Not that I am weary of it, except as I am weary of everything at times. Well, I must wait; one step at a time is all we need to see.

And now my story is told. I clasp once more the book opened in bitterness, closed in thankfulness, if still in weariness and pain. Should other eyes than mine read these pages, they may turn coldly from their perusal, deeming them narrow and egotistical. If they do, I have failed in the purpose for which I traced them. If I have dwelt too exclusively on my personal history it is that, and that only, I purposed to record that alone I could; therefore I have naturally been egotistical, and my eyes have been too much blinded with tears to see beyond the little space that formed my world. That makes the narrowness.

But to myself, at least, the writing all this has been a comfort and a blessing; if it has made the aching wounds bleed afresh, it has taught me to value more the tender touch of the hand that binds them up, the love that falls on the throbbing like healing balm. Oh! that it might lead some other sore wounded heart and fainting spirit to trust their case to the great Physician, the *only* Physician that can minister to the wounds and sicknesses of these throbbing, fevered hearts of ours!

What I have sought and wished to show has been only this—how out of darkness, and through darkness, light has come into my soul; how in sorrow, darker and keener than the bitterness of death, that light is enough. And it is enough.

in content. There are dark hours
 one on the triumph-day, when I
 records of "the way the Lord hath
 when the waves of memory and pain
 a flood. But the light shines soon
 dark waters, and illuminates their
 could not change the steep lonely
 now with *that* light overhead for the
 way lighted only by earthly sunshine.
 It is weak, and will cast lingering
 and regret after the lost presence
 short-sighted gaze, seems so unmingled
 so needed a help. But the Spirit
 was a "need be," and leaning in
 on the heart that was broken for
 pointing the pierced hand that leads me
 to above, I press on to the land where
 fighting are no more, where the tears
 way for ever. There already my
 father's broken heart is healed in the full
 that love that knows no change, there
 were my beloved father's tried spirit
 the clear shining of the light that
 ; there my Conrad lives still, in the
 likeness of Him whom not having
 I—whom he indeed adored and fol-
 lowed as "the chief among ten thousand,
 or lovely;" there too is Barbe *with*
 shepherd now, her every want sup-

plied. It is well!—oh, how well! And for
 the same hand, watched by the same
 led by the same presence—well too.
 While of time is passing; Jesus is
 , listening for his coming feet, I can
 content.

CHAPTER XXV.

LEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.

Over, the breaking of day
 the night clouds of sorrow away;
 Over, we'll see as we're seen,
 deep meaning of things that have been.
 As without, and conflicts within,
 more in the warfare with sin;
 And where fears, and where death shall be never,
 Christ shall be soon, and for ever."

MONSELL.

More has passed since I wrote the last
 story. Two summers spent in the scenes
 where he who loved him, Conrad's presence

lingers still. One winter by the bed on which our
 darling Thekla lay. For long weeks we watched
 her in the border land, but God gave her back to
 ours; and in these still solemn vigils I learned
 new lessons.

One was that it was my own path I was
 choosing, not the one the Lord had appointed
 me, when I spoke of leaving the home and friends
 he had given me. I saw that because I could
 not have the earthly blessings I wanted, I refused
 those he had poured into my cup. Since then I
 have taken them from his loving hands.

It may be he will have my service for him to
 be the lowly unmarked ministry of household
 love. If so, I am willing to watch by the
 common wayside of daily life, and take, hour by
 hour, from his eye and hand the work he will
 have me do; to work or to wait; ready to go
 and tell of him without to the sick and suffering
 when he sends me, or to sit quiet at his feet.

Thekla has indeed been a sister and Karl a
 brother to me, and the baby hands of their little
 Conrad are twined very closely round my heart.
 It was Thekla's wish he should bear that name.
 To me at first it was a pang to hear it spoken
 lightly, for to me there could be but one Conrad;
 but Thekla wished it: and *he* has his new name
 now.

Their love is very sweet to me, and I write
 myself desolate no more. Health has come back
 to my frame, and I can smile again. People
 speak of an earthly future yet in store for me.
 I am so young, they say, and time is a strong
 healer. I know they think of another love and
 a new home, but they are wrong. My heart is
 as fully, entirely, unchangeably Conrad's now as
 it was before I knew it on the terrace-walks and
 on the mountain-side at Drécy; as it was when
 I watched by his dying bed, and stood alone and
 desolate by his new-made grave.

And so it will ever be—ever, always. When
 the door of my heart opened to admit Conrad, it
 closed upon him, and he fills its inner sanctuary
 still. No touch but his will ever find the secret
 of the spring, for to me he is not dead but gone
 before.

And I am happy even here, with a calm rest-
 ful peace born of sorrow. Happy in the abiding
 presence and unfailing love of my Lord, in the

blessed knowledge of the perfect rest and peace in which my beloved ones are dwelling, and in the bright hope of meeting them where death, and pain, and tears, and sorrow are unspoken words. Happy, too, in the love and kindness of the friends and dear ones with whom my life below is cast, and in the sure trust that the seed sown in tears will be reaped in joy, when the sheaves are garnered in the glory of the morning without clouds.

Still there are times when my heart grows faint with longings for one sound of my Conrad's parted footstep, one clasp of his vanished hand,

one tone from his silenced voice. Moments when nothing seems worth having without the quenched light of his eye and smile. But Jesus comforts me even then. I remember the tears that flowed from those holy eyes at the grave of Lazarus, and my heart turns to him with ever the same plea, "Lord, thou knowest." And waiting for our meeting above, I sorrow not without hope. When I last wrote in this book I finished with, "I am content." Now I conclude, "I am happy." Sorrowing, and yet rejoicing. Yes; I am happy!

MY FIRST SIGHT OF DEATH.



REMEMBER it as if it were yesterday. The air was bright with summer sunshine, and sweet with summer song. The woods were clad in all the glory of full foliage, and the fields were green and dewy and full of life. To me the whole world seemed glad and happy, and in perfect sympathy with the boyish gladness and happiness of my own heart. The deep blue of the sky, the living freshness of the earth on that morning, still stand out in my memory. They are to me, by reason of a startling contrast, a part of the everlasting past.

Death was often named among us children, but as something with which we had nothing to do. It was a thing of fear, happily far off. Others might die, but surely the King of Terrors would not come to break our little circle. Least of all would we fear his coming in these bright summer days, when exuberant life triumphed everywhere. Death was like a shadow of unknown horror—cold, awful, but at an unspeakable distance; and it would have to travel long years before it should come to smite any one of us. So we thought. Our catechism taught us to say, "I may die the next moment;" but these were words, mere words, to us. Were not father and mother loving and strong and wise? Could they not keep death at bay? Surely they could do so, as they themselves had lived in spite of death! So we argued whenever the grim shadow crossed our little, innocent minds. We did not hate death, for it was too far away to excite any other feeling than mysterious awe.

But in one of those calm, sunny summer days, our little Pearl, the youngest of us all, got weary of her play. Her ruddy cheeks grew pale, her breathing became quick and short, and she asked us to help her home to mother's arms. We did so, and then felt sure that all was safe and right; that in an hour or two, or, at furthest, on the next morning, our little Pearl would be among us again, with her pleasant, baby ways, her large, dark eyes, and her radiant smile. So we continued happy, happy in the sunshine, enjoying life in its sweetest season, and

not thinking at all that the dark shadow was creeping awfully near.

That night we were not allowed to see our Pearl; and we were told that she was very ill, and that we must be noiseless all through the house. We heard the moans of her distress as mother bent over her in her little bed. Those moans are even now in my ears, for they were the first I ever heard from human lips. Pearl was ill indeed; but all that a mother's love and a father's anxious care could do would be done. Skill and love were at hand. We children did not so much as think of death.

Next morning we were called early to the sick-chamber. Poor Pearl was struggling with death. Poor child! my sister! I see thee even now—thy little hands beseeching help, thy large eyes dazzlingly bright, thy little bosom heaving with sore distress. The scene was as strange to her as to any of us all; and I am sure that she felt in her heart something of the wild questionings that trouble us when we are old, for her face appeared to me older by many years, and having far other meanings in it than it seemed one day before. Did she ask why all this pain—this agony? Why should she have to fight the last fight so soon? Was there no ear to hear, no eye to pity, no hand to help? Such seemed the meaning of her look of imploring anguish.

Father knelt in silent prayer. We could see the trickling tears; we could hear the sobbing of the storm of grief with which he struggled. Mother was busy, with pale cheek and tearful eye, in attempts to lighten the suffering of our poor little Pearl. She had not time to weep; or her heart was too sorely tried to find relief in tears.

We stood by the bed-side, and suddenly there was a pause in our little Pearl's sufferings. She looked at us with a smile of ineffable sweetness. I was close to her, and she laid hold on my hand. I still remember that grasp. She called our names; and we all spoke to her, from the depths of our childish hearts, pleading with her to be "well." She fastened her luminous eyes on us, and formed her pale lips to the word "Good-bye;"

strange change came all at once over her. She was white as snow. Her lips smiled with a sad smile, and her eyes were almost asleep. She was free from pain now, as she lay on the white pillow. She was very young, and the children were very glad, for we were sure she would be quite well again, and able to join us. But mother weeps as if her heart should be broken; she is speaking tenderly to her while his own tears are falling. Then we knew Pearl was indeed dead!

Is it that death is stronger than the doctor, than our father and mother? No, for our little Pearl is dead. We laid our hands on her face, and we found that it was cold. We put our hands in hers; they were stiff and icy. It was never among us before, and so we thought of it as very awful. But it was not awful. Her white face was lovely. That perfect little hands and feet showed that she was at rest, and every limb told of deep repose, as if she had fallen into a sleep marred by no pain, darkened

So we could not continue to think that it was so. It seemed kinder than the cruel sickness. Our poor Pearl moan so sadly a few hours could not then tell why father and mother wept. They did over the calm, long, silent slumber. All that bright summer day we tried to gain insight of death, and we could not. For it is but little that the oldest knows more of death; yet that little has to be learned through tears.

That day we had our last look of our darling. We looked at her, and her face was as cold as a stone. She had the same smile on her lovely lips, and the same stillness in her white cheeks. Fresh flowers, of the valley, daisies, and forget-me-nots, were around her, and in her folded hands. She was so sweet; and we felt sure that she was quite at home with God's good angels for ever.

Is, indeed, that she was already an angel? We could not tell how that could be while she was still smiling, still sleeping. More than troubled to know their meaning when they lay on her sweet face, and shut her eyes from light and her ears from the song she was so well. We were then told she would not rise till the last day, when Jesus Christ would call all from our graves. We were told that she would be hidden in the dark ground, where we could see no more. And men came and took her away, and father went with them, and we were to bring her home again after the men were laid into the grave. But he wept, and said, "I cannot—I cannot."

Her away, and we lost sight of her forever. Our sorrow began, and we thought of her when her and mother wept at first. They told

us how our little Pearl was perfectly happy in heaven—how she would not be sick any more, or die any more. But how could she be in heaven and in the dark ground in the churchyard? This, by-and-by, we came to understand as children could. We were told the difference between soul and body before this time, but the words had little meaning for us. Now the thought was as a bright light amid gloom and darkness. The soul of our Pearl was in heaven with the angels, enjoying their love and the love of God; it was only the body that was in the grave. Mother showed us her little dresses, and said that Pearl's dresses were not Pearl, and in like manner her body was not herself; it was only her clothing, to be worn till death should come and call the soul away. So we saw that death was the parting of soul and body. It was a reality to us now, but we did not dread it as we did before it brought that peace and that deep rest to our poor suffering Pearl.

Sorrow sits lightly on youth. We soon ceased to weep for our Pearl, but we never forgot her. And to us all she was ever young and beautiful; a treasure in the treasure-house of memory, losing nothing through the lapse of years. She has come to me thus young and fair and sorrowless every sunny day of all the summers I have seen. The fragrance of the dewy fields, the waving of the grass under the gentle pressure of the breeze, the fulness of life and loveliness in earth and sky, all carry me back to that memorable day when I saw death for the first time and tried to know the meaning of it. All remind me of our Pearl in her distress and her subsequent everlasting rest. There is sorrow in the recollection, but not so much as there is in it of wonder, and trust, and love. Death was lovely, was beautiful, in this its first revelation to my thoughts; it became associated with happy childhood relieved from great suffering, with the glory of summer, with endless rest, with angelic existence, and with a rising again from the dead.

Ever since that summer day I have not thought of death as the King of Terrors to childhood or to those who, through Jesus Christ, have become like little children, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It is well, I think, that the youthful imagination should not be led to paint death as the most terrible of foes, but should be trained to associate with it the thought of eternal life, eternal rest, escape from all peril, deliverance from all evil. It is sin that lends all its terrors to death; and if we transfer to sin the title of King of Terrors, we do well. Saints and apostles have died; the best, the loveliest die; infants die. All must become acquainted with death. Is it not worth while to make friends with it? I do not mean that we should try to meet death with Roman courage or with Stoic indifference. There is a better way open to men ever since Jesus died. We may now, like little children, throw ourselves on the bosom of the infinite Father, saying, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." For God receives all who come to him like little children, trustful, humble, will-

ing to go as he leads the way. Jesus teaches us how to overcome the fear of death and death itself.

Since my first sight of death's work I have seen many sore battles with this last enemy; some very sad in their end, and some triumphant beyond the power of pen to tell. Some again were mild and meek through the whole struggle, feeling that the battle was not theirs, but that the Captain of their salvation was fighting for them and was sure to win. They knew that, left to their own resources, there would not be a gleam of hope for them in the wide universe, but now they knew in "whom they believed." The cases of horror that I have seen were few and exceptional. On the whole, the impression I received on that summer day, when our Pearl was taken from us, has been confirmed by the observation and experience of every succeeding year. It is high

time that I were not afraid to die; and if fear does come, it is chiefly physical, "natural;" and I try to overcome it, and attain to the trustful simplicity of early years.

Our Pearl was younger than I when she was taken up from us. She was taken to the high school: I have had to work my way in this lower, harsher school. I am growing old; she is clothed with immortal youth. Ah, how much wiser is she now than the wisest of us all! Death was the means of her sudden promotion; may it not prove to me also a messenger from God to summon me to that highest school for his rational creatures! And if the messenger come suddenly, so much greater should be my joy.

R. H.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.*

A SERMON, BY ARTHUR MURSELL.

Preached at London (Stockwell), March 2nd, 1873.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it."—LUKE xix. 41

IN submitting this discourse to our readers, we have two distinct objects in view. In the first place, we desire to exhibit and place on record an eloquent, fervid, discriminating, and suggestive eulogy on Dr. Guthrie. Over and above the merit of the discourse, and the character of its subject, the circumstance that an Englishman spontaneously comes forth to honour the name and applaud the work of one who was a Scotchman of the Scotch, attracts and cheers our hearts. The frank, generous enthusiasm of Mr. Mursell constitutes a monument to himself, as well as to the object of his admiration. It brings out, in full relief, the meaning of the word, "One is your master, and all ye are brethren."

Our next object is to call attention to the series in which the discourse appears. A course of original sermons of the highest class, issuing monthly in fine typography, at the price of a penny each, is a new thing even in this age. Judging from the four numbers already published, we should say the annual subscribers will have a very great shilling's worth. Partly on account of the subjects chosen—mainly recent, stirring, historic events—and partly from the vigour with which they are treated, the "Catholic Sermons" are eminently readable literature. Here are no stagnant pools, but running, leaping streams. The philosophers, whom we love and respect as fellow-labourers, had better look to their laurels; for the pulpit, in this style, is certainly not a thing to be despised. The "pulpit" (we mean the moral, not the material article) has not gone down yet: we rather think it is looking up.—*Editor.*

WHOEVER has seen the city of Edinburgh, either by day or night, if he be a lover of the picturesque, will be able to appreciate almost any terms of admiration which may be expressed upon the spectacle. It is questionable if the world contains another city more "beautiful for situation." The passenger along the chief thoroughfare of modern Edinburgh has upon one side of him a long vista of a mile of stately buildings, where sumptuous bijouterie and tasteful wares are temptingly displayed in rich profusion; and upon the other a green garden glade, carpeting the base of the huge rock from which the castle frowns defiantly, and seems to flash a Bruce-like glance from its battlements, and shake the plume of Wallace from its walls. Each step along the way is a gradus of the national history, and the children seem to grow tender and romantic as they romp where Wilson beams in bronze and rest where Scott sits in stone. Passing the National Museum, which recalls the Parthenon of Greece, the pillars of the monuments of the mighty, on the Calton Hill, stand out against the sky-light and close in the vista. There, round the Nelson Tower, cluster memorials of Burns, of Playfair, and of Dugald Stewart, and of other names of which their countrymen and the world are proud. While, to the right, the crags and the prouder peak of Arthur Seat couch, lion-like, over the city roofs. It is a stiff and breezy climb to the summit of that historic hill. But Scotia's sons are hardy, and many a doughty wight has scaled it ere the town has been awake, and watched the sunrise from its brow. It needs no guide to show how like a drowsy lion the great hill is in outline, with its half-closed eyes blinking at the castle across the city to the west. Among these early climbers there was wont to sally, years ago, one stalwart pilgrim, who went there

* "Catholic Sermons." No. III. London: Edward Curtice, 12 Catherine Street; F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row.

and. He took no book with him in his hand, for the escape was his library, and the silence was his sage. He closed the gates of ancient Holyrood, drinking in stories as he went, striding the rugged spurs of acclivity in the morning twilight, the climber on the top, and sat alone musing as he plucked wild thyme and shook the dew-drops from the lion's mane. No common traveller could occupy this vantage and scan the scene without a thrill lifting him to wonderment, much less this pilgrim, whose soul was a mirror for beauty's face to smile in, and whose heart was a harp for nature's hand to touch. No detail of that wondrous panorama escaped that watcher's eye, he bared his head for the morning breeze to play through his thin hair. As the bosom of the Pentland glen began to warm and purple in the light, he looked to the east, where the sun was waking and spreading liberal largesses of gold; and there lay the freshening forth, with every billow like a dancing flame in the morning. The hills of Fife are gladdening in the sun, and the stream, as it narrows and winds westward, shows out like silver where Stirling lifts her gilded crown in the horizon. Seaward the Bass Rock is up into the sky like a great boss of brass, as the robed dawn flings out its nascent yellow on the east, and white-sailed craft dart from the little creeks, till the great bay seems all alive. No letter in this illuminated volume escapes this student, for he is an omnivorous reader of nature, and he sits and fills his fancy with the brim with poetry and song. The birds shaking their wings against the sky sing to him as they greet the new-born day, and not a blade of grass, or mountain flower, or insect creeping from its bed, but has a voice picture which he tunes to music or hangs up in his mind, to light up truth to thousands who shall be ennobled by eloquence, and swayed by love. The rough hewn in the little ships, as they spread their broad sails for the voyage, spread canvas for the easel of an artist, whence scenery should glow which should rouse prayer for sailors from a thousand hearts. Right gladly would he dwell upon this scene alone, revelling in its light and beauty without a shade to dash the sun; but as his eye still travels round, it falls upon the city nestling almost at his feet. There are its towers and steeples, its halls and colleges, beacons of its piety and learning. But there, too, are its teeming streets, its dense, unwholesome wynds and purlicues, wherein vice and fever propagate together; and there are the hundred haunts of the drink-fiend, whose cloven foot has mangled the neck of Scotland's manhood. If that lonely wanderer thought of the city, and its temples, and its streets, he thought too of the city, its sins and sorrows. As he saw the flowers opening to the rising sun, he heard the birds singing to the morning, as he beheld how blithely nature woke to the new day, he thought of thousands who should greet no real light, but to whom the day should bring no noble task. The sun at his foot crawled forth to worthier purpose than

many a ruin of God's image should slink out of his kennel of a home in those dense lanes. Mingling harshly with the lark's early lay there seemed to rise up from the thick human nest below the cry of squalid children, and the curse of unsexed mothers mad with drink. Phantoms and ghosts of pinched humanity rose up before his mind, and on the sweetness of the sweet breath of morning reeked the feculence of physical and moral death. He saw how poverty and vice lay cheek by jowl with wealth and culture, how the lazar-house festered hard by the school, the pauper pined outside the palace gate, and Satan kept high saturnalia close by the sanctuary wall. And as he looked once more upon the glorious landscape, and saw the tide fretting its silver foam upon the shore, he thought, "If God in heaven had not taught that tide to ebb and flow, it would subside into a foul stagnation, and life and verdure would be blighted by its breath. If nature had not learned her many harmonies from him, there would be anarchy and darkness on this scene, instead of the sweetness and light which I behold. Let me go down and try to stir a tide in human hearts to dash its waves of love upon that arid strand; let me essay to sound the key-note of a music which hoarse voices may take up and sing in sacred tune." And he went down to the city, and carried a sad and bleeding heart amongst those noisome closes; and from that sadness there was born a high and hero purpose. He sat down in his study, but the commentary was too dull and dry, and the exegesis was too cold for the text which he had chosen and the sermon that he meditated. He heard the blood of the neglected crying from the altar, and it wrung his heart and stirred his soul. And he went upon the Sabbath morning to the church, with lips anointed with the live coal of a burning message. There was no incense in the church, no incense that was visible; but, as the preacher spoke, the dainty hearers seemed to choke, as though the vilest stews in all the city had been stirred up before them. There was no subtle plot, no deep analysis, no metaphysical acumen in the sermon. It was a long wail of human suffering, a high-tide wave of passion dashing against the hearts and sympathies of those who heard. And as it rose, it bore upon its flow the sound of the bruised wife's cry, and the drunken husband's curse, of the weak voice of the little child, and the quaver of the old man's croon. It told how men were dying for the want of human help, how hell was belching among the churches, how bodies were starving amidst the gold, and souls were perishing amidst the gospel. And as he talked of little ones, with none to take them by the hand, the pulse of woman's love stirred in many a maid's and matron's breast, and starvelings were adopted from that moment. And as he pleaded for the cause of ragged schools, first dreamed of by John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler, many a canny Scot unloosed his purse-strings and signed rich cheques in firm intent before he left the church. And when the grandees had walked or driven home, the tall

form of Thomas Guthrie might be seen in the Grassmarket, or the High Street, or the Canongate, standing beside the plain street-preacher as he told the people about Christ crucified. Among the densest of those nests of misery nurseries of hope are opened now. The wildest moral wastes are dappled with the green and fruitful growths of care and culture; and the roughest noises of the barbarous are drowned by hymns of praise from children's lips. The sturdiest hand which pushed the ploughshare through this wilderness was the hand of Thomas Guthrie. He was the nurse who watched with all a woman's care the little anals in the schools. And his was the palm which broad-cast the seed from which rich harvests have arisen. There's many a man alive to-day in the North who can tell of times when he has met him laden with toys in his long arms to take to the little ones, and what a ringing shout the boys would raise when their firm friend came into the school, the biggest boy and simplest child in all the place.

With the laying low of this grand head, an Anak of the Anakims has fallen. Philosophy may feel but slender loss; but Nature has lost one of the tenderest of her sons. Natures like this do much to sweeten and un-stiffen what is crude and stilted amongst the high-born, as well as to lift up and help the fallen. The northern mind is too abstract to be practical in anything but business; and hence the northern pulpit, though rich in erudition and in cultured piety, is often too abstruse and technical to touch the common woes of life. The gospel is preached, and preached in its soundness and its strength. But the message is rather a challenge to the critic than a call to the sinner. It savours more of the school than of the sanctuary; and the altar of the Lord is turned into the professor's chair. Hence we have sometimes heard it said in Scotland that Dr. Guthrie's church was chiefly thronged by southern visitors, who went to witness his dramatic power, but that his compatriots deemed his preaching uninteresting and wanting in solidity. To the student of theology there may have been but little to satisfy; but no voice has spoken, since the tongue of Chalmers ceased its witness for the truth, with more clarion ring, to stir the philanthropic laggard, or rouse the spiritual drone to work for truth and Christ, than the voice which now is stilled; and, without any wish to make detraction from the value of a doctrinal and teaching ministry, we do protest that there is more living fire and more imperishable gold in the heart-evidence which mirrors forth the life of Christ in Christly doings, than in that which simply speculates and argues. If "pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world," surely that is the more useful ministry which wields a lash to drive men forth upon the Master's path of doing good; which breaks the seal from parsimonious hearts; which holds a magnet to draw out the inner man to Christ, even though it fail to clear up every doubt upon the doctrine of the headship, or blow off every cobweb of obscurity

from the six points of Calvinism. Far be it from our intent to say that Dr. Guthrie was not appreciated in his own country, and by his own countrymen. There's many a rugged cheek will glisten wet beside his grave; and many a Highland bonnet will be reverently doffed over the sod which hides his dust. There's not a dukery or palace, from the Shetlands to the Border, where a sigh will not be breathed that he is gone; and there's not a hovel amidst the crags of St. Kilda or the wilds of the Hebrides where weeping will not have been heard that he shall speak and smile among his native hills no more. We only mean that when he went into the Church Courts, they listened to his humour and his declamation as a sort of relief (welcome enough) from the close logic of the champion gladiators, but still as a distraction from the main point. They looked to him for no fresh light upon a disputed question; only for a little physical unbending ere they set to again. His speech was hailed—like the interval at school between the classes—enjoyable, but not instructive. Perhaps they were right. But if the speeches were not instructive, they were stimulating; and man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of Christ. And, for my part, I find more to live upon in Christ's words of love than even his words of stricter teaching; and find a sweetness in a promise which makes it even dearer than a precept. We are drawn to the speaker the more warmly, because he was too impetuous to be for ever coolly debating. And we shake him by the hand in fancy as we hear the indignant and pathetic ring of his heart-words, as he broke off in the midst of a speech about an Education Bill, which his Church had been accused of supporting for sectarian ends:—"What care I for Free Church, or any Church upon earth, in comparison with my desire to save and bless these poor, wretched children in the High Street!"

But if the breadth of his purview thus transcended nice distinctions, and the ardour of his temperament engrossed his mind with other toil than splitting hairs, he was ever found upon that side of great Church controversies which involved the sacrifice of self in the cause of spiritual realness and of religious liberty. He moved in the van of that Disruption phalanx who gave up Church and manse at the bidding of conscience; and he was ever one of the bravest, if not the subtlest, maintainers of the principle on which the sacrifice was made. The trait which made him a marked man in his time, and which endears him to the memory now that he has passed away, is the broad wealth of humanity which he flung into all he undertook, and which breathed in all he spoke. Whenever his name was mentioned, one seemed to hear the thumping of a great heart. There was something friendly and stimulating in the associations of his life. As the passenger upon a great Atlantic steamer sits in the warm cabin, and hears the nervous throb of the big engine beam, and feels that he is near a force which helps him to breast the waves,—so those who crossed the path of Dr. Guthrie, whether in his

company, his sermons, or his books, felt they were moved by a power which propelled them against the stress of adverse things around them, and helped them to leave a wake of honest sympathy behind. To a stranger in the North, there is a coldness in the literary atmosphere by which he is surrounded which is sometimes rather numbing. Every one he meets seems waiting to put him through an examination, and make him say his catechism. The intellectual air is rarefied and pure, but it is sometimes chilling. I shall not readily forget how keenly this feeling struck upon me more than twenty years ago, when, as a young lad, I went to live a period of school life in the little town of Forfar. It is not the town of all the rest a tutored Celt would specify as Scotland's brightest spot; but still, there was a school-room atmosphere about my life there which did not inspire. Boys and girls walked through the streets with slates and straps of books, and had an inky look, as if they were always writing exercises; and the grown-up people had a preceptorial air, which made one look, by instinct, for a cane and ferule in their hands. One of the most sensible reliefs I ever felt to this sensation was during a long walk into the country, when, having skirted the wooded acres of the Dalhousie demesne, my companion pointed to the smoke of a small town, and said, "That is Brechin; let us go and see the house where Dr. Guthrie was born." There was a fascination to me in the spot I can't describe; and often did I look wistfully from the Forfar school-yard across the twelve miles' interval in the direction of Dr. Guthrie's birth-place, and rejoice that it was possible to be great and good and manly, without being a pedant or a pedagogue. I little thought at that time that I should live to treasure among my prizes a kind letter from his hand, expressing pleasure that I had asked him to allow me to inscribe to him some papers I was writing about work among city thieves and arabs. The papers never saw the light in a completed form; but if they ever do so, it will be my pride to enrich them with his letter and his name.

It was this rich humanity of his which placed him, in the modes of his vocation, in the details of his mission, and in his lines of thinking, apart from what we may call the professional section of his brethren and compatriots. Dr. Guthrie was a man who would never have been called to fill a chair of faculty in a college. Though his attainments might have qualified him for its duties, and his deep insight into human nature would have helped to fit him for a trainer of young minds, he would have been cramped and restless in such a sphere, and would have chafed against its dignified restrictions. He would teach better in a ragged school than in a divinity hall; and he would play better in the school-yard than he would teach in the school-room. His strong point was sympathy, and when this was roused, as it ever was by need and sorrow, he was apostolic; and hence he was more happy with babies on his knee and children romping round his feet,

than in a moral philosophy class-room. Ought we not the rather to have said that in his love for children he was Christlike? The apostles drove the children back; it was Jesus who said, "Let them come to me." And so it was with Dr. Guthrie. They say the scene in the Ragged School when he came in was wonderful. It was not as when the head-master enters amongst well-disciplined pupils—a sudden hush of voices and casting down of eyes, and unnatural alacrity of pens and pencils—but a wild shout of pleasure, and a universal smile as though a flood of sunshine had blazed into the room; and books were forgotten, and slates neglected, and work fell from little laps, and stitches came undone, as some little girl fondles the kind palm and presses her orphaned cheek against it, as the long fingers run through her flaxen curls, and roguish boys whisper about a holiday; and soon the workroom is empty and the playground full. Oh, he was a bad disciplinarian, was this muser over the city's sorrows, this builder of Ragged Schools! For my part, I love him the better for it. The pedagogic mind is venerable but not lovable. It does not want to be loved; it would be a trouble and annoyance to it. Love is sentimental, and sentiment is not written in the school-plan. The teaching instinct does not see long rows of playful or dreamy eyes, or of wistful or laughing lips, or of demure or dimpling cheeks; it does not see a sunny horde of childhood in the group before it; it only sees an Euclid class, an arithmetic class, or a Virgil class. It cuts them up in sections, more or less efficient at grinding up the primer, digesting tables, or secreting the horn-book and the rudiments. But here was an eye which ranged along those tiny rows, and saw in every twinkling eye a window through which a soul was looking; and with a glance full of humour, gentleness, and love, it looked back upon them and made them light up with joy. Here was a heart which thought of the vices which had curtained round their cradle-heads, of the oaths which had mingled with their lullabies, of their foodless homes, and grim surroundings; and as the drama of their squalid infancy passed before his vivid fancy, deep wells were stirred within his heart, and prayer went, silent but fervent, to the Lord to show them his salvation.

Brethren, this was a brave life, this life which has just passed onward. It took its path through many scenes and among many men. It walked in Highland hamlets, and in foreign lands; it left its footprints amongst crowds and in strange solitudes; it stepped across ducal thresholds, and crossed the glittering track of royalty; and it was ever the same brave, genial, honest presence. But it was bravest when its way was through the darkest haunts, when it pressed forth in the festering dens of poverty and pestilence and vice, and hung the lantern of immortal hope in the midnight of neglected homes. That head was not the noblest when it towered amongst the courtiers and the statesmen round the Sovereign's throne, but when it bent to

pass under the blackened cross-beam of the cotten's but in the uncleansed stews of Edinburgh. And that shall be a royal mission, if you will but undertake it, which carries you upon the errand of philanthropy where wrongs call for redress, or fallen ask to be uplifted. Royalty may have no embassy on which to send you to foreign courts; but still a task invites you to a thousand courts at home, where you are called as an ambassador for Christ. Christians! you cannot all be eloquent, but you can all be useful. You cannot thrill a crowd with word-magic, but you may save a soul by the magic of the message of Christ crucified. You cannot build a colony of schools, but you can lay a stone into the holy fabric by finding a task in those already founded. An Elijah has ascended, and his mantle falls among you. It falls, not that you may fold it in a statuesque display about an inert form, but that you may carry it wherever a human woe is hidden, or a cry of misery is heard. It falls that you may smite the waters which divide your efforts, sympathies, and prayers from the helpless and distressed, and go over, in the name of the Lord God of Elijah, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Accept the challenge—make up your mind to be a worker in the great vineyard of humanity. Such life is like a talisman to charm the soul to duty, and chain the Christian to his task. If Christ wept over Jerusalem because he saw it given to idolatry, if Christian hearts have bled at the wickedness of other cities, is there nothing to call for work and weeping as we look upon this seething Babylon where we live, and where so many thousands die without the light which you might carry them? Oh, if every Christian took the task the Master lays upon his conscience and his heart, and plied it with his might, should we not hear the jocund sound of the rejoicing of the wilderness and the dancing of the desert? If every hand which prayer clasps or uplifts to heaven, in

chamber oratory, at household altar, or in sanctuary communion, would plunge into the granary of truth and fling the eternal seed of Christ amongst the heart-acres of the human field of London; might not the guerdon of this spiritual husbandry be early seen in the nodding of the fir above the thorn, and the spreading of the myrtle by the brier? If property woke to its responsibilities as well as vaunted its privileges; if labour sought out its duties as well as raved about its rights; if health found its gymnasium on the plain of Christian work as well as in the field of sport; if culture thought of obligation as well as taste; if religion were as active in the race as eager for reward,—oh, then! how soon might we hear the cock-crow of the morning which should mark the climbing upward of the light of God; how soon might we see the moving of the vapour and the rifting of the cloud which hangs over the homes and hearts of men, and screens off the rose of the aurora! Brethren and sisters! pray for it; weep for it; work for it. Uprouse ye to a task for Christ. Bestir ye on an errand for the Master. So, when he comes, he shall find you watching and working, waiting and expecting; and the amber of the dawn of the great day shall fall, not upon a sleeping group with loosened loins and oil-spent lamps, and feet unsandalled for a journey, but shall light upon you at some honest human duty, with some cup of cold water in your hand for thirsty lips, some cruse of oil and wine for the fainter by the way, some marks of the Master's cross upon your shoulder. Let there be stains of travel on your feet and furrows of prayer-wrestling on your brow, so that the last trumpet may call forth a worker to his reward and not a drone to his doom. "Forasmuch as thou didst it unto one of the least of these, thou didst it unto me. Inasmuch as thou didst it not unto one of these, thou didst it not to me."

The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.

ROOTED IN LOVE.

"Rooted and grounded in love."—Eph. iii. 17.



CN bended knees and with bursting heart the Apostle of the Gentiles, from his prison at Rome, pleads with the God and Father of our Lord Jesus in behalf of his beloved brethren at Ephesus, that they may be "rooted and grounded in love."

These two distinct conceptions are very frequently united in the Scriptures.* Two cognate

* For examples of this union, see Ps. cxliv. 12; and 1 Cor. iii. 19.

conceptions—one borrowed from the processes of nature, and the other from human art—are employed to indicate at once the life, the growth, the strength, and the stability of a Christian's hope. A tree and a tower are the material objects which are used here as alphabetic letters to express a spiritual thought. More particularly, as a tree depends for life and growth upon its roots being embedded in a genial soil, and a tower depends for strength and stability upon

meditation, the apostle desires, by aid of these conceptions, to express and illustrate the corresponding features of the Christian life. If disciples are compared to living trees, love is the key grow in; if they are compared to a building, love is the foundation on which it is secure.

Passing from view now the second of these stated conceptions, we shall confine our return to the first. A believing man, pleading for God in behalf of fellow-believers, prays that they may "be rooted in love."

This picture, thus limited, contains only two elements. These are the ground that sustains the tree and the tree that grows in the ground. The ground in which the tree grows represents the love that faith feeds on; the tree that grows at ground represents the faith that leans its roots on love.

The soil in which the living tree is planted is love. A question rises here at the outset, and must be settled ere we can advance a step in the exposition,—What is the love in which the roots of righteousness are rooted? Whether God's love to man, or man's love to God or his brother? The question admits of an answer, at once easily intelligible and demonstrably true. The love in which the roots of righteousness strike down for nourishment is not human, but divine. It is not even that grace which is bestowed and divine in its origin, but residing in a renewed human heart: it is the love of God, and even the nature, of deity, for God is love." The soil which bears and nourishes the new life of man is the love of God in the gift of his Son.

The analogy introduced absolutely demands that the text should be so understood. To explain it otherwise would destroy the consistency of the analogy, and distort the spiritual lesson which it is employed to teach. It would be, in effect, to turn the parable upside down. When Paul prays that the Ephesian Christians may be rooted in love, he obviously thinks of them as living trees. Whatever the soil may be in which the plant grows, it must be something distinct from the plant itself. It introduces an inextricable confusion of ideas to think of believers as

trees rooted in their own love—an emotion that has its abode and its exercise within their own hearts. The roots of a man's faith and hope must penetrate, not inward into the love he exercises, but outward into the love which is exercised towards him. The roots of a tree grow, not into the tree itself, but into an independent soil, which at once supports its weight and nourishes its life. In like manner a Christian's faith does not lean and live upon anything within himself; it goes out and draws all its support from God's love to sinners in the gospel of his Son.

The same result may be obtained by looking to the twin analogy of an edifice resting on its foundation. The term "grounded" refers specifically to the foundation on which a building rests. "Foundationed," if there were such a word in our language, would be a more exact and literal translation. The two analogies here united in one clause, are obviously parallel throughout their whole length. The foundation on which a house stands is something external to the house itself; and so the soil on which a tree grows is something external to the tree. Love, on the spiritual side of the comparison, corresponds both to the ground which sustains a tree and the rock which sustains a building. That love, in both cases, is demonstrably something completely distinct from the soul that leans on it. The love which satisfies a soul is not emotion that springs within itself. "God is love." Behold the Rock of Ages on which the building stands; behold the generous soil which satisfies these towering trees of righteousness!

But the question may be decided more shortly, if not more surely, by a direct appeal to the written Word. In the Epistle to the Colossians, where the same apostle about the same time is discoursing on the same theme to a sister Church, occurs an expression which, being precisely parallel and yet not completely identical, brings out the significance of our text in the manner of an algebraic equation. "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him; rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith" (Col. ii. 6, 7). No one can fail to perceive the identity of the two associated conceptions as they occur in the two epistles. In both letters alike,

a tree rooted and a building founded are brought together in the same order, for the purpose of setting forth the spiritual life and steadfastness of believers. Obviously the apostle meant to express to the Colossian Christians the self-same idea by the term rooted that he had already conveyed thereby to those at Ephesus; but while in the one epistle he writes "rooted in love," in the other he writes "rooted in him,"—that is, in Christ. Here is demonstration that the love in which faith finds its sustenance is God's love in the covenant to his own; for Christ, the unspeakable gift, is the issue and embodiment of that love. In Paul's mind—that is, in the mind of the Spirit—"Christ" and the love which faith lives on are identical. The terms are used alternately and indifferently to signify the same thing. To be rooted in him manifestly means to be rooted in the love wherewith he first loved us.

Having determined the first point,—that the soil in which faith's roots can freely grow is found in God, not in man,—we must now weigh well what attribute or manifestation of God it is that permits and invites the confidence of the fallen.

The justice of God does not afford a soil on which the hope of sinners can thrive. "Our God is a consuming fire;" and as often as the straining hopes of men stretch forth in the direction of the judgment-seat, they are driven back in dismay. As well might you expect the tender roots of a living plant to strike kindly down into hot ashes, as expect the trust of a guilty soul to go into the righteousness of God for support. No; there is nothing on this side but a fearful looking for of judgment to devour. Neither can human hopes grow in a mixture of mercy and justice such as men, in ignorance of the gospel, when conscience is uneasy, may mingle for themselves. You may indeed find some who for a time seem to grow in such a mixture; but the roots never go deep, and the hold is never secure. In the plant so nourished there is no freshness of life, no blossom of joy, no fruit of righteousness. If the unclean conscience, apart from the blood of sprinkling, qualify the divine justice with a proportion of imaginary tenderness, and qualify the tenderness in turn by a proportion of avenging wrath, the result will be a miserable halting

between two. There is only one place in which righteousness and peace can meet without mutually destroying one another, and that is in the cross of Christ the Substitute. In Christ, but not elsewhere, God is at once just, and the justifier of the sinful who believe.

Disturbed by an accusing conscience, and not perceiving the way of righteous peace through the death of Christ, the sinful strive to make matters right for the judgment-seat; but, striving unlawfully, never succeed. They throw into their conceptions of God as much unappeased anger as serves to destroy all the pleasure of their religion; and as much softness for sin as serves to extract all its power. Their God is not very kind, and therefore they have no pleasure in his company; their God is not very just, and therefore they take liberties with his law. Thus "the double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

It is not in divine justice, nor in a spurious compound of justice and indulgence, that human souls can securely place their hope for eternity. If ever an immortal spirit is rooted at all, it must be in love—in love that is infinite—the love of God in the gift of his Son. "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and ye are complete in him." Those that are rooted in him live and bring forth fruits of righteousness. These are not plants growing for a few days on rocky ground. They may plunge their roots down as far as their faculties and their lives extend, they will never meet any obstacle to check and repel their confidence. God is love; and they cannot by their penetrating pass through that and strike a barren rock beyond. Happy are the people that are in such a case; yea, happy are they whose God is the Lord.

II. The plant that is rooted in the ground represents a believer getting all his support and all his sustenance from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Under this head, the first point that occurs is the very obvious one, that before any measure of growth can be obtained, there must be life. Of what avail would richness of soil be to rows of dead branches? A withered branch draws no sap from the most fertile ground. Faith fastens on God's revealed love in the covenant, and satisfies

self from this inexhaustible treasury; but who and what first creates faith? The living will, by its instincts of nature, seek convenient food; but how shall the dead be restored to life? Let it be granted that faith, appropriating God's love, sustains the living, the question remains, Who quickens the dead? In the last resource, an answer to this question must be sought in the sovereignty of God and the ministry of the Spirit; but we must beware of so regarding God's part in it as to miss or neglect our own. Life is the first thing in the Spirit's ministry; but believe is the first thing in the duty of man. To God's eye, looking downward from his own eternity, the order of events is, Live, that ye may believe; but to our eye, as we stand on earth and look upwards, the order of events is, Believe, that you may live. Our part is not to produce life, but to exercise trust. Honour God by referring the origin of life to his sovereign grace and power; but obey God by believing in Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. Let us neither intrude into his province, nor neglect our own. His command is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" "His commandments are not grievous." If we in simplicity render this service, we shall find to our joy in that day that his work was perfect before we responded to his call. Here we may well appropriate to ourselves the advice which the neighbours gave to the blind man when Jesus was passing by: "Be of good comfort; rise, he calleth thee." The fact that he calls us, should be sufficient warrant for us to come.

O Spirit, breathe upon the dead bones, that they may live,—upon the dead branches, that they may grow.

But even when the plant is living, many obstacles may intervene to prevent it from freely pushing down its roots, and drinking up the richness of the soil. Stones of stumbling lie in the way of the living root, and hinder its growth. "An enemy hath done this." Desponding thoughts, of various shape and source, may mar the peace and stunt the growth of a disciple; but they cannot quench his life. The natural history of faith's life on earth will be an interesting study, when the day shall reveal all its windings—all its days of drooping, and all its days of growth.

Sometimes the history of vegetable life, concealed for generations, is afterwards thrown open. When a forest tree, that has outlived several generations of its owners, is at last thrown down by a tempest, and its roots all exposed to the inspection of the passengers, many secret passages of its early history are at length revealed. Each bend of those gnarled roots has a tale to tell,—of various efforts, and disappointments, and conflicts, and victories. Here, in the centre of the circular mass, the main stem was pointing perpendicularly downward when the tree was young, perhaps a century ago; but ere it had gone far in that direction, it had struck against a stone. The fibre, then young and pliable, had sensitively turned as soon as it felt the obstacle, and grew for a little upward, as if retracing its steps. Then it had bent to one side and crept along the surface of the stone, intending, so to speak, to turn its flank, and plunge into the deep earth beyond its outermost edge. Once or twice in its horizontal course it came to hollows in the stone, and ever instinctively seeking downward, penetrated to the bottom of each, but finding no opening, came always up again, and pursued its course on the horizontal line. But, long ere it reached the margin of the great rock, it found a rent, narrow, indeed, but thorough. Into this minute opening it thrust a needle-like point. It succeeded in pushing that pioneer through. Tasting thereby of the rich soil below, it thence drew new strength for itself. Strong now in that acquired strength, it increased its bulk and rent the rock asunder. You may now see the two halves of the cleaved rock hanging on the mighty root that rent them. Now the victor has overcome its adversaries, and makes a show of them openly. It holds the remnants of its ancient enemy aloft as trophies of its victory.

It is thus that a living soul struggles against all obstructions, and either round them or through them penetrates into the unlimited love of God as it is in Christ. There the life satisfies itself and becomes strong. This man is more than conqueror through him that loved him.

A soul has been quickened by the Spirit. The new life has begun; the new tastes are felt; the appetites of the new nature are stirring. Why am I thus? This thirsty soul now longs

for God; and strikes out for satisfying in the direction of his covenant. But something comes in the way. Through the wiles of the devil a great rock of offence is cast right in between that sinner and the Saviour's love. In one case, the stumbling-block is the doctrine of election: If I am not among the chosen number, I need not try. In another case, it is the sin against the Holy Ghost: If I have committed the unpardonable sin, I need not strive, for God will not hear me. In another case, it is such a view of his own sins as leads him morbidly to think that while there may be pardon for others, there can be none for him. Ah! this quickened soul, in the beginnings of life, while the intelligence is yet feeble like an infant's mind, when feeling for the love of God in Christ to live upon, often strikes upon a stone. This is not God: this is not love. Thus the root found so many stones, and these so close together, that it could not reach the rich ground underneath for nourishment; but the root, true to its nature, never gives up. It strives without ceasing to reach its object. Worming its way along the surface of the obstruction, to find a passage round it; fretted and frightened, and thrown back often, but never despairing, never slackening, it holds on, until at length between these opposing rocks it reaches and tastes the sap of the unlimited soil beneath. Then it becomes strong enough to throw the obstructions aside, and expatiate at will in its element.

When the saved are drawn at length from the ground in which the new life secretly grew, and all the history of their redemption revealed in the better land, themselves and others will read with interest the record of the struggle, and the final victory. It will then be seen that every hindrance which the tempter threw in faith's way only exercised and so strengthened faith. They who have had the hardest conflict in throwing obstacles aside that they might freely draw from redeeming love in Christ, draw most freely from that love when they reach it: as that woman who had pined many years in disease, and spent all her means on other physicians, drew proportionally a larger draught from the fountain when she touched its lip at last. As if surprised and delighted with the suddenness, the eagerness, and the largeness of her demand

upon his healing power, the Lord stood and looked round and cried, "Who touched me?" So, I suppose, yet in his glory, Jesus has occasion from time to time to say in glad surprise to surrounding angels, Some one has touched me, when a sinner who has long tried, and been long kept back by stones of stumbling, at last gets the lip of thirsty faith laid upon the fountain of living water. Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom: fear not, little roots; the stones which lie in your way are many and hard, but when you work past them or through them, there is love infinite and eternal—all the fulness of the Godhead bodily in Christ, that you may live upon and luxuriate in. Through fire and water have you been brought? Then all the more sweet will the "large place" be when at length you reach it. Seek, and ye shall find.

Many things go to increase the fruit-bearing, but all are subordinate to this,—the free plunging of the living root into the rich, unobstructed ground. Pruning, and watering, and weeding will do nothing for the tree, if its roots have struck a rock. In like manner, the main requisite to a productive Christian life is the liberty that the soul enjoys to spread itself to the full extent of its capacity into the love of God in Christ. It is the receiving that produces the doing. The law of grace is not, Give freely, and you shall in return freely receive: the law of grace is the opposite,—“Freely ye have received, freely give.”

This analogy suggests many practical lessons; but it is not necessary even to enumerate them, for they spring spontaneously before the reader's eye as soon as he has apprehended the main features of the similitude. The storm, for example, that shakes the living tree, ordinarily serves but to compel its roots to take a deeper hold, and make it stronger to bear the next onset. So afflictions exercise and strengthen faith. Again—a needful lesson in an age of many words and little tendency to silence—the roots grow best when they are least meddled with. The child who pulls up his young tree two or three times every day in order to show his companions its roots, will soon have nothing but a dead stem to show. Encourage by all means the meek confession of a con-

vert's hope; but do not lay open all the spiritual experience of a novice to satisfy the curiosity of some passing "Talkative." Once more, we have had fathers of our flesh, who did not give us a stone when we asked for bread. The more we counted on their love, the better pleased they were. Let us beware of mistaking and distrust-

ing the Father of our spirits. Alas! if our roots were exposed, they would tell a tale of constraint and suspicion. How often even a disciple refuses to plunge openly into offered love, and draws back as if he expected a repulse. It was Jesus who said, "the Father *ran* and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

VII.

DRAWN AND DRAGGED.

'But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed.'—JAMES I. 14.



WE are tempted, it seems—"drawn" into sin. Who tempts us—who draws us? Not God. He is perfectly holy; and by a necessity of nature does good and not evil. God is our friend—in all the ordinations of his providence and in all the revelations of his grace. God is for us; who is against us? There is indeed a tempter—an evil spirit unseen, the enemy of man; but let us beware what use we make of the Scriptures which reveal the fact. If any one should be disposed to excuse himself on this ground, James, the Lord's brother, gives him here a clear warning. The evil spirit has no power at all over any one of us, except what we concede to him. He "goeth about seeking whom he may devour;" he cannot devour whom he will. Only they who "give place" to the devil—and that place within their own bosoms—can be hurt by his fiery darts. The tempter is elsewhere described as "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Eph. ii. 2). These two branches of the definition explain and qualify each other. As the prince of the power of the air, he could do a soul no harm; it is when he is admitted and welcomed within a man's own heart that he defiles and ensnares.

So then, in the last resort, as we have it in James, "every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed."

From the striking figures here employed we learn some specific features of the sad process. The two terms are literally, "drawn out, and hooked."

The first expression does not yet mean drawn by the hook; it means rather drawn to the hook. There are two successive drawings, very diverse in character. In classic Greek, the first term is indifferently applied to both; but in this case, the circumstances confine it to one. The first is a *drawing* towards the hook, and the second is a *dragging* by the hook. The first drawing is an invisible spiritual power; the second is a rude and cruel physical constraint. The first is a secret enticement of the will; and the second an open and outrageous oppression by a superior force, binding the slave and destroying him.

The first process, as applied to hunting and fishing, is well known, and easily understood. This part of the process is carried on with care and skill and secrecy. No noise is made, and no danger permitted to meet the eye of the victim. Everything is artfully and falsely made to assume the appearance of innocence and safety. With quiet, stealthy steps the hunter or fisher moves about. When necessary, he will lie down on the ground, that he may the better conceal himself. His whole art consists in these two things—exposing an enticing bait, and concealing himself and his snare. By smell or sight, the fish or wild animal is "drawn" from the safe, deep hiding-places in the bush or the sea. The victim, not perceiving the danger, is by its own "lust"—its own appetite—drawn to its doom.

It is thus that a man is drawn—but mark it well, by his own lust, his own appetite for pleasure—out of safe paths and into danger.

Forewarned, forearmed. Oh, "watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

The next part of the process is the act of fixing the barbed hook in the victim's jaws. The word is "baited;" that is, enticed by the bait to swallow the hook—the hook that is in the first instance unseen and unsuspected. When the hook is fastened, there is another drawing; but oh, how diverse from the first! The angler does not now hide himself, and tread softly, and speak in a whisper. There is no more any gentleness. He rudely drags his helpless prey to shore, and takes its life.

I have often seen the same process, with the same difference between its commencement and its conclusion, in the tempting and ensnaring of human souls. At first, all care is taken not to alarm the conscience. It is a temperate cup, and it contributes to health and friendship. It will refresh and cheer you, and it will bind you in warmer love to your brother. But when the barb goes into the flesh—when the drug has bitten—when the appetite, unsatiable as the grave, has been generated, the poor slave is dragged, without disguise and without ceremony, through the mire. His morbid, fiery appetite is now his governor, and he is dragged about, exposed as a spectacle, "whithersoever the governor listeth."

The best, the only real preventive against these baited hooks, is to be satisfied with a sweetness in which there is no sin and no danger. The creature that is hungry greedily takes the bait and is caught. The human soul that is empty—that is not satisfied with the peace of God—is easily drawn into the pleasures of sin.

In a certain Highland lake, I have been told, sportsmen at one season of the year expect no sport. There are plenty of fishes, but they will not take the bait. Some vegetable growth on the bottom at that period is abundant and suitable as food. Being satisfied at home, they will not go away to follow the offer of a stranger. As long as they have enough in their own element, the fisher dangles his bait in vain over the surface of the water. They cannot be *drawn* to the hook, and so they are not *dragged* by it.

I have observed, in the process of fishing, that on the part of the victim there are two successive struggles, both violent, both short, and both, for the most part, unavailing. When first it feels the hook, it makes a vigorous effort to shake itself free. But I observe that effort soon ceases, and the fish sails gently after the retreating hook, as if it were going towards the shore with its own consent. What is the reason of its apparent docility after the first struggle? Ah, poor victim! it soon discovers that to draw against the hook, when the hook is fastened, is very painful; therefore, for the sake of immediate ease, it yields and follows. Then, when it feels the shore, and knows instinctively that its doom has come, there is another desperate flutter, and all is over.

I think I have observed these two struggles, one at the beginning and one at the end, with the period of silent resignation between them, in the experience of an immortal man, my brother. There is an effort to resist the appetite, after the victim discovers that he is in its grasp. But the effort is painful, and is soon abandoned. "I will seek it yet again," is the silent resolution of despair. The struggle, with all the agonies of remorse, may be once more renewed when the waters of life grow shallow, and the soul is grazing the eternal shore. The result? Alas! the darkness covers it. We know it not.

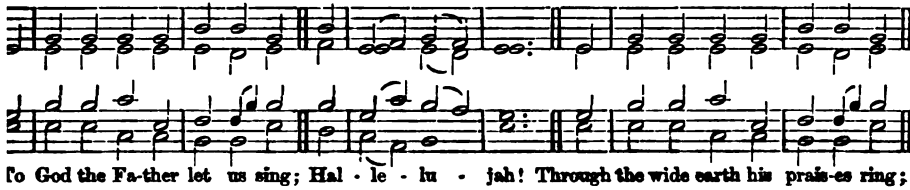
After the first drawing, which is soft and unsuspected, the way of transgressors is hard. The fish with the hook in its jaws is the chosen glass in which the Scripture invites us to see it. The snare of intemperance is the one in which the victim is tormented, and made a show of openly, in sight of the world. There are other snares that are secret in the second stage, as in the first: because they are secret, they cannot be freely named among us; but, oh! many strong men are caught and destroyed by these baits.

It is blessed to be free. If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed. "Hear ye him:" "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Hebrew Chant.

Harmonized by J. M. B.

No. I.



I.
 Father let us sing; Hallelujah!
 wide earth his praises ring; Hallelujah!
 not in sin to lie, Hallelujah!
 Son for us to die. Hallelujah!
 is ever sure;
 ices ever dure;
 shall ne'er decay
 to age for aye.

II.
 Son glad hymns we raise, Hallelujah!
 throne our souls to save; Hallelujah!
 cross for sinners bled— Hallelujah!
 blood for en'mies shed. Hallelujah!
 is wonderful;
 as pitiful—
 each suppliant's case
 s Father's face.

III.
 To God the Holy Spirit praise, Hallelujah!
 For all the marvels of his grace; Hallelujah!
 'Who doth the Son to us reveal— Hallelujah!
 Who doth our souls in mercy seal. Hallelujah!
 He comforts hearts that mourn,
 With deep contrition torn;
 Teaches them how to pray
 In sorrow's darkest day.

IV.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah!
 The Triune God, the Lord of hosts, Hallelujah!
 Let praise and glory be ascribed Hallelujah!
 By every nation, tongue, and tribe. Hallelujah!
 Him will we ever bless,
 His truth and love confess;
 And he will be our stay
 From age to age for aye.

Apologetics for the People.

BY DR. R. PATERSON, CHICAGO.

III.

PANTHEISM.

PANTHEISM is that perversion of reason and language which denies God's personality, and calls some imaginary soul of the world, or the world itself, by his name.

While Pantheists are fully agreed upon the propriety of getting rid of a God who could note their conduct, and call them to account for it hereafter, and who would claim to exercise any authority over them here, they are by no means agreed, either in India, Germany, or America, as to what they shall call by his name. Public opinion necessitates them to say they believe in a God, but almost every one has his own private opinion as to what it is. We shall speak of it as we hear it pronounced from the lips of its prophets, here, as well as in the writings of its expounders, in Europe and Asia. Some of them declare that it is some absolutely unknown cause of all the phenomena of the universe; and others, that it is the universe itself. A large class speak of it as the great soul of the world, while the more materialistic regard it as the world itself, body and soul; the soul being the source of all the imponderable forces, —such as gravitation, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, galvanism, vegetable and animal life, and especially the mesmeric influence, of which many of them regard intellect as a modification; and the body being the sum of all the ponderable substances, such as air, water, earth, minerals, vegetables, and bodies of animals and men. This creed is popularly expressed in the sentence so often heard, "God is everything, and everything is God." But this vast generalization of all things into the higher unity—this exalting of monkeys, men, snails, and paving-stones to the same level of divinity—by no means meets the views of the more unphilosophical and aspiring gods and goddesses, for the very reason that it is so impartial. To deify a man and his cat by the same process, is not much of a distinction to the former; and of what advantage is it to be made a god, if he does not thereby obtain some distinction? This levelling apotheosis is generally confined to the German Pantheists. Their more ambitious American brethren ascribe the contented humility which accepts it, to the continual influence of the fumes of tobacco and lager beer. Man—the soul of man—is the great divinity of our American Pantheists. "The doctrine of the soul—first *soul*, and second *soul*, and evermore *soul*"*—is the doctrine which is to regenerate the world. God, in their view, is nothing till he attains self-consciousness in man. "The uni-

versal does not attract us till housed in the individual. Who heeds the waste abyss of possibility? Standing on the bare ground, my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, all mere egotism vanishes. The currents of the universe being circulate through me, I am part or particle of God." "I stand here to say, 'Let us worship the mighty and transcendent soul.'"* "God attains to self-consciousness only in the human soul." "Honour yourself." "Reverence your own individuality." "The soul of man is the highest intelligence in the universe." Such are the dogmas which, under the name of Positive Philosophy, are poured forth oracularly, unsupported by reason or argument, by the prophets of the new dispensation—the last and highest achievement of the human intellect.

It is very unfortunate, however, for the honour of the prophets of the nineteenth century, that this profound discovery was invented and illustrated, patented and peddled, by the Hindus, among the people of India, two thousand years before the divinity had struggled into self-consciousness in the souls of Schelling, Hegel, and Strauss—of Atkinson, Parker, or Emerson. We mean to show, in this paper, that it is an *antiquated, hypocritical, demoralizing Atheism*.

I.—PANTHEISM IS AN ANTIQUATED HERESY.

It has rotted and putrified among the worshippers of cats and monkeys, and holy bulls, and bits of sticks and stones, on the banks of the Ganges, for more than two thousand years; yet it is now hooked up, out of its dunghill, and hawked about among Christian people, as a prime new discovery of modern philosophy, for getting rid of Almighty God. As the Hindu Shasters are undoubtedly the sources from which French, German, and American philosophers have borrowed their dogmas, without leave or acknowledgment; and, as is generally the case with depredators, they have not had time to take the whole system, we shall gratify and edify the public by a view of this sublime theology, as exhibited in the writings of the Positive Philosophers of India.

"When existing in the temporary imperfect state of *Sagun*, Brahm (the Pantheist deity) wills to manifest the universe. For this purpose he puts forth his omnipotent energy, which is variously styled in the different systems now under review. He puts forth his energy for what? For the effecting of a creation out of nothing! 'No,' says one of the Shasters, but to '*produce from his*

* Emerson.

* Emerson.

ra divine substance a multiform universe.' By the ontaneous exertion of this energy he sends forth, from his own divine substance, a countless host of essences, re innumerable sparks issuing from the blazing fire, or myriads of rays from the resplendent sun. These detached portions of Brahm—these separated divine essences—soon become individuated systems, destined, in me, to occupy different forms prepared for their reception; whether these be fixed or movable, animate or inanimate, forms of gods or men, forms of animal, vegetable, or mineral existences.

"Having been separated from Brahm in his imperfect state of *Sagun*, they carry along with them a share of those principles, qualities, and attributes that characterize that state, though predominating in very different degrees and proportions; either according to their respective capacities, or the retributive awards of an eternal ordination. Amongst others it is specially noted, that as Brahm at that time had awakened into a consciousness of his own existence, there does inhere in each separated soul a notion, or a conviction, of its own distinct, independent, individual existence. Labouring under this delusive notion, or conviction, the soul has lost the knowledge of its own proper nature—its divine origin, and ultimate destiny. It ignorantly regards itself as an inferior entity, instead of knowing itself to be what it truly is, a consubstantial, though it may be an infinitesimally minute portion of the great whole, a universal spirit.

"Each individual soul being thus a portion of Brahm, even as a spark is of fire, it is again and again declared that the relation between them is not that of master and servant, ruler and ruled, but that of whole and part! The soul is pronounced to be eternal *a parte ante*; in itself it has had no beginning or birth, though its separate individuality originated in time. It is eternal *a parte post*; it will have no end—no death; though its separate individuality will terminate in time. Its manifestation in time is not a creation; it is an effluence from the eternal fount of spirit. Its disappearance from the stage of time is not an extinction of essence—a reduction to nonentity; it is only a reflux into its original source. As an emanation from the supreme, eternal spirit, it is from everlasting to everlasting. Neither can it be said to be of finite dimensions; on the contrary, says the sacred oracle, 'being identified with the Supreme Brahm, it participates in his infinity.'

"After having enumerated all the elementary principles, atoms, and qualities successively evolved from Brahm, one of the sacred writings states, that though each of these had distinct powers, yet they existed separate and disunited, without order or harmonious adaptation of parts; that until they were duly combined together, it was impossible to produce this universe, or animated beings; and that therefore it was requisite to adopt other means than fortuitous chance for giving them an appropriate combination, and symmetrical arrangement. The Supreme, accordingly, produced an

egg, in which the elementary principles might be deposited, and nurtured into maturity." "All the primary atoms, qualities, and principles—the seeds of future worlds—that had been evolved from the substance of Brahm, were now collected together, and deposited in the newly-produced egg. And into it, along with them, entered the self-existent himself, under the assumed form of Brahma; and then he sat vivifying, expanding, and combining the elements, a whole year of the creation, or four thousand three hundred millions of solar years! During this amazing period, the wondrous egg floated like a bubble on the abyss of primeval waters, increasing in size, and blazing refulgent as a thousand suns. At length the Supreme, who dwelt therein, burst the shell of the stupendous egg, and issued forth under a new form, with a thousand heads, a thousand eyes, and a thousand arms. Along with him there issued forth another form, huge and measureless. What could that be? All the elementary principles having now been matured, and disposed into an endless variety of orderly collocations, and combined into one harmonious whole, they darted into visible manifestation under the form of the present glorious universe! A universe now finished, and ready made, with its entire apparatus, of earth, sun, moon, and stars. What then is this multiform universe? It is but a harmoniously arranged expansion of primordial principles and qualities. And whence are these? Educated or evolved from the divine substance of Brahm. Hence it is that the universe is so constantly spoken of, even by mythologists, as a manifested form of Brahm himself, the supreme, invisible spirit. Hence, too, under the notion that it is the manifestation of a being who may assume every variety of corporeal form, is the universe often personified, or described as if its different parts were only the different members of a person, of prodigious magnitude, in human form. It is declared that the hairs of his body are the trees of the forest; of his head, the clouds; of his beard, the lightning. His breath is the circling atmosphere; his voice, the thunder; his eyes, the sun and moon; his veins, the rivers; his nails, the rocks; his bones, the lofty mountains!"*

"Interminable as are the incoherencies, inconsistencies, and extravagancies of the Hindu writings, on no subject, perhaps, is the multiplicity of varying accounts and discrepancies more astonishing than on the present. Volumes could not suffice to contain them all. Brahma's first attempts at the production of the forms of animated beings, were as eminently unsuccessful as they were various. At one time he is said to have performed a long and severe course of ascetic devotions, to enable him to accomplish his wish—but in vain; at another, inflamed by anger and passion at his repeated failures, he sat down and wept; and from the streaming tear-drops sprang into being, as his first boon, a progeny of ghosts and goblins, of an aspect so loath-

* Duff's India, pp. 99-114.

some and dreadful, that he was ready to faint away. At one time, after profound meditation, different beings spring forth: one from his thumb, another from his breath, a third from his ear, a fourth from his side. But enough of such monstrous legends."*

There, now, reader, you have the original of the Development Theory, with vestiges of creation enough to make half-a-dozen new infidel cosmogonies, besides the genuine original of Pantheism, from its native soil. Our western Pantheists will doubtless reverence their venerable progenitors; and, should the remainder of the family find their way here in a year or two, *via* Germany, the public will be better prepared to give a fitting reception to such distinguished visitors, including their suite of divine bulls and holy monkeys—their ecstatic hook swingings, burning of widows, and drowning of children, and other Positive Philosophies, from the banks of the Ganges. What an outrage on decency for such men to call themselves philosophers and Christians!

II.—PANTHEISM IS A SYSTEM OF DECEPTION AND HYPOCRISY.

Has any man a right to pervert the English language by fixing new meanings to words, entirely different from, and contrary to, those in common use? If he knows the meaning of the words he uses, and uses them to convey a contrary meaning, he is a deceiver. The name God, used as a proper name, in the English tongue, means "the Supreme Being; Jehovah; the Eternal and Infinite Spirit, the Creator and Sovereign of the Universe."† If, then, a man says he believes in God, but when forced to explain what he means by that name, says he means steam, heat, electricity, galvanism, magnetism, mesmeric force, odyle, animal life, the soul of man, or the sum of all the intelligencies in the universe, he is a deceiver and vain talker, abusing language to conceal his impiety. Pantheism is simply Jesuitical Atheism. Willing to dethrone Jehovah, but unable and unwilling to place any other being in his stead as Creator and Ruler of the universe, yet conscious that mankind will never embrace open Atheism, Pantheists profess to believe in God, only that they may steal his name to cloak their Atheism. We, in common with all who believe in God, demand that, as their divinity is, by their own confession, essentially different from God, they shall use a different word to describe it. Let them call it *Brahm*, as their brethren in India do, or any other name not appropriated to any existing being in heaven or earth, or under the earth; and let them cease to profane religion, and insult common sense, by affixing the holy name of the Supreme to their thousand-headed monster.

But the very perfection of Jesuitism is reached when Pantheists profess their high respect for the Christian religion. They do not generally speak of it as a superstition, though some of the vulgar sort do; nor do they

decry its mysteries, as Deists are in the habit of doing; nor, as Socinians, and Unitarians, and Rationalists, attempt to reduce it to a mere code of morals. They grant it to be the highest development of humanity yet reached by the majority of the human race. The brute, the savage, the polytheistic idolater, the star-worshipper, the monotheist, the Christian, are all, in their scheme, so many successive developments of humanity in its upward progress. There is only one step higher than Christianity, and that is Pantheism. Well knowing that Christianity is diametrically opposed to their falsehoods, and that the Bible everywhere teaches that the progress of man has ever been down from a state of holiness to idolatry and barbarism, they have yet the hardihood to profess respect for it, as a system of concealed Pantheism, and to clothe their abominations in Scripture language. They speak, for instance, of the "beauty of holiness in the mind that has surmounted every idea of a personal God;" and of "God dwelling in us, and his love perfected in us," when they believe that he dwells as really in every creature; in that hog, for instance.

There is nothing, however, in this vast system of monstrosities which fills the soul of a Christian with such loathing and detestation, as to hear Pantheists profess their veneration for the Lord Jesus, and claim him as a teacher of Pantheism. If there is one object which they detest with all their hearts, it is the Judge of the quick and dead, and the vengeance which he shall take upon them that know not God, and obey not the gospel. Any allusion to the judgment-seat of Christ fills them with fury, and causes them to pour forth awful blasphemies. They know that the Lord Jesus repeatedly declared himself the judge of the living and the dead; that "the hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation"; and that the very last sentence of his public discourses is, "And these [the wicked] shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." When they drop the mask for a moment, they can accuse apostles and disciples with "dwelling with noxious exaggeration about the person of Christ."* Christ, as revealed in the gospel, they hate with a perfect hatred. But when it becomes necessary to address Christians, and beguile them into the deceitfulness of Pantheism, the tune is changed. Christ becomes the model man—"one conceived in conditions favourable to the highest perfectibility of the individual consciousness; and so possessed of powers of generalization far in advance of the age in which he lived. They can listen to and honour one of the best expounders of God and nature in the Man of Nazareth."†

* Emerson's Address to a Senior Class in Divinity.

† Hennell's Christian Theism, which shows how Theists of every nation—Christian, Jew, Mahomedan, or Chinese—can meet upon common ground.

* Duff's India, p. 119.

† Webster's Dictionary.

The vilest falsehoods of Pantheism are ascribed to Jesus, that those who, ignorant of his doctrine, yet respect his name, may be seduced to receive them. Of him who declared, "Out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, thefts, false witness, blasphemies," they have the hardihood to declare, "He saw with open eyes the mystery of the soul; alone, in all history, he estimated the greatness of man." Calculating upon that ignorance of the teaching of Christ which is so general among their audiences, they dare to represent the only begotten Son of God as teaching Pantheism: "One man was true to what is in you and me: he saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world. He said, in this jubilee of sublime emotion, 'I am divine. Through me God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God? see me; or see thee when thou also thinkest as I now think.' Because the indwelling Supreme Spirit cannot wholly be got rid of, the doctrine of it suffers this perversion, that the divine nature is attributed to one or two persons, and denied to all the rest, and denied with fury." Yes, truly the divine nature is emphatically denied to all unregenerated men, and denied too by that divine Teacher thus eulogized. Hear him: "Ye do the deeds of your father. Then said they to him, We be not born of fornication; we have one Father, even God. Jesus said unto them, If God were your Father, ye would love me; for I proceeded forth, and came from God: neither came I of myself, but he sent me. Why do ye not understand my speech? Even because ye cannot hear my word. Ye are of your father the devil; and the works of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh it of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it."

Let Pantheists, then, cease to wind their serpent coils around Christianity, and to defile the Bible with their filthy lickings. The Lord Jesus will not suffer such persons to bear even a true testimony to him; and his followers will not permit them to ascribe their falsehoods to him, without reproof. Let them stand out, and avow themselves the enemies of Christ and his gospel—as they are—and cease their abominable pretences of giving to the world the ultimate development of Christianity. What concord hath Christ with Belial?

HEL—PANTHEISM IS A SYSTEM OF IMMORALITY.

It loosens all the sanctions of moral law. If there is any one point upon which all Pantheists are agreed, it is in the denial of the resurrection, the judgment, and the future punishment of the wicked. Their whole system, in all its range, from Spiritualism to Phrenology, is expressly invented to get rid of God's moral government. If man is the highest intelligence in the universe, to whom should he render an account of his conduct? Or who would have any right to call him to account? Then, if we are developments of deity, deity cannot

offend against itself. Further: if our development, both of body and mind, be the inevitable result of the laws of nature—of our organization and our position—man is but the creature of circumstances, and therefore, as is abundantly argued, cannot be made responsible for laws, and their results, over which he has no control. "I am what I am. I cannot alter my will, or be other than what I am, and cannot deserve either reward or punishment."* Before hundreds of the citizens of Cincinnati, a lecturer publicly denied the right of either God or man to invade his individuality, by taking vengeance upon him for any crime whatever. Thousands, who are not yet Pantheists, are so far infected with the poison that they utterly deny any right of vindictive punishment to God or man.

But this is not all. Again and again have we listened with astonishment to men, declaring that there was no moral law—no standard of right and wrong, but the will of the community. Of course it was quite natural, after such a declaration, to assert that a wife who should remain with a husband of inferior intellectuality, or unsuitable emotions, was committing adultery; that private property is a legalized robbery; and that, when a citizen becomes mentally or physically unfit for the business of life, he confers the highest obligation on society, and performs the highest duty to himself, by committing suicide, and thus returning to the great ocean of being!

We might think that confusion of right and wrong could not be worse confounded than this; yet there is a blacker darkness still. *The distinction between good and evil is absolutely denied.* The Hindu Pantheists declare that they cannot sin, because they are God, and God cannot offend against himself. There is no sin; it is all *maya*—delusion. So the American and English school tells us it lives only in the obsolete theology. "Evil, we are told, is good in another way, we are not skilled in."† So says the author of "Representative Men." "Evil," according to old philosophers, "is good in the making. That pure malignity can exist, is the extreme proposition of unbelief. It is not to be entertained by a rational agent. It is Atheism; it is the last profanation." "The divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself into grass and flowers; and man, though in jails or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true."‡ Were these only the ravings of lunatics, or the dreamings of philosophers, we should never have hunted them from their hiding-places to scare your visions; but these doctrines are weekly propounded in your own city, and throughout our land, from platform and press, to thousands of your children and their school-teachers, of your workmen and your lawgivers, to your wives and daughters. Again and again have our ears been confounded in the squares of New York, and the streets of Philadelphia,

* Atkinson's Letters, p. 190.

† Festus, p. 48.

‡ Swedenborg, or the Mystic (quoted by Pierson, 41), p. 68.

and the market-places of Cincinnati, by the boisterous cry, *What is sin? There is no sin. It is all an old story.* Let men who fear no God, but who have lives, and wives, and property to lose, look to it, and say if they act wisely in giving their influence to a system which lands in such consequences. Let them devise some religion for the people which will preserve the rights of man, while giving license to trample upon the rights of God; or, failing in the effort, let them acknowledge that the enemy of God is, and of necessity must be, the foe of all that constitutes the happiness of man. Impiety and immorality are wedded in heaven's decree, and man cannot sunder them.

IV.—PANTHEISM IS VIRTUALLY ATHEISM.

It may scarce seem needful to multiply proofs on this head. How can any one imagine a being composed of the sum of all the intelligences of the universe? Such a thing, or combination of things, never was distinctly conceived of by any intelligent being. Can intelligences be compounded, or, like bricks and mortar, piled upon each other? If they could, did these finite intelligences create themselves? If the soul of man is the highest intelligence in the universe, did the soul of man create, or does the soul of man govern it? Shall we adore his soul? Some Pantheists have got just to this length. M. Comte declares, that "at this present time, for minds properly familiarized with true astronomical philosophy, the heavens display no other glory than that of Hipparchus, or Kepler, or Newton, and of all who have helped to establish these laws." *Establish* these laws! Laws by which the heavenly bodies were guided thousands of years before Kepler or Newton were born. Shall we then adore the souls of Kepler and Newton? M. Comte has invented a religion, which he is much displeased that the admirers of his Positive Philosophy will not accept, in which the children are to be taught to worship idols, the youth to believe in one God, if they can, after such a training in infancy, and the full-grown men are to adore a *Grand Etre*, "the continuous resultant of all the forces capable of voluntarily concurring in the universal perfectioning of the world, *not forgetting our worthy auxiliaries, the animals.*"* Our Anglo-Saxon Pantheists, however, are not quite philosophical enough yet to adore the mules and oxen, and therefore refuse worship altogether. "Work is worship," constitutes their liturgy. "As soon as the man is as one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action."†

Such is the theory. How faithfully acted out, you can learn from the thousands who are now, publicly, upon God's holy Sabbath, working religiously upon the bridge that is to span the river, or less ostentatiously in their shops and workrooms throughout the city. Within a circle of three miles radius of the spot you now occupy,

one hundred thousand intelligent beings in this Christian city worship no God.

The abstraction which the Pantheist calls God, is no object of worship. It is not to be loved. If it does good, it could not help it, and did not intend it. It is not to be thanked for benefits. It, the sum of all the intelligence of the universe, cannot be collected from the seven spheres to receive any such acknowledgment. It cannot deviate from its fated course of proceeding; therefore, says the Pantheist, why should I pray? It neither sees his conduct, nor cares for it; and he denies any right to call him to account. It did not create him, does not govern him, will not judge him, cannot punish him. It is no object of love, fear, worship, or obedience. It is no god. He is an Atheist. He believes not in any God.

HEAR, O ISRAEL! THE LORD OUR GOD IS ONE LORD. He is distinct from, and supreme over all his works. He now rules, and will hereafter judge all intelligent creatures, and will render to every one according to his works.

1. *Reason declares it.*—The world did not make itself. The soul of man did not make itself. The body of man did not make itself. They must have had an intelligent Creator, who is God. God is known by his works to be distinct from them, and superior to them. The work is not the workman. The house is not the builder. The watch is not the watchmaker. The sum of all the works of any worker is not the agent who produced them. Let an architect spend his life in building a city, yet the city is not the builder. The maker is always distinct from and superior to the thing made. You and I, and the universe, are made. Our maker, then, is distinct from, and superior to us. One plan gives order to the universe; therefore, one mind originated it. The Creator is over all his creatures.

2. *Our consciousness confirms it.*—If a blind god could not make a seeing man, a god destitute of the principle of self-consciousness (if such an abuse of language may be tolerated for a moment) could not impart to man the conviction, *I am*,—the ineradicable belief that I am not the world, nor any other person; much less, everybody; but that I am a person, possessed of powers of knowing, thinking, liking and disliking, judging, approving of right, and disapproving of wrong, and choosing and willing my conduct. My Maker has at least as much common sense as he has given me. He that teacheth man knowledge, shall he not know?

3. *Our ignorance and weakness demand a Governor of the world wiser than ourselves.*—The soul of man is not the highest intelligence in the universe. It cannot know the mode of its own operation on the body it inhabits, much less the plan of the world's management. Man may know much about what does not concern him, and about things over which he has no control; but it is the will of God that his pride should feel the curb of ignorance and impotence where his dearest interests are concerned, that so he may be compelled

* "Politique Positive," vol. 2, p. 60.

† Emerson.

acknowledge that God is greater than man. He may be able to tell the place of the distant planets a thousand years hence, but he cannot tell where himself shall be next year. He can calculate for years to come the motions of the tides, which he cannot control, but cannot tell how his own pulse shall beat, or whether it shall beat at all, to-morrow. Ever as his knowledge of the laws by which God governs the world increases, his conviction of his impotence grows; and he feels and feels that a wiser head and stronger hand than that of any creature, planned and administers them. Ever as he reaches some ultimate truth, such as the mystery of electricity, of light, of life, of gravitation, which he cannot explain, and beyond which he cannot penetrate, he hears the voice of God therein, demanding him to acknowledge his impotence.

4. *Our consciences convince us that God is a Moral Governor.*—The distinction between brutes and men is, that man has a sense of the distinction between right and wrong. If we find a tribe of savages, or individuals, who indulge their appetites without rule, and who do wrong without any apparent remorse or shame, we designate them brutes. Even those who in words deny any difference between right and wrong, do in fact admit its existence, by their attempts to justify that opinion. Though weaker, or less regarded in some than in others, every man is conscious of a faculty in himself which sits in judgment on his own conduct, and that of others, approving or condemning it as right or wrong. In all lands, and in all ages, the common sense of mankind has acknowledged the existence and moral authority of conscience, as distinct from and superior to mere intellect. No language of man is destitute of words conveying the ideas of virtue and vice, of goodness and wickedness. When one attempts to deceive you by a wilful lie, you are sensible not only of an intellectual process of reason detecting the error, but of a distinct judgment of disapprobation of the crime. When one, who has received kindness from a benefactor, neglects to make any acknowledgment of it, cherishes no feelings of gratitude, and insults and abuses the friend who succoured him, we are conscious, not merely of the facts, as phenomena to be observed, but of the ingratitude, as a crime to be detested. And we are irresistibly constrained to believe that he who taught us this knowledge of a difference between right and wrong, does himself know such a distinction; and that he who implanted this feeling of approval of right and condemnation of wrong in us, does himself approve the right and condemn the wrong. And as we can form no notion of right or wrong unconnected with the idea that approbation of right conduct should be suitably expressed, and that disapprobation of wrong conduct ought also to be suitably expressed—in other words, that right ought to be rewarded, and wrong ought to be punished—so we are constrained to trace such a connection from our minds to the mind of Him who framed them. This conviction is God's law, written in our hearts. When we do wrong, we become

conscious of a feeling of remorse in our consciences, as truly as the eye becomes conscious of the darkness. We may blind the eye, we may sear the conscience—that the one shall not see, nor the other feel; but light and darkness, right and wrong, will exist. The awful fact which conscience reveals to us, that we sin against God, that we know the right and do the wrong, and are conscious of it, and of God's disapprobation of it, is conclusive proof that we are not only distinct from God, but separate from him—that we oppose our wills against his. And every pang of remorse is a premonition of God's judgment, and every sorrow and suffering which the Governor of the world has connected with sin—as the drunkard's loss of character and property, of peace and happiness, the frenzy of his soul, and the destruction of his body—is a type and teaching of the curse which he has denounced against sin.

5. *The world's history is the record of man's crimes and God's punishments.*—Once God swept the human race from earth with a flood of water, because the wickedness of man was great on the earth. Again, he testified his displeasure against the ungodly sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah, by consuming their cities with fire from heaven, and leaving the Dead Sea to roll its solemn waves of warning to all ungodly sinners, to the end of time.

By the ordinary course of his providence, he has ever secured the destruction of ungodly nations. No learning, commerce, arms, territories, or skill, has ever secured a rebellious nation against the sword of God's justice. Ask the black record of a rebel world's history for an instance. Egypt? Canaan? Nineveh? Babylon? Persia? Greece? Rome? Where are they now? Tyre had ships, colonies, and commerce; Rome an empire on which the sun never set; Greece had philosophy, arts, and liberty secured by a confederation of republics; Spain the treasures of earth's gold and silver, and the possession of half the globe. Did these secure them against the moral government of God?

No. God's law sways the universe—that law which, with the brazen fetters of eternal justice, binds together sin and misery, crime and punishment, and lays the burden on the backs of all ungodly nations, irresistibly forcing them down—down—down the road to ruin. The vain imagination that refuses to glorify God as God, leads to darkness of heart, thence to Atheism, thence to gross idolatry—onward to selfish gratification, violent rapacity, lust of conquest, and luxury, licentiousness, and effeminacy begotten of its spoils; then military tyranny, civil war, servile revolt, anarchy, famine and pestilence, and the sword of less debauched neighbours, Christ's iron sceptre, hurl them down from the pinnacle of greatness, to dash them in pieces against each other, in the valley of destruction; and there they lie, wrecks of nations—ruins of empires—naught remaining, save some shivered potsherds of former greatness, to show that once they were, and were the enemies of God.

O America, take warning ere it be too late! God

rules the nations. "He that chastiseth the heathen, shall he not correct you?"

A day of retribution, reader, comes to you. Neither your insignificance nor your unbelief shall hide you

from his eye, nor can your puny arm shield you from righteous judgment. His hand shall find enemies. Oh, flee from the wrath to come!

ONE OF GOD'S HEROES:

AN INCIDENT DURING THE LATE SIEGE OF PARIS.*



FOUND the beleaguered city
Were sounding near and far
The tramp of gathering armies,
The horrid din of war.

Loud raged the cannon-thunders,
Fierce swept the lead-hail by;
And hurtling shells were cleaving
Their death-path through the sky.

Hearts beating high that morning
Midst thrilling clash of steel,
Would hear no more at evening
The bugle's stirring peal;
The sun's glad rays were beaming
On many a youthful head,
Whose couch would be ere nightfall
A field from battle red.

Firm footsteps bravely treading
A road whose end was death;
Gay spirits lightly wasting
Perchance their last life-breath.
And when from midnight heavens
Pale stars looked sadly down,
How far beyond their shining
Those spirits might be flown!

Where? where? The broken caskets
Would strew the crimsoned plain;
But spilt wine in the chalice
Can ne'er gleam bright again.
In vain might victor laurels
Wreath those dead brows once more;
Earth's far-off fleeting echoes
Reach not th' eternal shore.

O mighty thought and solemn,
With more of strength that hour
To stir the soul's deep waters
Than battle's pomp and power!
Yet sounds of warlike music,
Of arms and trampling steeds,

Might drown the low, soft whisper
That oft all vainly pleads.

High deeds that day would witness
For king and fatherland;
And one, perchance the noblest,
Done not by warrior-hand:
Wrought not for human monarch,
For earthly home or land,
But for the King of Glory
And Heaven's eternal strand.

Where stormed the death-fire thickest
Ere yet the strife began,
Passed calm, as through spring rain-drop
A lowly, low-born man;
No helm sat on his forehead,
No martial garb he wore,
And yet his lonely pathway
War's deadliest dangers bore.

Loud cries of kindly warning
Unheeded met his ear;
Upon his Master's mission,
His true heart knew no fear.
"Upon the verge of battle,
It may be of the grave,
Each deathless soul is standing
Where yon bright pennons wave.

"Ere yet the conflict closes,
While still God's grace is near,
From life's free gushing fountain,
I bear pure drops and clear:
'Tis meet that ere the soldier
Shall hear the charging cry,
His thoughts should turn to Jesus,
Who died on Calvary."

So spake God's hero. Calmly,
Unhurt, he went his way,
And bore his Master's message
To some who fought that day.
What fruit that life-seed yielded
Is His deep secret now
Who marks each parting spirit,
And seals each ransomed brow.

* The heroic daring of a colporteur in conveying leaflets and tracts to some regiments of the German army before Paris, just before the commencement of one of the many terrible engagements between the contending forces, along a road exposed to a terrific fire from the forts, is related by Archibald Forbes, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, in his book entitled "My Experiences in the Franco-German War."

But in the day of glory,
 When God's gems shall be set,
 A crown of starry brightness
 Shall be the guerdon yet
 Of him who went forth nobly,
 Like red-cross knight of old,
 Bearing the blood-stained banner
 Aloft with steadfast hold.

Yes; when Earth's hard-won chaplets,
 Of laurel and of bay,
 Are, like its tears and wailings,
 For ever passed away;
 When deeds of kings and heroes
 Are all alike forgot,
 The fruit of Faith's high daring
 Shall bloom and perish not.

A. L.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN," ETC.

OVER THE ALLEGHANIES.



JOURNEY over the Alleghanies in these days is very different from one half a century ago. Fatigue for any ordinary traveller there is none; and on the Great Central Pennsylvania Railway danger has been reduced, even on mountain-sides, to a minimum. About eleven o'clock, on a starry night in May, I entered a Pullman sleeping-car, got stowed away in a comfortable berth, was fast asleep in a few minutes, and when morning dawned was sweeping along the magnificent Juniata valley. Soon afterwards we began to ascend the mountains; and as we ascended, the great state of Pennsylvania, with its noble rivers, and its rich uplands, still partially clothed with remains of primeval forests, opened out further and further away behind us. Here and there one, from river-bank and wooded glen, dense clouds of smoke, indicating the spots where the coal and iron mines, probably the most extensive in the world, are now worked. The mountain side, up whose side the railway is carried, is steep and wild; and the glances one gets into the abyss below, as the train winds round the point of a dizzy crag, or spans the head of a cascade, almost make one shudder. But it is exciting to gaze away down on the houses that look like so many toys in the bottom of the valley. The curves of the line are in places so sharp and abrupt, that one would imagine, looking forward, that the engine is about to run headlong over a cliff. The gradients, too, are very steep, so that the ascent is at times painfully slow, while the descent, on the other hand, is alarmingly rapid. Towards the summit of

the range the pine forests become more dense, the clearings are few and far between, and signs of human life disappear, save here and there a wooden shanty with a solitary watchman.

On passing through the long tunnel which pierces the summit, the descent of the western slope begins. The scenery is rich and grand; and signs of industry, enterprise, and inexhaustible mineral wealth soon appear in the valleys and on the mountain-sides. We pass Cresson Springs, a pleasant and fashionable summer resort, three thousand feet above the sea, and famed for the purity of its air; then we descend rapidly along the banks of a wild torrent, and twenty miles further we see the Cambria Iron Works, said to be among the largest in America. Eighty miles more through a splendid country, studded with coal-pits and smelting-furnaces, brings us to Pittsburg, the Birmingham of the United States, and situated in a region which may well be termed "the black country" of America.

PITTSBURG.

Naturally the position of Pittsburg is beautiful. The Alleghany and Monongahela rivers gradually converge, flowing between high and picturesque banks. At length they unite, and form the Ohio, which then runs some six hundred miles westward, and joins the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi. In the fork of the Alleghany and Monongahela is a low delta, and on it stands the city of Pittsburg; beyond the former river, along the lower base of a pleasant ridge, is Alleghany city; and on

the further side of the Monongahela lie the extensive suburbs of Birmingham and Lawrenceville. The commercial advantages of Pittsburg are not surpassed by any inland city in America. It is the centre of the iron and glass manufacture; and in its immediate neighbourhood there are said to be upwards of a hundred collieries in active operation. Railways radiate from it to every part of the country; and its rivers are crowded with steamers, whose enormous paddles, not at the sides, as elsewhere, but right across the stern, have an odd look. In no part of the States, indeed, in no part of the world, can one see more wonderful evidences of commercial activity and success. The smoke of some five hundred factories spreads a curtain over the beauties of nature; but it does not deaden the ceaseless roll of railways and din of steam-hammers. The streets are filled with huge vans, and a busy, bustling populace. Facilities for locomotion in all parts of the city, suburbs, and environs are even more numerous, as it appeared to me, than in other towns; and some of them display an amount of ingenuity and engineering skill that it would be difficult to exceed. On the south side of the Monongahela is a precipitous bank, probably two hundred feet high, on the summit of which a small suburb is built; and straight up that bank, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, a tramway is carried, wrought by a chain and steam-engine, thus bringing the highest houses within a minute or two of the bridge that leads to the city.

In the absorbing pursuits of commerce and manufacture, the people of Pittsburg have not forgotten higher matters. They are manifestly as enthusiastic in religion and education as in business. The finest buildings of the city are churches; and the fact that the great Presbyterian Foreign Mission originated in one of those churches, and is largely supported by many of them, proves that religion is there more than a name,—it is a vital power. Pittsburg is a centre of spiritual life, and its influence for good is felt far and wide.

EDUCATION IN PITTSBURG.

The progress of education in the city and district has been wonderful. In the year 1834,

the first public school was opened; but State education was then so unpopular, that there were only five pupils. The people thought it an indignity to send their children to what they were pleased to designate a pauper school. They forgot, and many to this day in other places forget, that when education is supported by a general tax, all pay for it, and all may claim it as their due. Education, thus provided, free to all, and compulsory, is, in my judgment, the true system for an enlightened nation. No man should be allowed to go into the arena of life, until he has at least a decent English education. A class of uneducated labourers in a state is an ever-present element of danger and injury. The prejudices of the people of Pittsburg gradually wore away, and the five pupils of 1834 had increased in 1870 to twelve thousand, with a staff of two hundred and four teachers. The schools are now of four grades,—Primary, Medium, Grammar, and High. The High School has a course of four years' study; and, in addition, an advanced course, corresponding to a Normal School, specially intended for the training of teachers. All the schools are opened with reading of Scripture.

Alleghany city is the seat of no less than three theological colleges. The largest is the Western Theological Seminary, which belongs to the Presbyterian General Assembly; the other two are connected with the United Presbyterian and Reformed Presbyterian Churches. I regretted that the colleges were not in session during my visit, and those professors to whom I had letters of introduction were from home, so that I had not an opportunity of inspecting them.

CINCINNATI.

I was agreeably disappointed in Cincinnati. I had pictured a mushroom city, the rapid and rude growth of a few years, with wooden houses, ill-formed streets, and a wide waste of prairie all round. But such is very far from being the aspect of this great inland capital. Its streets are generally well paved,—far better than in New York; its houses are spacious and elegant; and its public buildings and monuments would do honour to any city in Europe. The roads, too, all through the surrounding country, are

scadamed—*a rare thing in the States. The ives along the heights behind the city are arming, being thickly studded with ornamental villas and mansions, which show at once e taste and wealth of the merchants of Cincinnati. The views of the river, with its banks re and there covered with vines, and of the rich, xoded uplands, extending far away beyond, are and. In fact, nature and art have combined to ake Cincinnati one of the most attractive cities the United States.*

My kind friends in the University of Virginia ad given me letters of introduction, which pened my way at once to a refined and literary ircle, and gained for me free access, besides, to ill public institutions, schools, and colleges. The kindness and courtesy shown me during my stay, I can never forget.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

One of my first visits was to the Public Library, which has been recently placed in a new and handsome building. The general plan and arrangements are all that could be desired. There are large, separate reading-rooms for males and females, amply supplied with periodical literature. The Library is open *free* to every resident in the city above the age of sixteen, and to non-residents on payment of the small subscription of three dollars a year. It is supported, like the public schools, by a special tax.

The last annual Report is most interesting. Like all such reports in America, it is not confined to dry statistics and details; but it brings out with much force and point broad principles, which should be carefully studied by the municipal authorities of every city, both in Europe and America, and by statesmen and patriotic legislators as well. This country ought not to be behind the United States in providing liberally for the mental and moral training of the masses of the population.

The Report says:—"The number of volumes in the library one year ago was 22,537. The additions for the present year have been 7,901 volumes by purchase, 361 by donation, and 3,291 by the deposit of the theological and religious library; making the total number of addi-

tions 11,553, and of volumes now in the library, 33,958. The amount expended for the purchase of books was 13,535 dollars, and for periodicals 700 dollars.

"While the purchase of learned and expensive books has not been omitted, it has been an especial aim during the past year to strengthen the library in the department of healthful reading, which is most in demand. The circulation and the wants of the public have been closely watched to this end. Popular standard works have been duplicated, and in some instances as many as ten copies of the same work have been procured, and they have been constantly in circulation. No attempt has been made fully to supply the first demand for a popular book; but when the merit of a new book was sufficient to create a permanent demand for a considerable number of copies, this demand has been promptly and fully met.....It is, however, the function of public libraries, as they are supported by the whole community, to supply such good books, even if they be not learned or profound, as are suited to the tastes and capacities of the people. When this demand is liberally supplied, by far the largest portion of the income remains to be expended in books adapted to the wants of persons of a higher culture."

After mentioning valuable donations in books, bound pamphlets, and newspapers, the Report gives the following encouraging details regarding "readers," and the use made of the library by the public:—

"The number of loan accounts in the ledgers reported last year was 6,773. The present number is 11,261.....The circulation of books during the year has been 100,256 volumes, two-thirds of which have been the work of the past four months. The same rate maintained through the year would give a circulation of 200,000 volumes.....The largest number issued in one day was 1212.....For each of five successive Saturdays in March and April, the issues were more than 1000 volumes. In a single week more books have been taken out than in the whole corresponding month of the last year. These results have been reached without a printed catalogue, or any means within reach of applicants of knowing what the library contained

other than inquiring of the attendants. With a printed catalogue, the use of the library must largely increase during the coming year."

The above statistics refer solely to the lending department, in which books are given out to be read at home. It is right to observe that the Institution, in its present enlarged form, is new, and had not yet come into full operation when the Report was printed. In addition to the lending, there is another department of no less importance: it is for casual reading and consultation. A mechanic, an apprentice, a shop-girl, or a milliner, may drop in here during the intervals of work, or in the evening, or on Saturday afternoon, and read a book from the shelves, or a magazine from the tables, with as much freedom and security from interruption as if at home. Might not this be one way of lessening the numbers in the public-houses of our cities? Of this department the Report says:—

"The reading-rooms are supplied with 255 periodicals, of which 127 are American, and 128 foreign. Fifty-eight of these periodicals are paid for from the funds of the theological and religious library. The number of readers has steadily increased. The issues of books for consultation have been 16,053, and of periodicals 20,719. In the reading-room on the third storey are kept the current files of forty-four religious newspapers, sent to the theological and religious library."

These facts are most encouraging. They open a wide field for thought and effort on the part of those who would afford to the working-classes, and masses of the people in our large towns, the same means of mental improvement possessed by those who have libraries of their own. The youth of both sexes who go out fresh from the schools, instead of being finally and absolutely cut off, as they are in most places, from every department of literature, and from every means of carrying on education, have here—within their reach, and free—in the reading-rooms, and on the shelves of the library, the best works in all departments of knowledge. I believe that if such facilities as these for mental culture were given freely and generally in our towns and large villages at home—given, too, at the public

expense, so that they would be entirely free from even the semblance of benefaction to the poor—a mighty change would gradually be effected. The clerk, the shop-boy, and the artisan, would be drawn away from the dazzling snares of the billiard-room and the tavern; and the inexperienced girl, just entering on life's work, would be kept from the dangers of the public promenade; while all would be benefited by the spread of a healthy literature among the families of the community. The minds of the poor as well as of the rich must have some employment. The faculties will not lie dormant. It becomes the duty, therefore, of wise and patriotic legislators to supply a fitting field for mental activity—to place books within the reach of those who will read them; and thus to promote education, and take away, at least, all excuse for indolence and vice. I cannot but feel that hitherto we have neglected our duty in this matter. We are pained to see the public-houses crowded each evening with men who have been toiling hard all day; we are horrified at the amount of drink consumed, and the amount of misery entailed; but I fear we do not always adopt the best means of checking this monstrous evil. We forget that these poor men have no home comforts. They have nothing there to improve or to employ their minds; they have, in general, no amusements, except what is connected with drink; and men cannot live like molluscs. A suitable book, or a popular magazine, would be a treasure to many a young mechanic who has just entered upon house-keeping. It might save him from a host of temptations, and a world of future misery; but where is it to be had? He has not the means of buying. Place such a library as that of Cincinnati near his home—give him such a reading-room, free and comfortable, where he can spend an hour of an evening—and you afford that man a fair chance of rising in the social scale, and raising his family with him.

The religious aspect of this Report is also encouraging. I have often been amused at the way in which the managers of our public libraries treat religious books. They shun them as they would the plague. A work may be of the highest value—it may be an ornament to the

terature of the age; but the hint that it treats of Christian doctrines immediately places it in the "Index." It might treat of the Hindu fasters, or the writings of Confucius, or the Koran, or the prophecies of Joe Smith, and be limited; but if it touch upon the Bible, it is excluded. Surely this is miserable truckling to party fear and sectarian prejudice. Christianity is our common faith; the Bible is the common property of Christendom. Let the standard works of all parties and sects find a place in our public libraries, where those who will may have access to them. I would compel no man to read or hear; but I would give every man an opportunity to read and learn. In the United States, as a rule, they have no such scruples as we have here. No objection was made to incorporate a whole theological library with the public library of Cincinnati. Religious books, religious periodicals, and even religious newspapers, are there for those who desire them. And this is only just. Why should the Christian man be debarred from that literature which he loves by the prejudices of others. No work which is moral in its tendency, and popular with any considerable section of the people, should be excluded from a public library.

It is pleasing to observe how large a number of books are taken out of the library on Saturdays. The fact is suggestive, for it shows that there is a felt want among the working-classes of something to read upon Sundays; and it may indicate, also, that, if that want were met fully and judiciously, Sabbath desecration might, in part at least, be checked.

On the 12th of March 1871, this library was first opened on Sunday. It was hoped that the opening of the theological department and the reading-rooms to the public might attract a large class of readers who had not the opportunity of visiting the library on other days; and perhaps also draw in young men from the streets and drinking-saloons. These expectations have not been realized; or at least were not when the Report was written. The number of Sunday readers was small; but it was observed regarding them that they appeared to be studious and sober-minded persons, who eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded them.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

I was taken to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, where I found every effort being made to induce young men to spend their spare hours in profitable reading, or in some department of Christian work. They contain a select library and a number of religious periodicals and newspapers. The members of committee, and others judiciously selected, make it a point to search out young men who have just come to the city, or who are entering upon business, and to place before them, in a calm and respectful yet earnest manner, the claims and advantages of the society. Much good is thus effected; and many a youth, thrown without experience amid the temptations of a large city, finds in that society friends, a refuge, and a home.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I was greatly pleased with the public-school system of Cincinnati, every grade and department of which I had an opportunity of inspecting under the efficient guidance of Mr. Wisniewski, the assistant superintendent. The school buildings are new, and admirably planned. The teachers are almost exclusively females. In the elementary department I found some striking peculiarities—for example, among the first lessons given to a child on entering school is to read the *script letter*, and then to write, or try to write it, with a pencil. So also English Composition begins to be taught at a very early period—in the second school year. German is taught in most of the schools. This is necessary, for one large quarter of the city is almost exclusively inhabited by Germans. Another peculiarity I thought admirable was, that music, drawing, and gymnastics form a part of the daily routine for both boys and girls. The music is taught scientifically, and not merely by ear; and as the children commence very early, natural defects of ear, voice, and even taste, seem to be largely overcome. The singing was very sweet. For the regulation of gymnastics there is a special committee of the school board, whose duty it is to supervise that department. It is a standing rule that the teachers in each room of the intermediate and district schools shall give a lesson every session of their school, in gymnastics

or calisthenics, of not less than five nor more than ten minutes. None are exempted from these exercises except such as present a medical certificate of inability. Another rule on this subject struck me as exceedingly wise and judicious. It is as follows: "For the better guarding of the health of the pupils of grades F, G, and H (being the lowest) from injury by too long confinement in their school-rooms, there shall be allowed to the pupils of these grades, at the close of each recitation, the space of five minutes for calisthenic exercise in the room, during which time the room shall be well ventilated; and the recitations shall be shortened for this purpose." Each recitation continues an hour, and it is delightful to see those little things engaging heartily and vigorously, under their skilled teachers, in free calisthenics. Mind and body are thus trained together, and with the interludes of singing and drawing, the wearisomeness and fagging of school life are largely avoided.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

Cincinnati, like New York, has unfortunately been the battle-ground of sects. A determined effort was made to banish the Bible altogether from the public schools. Such influence was brought to bear on the school board that they adopted a resolution to the effect, "That religious instruction, and the reading of religious books, including the Holy Bible, are prohibited in the common schools of Cincinnati, it being the true object and intent of this rule to allow the children of the parents of all sects and opinions in matters of faith and worship to enjoy alike the benefit of the common school fund." The rule was carried in committee by a vote of twenty-two to fourteen. But a large and influential body of the citizens applied to the superior court to prevent its being carried into effect. The judges decided against the rule, refusing to admit that the Bible is a sectarian book, or that "religious instruction" means necessarily "sectarianism." An appeal was made to the legislature. Before it came up for discussion, however, a compromise was effected, and the regulation regarding religious instruction now stands as follows in all the schools in the state of Ohio: "The opening exercises in every department shall commence by reading a

portion of the Bible, by or under the direction of the teacher, and appropriate singing by the pupils.

"The pupils of the common schools may read such version of the Sacred Scriptures as their parents or guardians may prefer, provided that such preference of any version, except the one now in use, be communicated by the parents or guardians to the principal teachers, and that no notes or marginal readings be read in the schools, or comments made by the teachers on the text of any version that is or may be introduced."

THE TRACT HOUSE.

The Western Tract and Book Society is one of the most useful Christian institutions in Cincinnati. Its object is "to promote the diffusion of divine truth, point out its application to every known sin, and promote the interests of practical religion by the circulation of a sound evangelical literature." It is the only society of the kind in the great West; and though there are others, somewhat similar in object, in the Eastern States, none of them is so direct in its aim, or so decided and energetic in its work, as this. It exposes error in every form—philosophic, scientific, ecclesiastical. It strikes at its very root. It condemns with unsparing severity the evil practices and the demoralizing social habits of the age. It defends the integrity of the Bible against all assailants. It upholds the sanctity of the Sabbath. It presses the paramount duty of mission work both at home and abroad. It spreads far and wide the seed of divine truth. It prepares and publishes, in a cheap form, valuable treatises on the leading points of Christian doctrine and duty; and it makes grants of its various publications on easy terms—sometimes, when the circumstances are peculiar, free—to public libraries and reading clubs.

My visit to *The Tract House*, 176 Elm Street, was interesting and instructive. It impressed me deeply with the thorough earnestness and sound practical sagacity of the men who are engaged in Christian work in this commercial city. In a new country, where progress is rapid, energy and sagacity are needed. The natural resources are enormous; wealth is accumulated with amazing facility; and the tendency of the mind

under such circumstances is to become absorbed in commercial enterprise, and to forget those higher duties of intellectual and moral culture which can alone give real power and stability to a nation.

America is inundated with adventurers. Their aim is to get wealth by any means. They frequent the centres of industry. They try to touch everything that will "pay;" and they pollute

everything they touch. Their schemes and dealings are so subtle, and so bold withal, that they have given a bad name to many lawful and laudable enterprises. But these men constitute only a fraction of the community. Deep down in the heart of the nation at large lie those noble and ennobling principles of honour, freedom, and Christian truth, which must ever, in the end, make a nation great.

ON THE CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.*

IT is a common act of cultivators to cut off the head of a plant, in order that it may send up many shoots instead of one. Sometimes this beneficent operation is performed undesignedly by the beasts of the field. Re-revealed religion—that tree of righteousness which our Father, the Husbandman, has planted in our world—has been so treated, and so benefited. Adversaries, from the first ages downwards, have been the means of multiplying its branches and extending its power. Every blow has issued in a more varied and more vigorous life. The present is perhaps the most active and adventurous of all the ages. Paul would have delighted to live in such an age as ours. When he enumerates the grounds of encouragement and hope for his work in a certain place, it is with a species of glee that he adds to the catalogue of comforts, "and there are many adversaries." It becomes us, as men of smaller power than Paul, yet with the same divine resources to draw upon, to be calm and hopeful in the conflict. The Lord sits King upon the floods. He that believeth shall not make haste.

Corresponding to the number and energy of the blows aimed against the foundations of the faith, defences spring up on every side, as from a living tree many shoots spontaneously spring forth where one has been wounded. Some "shipwrecks," alas! may be made where souls are unstable, in such a season of storm; but where the faith is living, its life may be invigorated by the hardy training of the times.

Among the many contributions to the evidences which are springing up, an interesting little volume has just fallen into our hands, contributed by four ministers and professors of the English Presbyterian Church in London, in the form of lectures to the young men of their own communion. The lectures, though contributed by a denomination, are eminently catholic. The arguments are pervaded, we think, in a remarkable degree, by strength and gentleness, philosophic fairness,

and Christian charity. We subjoin two extracts; the first from the lecture of Dr. Dykes, the second from that of Mr. Gibb.—*Editor.*

I.

THE PLACE AND MEANING OF AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF FAITH.

I question if there be a word in the English language which is at present suffering more from the cold shade of unpopularity than this unfortunate word "authority." The pendulum has swung just now a long way to the side of intellectual revolt against received belief; while even in the family and in the state there appears a growing relaxation of those bonds which have hitherto been held to imply subordination and obedience. It is not that people are really bowing either their minds or their wills to "authority" of some sort much less than they did before. Only they have taken to questioning those particular forms of authority to which formerly an unhesitating respect used to be accorded; and this questioning of old authorities is readily mistaken by careless thinkers for a genuine independence of all authority whatever.

So strong, and even excessive, is this prejudice of the moment, that I may fairly assume, when I address an audience of cautious and conscientious young men, that you are aware of it and on your guard against it. You feel, of course, that if you would judge truly and act wisely, you have more to fear at present from this one-sided tendency to independence, than from a too easy acceptance of authority; the latter being in the highest degree unfashionable, while the former is what people who speak grandly call the "spirit of the age." Especially will such caution and watchfulness against a temporary current of fashion be wise, when we deal with an authority which claims (as Holy Scripture does) to speak in the name of God, on matters of eternal life and death, and to whose teaching the whole of the Christian ages have hitherto been accustomed to bow. It were a calamity never to be enough deplored, should any one throw off the authority of words which God had really given on purpose to guide him to everlasting life, and by doing so should perish, simply because he

* From "Some Present Difficulties in Theology." Being Lectures to Young Men, delivered at the English Presbyterian College, London. With Preface by the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

happened to be young at the time when the public mind was in a restive and questioning mood.

My first design at present is to inquire in what sense "authority" is ascribed by the Church to the collection of documents which we call Holy Scripture. It will be my business also to indicate what, or how much at least, needs to be proved respecting Scripture, in order to make it reasonable for us to recognize in it such authority. It is impossible, within the limits of a lecture, to adduce the detailed evidence on which all, or even any, of those positions rest, which need to be proved before the authority of Scripture can be held to be scientifically established; but I shall be content if I can make it appear to you that the authority claimed for Scripture is a reasonable claim, and that it rests on evidence which is of the same nature as that on which other scientific results are based.

There are two, and only two, regions within which we can speak of the authority which one intelligence can exert over another. In each of these regions, the authority exerted in any given case may be either legitimate—that is, rational; or illegitimate and irrational. The first region is that of evidence; the second that of law. Authority in the first case rests upon superior knowledge; in the second, upon superior moral right. The one appeals to reason, and requires of us belief; the other appeals to conscience, and requires obedience.

We shall best appreciate the conditions of legitimate authority, in both of these spheres, by considering how it is exerted by one human being upon another.

In the sphere of evidence, for example, he who knows what I do not know occupies (so far) a superior position: he has the power of teaching my ignorance; and he has a right to be believed when he affirms what he knows, unless I have any valid reason for suspecting or impugning his veracity. This right to be believed is his authority as a witness. It is quite accurately to be called by the name of "authority," because it is not in my choice to believe or to disbelieve what a competent and honest witness affirms. I cannot refuse to believe on sufficient testimony, without offending both against the laws of my own reason, and against the rights of the witness. And so long as the thing told finds no support within my personal observation or consciousness—so long (that is) as my only reason for believing it is, that so-and-so has said it—the fact remains a fact of belief, and not a fact of knowledge. My informant knows in the strict sense; I do not know, I only credit. Now, it is quite evident that not only does this authority of evidence lie at the basis of all civil and criminal jurisprudence; not only is it the principle of all that portion of our education which is properly to be termed instruction; but it is that on which both history and science ultimately depend. As respects history, it is a familiar commonplace that we know nothing of past events save what contemporary men, who did know them, have

happened to tell us through monuments, records, or literary documents; and these we therefore term our "authorities" for that particular period. But it is the same with science. The innumerable facts on which every inductive science is reared have simply been observed somewhere by somebody, on whose word we know them. Those ingenious experiments by which nature is cross-questioned and hypotheses are tested, were simply made somewhere by somebody, whose record of them and of their results succeeding students accept on trust. It is true that we endeavour to eliminate such errors as human ignorance or prejudice may occasion, by repeating experiments and multiplying observations. But the advantage of being able to do so results entirely from the chance of error, which has to be reduced to a minimum. The fact once ascertained beyond question and recorded with accuracy, needs not to be again ascertained. It is accepted thenceforward on authority. No student of science does more than avail himself of the amassed inheritance of such recorded facts, and build his own new discoveries upon that foundation. Science itself could not advance beyond its infancy, except by resting upon authority.

You observe, however, that this sort of authority attaches only to facts, not to opinions, deductions, or theories based upon the facts. And for this reason, of course, that while the original observer or contemporary recorder has superior means of knowing the fact, he has, or may have, no superior power of drawing conclusions from it. We accept his witness to what we cannot know as well ourselves—thus paying tribute to him at that point where he is superior; but we reserve the liberty of revising his inferences, because in that respect our position may be as favourable as his own, or more so. It appears, therefore, that the authority of one intelligence over another in matters of belief—always granting the witness to be true—depends on his superior knowledge of the matter in question, and is limited by the limits of that superior knowledge of his. Authority of this sort is abused, or illegitimately applied, when we are asked to believe on unreliable evidence, or to accept the word of one who does not himself know what he affirms, or to credit a thing which is of its own nature incredible, because self-contradictory. But if we could suppose our informant's knowledge to be incapable of mistake, and his character to be incapable of deception, his authority would in that case be absolute. We should have no resource but to believe.

Let us turn next to the authority of law, which was the second species I spoke of. Human society is based upon the right of certain individuals to control within given limits the will of other individuals. When the ruling will expresses itself in a law, we have only to inquire whether the matter legislated upon transcends the legitimate sphere of the lawgiver's right; if not, his authority, being legitimately exerted, must be obeyed. This also is too familiar to need enlargement. The limits of parental authority, for example, are well

defined; and within them we recognize the duty of filial obedience. So also in the sphere of civil government. While in ordinary social life, wherever men co-operate in labour or business, there is a certain vaguer description of authority, conferred by capital, partly, and partly by skill, but limited (not destroyed) by contract, in virtue of which the *employé* obeys the order of the master, and the journeyman does his work at the bidding of the foreman. It is plain that authority in such matters of obedience turns on a certain superior moral right; and that in every case the limit of authority is fixed by the nature of that moral superiority, the possession of which carries with it a right to rule.

Other kinds of authority by mind over mind, than these two, I cannot imagine. Now, you will observe that these two authorities, as exerted by one man over another, are both derivative and imperfect. Testimony among men is always imperfect, even when it is practically adequate for all our purposes; simply because knowledge and veracity are both imperfect in any given witness. Legislative rule among men is also imperfect, because the right to rule is a moral one, and cannot but suffer somewhat from the moral imperfection of the ruler. It is, however, of more consequence to see that even were men as perfect as men could be, their authority over their fellows would still be derivative, reflected, and second-hand. In the case of moral authority over the will, this is evident enough. It is clear that any man's right to sway another man's obedience, and be a sort of temporary and partial lord over his conscience, must be a delegated and subordinate right, drawn from Him who is the original Owner of all rights and Source of all law. Why do I obey you, father, king, or master, but because God empowered you to command, and enjoined it on me to obey? It is substantially the same with the authority of evidence. You come to me to tell me of a single small fact, which you happen to know and I do not. Why must I believe you? Because you and I were both made by One who has perfect knowledge and is perfect Truth; because, on the one hand, he made you to know the fact in question, checks your relative knowledge of it by his own absolute knowledge, binds you to bear true witness to me, and will attest your witness or expose your falsehood by his own judgment; because, on the other hand, he made me capable of learning from you, chose you to be the bearer of a morsel of his truth to me, and requires me to yield you, as my brother, the fit measure of trustful and charitable credence. You testify, and I believe, under the eye and in the light of him who made you to be a truthful witness and me to be a believing learner. If you deceive me, he is my avenger; if I disbelieve you without reason, he is your avenger.

I think it follows from this, that the imperfect borrowed authority which one man exerts over the faith and obedience of another man, implies and throws us back upon some supreme authority, ultimate, underived,

and absolute, underlying all belief and all duty. This derivative human right to be credited and obeyed could not exist, unless behind every human witness and law-giver there were One whose testimony, being infallible, must be absolutely believed; whose will, being supreme, must be absolutely done. He it is who really requires me to believe my brother when he speaks the truth, and to obey my father when he commands the duty; and if it were not for that authority of his sustaining theirs, neither brother's witness or father's command could have any authority at all over me. Herein is that word of wide sweep—wide as the relations of man to man: "Thou couldest have no power [literally, no authority; John xix. 11] against Me, except it were given thee from above."

Suppose, now, that it were only possible—for once and somehow possible—for man to be spoken to by God; to receive on the immediate and undoubted word of God himself a statement of fact, or of his will,—such a word from the Infinite Intelligence would carry an authority precisely similar in its nature to that delegated subordinate authority which attaches to all words of man: in nature, I say, precisely similar, only in degree indefinitely higher. The authority attaching to any communication which God might be pleased to make (supposing him to make any at all) would be either the authority of a Witness to something which He knows and we do not know; or the authority of a Ruler imposing his own will as a law for our actions. Other sort of authority there can be none. Take specially the authority of the Divine testimony (for it will be simpler to keep to that species, leaving legislation on one side). God's witness-bearing to facts lying beyond the bounds of human knowledge may conceivably relate either to external and material facts—such, for example, as the creation of matter; or to spiritual and eternal facts—such as the co-existence of Three within the Unity of the Godhead; or to what may be termed facts of the Divine consciousness—such, I mean, as what God feels towards man, what he designs to do in regard to us, what he is willing to give on our asking him, and the like. These, and such-like classes of facts, though they lie, like all facts, before the eye of Omniscience, are by their very nature undiscoverable by any man—at least, in our present state. Here, therefore, the Divine testimony must be alone and unsupported. From a region outside of human knowledge this solitary Witness comes, with a revelation of new facts which exist, and which we are to believe as existing on the authority of his bare word. Wherein does this authority differ in essence from that of any solitary adventurer who returns from newly-discovered lands, to report their geography and their flora, or from that of the *savant* who should alone observe the solar phenomena of an Antarctic eclipse? God forbid that I should appear to any one to institute irreverent comparisons; but I wish you to feel that the testimony of God (if only attainable)

must possess the very same kind of authority which belongs to his intelligent and moral creature—man; *that* authority, namely, which reason binds us to concede to superior knowledge when combined with veracity. Because it is when you feel this that you will not be frightened, as by a bugbear, at this word “authority” ascribed to Scripture. A man is not supposed to abdicate the rights of his reason, or bow down in intellectual slavery to a dead letter, when he believes what Julius Cæsar has related of his campaigns in Gaul, or when he accepts the observations of Faraday or Darwin on physical facts. Caution and criticism have their place, to be sure, because self-love may warp the historian of his own exploits, and negligence may mislead the most careful observer. But the hesitation with which uncorroborated human evidence is received lessens precisely in proportion as the two disturbing elements—error and deception—are diminished. When their vanishing point has been reached—when the Witness is no longer capable of mistake, and his veracity is above suspicion—why should his authority become on the sudden an irrational bondage, or faith in his word a fond and unscientific credulity?

You will observe exactly what it is I am doing, so far. I am not now endeavouring to prove that my assumption a few moments ago was a correct one—namely, that the Almighty God has entered into the rank of witnesses, and borne his testimony in human speech to any facts lying outside the bounds of human knowledge. That is, indeed, what is claimed for revelation. It is a mighty, soul-shaking thought, that among the crowd of earth’s erring witnesses, credulous, deceiving, and deceived, who yet must, on the whole, live by the faith they put in one another’s words,—there has come the voice of One who cannot be misled and cannot lie—the voice of One by whose words of everlasting truth immortal souls may safely live. That, I repeat, is what is claimed for revelation; and I shall presently have something to say on the evidence by which it is to be proved. In the meantime, what I say is, that, supposing God could or did speak to man, his word would be either a witness to unknown facts or an expression of his own will; that it would have in either case the same species of authority which man’s word has when he bears witness or expresses his will; and that submission to the authority of what was thus said by God would be as eminently rational, at least as much required by right reason, as the corresponding submission in the case of human speakers.

II.

CHRIST THE EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

In addition to these more modern causes of doubt, there are the two great difficulties which have always perplexed the human spirit when meditating on the truths of Scripture, and of the Creeds. The first is the view there given of human sin; the second, the sight which they give of the love of God.

When we read what is said in the Bible regarding human sin, we are all apt to think that the colours are exaggerated—that it is spoken of as something more heinous and less pardonable than is at all reasonable. On the other hand, when we read what the Bible says regarding the love of God, we feel that surely God has shown a love as unreasonably great as was his anger against sin, in thus sending his eternal Son to redeem mankind. These two difficulties are as old as Christianity, and have been felt in some fashion or another by all who have meditated upon its truths. Nor can reasonings alone ever entirely overcome them; for, as the Bible tells us, only the Divine Spirit can give us an assured and peaceful subjective possession of the Divine revelation.

It is, however, the task of the apologist to endeavour so to present the truth that as many as possible of the difficulties, whether intellectual or moral, felt by the men of his generation, may be obviated or weakened in their force. The mode of the apologist’s argument must necessarily vary with the times in which he lives. And in endeavouring to show how it is possible for the doubter to find a rational standing-ground, by means of which he may pass from doubt to faith, I should be disposed to place, not the miracles, as the apologist of last century would have done, but the Person who worked the miracles, in the front of my argument. I should say to the doubter, Read with care the gospel history. There you find the image of a Person whom it will be impossible for you to contemplate without an admiration so deep as almost to be reverential. The words spoken by Christ, too—do they not fall upon the heart with a strangely solemn and subduing power? You may have read the lives of many heroes, and listened to many beautiful words of wise men, but you will feel yourself moved and solemnized by the record of the life and words of Christ as by no other. Without a peer in the page of history, Jesus of Nazareth stands out as the perfected ideal of consummate holiness and purity—a Teacher, too, whose words are the deepest and wisest which ever proceeded from human lips. So much is generally admitted by sceptics themselves—by Rousseau, for example. But this Jesus, whose wonderful beauty and holiness of character make us almost involuntarily bow the knee before him, unquestionably made certain clear, definite statements concerning his relation to God and his relation to mankind. God, he said, was his Father, and he had been sent into the world, from a previous state of existence, to give his life a ransom for men. He was about to return to God, to a glorious state of existence; and in that state of existence he would prepare everlasting and glorious abodes for all who believed on him here. He asserted, moreover, in the most unequivocal terms, standing before his auditors in the garb of a Galilean peasant, that they would yet see him come in the clouds of heaven, surrounded by angels, to judge mankind.

How are we to deal with these statements of Christ?

were untrue, he was either a deceiver or a . . . But it is not possible to believe that a Per-whom men have recognized to be the loftiest and Character who ever appeared among them, was deliberate liar and deceiver. Goodness and truth ether; and the instinct of mankind cries out: all attempts to separate them, and to call him ho, whether by the conscious fraud of imposture, the half-conscious fraud of fanaticism, deceives Fanaticism is, indeed, a species of fraud, and re it, no less than deliberate deceit, must be ex-

Fanatical imaginings, especially regarding one's own on the soil of a character of vanity and ambition and accustomed to practise habitual self-deceit; indeed, no species of human character more ret to man's best instincts than the arrogant, self-ng fanatic.

less these general considerations, the gospel nar-speaks strongly against the idea of Jesus having be dupe of fanatical imaginings regarding himself. is about the fanatic a certain air and bearing an hardly be mistaken: a fondness for display, a ng excitement, a love of mystery. How unlike to was Jesus! Take, for example, the narrative arrest and trial. The quietness and the dignity, ntle sadness, the want of all excitement, mark one who had perfect faith in the justness of his and the truth of his claims. Fanatical dreams to despair when misfortune overwhelms; but no ng was present to the mind of him who could say lying hour to the robber by his side, "To-day thou be with me in paradise."

nder, therefore, to get rid of the monstrous para-at the best and holiest of men was either deceiver tic, we must accept as just and true the claims he made to be the Son of God, the Redeemer and

Judge of mankind. This may be done by the candid doubter without much difficulty, because he has in his power the means of verifying these claims. This means of verification is the method of personal experience. Christ has said that every one who obeys his words, and puts his trust in him, will obtain certain blessings for his spirit. Peace, hope, and purity of soul will be granted to all who put their trust in him, and plead his name with God. Especially through trust in his atoning death will they obtain a peace of conscience, and a confidence in thinking of God, and in speaking to him, which the consciousness of sinfulness has previously prevented them from enjoying; and thus in a wonderful manner "will conscience—of all things in the world the most severe and implacable—be pacified." To go a step further, we are told in the New Testament that it is possible so to enter into fellowship with this Jesus, who, although unseen, still lives, that he will become to us as real a Personage as those are who live in our homes and sit around the same table. Is it possible to have these experiences in the nineteenth century? By putting the matter to the test, you can decide this for yourselves; and it appears to me that the character of Him who has solemnly assured men that they are realities ought to plead powerfully with the candid mind to make the trial. And if you do discover that such spiritual experiences as I have alluded to are realities, other difficulties will, for the most part, fall away of their own accord. If, for instance, you believe that Jesus, although unseen by mortal eye, can read the thoughts of your heart, and guide the inner springs of your life, you will not have much difficulty in also believing, with the evangelists, that he, to whom a power so like divinity now belongs, did, when he was upon earth, still the raging of the sea and feed the hungry multitudes by the word of his power.

BREATHINGS ON THE BORDER.—No. V.

BY ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

FROM my dwelling 'midst the dead,
With my sins upon my head;
When the bitter wind was rising, and the
night was growing late;
"It is lone," I said, "and drear,
With the ghostly tombstones here;
I see the glory and the light from heaven's
gate."

To that golden gate I crept,
Every step my full heart wept;
Weary was the burden of my sorrow and my
sin:
Little thought I it could be
That my Father spoke to me,
I heard his voice, that called me by my name to
enter in.

All my heart within me stirred,
By the promise of that word:
"Is it true?" I cried. "O Father, thou canst never
look on me!—
Me, a vile and wretched thing,
Wearied out with wandering."
Yet he said again, "My lost one, here is rest and home
for thee!"

Ah, full sore I needed both!
Yet to enter I was loath,—
I, an outcast, scorned, unpitied, by the stranger passing
by,—
I, a byword and a name
For a gulf of sin and shame,—
I to stand with saints in glory, there to meet my Father's
eye!

Yet his love had bound me so,
That I could not turn and go,
Back to darkness, back to anguish, to my dwelling by
the grave.
All unworthy of thy grace,
All unmeet to see thy face,
I have come to thee, my Father!—stretch thine arm out,
stretch to save!

He has loosed me from my sin,
His right hand hath led me in;
I shall stand among his ransomed, I shall sing as angels
sing;
But with praises in my song
That to me alone belong,
From a helpless ruined sinner to his Saviour and his
King.

A WORK OF LOVE IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

A LADY'S NARRATIVE OF HOW SHE SPENT HER HOLIDAYS.

FROM THE CHRISTLICHE VOLKSBOHE, BASLE.



N the north of Russia, while the winter is very long and severe, the fine season of the year is very short, and of a burning heat; therefore all who can, leave the dusty towns during the short summer, in order to lay in a stock of health and strength in preparation for the following nine months of cold.

Not being a landed proprietor, I have always to seek for some place where I may make the most of the summer while it lasts. I spent last vacation on a large and beautiful estate near Moscow, from the park of which there was an extensive view over a rich country dotted with villages.

Just outside the park, the Moskwa flowed along in its winding course, encircling the Kremlin as with a bright blue ribbon. On the other side of the river rose the numerous churches of the ancient capital, their gilded cupolas glancing in the sunlight. Were one to try to count them, he would be involuntarily reminded of the saying, that their number is forty times forty.

My two daughters and I occupied a house pleasantly placed in the park of which I have spoken, not far from the mansion of the proprietor. After we had explored many of the beautiful walks and picturesque spots of the neighbourhood, and tasted the pleasantness of the fresh air in the shady woods around us, we began to find that something more was wanted for our refreshment,—that we needed something to interest our thoughts and heart. As we passed through the villages, we saw whole troops of bright-looking children running about barefooted and idle. "They have plenty of spare time, as well as ourselves," we said; "perhaps it might be spent by us together to our mutual advantage. They would make good material for a village school," we thought; and from thinking we soon proceeded to acting. "Can you read, boys?" we asked, as we came upon a group one day. "No," they replied, after a doubtful pause, for they did not know what we might mean by making such an inquiry. "Is there any school in the neighbourhood?" Again "No" was the answer. "But Jacob can read a little," said a hearty little fellow, pointing to his elder brother. "He learned from the Diatschick"—that is, the church reader. "And what do you read, Jacob?" I asked. "I read no longer," he replied, with an air of

importance; "there is too much to do at home, and father can't do without me." The appearance of the child did not quite agree with this self-important explanation, but, without uttering my doubt, I inquired, "What did you read?" "Church books; I can read nothing else. It was very wearisome; and he pulled my hair and ears. And then one had to pay for it." "Well, then, children," I said, turning to the group, "would you like to learn with us? We shall not pull your hair and ears, and we shall not make your parents pay anything. There are just two things you must promise,—to come regularly every day at the appointed time, and to wash your face and hands carefully." This last condition seemed a very strange one to them. They looked laughingly at their dirty hands, and one of them said they could easily wash themselves from head to foot in the river. So it was agreed that on the following morning the bathing and the learning should begin. "But where must we come?" asked the boys. We pointed out the house in the park, which they knew very well, for they had often taken strawberries there for sale, and they quite enjoyed the thought of daily getting admittance to the pretty park. So they went their way, and we hastened off on ours, to get all made ready for our school. We had a room which we could devote to it, and we procured a long table and a couple of benches from the gardener, and laid in a stock of paper and pencils, and nice copies of the alphabet. So in the morning all was ready to begin school, and the little band came in, bright and happy, straight from their bath, with dripping hair. The children were all barefooted, and their whole clothing consisted of a pair of linen drawers and a ragged shirt, held together by a girdle, from which hung a small copper comb. But they were pleasant children, with open, intelligent countenances. We began with seven scholars and three teachers, but by the end of the week our work had doubled, for the boys had brought companions with them, and we had to divide the older from the younger, and opened a second class in the evening.

When we found that so many came, we thought we would try and have them on Sundays also, and see if we could not lead this little flock of wild and wandering lambs to the true Shepherd of souls.

Wild they were indeed, and uncultivated, for there

id been no one to care for them. Their parents, however much they might wish it, could not instruct them, r they were as ignorant as their children.

Each of these boys, no doubt, could at need harness a rse, and split wood, and help at the plough, and run d climb at pleasure; but that is not all we need. he time of temptation would come for them, and find em powerless to resist; and, falling, there would be no pe and no power to rise again.

So on Sunday we had the table and benches placed nder the lime-trees, and the children, in their bright idday clothes, and with well-oiled hair, took their places ll of expectation. Several women, too, appeared from e village, and established themselves close by. One uld see by their faces that they expected to hear of God d serious things. I began with a short prayer, during hich the children often crossed themselves, and bowed eir heads. Before each child, who could make the at use of it, we placed a New Testament. But where e we to begin? I had only ten Sundays before me, ad it seemed as if nothing could result from such a hort time of instruction. Yet there were the children, with their bright faces looking at me so trustfully! Oh, what joy it would be if I could awaken their young souls to an interest in divine things, and could point them to the way that leadeth unto life!

"Dear children," I said, "I should like that you all should be good, brave boys, and grow up to be good, honest men. I would like to help you to be this, and to show you the only means by which you can become such. Shall I do so?" "Yes," they all called out. "I see," I continued, "that unhappily on Sundays your drinking-shops are open, and filled from early morning, and that by the evening poor miserable drunkards are lying helpless in the dust in all directions, objects of contempt to even the youngest of you. Now, I am very anxious that all of you should shun the drinking-shop, and all idle, bad ways, and that in the life of poverty and toil to which you must look forward, you should still be happy, and respected in your families and village." Little Jacob here raised his voice, and exclaimed with much self-confidence, "I am determined I will never be a drunkard. My father does not drink, and my brother does not drink, though he has been coachman for a year past in Moscow. It is only fools that drink!" But another boy answered, "Are there so few of these fools then? But that is not the question, it is with ourselves we have to do." "Yes," I said, "it is of yourselves the question is. It is not enough to have a father that does not drink, in order that we should ourselves keep clear of the evil, but I will tell you what will really help us,—it is if we learn to know God, and to love and obey him. Of this God, who loves us and takes care of us, we shall talk together every Sunday. Would you like that?" "Certainly," they cried; "speak on." And of what did I speak to them? The great thing was to leave on these young hearts an impression of the person and the work of our Saviour, and to leave that impres-

sion as vivid as possible. So we generally read a passage from one of the gospels,—sometimes a parable,—and then it had to be explained in two ways. First, it was necessary to make my little hearers understand the different points of the story; then, secondly, to try and bring it all to bear on their hearts and lives, interspersing this part with questions. One can hardly imagine how very difficult it is to bring Christian truths near to the hearts of children in a land where ignorance is so gross, where even in the schools religion is only taught in a dry, theoretical fashion by those who, for the most part, trouble themselves but little about practising what they teach. In Russia, religion is the temple, with its holy splendour; while life is the great street outside, with its dust and manifold pollutions. As the dust is shaken off in entering the temple, so its sacred impressions are left behind when returning to daily life. But the gold and the dust must intermingle if life is to become godly, and how to accomplish that is the great problem, which is only solved by learning the lessons of God's Word. Somewhat of this interpenetration could soon be traced in the hearts and lives of these children.

The Monday's lessons always began by going over what they had heard on Sunday. Then we saw how they had grasped what they had heard, and viewing it in their own fashion, and according to their own customs, applied it to their daily life. They would tell of the wealthy farmer who had made a great feast at his homestead, and invited the Lord to it. Or it was the parable of the sower which they would relate, tacking on to it little particulars out of their own experience. Or it was the story of the lost son, which was an especially difficult one to them. The elder brother in the parable was the one who attracted all their sympathy and interest, while they applied the very harshest epithets at their command to the younger. "You may say what you like," exclaimed Jacob, "but that father was a most wrong-headed man; he should just have driven away that ne'er-do-well, who did nothing but bring himself to rags and beggary, while the elder brother had done all the work." "That's it," said several who were of an age to help their fathers in the toilsome field-work, and would by no means give in to the preference for the younger brother. Jacob was rather of an argumentative disposition, and exceedingly self-satisfied, but still a kindly boy, full of gentleness with his younger brother and sister. This younger brother was the one who solved the riddle as to the father's treatment of his wandering son. The little fellow turned his expressive black eyes on his brother and said, "You don't understand it; the father had pity on his son, just because he was so miserable!" It was then easy for us to add, "So has God had pity on us!"

Thus our Sunday and week-day school went on, the children made progress, and their example drew others to us, so that we soon counted thirty scholars. The school-room became too small, so we had to hold our school in the open air. The alphabets were fastened on

trees; those who were furthest advanced sat at the table, while the little ones squatted on the turf. When the lessons were over, they carried in the benches and seats for us, asking, in their simplicity, to which kitchen they should take them,—to that one where the cook lived, or to the kitchen where we lived ourselves. The cook's kitchen was by much the more interesting room to them, for there they saw the knives and spoons, the samovar (tea-kettle), the bright copper pans, which, with the earthen pots and the bowls of varnished wood, were the constant objects of their admiration. Their own dwelling-rooms were indeed the kitchens of their poor huts, with the great stove, the rough furniture, and all the domestic creatures crowded in together. As soon as our boys could spell out a little, it was their delight to take their book with them to the village, and there, surrounded by a circle of boys who could not read at all, to show off their wonderful attainments. The fable of the grasshopper, which was in our lesson books, gave the little auditors much matter for laughter. Very patient these audiences were, and never interrupted the reader.

But our school brought forth better fruit. One day four boys ran up to us, evidently full of some dispute that had occurred among them. "Madame," cried little Guerassimus (Jacob's brother), as soon as he had got within hearing of us—"Madame, we have found a beautiful penknife, does it belong to you?" and he showed us his precious find. "No, my child, it is not mine." "Now," said the little fellow, "these boys say we should keep it, and draw lots as to who shall have it; but I say that is not what we have learned on Sundays, and that we should try and find its owner. What do you say?" It is easily imagined what the answer was, and what our joy was at this first evidence of practical results from our teaching.

Among our scholars were some young girls. Two of them, pretty well grown up, appeared among us in a very interesting way. They were two sisters, who lived in a distant village, and came to us first one Sunday.

Their round, expressionless faces did not promise much for them as pupils, but what was my surprise when, at the end of the hour, one of them said with a soft voice full of emotion, "God bless you for teaching us these good things." When I came to inquire about them I found they were two orphans, who lived alone in the little hut where their parents had died, and worked for small wages on the fields of their neighbours. They had come to beg us to teach them to read. "You will find it a difficult matter to learn at your age," I said. "Indeed," they replied, "it will not be easy, but if you will only make the attempt, we will take great pains." "And why are you so anxious to learn to read?" "That we may read the gospels," they said; "we only wish to read the gospels." Still more astonished, I asked further, "Why are you so very anxious to read the gospels?" They hesitated, but at last the elder of the two said, blushing deeply, "Because we shall both die

soon." "Both die soon! how do you know that?" "That is our feeling," stammered out Paracha, much moved; "we were a numerous family, not so long ago either, and all our brothers and sisters have died." "You live all alone in your cottage; it must be very lonely in the winter?" "Very lonely indeed," said Paracha, and both of them took up the corners of their aprons to wipe the tears from their eyes. "We knit stockings in winter, but it would be so much better if one of us could read the gospels while the other knits." "But then the distance," I said, "and your field-work—the busy time is coming on." "Oh, as to the distance," said Eudoxia, the younger, "in summer that is of no consequence; and as to the work, I can manage all that is necessary alone. I am the stronger, my sister is the cleverer, she will learn with you, while I work for both; and when she can read she will teach me." Of course we accepted them as scholars, and they set off home with faces beaming with pleasure, while we determined to do our very utmost for them. And, indeed, these two sisters were our most tractable, attentive, and industrious pupils. They had immense difficulties to overcome. Their thick stumpy fingers were long before they could bend pliantly to hold a pencil, and their memories almost refused to retain the letters of the alphabet. But their eagerness and perseverance were such that at the end of three months they had attained their goal, and could read that Word of God, for love of which they had begun their difficult task and kept steady at it. Every Monday they repeated, with touching exactness, what they had learned on Sunday, and never forgot to thank God for permitting them to learn his Word. As yet there is no appearance of their forebodings being realized; they live on in the old way, but ever thanking God for having seen their sorrows, and comforted them.

Among the girls who came to our school was one indescribably poor and miserable little thing, named Douniacha. She had a bad sore on her arm, which nothing would heal, for she was compelled to knit gloves constantly, which sold well in Moscow; she thus obtained food for her family. Her father was a terrible drunkard; so she had to go on with her ceaseless work, in spite of the pain it gave her, and in the coldest weather she still went about shoeless.

One can easily imagine such wretched children looking on death as a release from suffering. When the story of the raising of the son of the widow of Nain was taken up in our class, I asked the children whether they would like to die. A young voice replied, in the most touching tone of sadness, "Yes, I would gladly die." But it was not Douniacha's voice, but that of George, a lad of thirteen, who only came to us on Sundays, because he could read already. "Why would you like to die?" I asked. "Because we have no bread, and life is so sorrowful!"

At that moment a laugh broke forth amongst our scholars. It was not caused by George's answer, as I soon saw. A big boy had come in, whose face betokened

his shirt hanging in tatters, and his hair free of wildness. He sat down at the foot of the children continued to make sport of this boy?" I asked. "Nikita, the fool," many lips, uttered with pitiless voices. "Is he a poor idiot; and do you laugh at him?" they cried, "but he is very wicked, and too: he throws stones big enough to break brains." "I don't at all wonder at that, on him like a pack of hounds, and make it in that way. Are his parents alive?" a drunken father, and a cruel stepmother; the highest feast-days he never has on a day like the one you see." "But do you really care for laughter? Should you not pity a poor boy?" "But he is so stupid, and weak right." Then I told them the story of Elisha, and the punishment of those who despised him, and they promised that henceforth they would be poor idiot in peace, or be kind to him. I was in his presence, and we did not know if they understood anything we were saying. But to our astonishment, he appeared with a plateful of wild strawberries, set them on the table, and stammered out, "I will bring more, then ran away. We made him a new shirt, and he was so proud that it gave him the hair on his head, and comb his hair. His stepmother found he was so noticed, changed her mind. He came every Sunday to our house, and the week brought us strawberries and

this the boys gave us an opportunity of their present of a shirt. They brought in a prisoner a pale, wretched-looking boy, cold, whom they had captured on the road. I had been found among the bushes by the mother of the poor, half-naked child, hardly seven years old. He passed the night. "He has a still worse name than the idiot," said his young protectors; "let us spend the night in a barn, or in the stable, as at home takes any care of him. Will you give him a shirt too?" The poor child showed signs of the ill-treatment he met with. He sat down, looking at no one, patiently waiting to be done with him. It was well for this that he lived close by a fine brave boy called Ivan, whose parents lived in more than usual comfort; he did not drink, and the mother was one of the best in the village—industrious, gentle, and kind. The house was the constant resort of poor relations, who came to the roomy, comfortable little refreshment, or to borrow of her. A woman undertook to receive the unhappy prisoner, and got the new shirt. It pleased us much to see thus seeking out the poorest and most neglected acquaintance, that they might be helped, though there were many of them very

poor indeed, they never asked anything for themselves.

Effime soon had occasion to find the benefit of having learned to read. One day in bathing he hurt his foot, and lost a great deal of blood. His companions brought him to us pale and exhausted, having bound up his foot in a most unskilful manner; and when his father came with a little cart to carry him home, he was nearly swooning. We recommended him to keep quiet, and rest his foot. That was easy enough for the first day, as he slept most of it; the next day we found him surrounded by his little brothers and sisters, to whom he was reading a story, and the poor little neighbour was there too, with a big piece of bread in his hand. Effime's mother had kept her word, and received the neglected child.

The last days of August were come, and from morning to night the ripe ears of corn fell beneath the reaper's sickle. It was an especially good harvest, and hope brightened every face. Only in the hut of Douniacha, and a few others who possessed no land, the common joy did not enter. The two sisters also still won their bread with difficulty, by hard labour on the fields of others. Teachers and scholars now felt that they must soon part, and zeal and diligence were redoubled. The parents, too, showed themselves very grateful for our trouble. They brought us presents of mushrooms, which they consider a dainty, and begged us to be godmothers to their new-born infants.

As we walked about we were constantly followed by some of our scholars, especially the idiot Nikita, whose strong arm was often a welcome aid against dogs or wild cattle. One evening, as we were standing admiring the wonderful colours of a brilliant sunset, a waggon laden with sheaves passed us, an old peasant following it. He greeted us respectfully, and said, with a voice full of emotion, "God bless you for teaching our children!" "Have you children among our scholars?" "I have no family," the old man replied; "but it is all the same, it is to our children you have done good."

Before the day of our departure came we made a feast for the children, and gave them tea under the lime-trees. They came long before the time, of course, and while the preparations were making, dispersed through the park. Then we remembered that we had neglected to invite two little boys, the two smallest of all, who lived with their widowed mother in a rather distant village. To reach school they had each morning to cross a great wood, and pass by the forester's dogs; but they had come regularly till wolves began to appear in the neighbourhood, and here and there a sheep or a calf had been torn by them. Then their mother would not let the boys come any longer. When we told the children how sorry we were we had not these boys with us at the feast, some said, "It is a long way off," and so on; but little Guerassimus called out, "I will go and fetch them," and off he set at once as hard as he could run. There was time enough, for the sun was high in the heavens.

By-and-by, when the tea-kettle was steaming on the table, and the cakes had been cut, and all was ready, we heard a rushing of feet, and saw blue and red shirts gleaming through the trees, and the two little boys were brought in, breathless and laughing, and the feast began. As long as there was water in the kettle they (Russian like) wished tea, and ever more tea. "Sophinka, give me some more, please," was the constant call to my daughter, who poured it out.

When I was speaking to them on the last Sunday we had together, and, while thinking of my work now to be broken off, longed for something to comfort me in parting from them, a shy little voice broke in with, "Thou

art going away; but the Saviour will remain among us." It was the voice of that same George who had wished to die because life was so sorrowful.

Two days after, when the carriage was at the door to take us to the railway station, we were surrounded by the children, who shook our hands heartily in parting. But little Guerassimus was not there. Some one said he had gone into the house. I sought him through the deserted rooms, and at last found him in the kitchen, beside the empty hearth, weeping bitterly with his face in his hands. God keep the little one through his own name! God bless the little flock! He is the true Shepherd.

B. W.

Syrian Missions.

BY REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, DAMASCUS.

II.

MISSIONARY TOUR TO RASHEIYA, ON MOUNT HERMON.



ON the 14th of March 1873, we commenced the missionary campaign of the year by a tour to Rasheiya. My companion was Mr. Harper, an Australian graduate and Scotch licentiate, fresh from the experiences of college life in Edinburgh and Berlin. He had spent the winter in Damascus studying Arabic, having caught an enthusiasm for the study of Oriental languages from Professor Davidson, who is still remembered in Syria as "the wonderful man who knew Arabic better than the natives, but could not speak it." We were also accompanied by Mousa Dawoud, the chief of the Protestant community in Rasheiya.

We heard with joy that the snow had disappeared from the paths, and made all preparations for an early start; but the morning opened with black clouds, and heavy rain, and distant thunder, which made a ride over thirty miles of country, without village or house, a questionable undertaking. My unacclimatized companion having, however, assumed all responsibility for starting on a wet morning, we left 21 Straight Street at about eight o'clock. We rode down the street due west, accompanied by my servant on a mule. For the first two hundred yards the Straight Street was uncovered and muddy, and the remainder of the street was covered over and dry. The black and white dogs of my quarter followed us to the border-land of the brown dogs;

and the brown dogs, having driven back their speckled enemies, pursued us for several hundred yards; whereupon a deputation of black dogs assumed the responsibility of seeing us out of town.

These much abused creatures fight as desperately for the right of conveying strangers through their quarter as the Arabs do for the right of escorting travellers through their territory; and, just as the Arabs fall desperately on any neighbouring tribe attempting to lead strangers through their part of the desert—at the same time leaving the strangers uninjured—so do the dogs of one quarter of Damascus resent with all their powers of teeth and tongue any similar encroachment on their quarter, and yet I have never known them to bite a single individual.

As we passed along we met several rosy-faced children going to our school, and they chirped out as we passed, "God be with you."

Pale-faced Moslems sat slipshod in *café*, bubbling at their nargilleys, or water-pipes, and sipping little cups of coffee. They calmly contemplate us with fanatical eyes as we pass, muttering inarticulate imprecations upon us; for they still remember the day when no Christian dare ride a horse within the sacred walls of Damascus. When Ibrahim Pasha conquered Syria, he put the Christians on a level with the Moslems; and when a deputation of Damascenes waited on the

gyptian to complain of the Christians riding as high as the believers in the streets of the city, he conqueror answered, with a smile, that they could still mount higher than the Christians by mounting on camels. The Christians, when going journey, had their horses led out of town before they mounted them, and they were not permitted to walk on the elevated footpath, but were obliged to plod along in the central gutter. It need not be wondered at, then, that fanatical words occasionally reach our ears; for we are mounted on horses, and, worst of all, I have a lovely blood mare, of one of the famous races ridden by the prophet.

It is better, however, and more philosophical, to take no notice of evil words, but only to look at them who utter them in such a manner as will make them conscious that you comprehended what they said. They will probably start to their feet at a little confusion, touch breast and brow in token of love and esteem, and give you the salutation of the true believer, "Go with my ease."

Some of the people who had eating-stalls were licking bits of the intestines of animals on spits, to be held over charcoal fires, for their hungry customers as they came up. The spit is held towards the customer, who draws the morsel off with his iron with his fingers, and stands in the street and eats it, and then reaches for another piece, draws it off, pays his fare, and passes on, eating as he goes. The poor spend little time at their meals; and to this day I have hardly ever seen one of our servants dining; but they all waste much time over their elaborate pipes, and the custom of sitting long over their cups is also not infrequent.

Flocks of goats were being milked by grand-joking Druzes, with great white turbans, at people's doors, and black slaves were waiting with empty vessels to receive the milk, and prevent its being washed blue.

The few Jews whom we saw seemed most hasty after their debauch and victory over the Christians in the feast Purim; for the Jews believe, as a Rabbi, who read the Book of Esther with me, informed me, that "Ahashuerosh, and Haman, and all the other enemies of the Jews in Shushan the palace, were Christians."

As we emerged from the gate of the city, the keeper asked, and was refused, "*backshish*," and we were glad to find ourselves among the gardens. The apricots were all in bloom, and as the blossoms precede the leaves, the trees seem sheeted in snow tinged with pink. The walnuts had begun to unfold their fragrant leaves and ebon catkins. The leaden evergreen olives served as a foil to set off the bright and various colours of the trees around them; and the yellow willows and silver-stemmed poplars, by the streams, gave pleasing variety to the scene. The blossoming beans on every side scented the air, and black-birds and turtle-doves filled the trees with their melody. Wherever an apple-tree appeared, it called to memory the words—"As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." There are few things more curious to me than the pains that have been taken to prove that the apple-tree of Scripture is not the apple-tree. The usual method by which this feat is performed is by misrepresenting in English characters the Hebrew spelling of the word; then misrepresenting the modern Arabic spelling of the word; and then by bringing into play that awe-inspiring instrument—"higher criticism." Nevertheless, the modern Arabic name is the same in all essentials as the Hebrew; and the tree itself, by its deeper green foliage,—by the symmetrical arrangement of its lovely and delicately-scented blossoms,—by its fruit, that excels all others in beauty of tinge and sweet fragrance,—and by its thickness of shade, at the season when shade is needed, asserts its pre-eminence over all the trees of the field.

An hour brought us to the end of the gardens, and then we had to cross a level plain, partly cultivated, for another hour. Our route lay due west to a low range of mountains; behind, and rising over the mountain, stood great Hermon, sheeted to the feet. Our third hour was spent in crossing over this mountain, which has a peculiar yellow tinge. The stone is veined with red, takes a beautiful polish, and is by many Damascenes preferred to marble. By ten o'clock, the "morning cloud and the early dew" had passed away. Flocks of goats streamed down from the brow of the mountain, calling to mind the figure—"Thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear

from mount Gilead" (Cant. iv. 1). From the summit of the mountain we looked down upon the Sahara—a wide plain, for the most part barren and flinty, but in some places cultivated at the part where we were about to cross. The crossing of this Sahara is dreary work in summer. It occupied us three hours. Several flocks of gazelles trooped away from us as we approached them, and at a distance we saw one hungry-looking fox sneaking round behind a hill; vultures soared over our heads, speculating on the chances of prey; and buzzards dozed lazily watching the holes of beetles; but the absence of life, in this and most of the great Syrian plains, is oppressive. Sometimes you may go hour after hour, and see no sign of life, except ants and solitary wheat-ears (stone-chatters) sitting scolding on stones.

When about half across the Sahara, our attention was attracted by a man rushing wildly over the plain, first in one direction, and then in another. It turned out that he was a shepherd, and while asleep his sheep had strayed from him. Anxiety—almost agony—seemed depicted in his face as he put forth all his powers in search of his straying flock. We thought of the Great Shepherd of the sheep, who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," but who slumbers not nor sleeps, and who never loses one of his flock through carelessness or forgetfulness.

In the distance before us we saw a confused crowd of oxen and white-turbaned Druzes; and as we approached them closer, they resolved themselves into a vivid Old Testament picture. The late rain had once more called forth the plough, and one of the Druze sheikhs of the neighbourhood was ploughing with six yoke of oxen—half the number that was moving in the field of Abel-meholah when the great iconoclast, on his way to Damascus, came upon Elisha "ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth" (1 Kings xix. 19). What fine strong men these Druzes are; and, with all their faults, how chivalrous! For, while they ruthlessly destroyed their enemies in 1860, the thousands of women and children who fell into their power were scrupulously guarded from all injury. I have never yet, even in this land of lies, heard the Druzes accused of injuring in any way a

woman. That tall weather-beaten Druze, who so courteously returns our salutation, is such a ploughman as Elisha, on whom Elijah cast his mantle. No silken priest, or carpet knight; but a brave strong man, from the most honest labour in the world, who had always received direct from God the sunshine and the shower. And those two jointed sticks—one of them tipped with iron—which serve for plough, and that heavy yoke and long ox-goad, are just such "instruments of the oxen" as Elisha took to prepare the feast for his retainers before he left them. With such instruments as Elisha employed to till the ground the natives turn up the soil to this day; or, as my friend Themetri expresses it, "They scrape the ground like one cat."

The parable of the sower, as it is called in the Gospel—or of the *four kinds of soil*, as the Germans name it—had all its outlines clearly defined before us. When Jesus from the fishing-boat taught the crowd on the shore the spiritual relation of the kingdom of heaven to the different classes of hearers, he gave point and permanence to his teaching by pointing to things seen and felt. "Behold, a sower went forth to sow." Before us was the sower; but there was no white sheet, nor stately-measured tread, nor generous swing of the arm, nor whirling storm of seed; but a woman, with a little straw-basket, scattering seed carefully as in a garden-bed. Nor did the figure suffer in aptness through wanting the stately accompaniments of our northern lands; for, while the seed may be sown by Apollos, or Knox, or Cooke, with flash of lightning and crash of thunder, breaking up the fallow ground, and shattering the rocks, still, it is more frequently sown amid still small voices, by the thousands of Pricillas who make known the Word of God more perfectly, whose words fall noiselessly as the dew. Any one, on reading Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," feels anxious to consult some good history of France to learn what that wonderful episode, the French Revolution, was; and so, after the orator has made us tremble like Felix, we would often, like Felix, go away and become more hardened were there not thousands—Sabbath-school teachers, mothers, sisters, and other humble men and women of God—who noiselessly bring Jesus Christ home to our souls.

is not the sower, but the seed, that is "*quick and powerful.*"

The path, unhedged, and beaten hard by the feet of every passing animal, receives some of the seed on its unreceptive surface from the most careful sower, as the plough had it up to the very edge of the path; and the seeds—some of them openly and in flocks, some of them singly and by stealth—"came and deared them up." What a true picture of the dirt that has become the smooth highway of the devil's hosts! The Word lies upon it for an instant; but it enters not in, takes not root; for it has no spiritual perception, and it shall be barer and harder in the time of harvest than in the time of sowing.

And there were rocks showing their tops over the surface of the ground; and the thin layer of earth upon them, easily turned up, and favourable to an early and showy vegetation—how true a type of the shallow heart in all lands and in all ages!

The Druzes had fought a hard fight with the thorns (a sort of slow thorn), as they had taken whole bundles of them by the root; but some were left untouched, and some were only cut off close to the ground. But it was patent that the

thorns had a great advantage over the wheat, as they had occupied the ground first, and had their roots deep in the soil. In fact, the thorns were in their native element; and notwithstanding the Druzes were using all their efforts for the repression of the thorns, and for the furtherance of the wheat, it was clear that the wheat would have a hard struggle for existence. And unless the constant care of the husbandman prevented it, the crop would be in many places choked altogether, or at best he would find in harvest only long slender straw topped with chaff, lighter than the wind. So in the relation of the kingdom of Christ to the heart of man. The seed must be sown in it. The seed is not indigenous, but the thorns are. They have occupied the ground before it with root and stem, and grew with it, and over it—"The care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the Word, and he becometh unfruitful."

But it was pleasant to remark, that even in the wilderness there was much good ground, that would amply repay the sower, and cause the heart of the reaper to rejoice—ground which, even with slight, unskilful ploughing, and careless, faithless sowing, "brings forth, some an hundred-fold, some sixty, and some thirty."

DAMASCUS, 21 STRAIGHT STREET.

OUR FATHER'S LOVE: A STORY OF LONDON STREETS

CHAPTER III.

OUR FATHER.

FROM this time Elsie began to pay some attention to her personal appearance. She washed her face and hands, and combed her hair every morning, before she went out, and, of course, looked less wild; but her rags, poor child, were past mending, and there seemed no hope of ever being able to replace these with better clothes now. New ones,—new frocks, new shoes, that gave other little girls so much pleasure,—Elsie had never had. Sometimes she wore a pair of old shoes or boots picked up in the street, and sometimes she went barefoot; and it was much the same with frocks and bonnets. Sometimes she picked up a rag that would cover her, and had one given her, and she wore it until it dropped to pieces. She had never been quite naked; but many times she had been almost so, until some one had given her something to put on.

She began to wish now that some one would do so again; and formed all sorts of plans for saving enough money to buy herself a frock at a second-hand clothes' stall,—plans that always failed, for winter was drawing near, and the two girls found it harder work than ever to pay the rent, and buy bread to eat. The rent must be paid, Elsie said over and over again, as if to convince herself of a fact she half doubted. Susie said nothing, but stitched away as fast as she could, and always contriving to have the shilling for the landlord when he called; for she knew if it were not paid they would be turned into the street, and for Elsie's sake, as well as her own, she did not wish this to happen. Elsie said she did not care, she had always been used to a street-life, but that it would never do for Susie, and so for her sake,—to keep Susie's home for her,—she grew more careful and steady, that she might be trusted by

people to do odd jobs for them, and thus bring in a few pence to add to the weekly store. But with all Elfie's care and steadiness, and Susie's close stitching, they had a hard time of it to make ends meet; and Susie grew pale and weak, and often suffered from a pain in her side. She went regularly to church on Sunday; but she could never persuade Elfie to do so. Church was for decent folk, not for her, she said; but she looked forward to sitting down with her arms round Susie's neck, to listen to her reading from the Bible, on Sunday afternoon.

Sometimes they contrived to have a fire on Sunday, but it was not often they could have one all the week, except to boil the kettle sometimes; for Susie still kept up the habit of having regular meals, and was gradually winning Elfie to like this plan too.

People began to notice the pale, pinched little face under the shabby black bonnet, that was seen so regularly every Sunday in a quiet corner of the church; and at length a lady spoke to her as she was coming out one day.

"Where do you live, little girl?" asked the lady kindly. It was very cold, and the lady could not help shivering in her warm furs, and she noticed that Susie had only a thin cape on.

"In Fisher's Lane, please, ma'am," answered Susie, dropping a courtesy and blushing.

But the lady did not know Fisher's Lane. "Do you go to the Ragged School?" she asked.

Susie shook her head. "I don't know where it is," she said.

"That is a pity," said the lady; "for there is a Sunday school there afternoon and evening, in a nice, warm room, and the teachers would be glad to see you, I am sure."

"Would they?" said Susie. "I used to go to Sunday school before we came to live here. Perhaps Elfie knows where it is, and maybe she'll come with me."

"Ask her," said the lady; "we shall be very glad to see you both." She did not stay to ask who Elfie was; but she looked after Susie as she ran down the street, and was surprised to see her join poor, ragged, neglected-looking Elfie—for Susie still contrived to keep a decent appearance, although her clothes were so thin and old.

The lady's invitation was repeated to Elfie; but to Susie's surprise she did not look at all pleased. "Do you know where the school is?" asked Susie.

Elfie nodded. "Yes, I know where it is; but I shan't go."

"Oh, Elfie, do," said Susie, coaxingly.

"No, I shan't. You may, if you want to leave me all alone on Sunday afternoons," said Elfie sulkily.

"But I don't want to leave you, Elfie; I want you to come with me," said Susie.

"I don't want to come," said Elfie doggedly.

"Why not?" persistently asked Susie.

"I don't like schools, nor them that go to 'em;" and

to end all further discussion on the subject, Elfie ran on home, leaving Susie to follow more leisurely. There was nothing for her to hurry home for. The room looked cold, bare, and desolate, for they could not indulge in a fire to-day; they had not been able to make up the rent-money, and the thought of this had troubled Susie until she went to church. There, however, she had heard the message bidding her to cast her care upon God; and she came home to the cheerless room, and her dinner of dry bread, feeling as blithe as a bird.

"Why, what's come to you, Susie?" asked Elfie. "You was crying and fretting about the rent-money before you went out, and now you look as though you'd got it all safe in the tin box."

The mention of the rent brought a little cloud into Susie's face, but it was quickly dispelled as she answered—"O Elfie, I wish you could have heard the minister to-day, and what he said about God taking care of us."

"It don't seem as though he took much care of you and me," said Elfie sulkily, as she looked at the empty grate, and tried to draw her rags over her bare shoulders.

"Are you very cold, Elfie?" asked Susie tenderly.

"I shouldn't think you was very warm," said Elfie crossly. "Your frock ain't in rags, perhaps, but it's as thin as mine."

"Yes, it is thin," said Susie, "and I'm cold; but it seems to me God does care even for our being cold, for he's sent to tell us we may go where there is a fire this afternoon."

"Where's that?" asked Elfie sharply.

"At the school the lady told me about," answered Susie. "She said there was a fire there, and they would be glad to see us."

"Well, I shan't go," said Elfie. "I'd rather stop here in the cold."

This seemed unreasonable to Susie. "Do tell me why you won't go?" she said.

"No, I shan't. And if you go, don't you tell anybody you know me," said Elfie.

"Why not? Have you been to the school before?" asked Susie.

"I shan't tell you, and I won't go," said Elfie doggedly.

Susie was puzzled. She hardly knew what to do, for she did not like to leave Elfie, and yet she wanted to go to school; but at length she decided to stay at home and read to her companion, and go to the school in the evening, if Elfie would show her the way; for they had no fire and no candle to burn to-night, and it would be very dull to sit there in the dark listening to the noises in the other lodgers' rooms, for there was rarely a Sunday evening passed without a quarrel in the house. Elfie would go out to play with some of her companions as soon as it grew dusk; but Susie had given up going out to play on Sunday.

After a little persuasion, Elfie agreed to take Susie to the corner of the street where the school was; but

she would not go any further, and she promised to meet her at the same corner when she came out after school.

"But I don't know what time the school will be over," said Susie.

"I do," said Elsie, with a short laugh; "but mind you sin't to tell any of 'em who showed you the way," she added in a more serious tone.

Susie promised not to mention her name, and she hoped the lady who had invited her would forget that she had said she would bring Elsie with her; but she could not help thinking it very strange that Elsie should dislike the idea of coming so much.

The children had begun to assemble when she reached the school; and hardly knowing where she was going, Susie went into the large, light, warm room, and looked round for the lady whom she had seen in the morning. She was not there, but another teacher came forward and asked her name, and where she lived; and on hearing she could read put her into the Bible class at once.

Susie looked shyly at her companions, who were, of course, looking at her, but not very shyly, for many of them looked as though they were used to a street-life, and most of them were older than herself. What a treat it was to these poor girls to sit down in a warm, light room, Susie could only guess. To her it was very delightful,—the mere sensation of light and warmth; and the only drawback to her enjoyment was the thought that Elsie was not sharing it.

She could join in singing the opening hymn; and then, when the books were given out, she found her place more quickly than the rest, and ventured to lift her eyes to the teacher's face for a minute, and then saw that the lady was looking at her.

"You have not been to the school before, have you, my dear?" she said in a gentle voice.

"No, ma'am," answered Susie.

"I hope we shall see you very often now. Can you come every Sunday?" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Susie; and then, the others having found their places, the reading commenced. The lady explained the meaning of each verse as they went on, but spoke more particularly of God's care for his children.

When school was over, and Susie met Elsie, she told her of the evening lesson, and how like it was to what she heard in the morning; but Elsie answered, "Well, I'm going to take care of myself now, and then perhaps God will do it for me by-and-by."

"I think we need God's care now," sighed Susie, thinking of the deficient store of halfpence in the tin box at home.

"Well, we don't get it," said Elsie defiantly; "and going to that school won't bring it neither. Don't go again, Susie," she added.

"But I like it; and I must go now, because I've promised," said Susie. "I do wish you would go with

me; it is so nice, Elsie. We sing, and read, and pray to God; and the room is so beautiful with the fire and the gas."

"I know all about it," said Elsie sulkily; "and I know just what you'll do too: you'll go to that school, and then you won't like me. Some of 'em'll tell you I'm a bad girl, and then you won't speak to me;" and the thought of this so overcame poor Elsie that she burst into tears.

Susie put her arm round her neck, and drew her own thin cape over her shoulders. "Nobody shall make me say that about you, Elsie," she said; "don't cry. I'll love you always; and you shall come to school with me, and learn to read."

But Elsie still shook her head about going to school. "I can't go there," she said.

"Yes, you shall, Elsie. I know why you don't like to go; it's because your frock is so old. But we'll try and make another this week. I think mother would like you to have her frock to go to school in," she added; "and there's her shawl; perhaps we could make two of it; and I don't think she'd mind, as we are so cold."

Susie was determined that nothing should damp her happiness to-night, and she would not listen to Elsie's refusal to go to school. She felt brave, too, or she could not have spoken about cutting up her mother's dress and wearing her shawl as she did. Yes, the little girl was brave and hopeful. What she had heard of God's care and tender love to-day had brought back all the lessons of her childhood; and she could believe that God was her Father, and cared—really cared for and loved her.

When they reached home she said, "I wish you'd kneel down and say 'Our Father' of a night, like I do, Elsie."

"But I don't know it," said Elsie.

"Well, I'll teach you; shall I? You can say it after me in bed until you know it by yourself; only, I'd like you to kneel down and say it first, like I did to mother."

Elsie was generally willing to do anything to please her companion, and she very readily consented to this. And so, after shutting the door, the two girls knelt down in the pale moonlight beside a chair, and Elsie repeated the words slowly and reverently as Susie uttered them—the divine words that make all men brothers, and all women sisters.

There must have been some such thought as this in Susie's mind, for as she crept into bed after Elsie, she said, "I did not think of it before, but you are my sister, Elsie, so I shall never forget to love you;" and she kissed her as she spoke.

Elsie threw her arms round her. "Say you'll love me always," she whispered; "for there's nobody else in all the world if you don't."

"I do love you," said Susie. "But oh, Elsie, I wish you'd believe God loves you too—that he is our Father."

"I don't know nothing about fathers; I never had a father," said Elsie. "But if you'll love me, perhaps I

shall believe that God does by-and-by—especially as the Lord Jesus was a poor man. I like to hear about that, because, you see, it makes it seem somehow that he knows all about poor people—even street rubbish like I am, if he had no bed and no home.”

Before they went to sleep that night Elfie had learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer almost perfectly. She could learn quickly if she liked; and at last dropped to sleep murmuring the words, “Our Father, our Father.” And Susie thought over all she had heard that day of the Heavenly Father's love; and at last fell asleep, to dream that her mother had come back to lift all the care off her shoulders, and shelter her from every rough wind that blew. But Monday morning brought the every-day anxiety with it; and Susie's first thought was of the landlord, and what he would say when he came in the afternoon and found she had only tenpence of the rent saved up in the tin box. She tried to recall something of what she had heard the previous day—tried to cast her care upon God; but it was very hard; and it was not until she had knelt down and prayed—ay, and sobbed out her trouble before him—that she could believe any of it this morning, although she had felt so sure of it the day before.

Elfie had woke up first and gone out. She often did this if there was only a small piece of bread in the house, because then she could leave the bread for Susie, and pick up her breakfast at the market, or about the streets.

So, after eating her bread, Susie took out her work, sitting upon the low stool, with the blanket of the bed wrapped round her, for it was bitterly cold this morning, and they had no fire. They had been afraid to buy coals or wood, as they could not make up the rent. This was Susie's great anxiety this morning. What the landlord would say she did not know. He was a gruff, cross man; and Susie dreaded his visit—sat trembling with fear at the thought of hearing him come up the stairs; and again and again lifted her heart in prayer to God, asking that they might not be turned out of their home.

CHAPTER IV.

ELFIE'S SIXPENCE.

SUSIE's suspense as to the result of the landlord's visit came to an end sooner than she expected. He called earlier than usual to-day, and the poor girl's last faint hopes that Elfie would be able to earn twopence and get back before he came was cut off as she heard his halting footsteps coming up the stairs. He knocked at the opposite door first, and Susie hoped he would be detained there, and she crept to the top of the stairs and looked over, in the hope of seeing Elfie coming up.

But Elfie was not to be seen; and with a sinking heart Susie went back and took down the tin box, and then sat down to her work again, waiting for the door to open and Elfie to come in, for somehow she had

persuaded herself that she would come in yet. But in a minute or two the opposite door closed, and then there was a knock at her own. Susie could hardly walk across the room to open it, she trembled so violently.

“Good morning,” said the landlord pleasantly, as he stepped in and looked round the room. “You keep the place nice and clean,” he said approvingly. “But why don't you have a fire, child? it's cold to-day, and you sitting at your sewing.”

“Yes, sir,” said Susie meekly, glancing at the empty grate, and hardly knowing how to tell him she had not been able to make up the rent.

“You ought to have a fire,” went on the man, not noticing her confusion, and wishing to say something kind to the poor little orphan. “You ought to have a fire this cold day; every other room in the house has one.”

“Have they, sir?” said Susie, thinking the man was displeased. “I'm very sorry I can't get one too, but I don't think the place will get damp; we have one sometimes.”

“The place get damp!” repeated the landlord; “what do you mean, child?”

“Please, sir, I thought you was afraid the room would spoil,” said Susie, still dreading to make the revelation that she had only tenpence of the rent.

“Spoil!” repeated the man—and he looked round on the patched, discoloured walls and laughed—“why, child, you keep your room nicer than any other in the house. I was thinking you must be cold.”

“I don't mind that much, sir, if I can only stay here,” said Susie; “but—but please, sir, I've only got tenpence of the rent to-day. I hope you won't turn us out for the other twopence. I'll try and pay it next week, sir,” she added.

The man took the halfpence and counted them, and then looked at the little pale pinched face before him. He loved money, and was used to scenes of misery, but was not quite without human feeling, and Susie's mute distress was almost more than he could look upon unmoved. “Who told you I should turn you out, child?” he said.

“No one, but—but I was afraid you would if I didn't keep the rent paid,” said Susie.

“Yes, to be sure—of course I should—I can't do without my rent,” said the landlord; “but still, in the case of a little girl that's honest and tries to do her best, I shouldn't be hard on her for twopence. But you mustn't let the others know I said this,” he added quickly.

“No, sir; and I'll try to pay it next week,” answered Susie with a sigh of relief, as the man turned towards the door.

“Good-bye, child,” said the man, still toying with the halfpence he held in his hand. Susie thought he had gone, and took up her work again, but the next minute he was back.

“Never mind about the twopence next week,” he

ried whisper; "and look here, child, I think of you sitting here without a fire: some wood and coals with this," and as he laid fourpence on the table, and then hurried gain.

Did not thank him, she could only look at her face and then burst into tears; while he went up-stairs, wondering what could have made him take to the girl half a week's rent.

How it was, although her landlord did not, being, she knelt down to thank God for his help. As soon as her tears had subsided a little she could smile at the thought of her anticipation that never came, she got up and went out to get wood and coals to light a fire; for she ought to have thought, as the money had been given her for the week. She wanted to surprise Elsie too by lighting a bright blaze before she came in, so that she would not be disappointed when she returned with her load of coals.

It was very heavy, although there was only a small amount. Susie was panting for breath as she opened the door; but Elsie did not lift her head from the floor, where she had buried her face, as she was on the floor.

"What's the matter?" asked Susie in some alarm, as she saw the coals on to the hearth.

"I replied Elsie, without raising her head. I thought she knew what it was. "Look up, Elsie, in a tone of gladness; "the landlord's brought me all right now, and see what I've got." Elsie raised her head, but did not look at Susie's coals. "The landlord's been," she slowly said, "when I'm too late after all," and her head drooped lower than before.

Puzzled, until looking round she saw a little pile of money on the table. "Oh, Elsie, where did that money?" she said in a tone of joyful surprise, she sprang over to count it. "Sixpence!

"How rich we are; and I've just been to buy wood to make a fire. But why don't you look at it, as she noticed that her companion's head bowed upon her knees.

"Elsie did not move, did not attempt to lift her head, but rummaged out something Susie could not

see, Elsie?" asked Susie in alarm.

"Leave me alone, and light the fire," said Elsie, turning off the hand that had been laid upon

her. "What it is—you're sorry you did not get more; to pay the landlord; but it doesn't matter, it was very kind, and won't turn us out, and we may get the twopence next week. Wouldn't you like to know how I got the coals?" said Susie.

"How did you get 'em?" said Elsie, just lifting her head.

"I'll tell you, then, and tell me how you

got all that money on the table first," said Susie, laughing.

But Elsie's head went down again at once. "I don't want to know about the coals," she said; "you can keep your secret, and I'll keep mine."

"But it isn't a secret, Elsie. I'll tell you all about it," said Susie, beginning to place the wood in the grate, for she could not afford to waste her time.

"I don't want to know," replied Elsie. "Perhaps the angels your mother talked about brought you the money," she added.

"Did the angels bring yours?" asked Susie.

For answer, Elsie started from her seat, gave Susie a violent blow on her back, and rushed down-stairs and out into the street.

As soon as Susie could recover from the blow, she ran out of the room calling "Elsie! Elsie!" but Elsie was half-way up the lane by that time, and did not hear the call, and if she had, would probably have run away the faster. When Susie went back she looked at the money that still lay on the table, wondering what could have made Elsie so cross. She could not understand this sudden change in her behaviour at all; she had always been so kind to her before, and it seemed hard to believe that it was Elsie who had struck her now. After watching the fire for a minute or two, she washed her hands and sat down to work again, feeling very sad and uncomfortable, and wondering when Elsie would come back. Then she wondered whether she had had anything to eat to-day; she herself was hungry, and yet she had eaten a slice of bread, and had not been running about the street as Elsie had.

"Oh, that has made her cross. She was so hungry and yet she would not spend any money till she had brought it home, and then it was too late for the landlord. Poor Elsie! but never mind, we'll have a nice, real tea to-day;" and as she spoke, Susie put on the tea-kettle, and then went out to buy the things for the real tea.

Just as it was getting dusk, she got the tea ready, and then sat down to wait for Elsie's coming, but an hour passed and no one came; and then, feeling faint and almost sick with hunger, she ate her tea by herself, feeling sadly disappointed that Elsie had not come home.

Elsie did not make her appearance until bed-time, and then she crept in, looking as cross and sullen as when she went out. Susie had forgotten her unkindness of the afternoon, and jumped up at once to meet her. "O Elsie, why didn't you come before?" she said. "I got such a nice tea ready for you. But never mind, I've kept the teapot on the hob, so it's hot now, I daresay," and she went to pour it out.

"I don't want any tea," said Elsie. "Where's the money I left on the table?"

"Did you want it? O Elsie, I've spent it," said Susie in dismay.

"Oh, it don't matter," said Elsie carelessly, begin-

ning to take off some of her clothes, ready to go to bed.

"Won't you have some tea? Oh do, Elfie," said Susie. "I'm sure you must be hungry. See, I've cut some bread for you, all ready."

But Elfie shook her head. "I don't want it," she said; "I'm not hungry." And in spite of all Susie's coaxing, she went to bed without touching a bit.

Susie had a great mind to cry. She felt so vexed, and she thought Elfie was cross now because she had spent the sixpence. She could not work any longer, so, putting out the candle, she undressed and crept into bed beside Elfie, who pretended to be fast asleep.

Susie found out, at last, that she was awake, and, creeping closer to her, she said, "I'm so sorry I spent the sixpence, Elfie; it seems so greedy of me."

"Bother the sixpence! Don't talk about that any more," said Elfie crossly.

"What shall we talk about?" said Susie. "I'm not at all sleepy, and I wanted to talk to you, to tell you how good 'our Father' had been to us to-day," she added in a whisper.

Elfie flounced herself over, pulling all the bed-clothes off Susie. "You're always talking about that," she said crossly.

Susie did not know what to say, and she felt so hurt that she burst into tears. For a few minutes Elfie lay quite still; but, at length, she turned round and put the clothes over Susie's shoulders, saying, "There; don't cry, Susie. I'm such a brute. I'll go away to-morrow."

But Susie's tears only fell the faster. "O Elfie, what have I done? I'm so sorry I spent the sixpence; but don't go away to-morrow, and I'll work and get you another," and she threw her arms round her companion's neck, and kissed her.

Elfie was crying too now. "I'd better go away, Susie," she said. "I'm a bad, wicked girl, and you'd better not love me any more."

"But I do love you," sobbed Susie. "O Elfie, don't go away and leave me!"

"But you can't love me now, Susie! I hit you this afternoon," said Elfie, through her tears.

"I made you cross first. O Elfie, I did not think you wanted that sixpence for anything, and it was greedy of me to spend it!"

"No, it wasn't," said Elfie; "but don't talk about that any more. I want to forget all about it."

"Why?" asked Susie. "I like to think how I get my money, 'specially when somebody's kind, like the landlord was to-day. Don't you think it was God put it into his heart to give me fourpence, and not be cross about the rent?"

"I suppose it was," assented Elfie; "but I don't want to think about God any more, so don't talk about him."

"Don't want to think about God!" repeated Susie. "Oh, Elfie, and you'd begun to say 'our Father,' and liked to hear me talk about the Lord Jesus being a poor man."

"Well, I don't want to hear any more about him; and I shan't say 'our Father' any more. He ain't my Father now," said Elfie doggedly.

"Why not? Oh, Elfie, and he's been so good to us to-day," said Susie.

"Yes, I suppose he is good; and he makes me feel bad, and I never did feel so till to-day, so I'm going to forget him."

"Oh, Elfie, and make him feel so sad and sorry about you," said Susie.

"Now, don't talk like that, or else I shall cry," said Elfie, with a stifled sob. "I don't want you to love me now."

"But I can't help loving you—I will love you," said Susie passionately; and, instead of pushing her away, Elfie returned her caresses, and the two girls cried for some time, without speaking a word to each other.

At length Elfie said,—"It makes me glad and sorry too, Susie."

"What does?" asked Susie.

"That you love me so. I didn't think you would after I hit you this afternoon. I'm so sorry I did it."

"Oh, never mind, I know you didn't mean to hurt me," said Susie cheerfully. "I know you loved me all the time."

"Yes, I do love you, Susie; but somehow I wish you didn't love me now," said Elfie, with a deep sigh.

"Why?" asked Elfie, in a tone of surprise.

"Because it ain't no good loving me; I'm bad. I didn't know I was till to-day; but I am, and you'd better not love me any more. God don't, I know," said Elfie.

"Yes, he does," said Susie quickly. "He loves you, Elfie, more than I can. He is—"

"There, hold your tongue. I don't want to hear about him," interrupted Elfie.

Susie was puzzled, but remained silent for a minute or two, and then asked,—"Where have you been to-day, Elfie?"

"Oh, lots of places," she answered shortly; "but don't ask about that. Tell me what you've been doing."

"Working, to be sure," answered Susie. There was nothing to tell beyond this. Her life was summed up in these words, for there was no change in it, save the weekly walk to take her work home. Elfie's, on the contrary, was full of change, amid all its sameness in wandering; for there was constantly something happening, either in the streets or market: and wherever a crowd collected, Elfie was sure to be, and from the remarks of the bystanders she learned all that had happened, and was delighted to tell Susie when she returned home, so that her unwillingness to speak of this now was the more remarkable.

There seemed nothing they could talk about after Susie had given an account of the landlord's visit, and so they soon dropped asleep; Susie hoping that Elfie would tell her all about the sixpence the next day,

1 Elsie wishing Susie would soon forget all about

1 fresh disappointment awaited Susie the next morning. She had resolved to get up early, and prepare a "real breakfast," that Elsie might have some

before she went out. But Elsie woke first, and went off without waking her, or taking any of the bread that had been cut the night before; and, contrary to her usual practice, she stayed out the whole of the day.

The Children's Treasury.

OLD ELI: A STORY OF ALSATIAN COMMON LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAD EASTER.

"Hold your peace, for the day is holy; neither be ye grieved."—*NEH. viii. 11.*

IT was, indeed, a sad Easter morning for our poor friends! Easter Monday was the day of the conscription; Tony must draw then, and if he should lose, what would come of them? To be sure, negotiations for peace are already begun, and the terrible Crimean war as good as at an end. But Tony was the main support of the house; without his earnings it would be impossible to get along; and if he was taken from them now, it would be, as his mother had said a year ago, "the greatest misfortune that could happen to them."

Father and mother, Tony and Josephine, had gone early to the church this morning, to have their faith strengthened, and their heavy hearts comforted and encouraged, by partaking of the Lord's Supper. Anna remained at home, to take care of the children and prepare the dinner. The children were now playing happily in the garden; and Anna sat in the parlour with old Eli, who was reading aloud to her the story of the resurrection of our Lord from the Gospel of Mark. When he came to the verse,—“And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?” Anna sighed deeply, and said,—

“Ah, Eli, we too have a great stone lying before us; and who knows but to-morrow it may fall on us, and what will become of us then?”

“Well, well, Anna,” comforted Eli, “who knows but it may be with us as with the women at the Saviour's grave? They were sorely troubled about the great, heavy stone, and see! the angels had rolled it away already, and sat upon it in glory, clothed in white garments.”

“If I could once, only once, in my poor life, see an angel, Eli, I would be happy then.”

At this moment there came, not an angel, but long George, and knocked on the window so roughly, that the panes rattled, and the two old people started in alarm. His hat was decorated with flowers and ribbons, he held in his hand a drum-major's baton, with a silver button at the end, and cried out with an oath,—“Hollo there! where is Tony? I am conscript-major,

and must get my men together; so give him up at once, or we must fetch him by force!”

“Tony is in the church, George, where every Christian ought to be to-day; and you would have done better to have gone there too, instead of profaning the holy Easter Sunday with your wild doings,” answered Eli seriously.

“Church! Easter Sunday!” shouted George in derision, swinging his baton round his head. “A short life and a merry one for me, old Eli. Look here, in this purse is gold—heavy, shining gold. Young Mr. Eckbert gave me it; he is a conscript too; and with this we must enjoy ourselves, and not be like a set of fanatics.”

The old man took the young scoffer's hand in both of his, as though he would draw him back by force from the edge of a precipice, and said sorrowfully,—“Poor George, your way leads to hell. Oh, turn from it while yet there is time!”

George stood still for a moment, struck by the old man's words, and turned his unsteady glance to the ground; but he soon recovered himself, and saying rudely,—“Cant and nonsense! Good-day to you both,” hastened away waving his baton, and shouting, “*Vivent les conscrits!*”

“Words are thrown away on him!” exclaimed Anna.

“Yes,” sighed Eli. “The heart of man is a hard, stubborn thing. Who can understand it?”

“What will you wager, Eli, that that lazy rascal will win to-morrow, and our Tony lose?”

“It is quite possible,” answered Eli calmly.

This calmness enraged Anna. During the last few days she had more than once been roused to indignation by noticing that, while all the rest awaited the conscription with painful suspense, Eli became more and more cheerful, and had often sat quietly smiling, while they mourned aloud over the prospect of Tony's departure. He is pleased at the poor fellow's misfortune, and must still keep the miserable old jealousy in his heart, she thought, and determined now to give him a piece

of her mind. "It is very wicked of you, Eli, to have so little sympathy for poor Tony. One would think it was no matter to you whether he lost or won. And yet, if he loses, both you and I will suffer, for then the Lindfelders cannot keep us any longer. With the best will in the world, it would be impossible. I must take up the beggar's sack in my old age; and you can go to the poorhouse, and rejoice there over our misfortunes as much as you like."

But even this attack did not shake the strange old man out of his composure; he answered gently,—"If you have to take to the beggar's sack, Anna, pray to God that he may give you such a blessed death as poor Lazarus, who was carried by the angels to heaven, you remember. And as for me, I would no doubt be much better off in the poorhouse than I deserve to be."

"That is all very well, Eli; but we have all been so happy together, and I love Mrs. Lindfelder and the children, and Josephine, and Tony, and you so much, and if I have to leave you all, then,"—here poor Anna's voice was choked by tears, and she gave way to them, and wept bitterly.

"Don't be so childish, Anna; Tony may win tomorrow, after all, and then everything will remain as it is."

"Yes, that would be good," said Anna, smiling through her tears; "but if he loses?"

"Even then all hope will not be gone, for with God's help we may buy him off."

"Buy him off! I would like to know where the money is to come from?"

"Well, well, who knows, Anna? the ways of the Lord are wonderful, and help comes often from the quarter from which we least expect it. Tony's master, too, would surely do something for such a useful workman; and, if it was necessary, the Lindfelders might sell their house."

"Sell the house! One would really think you were born yesterday, Eli. Do you not know, then, that Mrs. Lindfelder got money from a gentleman in Basle for the house, just before we came to them, and that he has got a marriage on it?"

"Mortgage, Anna! What words you use!"

"Mortgage or marriage, Eli, it's all one; the Lindfelders have no more right to their house, that's certain. And if it is sold, the mortgage and the man in Basle will get the money, and they will not see a penny of it. And Tony's master can't help either, for he has lost all his money, and is—what do you call it again?"

"Bankrupt; yes, I had quite forgotten that. So we cannot look for help there. But keep up your courage, Anna, for the Lord can help in spite of all that.

"Let him do all he willeth,
For he is wise and good;
And by the storm he stilleth,
His love is understood.
When all thy foes are banished
By his almighty word,
When all thy fears have vanished,
Then thou wilt own him Lord."

"Is that the verse that you sung that Sunday evening with Joseph, you remember, when things looked so dark with us? But you knew something that time, Eli?"

"Well, and did not the Lord fulfil his promise, and send us help wonderfully, and put your unbelief to shame?"

"Yes, yes, that is true, Eli; but there is one thing I would like to know."

"And what is that?"

"What came over you immediately after that, that you became so strange and sulky?"

"This day week, if I live till then, or perhaps tomorrow, should Tony win, I will tell you, Anna. But now call the children in; I wish to tell them the story of the resurrection, and we will sing an Easter hymn together."

The father and mother, with Tony and Josephine, returned from the church about mid-day; and though they had received some comfort there, their hearts were heavy still. A cloud hung over the household; the hours of Easter-day, generally so joyful, crept slowly and wearily along, and it seemed as if the evening would never come. To escape the importunity of long George, who had returned several times to seek Tony, and swore that, Easter or no Easter, he must drink and be jolly with his comrades the day before the conscription, Tony and his father had set off immediately after dinner to visit some relations in a neighbouring village. The women at home wandered about "like shadows on the wall," as Anna said when, after the afternoon service, she seated herself beside Eli under the apple-tree, where, wearied out by the sadness of her heart, she soon fell asleep. The boys were playing at conscriptions; Eli had taken little Lena on his lap, and was teaching her to repeat a hymn, when Mrs. Lindfelder and Josephine came out and sat down beside the old man, who alone, of all the household, seemed to have something of the Easter joy in his heart, for he looked so cheerful and contented, as if he had heard the Lord himself say, "Peace be with you!" The poor mother and the trembling girl looked inquiringly into his bright face; he smiled to them, and said to the child,—“Now, Lena, sing the hymn about the beautiful lily to your mother and Josephine.”

The little one hesitated, then putting her arms round the neck of her old friend, whispered in his ear,—“If you will sing too.” Eli agreed to this arrangement, and accompanied, with his trembling bass, the clear, childish voice of the little girl, as she sung the following verses:—

"Oh, lily of the field, so rare
In beauty and in grace,
Who fashioned thee and placed thee there
To meet my wondering gaze?

"Thy robe of white with golden dust
So gorgeously is strewn,
That Solomon thy glory must
Prefer before his own.

"From the dark ground, thy place of birth,
God raised thee in his love;
And in the night he sends to earth
An angel from above,

"To wash thy robes with dew-drops bright,
And dry them in the air,
And bleach them in the pale moonlight,
And deck his flow'ret fair.

"Oh, hily, in thy shining dress,
All strewn with golden dust,
Thou dost rebuke my faithlessness,
And teach me how to trust.

"'Oh, faithless one,' I hear thee say,
God watches over me,
And cares for me from day to day;
And how much more for thee?'"

simple hymn had a soothing effect on the over-
l hearts. The mother wept silently, and felt
a relief, for she had kept them back all day
ake of the others; Josephine, too, leaned her
Eli's knee, and gave her tears free course; and
who had been awakened by the singing, wept
with the others.

while, the boys, weary of their game, called
come and seek for violets under the hedge. As
towards them, she came up to a bed which
had covered carefully with moss, and here she
clapped her hands, and called out joyfully,—
look, what a beautiful flower!" The boys,
led to their mother, and when she and Anna
up, they saw, to their astonishment, a lovely
b, whose rich pink bells rose fragrant from
on moss.

in all the world did you come by that double
b, Anna?" asked Mrs. Lindfelder.

e gardener at Kaltenberg's was going to throw
b away. He said it was useless, and I asked him
it me; and then I planted it here, and covered
a moss to keep out the frost. If the gardener
what he had given me, he would be like to bite
gave off," said Swiss Anna, rubbing her hands
cently.

Lindfelder stood long, with folded hands and
yes, before the blooming hyacinth. Then she
hly,—

e beautiful flower puts me to shame, Eli. We are
etter than they, and the Lord will not forsake us."
, certainly he will not forsake you," responded
and even if Tony should lose to-morrow, still
good courage, and hope in the Lord."

t our hearts will break if he has to leave us"
red Josephine.
who overheard her, smiled, and said: "Ah, child,
urt is not made of glass. And even if it does
little, in good time and with the Lord's help it
d again."

ther! Tony! come and see what a beautiful
b has grown in our garden!" cried the boys,
hold of their father and brother—who now ap-
d—and dragging them to the spot.

But the father was in a dark mood. His face was
flushed; and there were lines on his brow and round his
mouth which his good wife knew only too well, and
which always made her tremble to see, for then she
knew that no good spirit had taken possession of her
Antony. He would not bestow a single glance on the
flower, and drove away the merry boys with the words,
"Away with your nonsense! I have other things to
think of to-day than your stupid flowers!" And with-
out another word, he went into the house, and began to
pace up and down the little parlour, as was his wont,
striking the table every now and then with his fist,
grumbling over his hard fate, and railing at the rich.

"Cousin Hans Uri has put all sorts of ideas in his
head, and given him too much strong mountain wine,"
whispered Tony to his mother.

"This makes my cross still heavier," sighed Mrs.
Lindfelder, as she followed him into the house.

But she soon saw that even the best words would be
of no avail now, and that she must first let the storm
exhaust itself. So she stole out again, and saying to
the children that their father had a headache, gave them
their coffee in the kitchen. The boys were not at all
pleased with this arrangement, and complained—"No
one could tell that it was Easter-day, for there had been
neither Easter eggs nor Easter cakes." Eli comforted
them by promising them a feast on the following Sun-
day, when they should have Easter eggs and cakes to
their hearts' content.

Tony and Josephine had stood long, hand in hand,
before the hyacinth-bed, and after supper they sat still
longer under the apple-tree. They had so much to say to
one another that it seemed as if they would never come
to the end of it. Old Eli conducted the evening worship
in the kitchen, and sang with the boys the hymn,

"Jesus lives; I live in him."

The women again wept freely, and tears rolled down poor
Tony's cheeks too. It had indeed been a long, dreary
Easter-day; and they all went to rest at the end of it
with heavy hearts, asking anxiously what the morning
would bring.

When the mother retired, she found her husband
already in bed, sleeping off the effects of the wine, and
his anger against the rich. There was no sleep for her
that night. But when she knelt down, according to her
custom, she poured out all her heart to Him who had
already so often helped her in her need; and after the
prayer, old Eli's Ebenezer came into her mind. Her
heart grew lighter; and by the time the first rays of the
morning sun shone into the room, she could say with
confidence, "Whatever comes, I know that God's way is
the best."

In the morning there was bustle and excitement in
the town. The recruits from the whole department
came in troops—those of each parish together—and
marched noisily, with drums and trumpets, through the
streets to the town-hall, where the drawing was to take

place. Long George, with his company, had come at an early hour to the Lindfelders' house, and had drummed Tony out, as he said. Tony could now no longer keep aloof from his fellow-conscripts, and joined, though with inward reluctance, the wild procession, which halted at more than one tavern before it reached the place where the different divisions had to await their turn to draw. In the square stood groups of men and women from the town and the surrounding villages, waiting in painful suspense to see if the son, the brother, or the lover would draw a good or a bad number—if he would be allowed to remain with them or be torn away. Among the waiting ones was Anton Lindfelder, with his boys; and also Swiss Anna, with Josephine, who had not been able to stay at home, and now awaited the approaching decision with a beating heart.

Just then the drum sounded. "It is our men now!" cried the boys; and then held their breath, for even they had become frightened by this time. The father hastened to Tony's side to accompany him into the town-hall. In passing, Tony nodded sadly to Josephine. Long George observed it, and called out,—

"Adieu, Miss Josephine! If Tony should lose, I will recommend myself to you as his successor."

Josephine blushed scarlet, and Tony gave George an angry look. But he replied, laughing,—

"Don't be a fool, Tony. I wish you well, and would rather march off in your place, should you lose, to spare the pretty child the heart-ache."

In about a quarter of an hour—which seemed to Josephine half an eternity—the father appeared again on the steps of the town-hall; Tony behind him, pale as death.

"Run and ask!" said Anna to the boys; at the same time putting her arm round Josephine, who, after one look at Tony, had become almost unconscious.

"Tony has lost, and long George won!" said the father, in a bitter tone, as he passed them; and then hastened home, followed by the weeping boys, to bring the sad news to the waiting mother.

George now rushed triumphantly down the steps, with the number 300 on his hat, dragging after him poor Tony, who seemed too much stunned to offer any resistance. When he got to the street, he fastened a large bunch of flowers with streaming ribbons to Tony's hat, marked with chalk the fatal number 7 upon it, and led him, still unresisting, along with the noisy crowd of conscripts, towards the nearest tavern.

"I do not know how ever I got myself and poor Finy home, for my legs trembled so that I could hardly walk," said Anna breathlessly to Mrs. Lindfelder, who had come out, pale but calm, to meet them at the door.

"God's will, and not ours, be done, my poor Finy!" said the mother gently, taking the half unconscious girl in her arms, and pressing her to her true motherly heart.

The stupor that had come over Josephine gave way there; and throwing her arms round the neck of the good mother, she began sobbing violently. Anna and the boys were weeping too; and little Lena, after looking in amazement into one sad face after the other, screamed with terror, and continued crying till Anna took her in her arms, and forgot her own tears in efforts to soothe the frightened child.

"When misfortune comes, we must accept it as from the hand of God, and patiently submit to what we cannot avert," said Mrs. Lindfelder, after a pause, in which she too had wiped her eyes. "And now go, Josephine, and lie down on your bed for an hour, and Anna will make you a cup of tea, that you may not suffer from the shock. Meanwhile I will see after father, and get the dinner."

"Who will be able to eat to-day, Mrs. Lindfelder?"

"We three will not, Anna, nor father, nor poor Tony; but there are the children, and Eli. And we must not give way to our grief, and sit with our hands in our lap; for when we have no longer Tony to help us, we others must work twice as hard as before."

"And I will not fail in my part, Mrs. Lindfelder—certainly not. But—"

"And be sure you do not sell that hyacinth, do you hear, Anna? Let it remain and bloom in the garden, where the Lord has caused it to grow, to teach us all to trust him."

When dinner-time came Tony had not yet returned, and the women began to be very uneasy about him. Old Eli dined alone with the children in the kitchen, for the father refused to come to the table, and his poor wife had a hard time with him. She had heard all his bitter complaints and curses in silence; but that did not please him, and when she brought him a plate of soup, pressing him kindly to eat, he struck the table with his fist, and exclaimed angrily,—

"What has your singing and praying done for us, wife? Our good Tony to draw 7, and that gallows-bird George 300! How do you reconcile that with the justice of your God?"

"The Lord has so mercifully helped us before, father, that we must now be silent and take up our cross willingly."

"It would have been no misfortune for long George or his mother if he had become a soldier, but quite the opposite. But we are ruined if we lose our Tony. Why did the Lord allow that?"

"I do not know why, Antony; but since he has done it, it must be for our good, though we cannot understand it yet."

"For our good, wife! To have to send our child to the slaughter-house, and brought to beggary in our old age! No, no, Salome; if God had cared for us, Tony would have won."

LESSONS FROM LIFE—FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

"THE LORD HATH NEED OF HIM."

THIS month I propose, for the sake of variety, to give my younger readers an account of certain incidents that came under my observation about two years ago in Germany. At once all expectations of sensational and hairbreadth escapes by flood and field, I here, by way of preface, the remark, that the and usefulness of any observed fact does not in its size. If it is correctly observed and de- a small event may be as instructive, and even tive, as a large one. The picture of a small hill se and instruct as much as the picture of a great y, if it be as well painted. Here already, before r begins, we have stumbled upon a very needful precious lesson for the young—this, namely, that uld not wait to begin their exact observation of und life till they reach some mighty Alpine e some conflict on which the fate of kingdoms end. Cultivate the habit of observing accur- small things on the wayside of ordinary life; you be better prepared to read the lesson of torical changes when they come. The proverb e management of money is applicable here: are of the pennies, and the pounds will take themselves." He who in youth trains his eye well the features of small objects, will be able is old to understand great ones.

THIS preface, I hope you are prepared to read as a story about some very little things. y way from the Rhine to Berlin, I desired to hristian family in the town of Barmen, whose ip I had acquired on a former visit ten years Elberfeld and Barmen are a pair of twin manu- and mercantile towns, about twenty miles east- m the Rhine. In the process of their gradual they have now touched each other; but they i their separate local governments and institu- Having left my luggage at the railway-station, forth unencumbered through the streets to seek e of my friend. As I had given no intimation approach, I did not know whether the family e at home, or whether they remained still in ility. The door was opened by the head of the mself, who happened at the moment to be doing ag in the lobby. Although both of us were older and king since our last interview, as soon as he saw rushed forward and took me all in his arms. its of the Germans admit of a much more de- tive affection than we are accustomed to at

home. In a few moments I was seated in the parlour, with the gentleman on the right and the lady on the left, pouring in broadsides of cordial greetings and curious inquiries from both sides at once. Soon, however, the talk on the gentleman's part subsided, giving way to the lady's superior energy. She plunged into some great narrative, in which I ought to have been very much interested; but, alas! I could only take up a word here and there—I failed to catch the thread of the story. At this she was evidently much vexed: but it was partly her own fault; her utterance was too emotional and too quick. If she had intrusted the matter to her husband, the progress would have been more satisfactory, for he was of a cooler temperament, and pronounced his words more fully. All the world should know and remember the rule, that when you speak to a foreigner, imperfectly acquainted with the language, you should speak slowly, and enunciate every sound distinctly. Well, all that I could gather, in the first instance, of the good lady's story, was, that it was what I had said when I was in her house ten years before, and that it was all about an ass. I did not remember of having said anything about that animal on the occasion of my former visit, far less anything so pointed and memorable that it should have dwelt in her mind for a period of ten years, and burst forth like a flood as soon as she saw my face again.

Vexed at her want of success in communicating to me her idea, she rose suddenly and left the room. In a few minutes she returned with a glance of triumph in her eye, and a little framed picture in her hand. Not more confidently did Hamlet reckon that

"The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king,"

than she counted that the picture would supply the missing link between her words and my understanding. And she was right. Taking her seat again beside me, she displayed on her knee a picture, with which we in this country too are very familiar, of the Holy Family going down to Egypt—Mary with the child Jesus riding on an ass, and Joseph walking beside them. Holding this picture before my eyes, and pointing to it at the proper periods, my friend began again her story at the beginning, and I comprehended easily the whole.

The conversation that had passed between us ten years earlier, altogether forgotten by me, but clearly remembered by her, was to this effect:—She asked me if

I had any son, either in the ministry of the gospel, or preparing to enter it. I was obliged to reply that those of my sons who had at that date reached the age of discretion in the matter of a profession had both decided to become merchants. She regarded me with affectionate compassion, and intimated, with humble and devout thankfulness, that she had two sons undergoing preparation for preaching the gospel of Christ. Her husband, aided by her eldest son, was a prosperous manufacturer and merchant; this was matter of quiet contented duty; but the privilege which she enjoyed and exulted in was the consecration of two sons to the ministry of the Word. From one in my position, some reply to her exuberant joyfulness was needed; and it seems that the reply I made at the moment was to this effect: I have indeed no son in the ministry, or on the way to it; but if my sons become disciples of Christ, and also become prosperous merchants, they may serve the Lord and their generation, though not in the office of the ministry. Merchants to whom the Lord has given wealth, and grace too, bear in our day the burden of Christ—bear the weight of his kingdom in the form of contributions, and so bear the kingdom, bear the King onward through the world. Their place is humble, but very needful and very useful, like that of the animal that bore the Redeemer in the weakness of infancy out of the reach of Herod's jealous rage. And it is very remarkable that in another case in the gospel narrative, where it is expressly said, "the Lord hath need of him," it was of this same animal—this humble burden-bearer—that the word was spoken. So it may yet turn out, through divine grace, that the Lord may have need of my sons too, as the bearers of his burden in the world.

Now, it may seem strange, but it is strictly true, that this dear Christian mother was able to convey all this completely and clearly to my mind *with* the picture, while *without* it she only succeeded in intimating that I had told her something she had not forgotten, and that it was something about an ass. This shows very clearly the great use of pictures in the education of children. No, you say, it has no bearing on the case of children, for it is the experience of one who was not a child, but an old man. There you are mistaken. Your fact is

correctly stated, but your inference is an error. My imperfect knowledge of the language placed me precisely in the position of a child. I could comprehend for myself the larger and more substantial parts of the narrative,—all that took the form of large material objects,—but the finer thoughts connected with them escaped me. I could grasp the body; but the spirit was to me an invisible thing. Now this is, as nearly as may be, the experience of a child, when you attempt to teach him something beyond the simplest forms of thought. He takes up the outward and bodily part of your lesson, but its inner spirit is too ethereal for his faculties. It passes like the wind, unobserved. It is here that the use of pictures comes in. Pictures are necessary, and should be freely used, in the instruction of the young,—either word-pictures, or paint-pictures. This is the first lesson from the incident of my German experience.

Another lesson, deeper and more important, may also be read on the same page. The Lord Jesus needs burden-bearers for the work of his kingdom. It is quite true that he calls and qualifies ministers as public preachers of the gospel. For this end he chose and trained the twelve; for this end he called Paul, out of due time, at a later date, as a vessel to bear his name through the world. But he does not make all Christians ministers. He needs a much greater number in the ordinary walks of life. When a boy becomes old enough to choose his profession, his friends sometimes put the question, whether he is willing to become a minister of the gospel. Perhaps the boy shrinks back from that proposal, counting himself unfit to undertake such a task. But the question that should be placed before him is not whether he will be a servant of Christ or a merchant; the question to be decided is whether he may best serve the Lord in the ministry of the gospel, or in some ordinary business. Let the little men all, when they are planning their life-course, count the Lord Jesus their Master; and let them weigh well then in what place or station they may best serve their generation. The Lord hath need of preachers indeed; but he has need also of Christian merchants, manufacturers, sailors, craftsmen, farmers—Christians in every class and in every position—to be a salt in the earth. Here am I; send me.





The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

VIII.

THE COMPASS FIXED, NOT TO THE SHIP, BUT TO THE POLE.

"He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."—Ps. cxli. 7.

THE psalm is a fine full-length portrait of a godly man. Is it drawn from life? Did the painter, or any of his contemporaries, sit for this likeness? "Of whom speaketh the prophet this? Of himself, or of some other man?"

Neither of himself, it must be confessed, nor of any other man, could the prophet speak all this. This is not the portrait of any mere man that ever lived; and yet it is a true portrait. Artists paint ideals on canvas, combining in one figure the finest features gathered from many specimens. The result is true to nature; and yet no living man ever answered to the likeness. The picture represents what man might be, rather than what he is.

Sketches of saints occasionally occur in the Scriptures, wanting the blemishes which more or less mar the beauty of every actual life. These representations show what the redeemed may become, when they are fully conformed to the image of Christ. They exhibit the new man when he has attained the perfect stature. It is right that the highest standard should be set before us; but the best has many things to forget and leave behind, and many steps to press forward, ere he gain the prize of this high calling.

The pattern saint of this psalm is happy as well as holy. It concerns us specially to inquire how his happiness is secured while he inhabits a frail body and lives in an evil world. Among other sorrows from which the shield of faith defends him is "the fear of evil tidings." Mark the word; for there is no promise, even to the

most matured saint, that evil tidings shall not reach his ears. He, like his neighbour, is exposed both to the wars and the rumours of wars that shake the most stable thrones. Both the announcement of coming evil, and the evil that has been announced, come upon those that are God's dear children, as upon other people. The sound of the midnight tempest boding evil, and the wreck that it boded, reach the good man as well as the wicked; and both are like iron entering into his soul. The peculiar privilege that belongs to victorious faith is exemption from the fear of evil tidings. Evil tidings, when they come, will pierce a good man's heart; but in two things he has an advantage over those who know not God: first, he is not kept in terror before the time, by the anticipation of possible calamity; and next, even when calamity overtakes him, he does not look upon it in blank despair. He knows that it is the chastening of a Father, and is sure that love is wielding the rod.

This, then, being the kind and degree of exemption which a godly man enjoys, we must now inquire into the means whereby he attains it. How comes it that evil tidings have not the same terror for him that they have for other men? Expressly the text declares, because "his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

This man has a solidity and independence which others never know: his heart is fixed. It is something to have one's mind made up and settled. No man can be happy as long as he does not know his own mind—does not know what he would be at. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." On the contrary,

"if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." To have an object in view, and to go straight at it, constitutes, in a great measure, the difference between a useful and a wasted life.

But while there is very little either of happiness or usefulness in a life as long as it shifts about from one object to another—one thing to-day, and another to-morrow—it does not follow that all will go well when you have chosen your object, and pursue it steadily. As much depends on the object that the heart is fixed upon as on the fixing of the heart. Even after you get your heart fixed, you may be as far from happiness and safety as before. Your heart is fixed; but what is it fixed on? On houses and lands; on emoluments and honour; on youth, and health, and pleasure; on wife and children. Alas! it is easy to fix on any of these: it does not require any vigorous act of the will, or any heavy labour of the hands, to fasten yourself to objects like these. Your heart-strings warp themselves around and through and through these objects spontaneously, when they lie within reach, as ivy clasps, and even interpenetrates, an old wall, without any nailing up.

A beautiful object is that same ivy when it has clasped the wall with a thousand tendrils, and covered the wall even to its copingstone with woven tasselled green—beautiful, as the matted foliage quivers in the wind, and glitters in the sunshine. But have you seen the ivy after the old wall has fallen? Then it is a sight that might make the observer weep. Prostrate, broken, torn, soiled, withering. Ah, how is its glory gone! And, alas! it cannot be restored. Those tendrils that have grown so closely in, and have been torn so rudely out, cannot now ply into another support, although another and solider support were at hand. The towering and stately, but feeble, branches cannot now be attached to another prop. Nothing for them now but to be cut down and cast into the burning. Possibly, in another season, the old bare root may send out young shoots again; but it is only by such a death and resurrection that the parasite which held so closely, and was rejected so rudely, can possibly be attached to another and a better stay.

In the fallen, broken, draggled ivy, lying along on the earth, and crushed by crumbling stones, you see the image of a human being whose heart has been fixed on a perishing portion, when that portion has fallen or fled. Woe, woe to those who have grown with, and grown for, and grown unto, some tottering wall! When the wall crumbles, what of the life that leant on it? Woe is me! How many heart-strings we see rent in the various calamities of life; and how many heart-strings are preparing for themselves a dread rending, by going for the soul's support into something that is rotten at the root, and will yield to the strain of the next storm.

Look at David's ideal man: not what this man and that man is; but what any man through divine grace may be. See the source of his peace and safety: "His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

We obtain here an interesting glimpse of the true relation in which the children stand to our Father in heaven. It is a matter of the heart, more than even of the intellect. True religion is not a matter into which a man is driven against his will; it is a matter that he seeks with desire, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. It is not a demonstration that God is a righteous judge, and therefore the guilty must tremble before him; it is a tasting that the Lord is gracious, and a consequent clinging to his bosom, as a frightened infant clasps its mother's breast.

The heart goes to God; the desires of the new nature flow out in that direction: "Nearer to thee, my God; nearer to thee." And then, when you come nigh in the covenant, God is not a terror, but a trust.

The profane and unbelieving are often out of their reckoning far, when they try to understand a believer's faith. They suppose that a devout man submits to some dark cold restraint, in order to secure some future expected benefit. Their conception is as near as may be the opposite of the truth. They who get nigh through the blood of the covenant, give way to their heart's longings when they walk with God. If you could by any means convince them that there is no God, the light of this life would be extinguished, as well as the hope of another. Indeed, nothing but a trust in God will keep a human

art near him. We cannot resist the laws of nature in things spiritual, any more than in things material. It is a law of nature that the man spirit keeps at a distance from that which dislikes and dreads. There is no way of keeping our spirit near to God, except by learning to trust him. And conversely, when you trust him, you do not need external compression to keep you near. It is well that the heart should be fixed on the unchangeable and eternal One; no other anchor for the soul is sure and steadfast.

In proportion as the heart of a believer is fixed on high, it becomes looser to all beneath. As it takes firmer hold of things unseen and eternal, it relaxes its grasp of things seen and temporal. A soul cannot be made fast on both sides. "Ye cannot serve two masters." Serving one master, you may have many important and tender relations with fellow-servants. Faith in God does not rend the ties that bind man to man. The expectation of a rest that remaineth does not interfere with needful labour on our present field. You may—you must take many other things into your hands; but only one should be permitted to glue your heart indissolubly to itself.

The magnet of the ship's compass is in this respect very like a godly man in the course of his earthly pilgrimage. The magnet on the sea, and the believing soul in this life, are firmly fixed on one side, and hang loose on every other. Both alike are fastened mysteriously to the distant and unseen, but slack and easily moved in all their material settings. Precisely because they are unattached beneath, they are free to keep by their hold on high: and precisely because of their hold on high, they do not turn round with every movement of their material supports.

The magnet is by far the slackest, loosest thing in the ship. It is the only slack, loose thing there. It is not tied to the spars, or nailed to the deck—it is not even laid down and left to the force of its own gravity. An elaborate machinery has been constructed for the purpose of reducing the friction, both vertical and horizontal, to a minimum, and so leaving it nearly free to move as if it were imponderous. I need not describe the contrivance in detail: suffice it to say, that it is so softly poised on a

needle-point in the middle, that if it chooses to fix itself by its own nature—as it were by the tendency of its heart—to a known but unseen point in heaven, it is at liberty to do so, and not obliged to turn with every turning of the ship that bears it.

The ship rolls from side to side; the ship pitches, now her bow and now her stern raised high above the water; the ship changes her tack, now going east, and now west, and anon driving before the wind. All things in the ship move with her except the magnet of the compass. It alone keeps ever one attitude, whatever changes of attitude take place in the ship: or if it turn partially and momentarily with the sudden heavings of the labouring vessel, it is only for a moment—it rights itself again. Steady and still otherwise, it is when driven for a little out of its normal attitude that the magnet moves—moves, trembling and uneasy, until it regain its own place, and there it rests.

It is thus that a heart is loose to the world if it is fixed on Christ. It may have needed many windings to slacken the heart's hold of things seen and temporal. There are sometimes more of these, and sometimes less. There are diversities of operation. Some are more gently set loose, and some are severed only by the wrenching of God's own hand, leaving a right arm cut off, or a right eye plucked out, behind. But whether he comes in an earthquake or in a still small voice, it is the doing of the Lord, when the bonds are loosed that bound a soul to the dust, and the soul, delivered, swings round free to follow the Lord.

But still, however lightly and loosely poised upon its bearings the needle might be, it would turn with all the ship's turnings, and never hold its head to the pole, unless it were magnetized. The needle of the compass is a bit of steel; but a bit of steel, though rightly framed and nicely balanced, could not serve the purposes of a compass. They take the bit of steel and hang it on a thread at a particular angle to the horizon, and give it a certain stroke with a hammer. Then and thereby it is magnetized. Its nature seems new. There is life and purpose in the iron now, and its life is manifested by a sure fixed pointing to the pole. The freeness of its poising did not

make it point to the pole; it is a mysterious change of its own nature that gives it this tendency, and the freeness of its balance in the gearing permits it to obey that tendency without obstruction.

In like manner, the setting free of the heart from all idolatrous cleaving to things seen, though necessary, is not enough. Without it you cannot succeed, but even with it you may fail. Alas! we have seen a man by the strokes of God set adrift from all his moorings on the earth, and yet not fastened by faith to the anchor of the soul within the veil. When all the evil spirits are cast out of a man, it does not follow as a matter of course that he shall take Christ to fill up the empty room: he may leave it empty, until the evil spirits return and regain possession. Weary-of-the-world is not all at once ready for heaven. Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom with his understanding, or cleave to the King with his heart. As the fashioned and poised steel did not turn to the pole before it was magnetized, so the un-renewed heart is not fixed in a trust on God, although all its earthly portion has been taken away. A mysterious touch is needed to bring the heart into unison with Christ, so that it shall ever afterwards point to this pole—the ministry of the Spirit in regeneration. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

Even after the heart has got its bias, and is by the law of a new nature fixed on Christ, the pointing is not perfect or constant. Many things hinder. The most common cause of the magnet's aberration—an aberration that often causes shipwreck—is an unsuspected mass of attractive matter lying underneath the deck, which draws the magnet from its pole. Alas! even after the heart has been truly turned to the Lord, how often is it drawn aside by certain heaps of stuff that secretly attract it. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—"Set your affection on things above, not on things that are on the earth."—"Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

There is a comfort which belongs to the children of the kingdom, and yet cannot easily be stated without a risk of soothing the worldly

into a deeper sleep. The tumult of griefs and repentings—of regretted backslidings and eager, agitating returns to the Lord—the fightings without and the fears within—that to a greater or less extent chequer a disciple's life, do not by any means throw doubt upon his interest in the Saviour. These are symptoms of a true faith. While the ship is at sea, the magnet shakes and moves more than any other part of the ship; and that precisely because its heart is fixed on the distant and the unseen. When, by a sudden turn or lurch in the storm, it is driven partially aside, it does not rest there; it immediately begins to struggle back again into its right position. Other objects, when they are turned away with the turning of the ship, continue in that attitude. But the compass cannot remain averted; therefore, while the ship is at sea, it is constantly quivering. The paradox becomes at once true and easily understood,—Because it is fixed it is never at rest.

Souls that have their trust in the Lord are in this way restless. They are always tremblingly struggling back into their right position before the Lord. This is proof of life,—that they rest not in an averted attitude. "Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved."

But perhaps the greatest difficulty and danger to the pilgrim on this part of his course lies in the relations, close and tender, that he must and should maintain to objects lower than the Lord—objects on earth, which cannot continue by reason of death. Must one who would have his heart fixed, trusting in the Lord, keep more distant and more cold than others in the relations of kindred and friendship? No, verily. The heart that is fixed on the Lord may twine round loved ones on earth as closely as the heart that has no hold on heaven. This is possible, but I do not say this is easy. Dangers and temptations lie thick here: where does the fowler lay his snare? precisely on the path that his victim most frequently treads. Among our most binding duties and our purest enjoyments lie some of our greatest dangers.

There is a way of safety, if we had grace to choose and follow it. We must not cling to anything mortal as the ivy clings to the old wall.

is a possibility of holding fast and yet loosely. It is thus that a workman uses his tool. He holds it fast for an efficient but he can easily lay it down the next

if a human heart is rightly balanced, the free exercise of all pure natural affections does not hinder, but rather helps, the faith that rests on the Supreme. See how the analogous motions have been arranged in the motions of the spheres. The moon does not need to abjure its allegiance to the earth in order to maintain its allegiance to the central sun. All the heavenly bodies revolve round the sun, but that natural law does not interfere with the circulation of the satellite also and at the same time the earth—the globe that lies nearest

the moon is as obedient to the sun as any member of the solar system. Its course around its centre is as true as the orbit of any planet,

and far more beautiful. Whereas the chief planets circulate in a prosaic line, the moon in its movements describes a spiral track, which adds grace and beauty to the landscape of space, as climbing flowering shrubs relieve the monotony of a forest. The first and great commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" and the second, which is like unto it, and consistent with it, is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." If we obtain grace rightly to divide the affections of our hearts as well as the word of God, we shall find that the subordinate relations of time, instead of choking, shelter and cherish the precious seed of a better life. When, through grace, the heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord, the full, free exercise and enjoyment of all pure human relations, will be safer for ourselves and more attractive as an example to others than if, in order to make sure our hold on heaven, we should abandon the duties of time and crush the affections of nature.

BREATHINGS ON THE BORDER.—NO. VI.

BY ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

THE day is drawing nearly done—
Come home, children, come home!
The night lamps shine out one by one—
Come home, children, come home!
The Brother stands at the threshold of the door;
He holds out his loving hands—Come in for evermore.
Come home, children, come home,
The darkness draweth quickly on, and the day is
nearly done.
The streets are growing dark and cold—
Come home, children, come home;
The mists creep up o'er moor and wold—
Come home, children, come home!
The Father's house streams out, with light and
pleasant heat,
The welcome speaketh he, his little ones to greet—
Come home, children, come home!
The Brother is so kind!—ah, children, home is
sweet!
The children must be tired of playtime now—
Come home, children, come home!

With tear-stained cheek and heated brow—
Come home, children, come home!
What mean ye, weary children, that ye should wail and
weep?
The Father's arms are very strong, his tender ones to
keep—
Come home, children, come home!
Ye need no more to toil and strive; he gives his loved
ones sleep.

The golden gate stands open fair—
Come home, children, come home!
The Elder Brother taketh care—
Come home, children, come home!
His name was called "Jesus" in the days that are gone
past,
And we all shall call him "Jesus," while eternity shall
last—
Come home, children, come home!
For the night wind rises damp and cold, and the day is
closing fast.



DEAN ALFORD.

BY THE REV. JOHN GIBB.



ON the shelves of most ministers' libraries, Alford's Commentary on the Greek Testament occupies a prominent place; and when the important question arises regarding the exact meaning of the text for Sunday, it is generally to his commentary that the minister betakes himself. Alford was one of the first of that band of scholars who, combining courage and clear-sightedness with profound reverence for the written Word, have in our generation done so much to make the Bible better understood by the teachers of the people. It was one of Luther's sayings, that God would yet cause new light to break forth from his holy Word to men. We have in our own day seen the fulfilment of this prophecy. Not that the investigations of modern scholars have shaken our faith in the great doctrines of Nicæa or of the Reformation; but their earnest and keen-sighted study of the letter of Scripture, and their assiduous employment of new means of illustration, have enabled us to gain a more lively and distinct conception of the exact meaning of the sacred writers. We owe the great modern development of Bible studies in England mainly to the spiritual revivals which preceded. The leaders of the English evangelical movement were not, like the leaders of the Reformation, great scholars and divines, and they were themselves unable to contribute much to Biblical learning. But the deep reverence which they cherished for the Word of God, as the great source of knowledge and light to mankind, had the effect of leading the younger men who came under their influence to devote themselves to Bible study. The writings of Mr. Simeon, for instance, may not be very valuable now from a theological point of view, but it ought not to be forgotten that it was the earnest preaching of him, and of such as him, that reintroduced, we may almost say, religious thought into the English universities and into the English Church. The recently published life of Dean Alford shows how much later Bible studies owe to the earnest words of the preachers who went before. In the present article we mean to give a sketch of the

life of this eminent Biblical scholar, those who desire further details to the although perhaps somewhat extended of Mrs. Alford.*

Henry Alford was born in London on October 1810. His mother died a year birth; and two years later, his father, London barrister, abandoned the profession of law and entered the Church. All the influences which surrounded the boyhood of young Alford were evangelical. Not only did his father, a deeply religious man, do all in his power to impress into his mind at an early age the lessons of religion, but he enjoyed the benefit of the instruction of great teachers. These lessons of father and teachers were not lost, for when the time came for the boy to pass from the school to the university, he was not only a ripe scholar for his years, but his religious character was established to a degree far from common. He was in every respect a precious youth, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that he had been for so many years the sole companion of his father. The following extract from a letter written to a cousin will show how decided were his religious convictions, genuine his humility and self-distrust as a scholar. It refers to his approaching university career.

"You cannot think how I dread Cambridge. I quite shrink from the thoughts of going there, and fear I shall fall. I have no standard of religious principle, at least so I fear, yet is talk and pride. People want to be in the first class at Trinity. I hope I shall be enabled to do my best, as in the sight of God I do not to regard the praise or dispraise of men, then if I fail of my object of attainment and honours, I can be calm and contented with the will of my heavenly Father, and who, I am assured, would not have frustrated my expectations unless it were good for me that I should be so."

In the month of October 1828, he

* "Life, Journals, and Letters of Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury." Edited by his Widow. Rivington.

company with his father for Cambridge, to enter as a student at Trinity College. From his boyhood until his death, Alford faithfully kept a diary, and one of the first entries, in that portion of it which refers to his life in Cambridge, speaks of the earnest religious feelings with which he entered upon this new *stadium* of his life. "We went to Trinity Church," he writes; "and Mr. Simeon preached there, from 'My soul is like a weaned child,' a very delightful sermon, calculated to do much good." And at the close of his first term, we find him writing to his cousin, Walter Alford: "Now my first term is passed, I can look back with cool reflection on my manner of life and pursuits at college, and the more I do so, the more I like the method of life. I know two or three good men. How very refreshing is Christian communion of this sort! After the dry pages of mathematics, and, though not quite so unsatisfying, of a classical author, I find nothing but the Bible satisfy me. I read *Æschylus* and *Homer*, and then turn to *Isaiah* and *Joel*; and the heathen poetry, sublime as it is in itself, is mere prose in comparison. I read *Algebra* and *Euclid*, and then turn to the *Epistle to the Romans*, and all the reasoning of ancients and moderns appears weak and inconclusive: every store of spiritual and intellectual knowledge is hid in that divine Book." May we not say that this early love for the Bible was the foundation of the zeal which he afterwards exhibited as a Biblical interpreter and translator? He entered with characteristic enthusiasm and energy into all the studies of the university. As a scholar, he took a high place, and he also became a prominent member of the young intellectual society of Cambridge. Dr. Merivale, the present Dean of Ely, one of his Cambridge friends, says, that although he came to Cambridge a stranger and without acquaintances, he soon won his way to acceptance and respect among the most popular and gifted of his contemporaries. Among these contemporaries were *Alfred Tennyson* and *Arthur Hallam*; and, as in after-life, that which made him distinguished in the brilliant young circle was the versatility of his talents. "If one of the friends," says Dr. Merivale, "among whom he was then held in estimation, was more eminently gifted in verse, another plunged more deeply into the dark, pro-

found, juvenile metaphysics, a third promised to take higher rank in classics, a fourth in mathematics, Alford, at least, could hold his own with all of them, could appreciate all, could sympathize with all, and could gain in return the sympathy of all." As might have been anticipated, verse-making formed a favourite pastime in the circle of which the future laureate of England was a member, and Alford joined in it with all his heart. Some of the verses written in his undergraduate days were afterwards published, and found no small acceptance with the public. In the same year in which he took his degree, 1832, he published a volume of poems, the first of the many works which were to proceed from his busy pen. His various pursuits at Cambridge, and his intercourse with the society of the university, do not appear to have weakened his religious feelings or to have altered his religious views. He remained faithful to those evangelical principles which he had learned from his father; and his Bible still was to him his highest rule of action. The only change which his intercourse with men of various views wrought upon him was, that he learned to think more charitably and speak more gently of those who differed from him than he would have done at an earlier period. By a sort of accident, he was ordained by the famous Bishop of Exeter, and he was greatly impressed by the solemn and earnest charge which the bishop, in whose favour he was naturally not prepossessed, addressed to the candidates. "May I never forget it," he wrote afterwards, "and may this be to me a lesson, among many others I have had of late, not to judge of men harshly, or before the time, as I certainly had of the Bishop of Exeter."

Two years after his ordination he was presented to the living of Wymeswold, a country village not far from Nottingham. In the interval between his ordination and his presentation to Wymeswold, he had been elected to a fellowship in Trinity College. This honour he did not long enjoy, as he disqualified himself for holding it by marrying his cousin, Fanny Alford, immediately after his settlement in Wymeswold. For eighteen years Alford continued vicar of the parish to which he was now appointed. Notwithstanding all the varied additional work which he undertook as time went on, he was from the

first to the last year of his incumbency a thoroughly efficient and working clergyman. He preached three times every Sunday, and although his discourses were not fully written beforehand, they were always carefully prepared. As a pastor he was energetic and laborious, always frank and open, telling people their faults when he saw it to be needful with that plain-spoken directness which he was to exhibit afterwards in a wider sphere than Wymeswold. One interesting episode in Alford's ministerial life at Wymeswold is told at length in his memoir. A thoughtful young lady residing in the neighbouring town of Loughborough, whose parents were Unitarians, having been led by accident to attend his preaching, had her faith shaken in the creed in which she had been educated. Peculiar circumstances rendered it undesirable that she should seek the counsel of the clergyman in whose parish she lived. She accordingly entered into a correspondence with the vicar of Wymeswold, which resulted in her joining the Church of England. The letters which Alford addressed to this lady are fine specimens of honest and earnest dealing with the doubts of an inquiring spirit regarding this most important subject.

The work which Alford undertook to accomplish while vicar of Wymeswold greatly exceeded the sphere of his parish duties. As his income amounted only to £110 per annum, it was needful to do something to augment it. He accordingly took pupils, and so great was his success as a teacher that his house was constantly full, and he not only augmented his income sufficiently for his own wants, but was able to give most generously towards the restoration of the beautiful, but, when he went to it, almost ruinous, church of Wymeswold. For several years he held the post of examiner in moral philosophy in the University of London, and he enjoyed greatly those periodical visits to the metropolis which the duties of the post required. His pen, too, was always busy; in the first place, with poetical works, some of which won for him considerable recognition in the world of letters, and afterwards with enterprises of a graver character. It was after he had been ten years vicar of Wymeswold that he set himself to the great work of his life—the editing of the New Testament in Greek. He

felt that the work was required, both through the desire widely felt by Christian people to understand their Bible better, and on account of the misrepresentations of the Scriptures to which the party of unbelief were giving currency. It was enough for Alford to know that the work was needed; he would endeavour to fill the gap, not perhaps with perfect workmanship, but with what would at all events be better than emptiness. So, in a remote country parish, far from all the great libraries, he manfully set himself to the work of editing the whole of the Greek Testament for the use of the students and ministers of England. In the year 1849 the first volume of his work appeared. It at once attracted attention, and was noticed widely in newspapers and reviews, sometimes in favourable, at other times in less favourable terms. Among other reviews which appeared, there was one in the *Christian Remembrancer* which Alford regarded as "very bitter and severe," and to which he replied in a pamphlet. This criticism, remarkably enough, was from the pen of one who afterwards became one of his most attached friends, "a brother in his life's labour." Bishop Ellicott—for it is to him we allude—in a beautiful letter, printed in the appendix to the memoir, confesses that he was the author of the criticism in question. To the last, Ellicott and Alford differed considerably in their principles of interpretation. For the interpretations given of Scripture by the Fathers of the Church, Ellicott entertained the most profound reverence. It required very strong reasons indeed to induce him to abandon "the catholic interpretation" of any passage. Alford, on the other hand, "entered fearlessly into the critical field, perhaps even with a slight bias against what was merely received and patristic; and paid no greater heed to any interpretation, however time-honoured, than its simple merits required." Bishop Ellicott does not of course own that he was wrong in the importance which he attached to "the catholic interpretation" of Scripture, but while adhering to the views maintained in it, he adds, "it is a very pain to remember the crudities and ungente comments that disfigured that article." Few men were less easily offended by honest criticism than Alford, and while he defended his views as

a whole in a pamphlet, he took care to correct in subsequent editions all the slips in scholarship which the keen eye of his critic had detected. On the whole, the manner in which his first volume of the Greek Testament was received by the public was encouraging to the author, and led him to enlarge the plan of his work, which he had at first contemplated confining to two volumes.

Not long after this Alford passed through the greatest trial of his life. His youngest son Clement had already been taken away from him, but there still remained to cheer his home two girls and his eldest son Ambrose, a boy of remarkable intelligence and promise. After an illness of a few days he was also taken away from his sorrowing parents. To his father it was a life-long sorrow, and his letters in after-years are full of touching references to this loss; and he found a melancholy pleasure in drawing fancy pictures of what his boys would have been, and how they would have been employed, had they been spared to him. Two memorial windows in Canterbury Cathedral, placed there by their father, are dedicated to the memory of Clement and Ambrose Alford.

In the year 1853 Alford's eighteen years' connection with Wymeswold was brought to a close by his removal to Quebec Chapel, London. Although it cannot be said that Alford was discontented with his lot in Wymeswold, he occasionally desired a sphere where he would have an opportunity of preaching to educated people, and where his rich stores of Biblical knowledge would be of more service to his hearers than they could be to the villagers of Wymeswold. Quebec Chapel is a proprietary chapel, situated in a fashionable part of London, and largely attended when the incumbent is a favourite preacher. Those who had selected Alford for the position were not disappointed with their choice. Well-filled pews rejoiced the souls of the managers, and the preacher had the satisfaction of addressing a large and intelligent congregation, to whom his ministrations appear to have been exceedingly acceptable. A shrewd but somewhat severe judge of preaching, on being asked what he thought of Alford's sermons, is reported to have replied that he considered it a

good sign of London that such sermons should be popular. Certainly it argued no little thoughtfulness on the part of his audience, that they should have appreciated so highly such sermons as the "Quebec Chapel Sermons"—which afterwards appeared in a series of volumes—when quietly read from the manuscript, as was Alford's habit in his morning discourse. In his afternoon sermon he followed a different method. "The afternoon congregation," he wrote to a friend, "is the one that I love best, being my own child. It has increased from absolutely nothing to within a hundred or two of the morning. To them I do not preach but expound the Gospels; in fact, expand my Greek Testament notes,—a sort of thing in which, as you may imagine, I delight much." Such is Alford's own account of these afternoon lectures; and one who frequently attended them writes of them: "The Sunday afternoon congregation of Quebec Chapel was of a high order; members of Parliament, eminent lawyers, and other representatives of the intellectual classes, were always to be found there. To such men the careful study of a definite but not fragmentary portion of the New Testament which was presented to them was certainly an interesting thing. Escaping from the ordinary routine of the pulpit, it invited them to verify what was said by the conscientious study of the chapter for themselves." On the whole, Alford greatly enjoyed his work in Quebec Chapel. There were drawbacks in such a position, and he sometimes complained of "the soldier of fortune" sort of feeling which the minister of such a church was likely to get into, deprived as he was of the balance which parish work supplies.

One of his London occupations deserves mention, as it formed the first beginning of a great national undertaking. In May 1856, in a clerical meeting of which Alford was a member, the desirableness of a new translation of the Scriptures was discussed. It was agreed that it would be most desirable to have such a translation as would make the people generally sharers in that more accurate understanding of the meaning of the sacred text to which modern scholarship had reached; but the difficulties arising from popular fears and prejudices were felt to be very great. However, the thing was needed, and they resolved

to make a tentative effort by publishing a revised version of a portion of the New Testament, with the view of preparing the public mind for the larger enterprise. A revised version of the Gospel of St. John was accordingly issued in 1857, and was followed by other books of the New Testament in the same form. These revised versions greatly helped the cause of revision, as they proved to those who were afraid to permit scholars to lay hands upon King James's version that it was possible to correct its inaccuracies and remove its obscurities without losing the dignity and archaic beauty which have rendered it dear to the hearts of the English people.

In 1857 another change took place in Alford's life, through his appointment, by the government of Lord Palmerston, to the Deanery of Canterbury. His energetic nature soon made itself felt even in the sleepy atmosphere of a cathedral city. Before going there he wrote: "There is much to be done in Canterbury. At present the dean preaches only three times a year! and there is but one sermon each Sunday. My first care will be to establish an afternoon sermon, which I shall take myself when in residence." After a conflict with his colleagues on the subject, he succeeded in establishing this afternoon service, and it became a permanent institution. As Dean of Canterbury he was one of the public men of England, in a sense in which he had never before been. And while England learned to understand him and love him as few Church dignitaries have been loved, one cannot wonder that many of his utterances and actions surprised and offended those who thought that the great duty of a dignitary of the Church of England was to be a safe man. In his speeches in Convocation, and in his articles in the *Contemporary Review*—the editorship of which he undertook after the completion of his Greek Testament—he expressed his opinions with a defiance of conventional reticence which delighted some, exasperated others, and surprised all. A remarkable instance of this was an article published by him in the *Contemporary Review*, and entitled "The Church of the Future." In this article he maintained that the severance of the Church from the State of England was inevitable. "History," he said, "has for ages been preparing its way; in past changes

it has been conceded over and over again; God's arm is thrusting it on, and man's power cannot keep it back." Instead of feeling alarm at the prospect of a change so terrible to most churchmen, he calmly discussed the matter, showing how many advantages it would bring to the English Church. He did not believe that it would deprive the clergy either of income or of status, although inequalities would be pared down; and the Church would no longer "maintain two neighbouring rural clergymen—whose right to social position and whose work are equal—the one as a prince, the other as a beggar." It would enable the Church, he maintained, to act with freedom and dignity in all matters which concerned her; and not, as now, "to allow agencies—confessed by common sense to be imperative—to be first started by others, and then, when they have become institutions with the rest of the world, laggingly, feebly, and perfunctorily to imitate them, and take immense credit for the proceeding." Words such as these regarding his own Church had come from no English clergyman of eminence since the days of Arnold. It was these words, and actions corresponding to them, which made Alford so honoured and trusted by a large number of Christians outside as well as inside the Establishment; but they frightened and offended others, and were the cause that further promotion in the Church never came to the Dean of Canterbury. An outspoken and rash bishop seemed something that the Church would not survive, so he was passed over for men who had far fewer claims. For this he cared little, for Canterbury gave him leisure for his literary work such as he could not have secured amid episcopal duties. On one occasion he gave humorous expression to his feelings on the subject in the following verses:—

"I'm glad I'm not a bishop,
To have to walk in gaiters,
And get my conduct pulled about
By democrat dictators.

"While I by my cathedral
Sit writing at my ease,
And fanning my gray temples
With the wanton summer breeze,

"From Longley down to Sodor,
From Exeter to Lincoln,
They've knots to cut or to untie
Would make me mad to think on."

The great work of his life was assuredly

thered by this passing over of his name in the distribution of bishoprics. His Greek Testament was completed in Canterbury; and with every new volume, and with every new issue of the former volumes, it became more thorough and valuable. He also issued a New Testament for English readers, in which he adapted the text of his Greek Testament to the needs of English readers. And, last of all, to make the benefit still more extensive, he published a revised translation of the whole of the New Testament. It had been the passion of his life to make the Bible understood; and he had laboured for this end in his remote rural parish when the cause was unpopular, and there were few to sympathize with him. It was, however, his rare felicity to live to see the cause of his early enthusiasm taken up by the highest authorities of his own Church, and launched as a national undertaking. The appointment of the Revision Committee was such a crowning of Alford's life-work, that we can scarcely wonder that he should have spoken of it in terms which to calmer observers may seem exaggerated. It may not have been "the most important event since the Reformation," the first meeting of the revisers around the tomb of Edward VI., but it was certainly an occurrence of no little importance when the principles which Alford had so long contended for were recognized by the English Church and the English people. A somewhat tragic interest attaches to Alford's connection with this great national enterprise, in which he was fitted by nature and previous study to bear so important a part. Incessant toil had done its work on his strong and active frame; and in consequence of serious symptoms, he was ordered by his medical advisers to abandon all serious work which he could avoid; so that his Commentary on the Old Testament, which he had so courageously planned, as well as the revision work, had to be relinquished. "My last remembrances," writes Bishop Ellicott, "of my dear friend are so connected with his share in the revision of the authorized version of the New Testament that it is now going on. Long and eagerly had he looked forward to that work, greatly had he prepared the way for it, steadily had he advocated

At last he was permitted to see it in pro-

gress, and himself to take a leading part in it. From the first day the New Testament company met, to the last sad morning when he gently and resignedly gathered his books together, and told us that 'the doctors had forbidden his continuance of the work,' he was never absent from one of our meetings. Never was man more tenderly regretted by those with whom he worked; and when, at our first meeting after he had been called to rest from his labours, the Collect for All Saints' Day was added to our simple prayers, never were its touching words more deeply felt by those that heard them, than by us in the Jerusalem Chamber that sorrowful day." It was in the autumn of 1870 that he bade farewell to his work at the Revision Committee. He did not, however, altogether cease to work. His voice was still heard from his cathedral pulpit, and he continued to occupy himself with his duties in Canterbury. On New Year's Day 1871 he preached a sermon suitable for the occasion, and on the same day wrote in his diary: "God only knows whether I shall survive this year. I sometimes think my health is giving way; but his will be done." On the 12th of January the call came to him, and his spirit passed into the presence of his Lord. He was buried in a grave selected by himself in St. Martin's Churchyard, Canterbury; and the Latin inscription placed by his own desire upon his tomb runs thus: "The inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem." Men of opposite opinions—those who had disapproved of much of his public life—joined in the sorrow which the tidings of his death occasioned; and it was acknowledged by all that England lost in him one of the truest and purest spirits which has for a long time appeared among her ecclesiastics, and one whose place it would be hard to fill. But, to borrow his own words, written a year before his death, regarding an ecclesiastical opponent, "that such men have been among us in these days of wide dissension, and that the charm of their presence has been recognized even by those most widely separated from them, is a bow in the dark cloud which seems to hang over the Church."

One word in conclusion, to correct a misapprehension which some good people have unquestionably entertained regarding the Dean of

Canterbury. The impatient manner in which he rejected what he deemed traditional mistakes, and his fearless mode of interpreting Scripture, led some to fear that he was drifting towards the shoals of sceptical thought; and he was sometimes classed with those with whose views he had no sympathy. The truth is that Alford never wavered in his firm attachment to the great evangelical verities which he had learned to love in his childhood. An interesting corroboration of this is given in his memoir. About a year be-

fore his death, he had a conversation with a gentleman who took a great interest in the endeavour to counteract, by apologetical lectures, the sceptical tendencies of our time. "I well remember," writes this gentleman, "that he seemed almost surprised that I spoke of them so seriously, as if they had any danger for God-fearing men; and he said with great simplicity, 'Well, I have never felt tempted to go from my anchorage.'"

OUR FATHER'S LOVE: A STORY OF LONDON STREETS.

CHAPTER V.

SAVED BY LOVE.

SUSIE could not understand the alteration in Elfie, but altered she certainly was. Sometimes she would stay away for two or three days together, and then come home and be as affectionate as ever, and give Susie all the money she had been able to get; but she would never tell her how she got it or where she had been. Then, after staying about in the same neighbourhood, she would go off no one knew where, leaving Susie to lie listening for her to come home at night, and to feel very dull and lonely by herself.

Poor Susie had other anxieties to trouble her, too, besides those she suffered on Elfie's account. Work was becoming scarce; and soon after the winter set in she was told she had better look out for something else to do, as they could not give her the sewing much longer.

"What shall I do—what can I do?" said Susie, when she told Elfie of this.

"I must get some more money," said Elfie. "I daresay I can get enough for both of us, and then you need not do this work."

"But can't I help you?" asked Susie. "I shouldn't like you to do everything."

"You can't help me get money," said Elfie evasively.

"Oh, I won't mind going into the market with you, if you'll ask the men to let me mind the baskets as well as you," said Susie.

Elfie laughed. "You couldn't," she said.

"Oh yes, I could—I would," added Susie. "I'd do anything to earn some money."

"Could you fight the boys if they came to take the things?" asked Elfie.

Susie shook her head, and looked greatly disappointed. "Oh, what can I do?" she said. "This is the last lot of shirts I shall have to make, and I must do something to earn some money."

Elfie thought for a minute or two of all the means she had tried to earn money, but there was only one in which Susie was likely to succeed. "You might clean doorsteps," she said slowly.

"Oh yes, mother taught me how to clean the hearth and scrub the floor," said Susie quickly.

"Can you clean knives and forks as well?" asked Elfie.

Susie nodded. "I know how to do all sorts of cleaning," she said.

"I don't," said Elfie; "I can just clean steps. And so when the people asked me to clean the knives and forks, and I couldn't, they wouldn't let me do the steps. But if you can do all sorts of work you can soon get some. I'll show you how to manage."

Elfie kept her word. As soon as the last bundle of shirts was carried home, and before the money was expended, the two girls went out together in search of some employment for Susie.

A short distance from Fisher's Lane there was a respectable neighbourhood, where the people seemed to pride themselves on the neatness of their doorsteps, but where very few could afford to keep servants to clean them. Here Elfie had often earned a few pence, and might have gained more if she could have done more than clean the steps; for occasionally she had been asked to clean knives and forks, or windows. There she brought Susie, and boldly knocked at a door, asking if they wanted the steps cleaned.

"Not to-day," answered the woman; "and besides, the girl who cleans my steps must do the knives and forks as well."

"She can clean knives and all sorts of things," said Elfie, pushing Susie forward.

The woman looked at her. "Have you learned to scrub?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Susie quietly.

then, you may come to me to-morrow and I'll do something to do."

delighted, and Elfie looked pleased. "You'll get on now," she said complacently.

"Clean all these steps?" asked Susie, looking at the quiet street.

"I don't clean steps now, I tell you," Elfie answered sharply.

"How do you get so many baskets in your mind now?" she asked.

"I don't mind baskets either," said Elfie fiercely. "It's just street rubbish—just what people said I was doing."

"No, I don't care; and I don't care," she added, "though you do talk about that."

"I try to coax me to go with you."

Elfie looked at her angry face in silent surprise. She had provoked this outbreak she could not have foreseen.

She had not ventured to mention the Ragged Dicks for some weeks past, although she had up all hope of persuading her to go with her.

"What's the matter—what do you mean?" she asked somewhat subdued.

"Why, you're not telling me about what I do to get the money," she said more quietly.

"I cleaned steps as long as I could; I never had anybody to teach me to do it."

"You had; and then the people in the market called you a thief, and I couldn't get the baskets to do."

"Why, you're not telling me about what I do to get the money," she said more quietly.

"I cleaned steps as long as I could; I never had anybody to teach me to do it."

"You had; and then the people in the market called you a thief, and I couldn't get the baskets to do."

"I tell you, and don't want you to love me."

"I will love you, even if you are bad," said Elfie with a smile.

The recreation ended, as usual, in both girls promising to never leave the other; but a feeling of business was left in Susie's mind, and she got rid of the wish to know more about the Ragged Dicks Elfie spent her time now.

She loved her very dearly, in spite of her strange behaviour, and she wished Elfie would tell her how she got the money she brought home.

It was often silver shillings and pence; but the possession of it never gave her any pleasure, and she was sure to be angry if she asked where it came from, and to use to eat anything that was bought with it.

Very puzzling to Susie, and the more she thought about it the more unhappy did she become; she was afraid to tell Elfie of her unhappiness, and she should put her oft-repeated threat into effect and never come home any more.

By earning a little money still herself, but she depended upon earning a regular amount as she did the sewing; for people did not want their clothes mended every day.

She managed to give satisfaction in her new work, and the first to employ her was a neighbour; but it was only

one or two days a week that she was wanted, and the rest of her time passed very slowly if Elfie did not come home all day.

One morning Susie thought she would walk a little further, and venture to inquire in another direction if a girl was wanted to do housework. She had heard that girls sometimes could get a place to go to every morning, and have part of their meals each day. Now, if she could do this it would be so much pleasanter, and she would not mind how hard she had to work; and she made up her mind to inquire for such a place as this before she left home.

Which way to turn she did not know, and she stood at the top of Fisher's Lane looking up and down the road debating this point, until at length she lifted her heart in silent prayer to God to guide her aright. Then she walked cheerfully on down the road for some distance, until she came to some quiet side-streets, and at the corner of one of these she went into a grocer's shop, and asked if they knew any one who wanted a girl.

The man asked her how old she was, and what work she could do; and then told her his wife wanted some one to help her with the work in the morning, and asked her to step into the back-parlour and speak to her. Susie's heart beat high with hope as she went into the room, while the grocer called his wife. Surely God had directed her steps, that she should hear of what she wanted so soon!

The grocer's wife asked Susie a good many questions, but seemed to be satisfied with her answers. She could not, however, quite decide about taking her, she said; she must talk to her husband first, she did not know what he would say about taking her without a character, and from such a bad place as Fisher's Lane, too, and so she must come again the next morning.

Susie promised to do so, hoping the answer would be favourable, for she thought she should be very comfortable working under such a kind mistress; and then the wages offered—eighteen-pence a week and her breakfast and dinner—seemed to promise almost riches. Her heart was light although it trembled with anxious expectation as she went through the shop again.

Just as she reached the street she noticed there was a little commotion lower down; a group of boys and girls, and a policeman half dragging, half carrying somebody along. Susie's heart almost stood still as she caught sight of the little ragged culprit, and she could only totter forward a few steps past the grocer, who had stepped out on to the pavement, when she became sure it was Elfie in the policeman's hands.

"O Elfie, Elfie! what is it; what is the matter?" said Susie, darting forward.

At the sound of her voice Elfie ceased her struggles. "Go away, Susie," she muttered hoarsely, staring at her wildly.

"No, no, I can't go away," said Susie, trying to catch hold of her frock. "Tell me what it is, Elfie."

"No need to ask what it is," laughed two or three

boys; "she's a regular little thief, she is; but she's caught at last, and serve her right."

Elfie looked defiant, and renewed her kicking and struggling, but Susie burst into tears. "Oh, don't take her away," she sobbed, appealing to the policeman; "oh, please let her come home with me, and she'll never do it any more."

"Home with you," said the man roughly. "Then you're one of the Fisher Lane thieves too, I suppose."

Susie's pale face flushed and a look of shame stole over it; but still she did not attempt to leave Elfie's side, although she knew all that crowd of boys and girls were staring at her and calling her a thief as well as Elfie.

"Why don't you go away, Susie? I don't want you; I never want to see you any more," said Elfie in a hard, defiant tone.

But Susie did not go away. They had got into the broad open road now, and everybody turned to look at them—looks that seemed to crush poor Susie and make her heart almost stand still with horror and anguish; but still she kept on walking in the centre of the little crowd. "If Elfie has been stealing, you must take me up too," she said to the policeman, "for I had part of the money."

"I daresay you did. There's a nice lot of thieves round in Fisher's Lane, I know," said the man. And as the gates of the police-station were reached, he took good care that they should close on Susie too. She had no wish to escape, although she trembled as they entered a room where another man asked their names and where they lived.

While this was being done, the policeman who had brought them whispered to one of the others, and then they were taken to a dark room and locked up. Elfie screamed with terror as the door closed, and they were left standing there in the cold, dark room with only the rift of daylight that struggled through the grating high up in the wall. Susie shuddered, but she was not so frightened as Elfie, who fell sobbing on her neck.

Susie clasped her arms round her. "What is it, Elfie? What have you done?" asked Susie in a whisper.

"Just what they said. I've done it many a time," sobbed Elfie; "but I didn't do it to-day, for I see somebody coming, and put the boots down."

"O Elfie! you've been stealing," said Susie sadly.

Elfie tried to twist herself away from Susie. "Why don't you say you hate me? I know you do," she said.

"No, I don't, Elfie, or else I shouldn't have come to prison with you," said Susie, holding her more tightly in her arms.

Elfie yielded to the loving embrace and sobbed again. "That's the worst of it," she said; "I shouldn't care so much for what the policeman could do to me, if you didn't know about it."

"But God would know, if I did not," said Susie, in a gentle whisper.

Elfie shuddered. "Does God know everything?" she said.

"Yes; everything we say or do," answered Susie. "He knows how many times you stole things, although you may forget."

"Well, I don't care," said Elfie defiantly. "He don't love me."

"O Elfie, he does; and it makes him sorry, and angry too, when we do anything that is wrong;" and Susie burst into tears.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Susie, and I'll never do it any more. I'll try and get some honest work, though it is so hard," said Elfie, and her tears broke out afresh.

The two sat down together on the hard, cold floor, and with their arms round each other's necks, Elfie promised never to steal again if Susie would leave off crying and love her still. "I will try to be honest, and mind the baskets and clean steps," she sobbed; "but they called me a thief when I wasn't; and then when we wanted that two-pence for the rent, and I couldn't get it any other way, I thought I'd steal it, only you shouldn't know."

"O Elfie, did you steal that sixpence?" asked Susie.

Elfie sobbed. "I stole some things and sold 'em to get that," she said; "that was the first time since I'd known you," she added.

"Did you steal before?" asked Susie.

"Yes, sometimes when I was very hungry; and they knew it at the Ragged School, that was why I wouldn't go with you," said Elfie, who seemed determined to make a full confession now.

"What did you steal?" asked Susie.

"All sorts of things,—anything I could see in shops and run away with. I never felt bad about it before, but when I took the things to get that sixpence for the rent, I felt I was wicked, and God seemed to be looking at me all the time, though I wanted to forget all about him."

"Yes, God was looking at you," said Susie; "and he was sorry about you too; more sorry than I can be, because he loves you more than I do."

"More than you do," repeated Elfie; "he can't, for you've come to prison with me, though all the people was looking at you and calling you a thief."

"Yes, he has," said Susie. "Don't you remember I told you about the Lord Jesus being God as well as man? Well, he came down from heaven to die for our sins—to save us just because we had all been doing such wicked things as stealing, and telling lies, and forgetting him. But to do this he had to suffer a dreadful, cruel death. And he wasn't compelled to do it either, for he did not deserve it; it was us who deserved it, but he loved us so much that he took our punishment instead."

"But he won't love me now," said Elfie; "it's no good telling me about this now."

"Yes, it is, Elfie, if you will only ask him to help you to be honest in future," said Susie.

"But I've been stealing,—I've done such lots of bad things," said Elfie.

"But Jesus will forgive them all if you ask him," said Susie quickly. "He loves you still, Elfie; though you've been trying to forget him, he hasn't forgot you."

you to believe in his love and love him
 me, are you sure about it? Are you sure
 love me as much as you do?" asked
 es you a great deal more than I do. That's
 teaches us to love each other, that we may un-
 derstand love," said Susie. "Mother used to say
 never understand God's love if it wasn't for

having father and mother or brothers and sisters to love
 us."

"I never had a father and mother to love me," said
 Elfie. "I never had anybody but you, Susie."

"Never mind, I'll be your sister, and love you," said
 Susie.

"And then, perhaps, by-and-by I shall understand
 about God's love," whispered Elfie, as she laid her head
 confidently on Susie's shoulder.

Within Iron Walls.

A TALE OF THE LATE SIEGE OF PARIS.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE CALM AFTER THE STORM.

"The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
 So, calm are we, when passions are no more;
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost."

WALLER.

OW—that it is all over,—the over-
 shadowing dread, the breathless hor-
 ror, the dull endurance, the weary
 sickness of hope deferred,—and we
 are freely once more, I feel I should like
 to live in the strange deep quiet that has
 come on our hearts and lives since the last act
 of the terrible drama was played out, especially
 since we have come to this quiet retreat, and write an-
 nals of the great events and thrilling scenes
 which we have so lately passed.
 In after-years, when the frosts of age
 have grayed my hair, and the reflection of other
 occurrences mingle with gathering
 mists in my mind's mirror,—now so clear and
 bright,—coming back to my saddened gaze in such
 refined, truth-revealing outlines each
 scene of the past eventful year,—I may
 feel that I have preserved the records, which
 at least, are but those of the common
 daily life—its stream turned, indeed,
 into an extraordinary course between the sheltering
 social harmony and domestic peace, and
 driven wildly with torrent force over the wrecks
 of our hopes, or spreading drearily out
 on the desolate flats of inaction and despair—but
 ordinary, daily life still, with its usual

routine of morning and evening, sleeping and
 waking, thinking and feeling, hoping and fear-
 ing, loving and sorrowing. Each day with its
 burden taken up, each night with its load laid
 down.

In measure, I mean. Of course, in such a life
 as we have led these months, everything seems
 disjointed, every thought and feeling intensified,
 every power of mind and body taxed to the utter-
 most. Yet we have been *ourselves* through it all,
 we people of Paris. Lifted out of ourselves,
 raised above ourselves—sometimes, alas! sunk be-
 low ourselves—it may be; still *ourselves*, not heroes
 and heroines, but poor, tried, sorrowful men and
 women, bearing the burden laid upon us, because
 it was there, and must be borne, because our hands
 were too feeble to lift it off.

But when time has rolled on, and these days
 have become historic, and these records of mine
 chronicles of an heroic time gone by; when, per-
 haps, little children and fair maidens gather
 round my knee as we did of old round that of our
 great-aunt Marthe,—I may see their bright
 eyes dilate, their rosy lips quiver, and their smooth
 round cheeks flush high, as I read from these
 pages the touching details of meek endurance,
 and faithful love, and patient sorrow which now

seem to be too deeply engraven on my memory ever to wear away. And it may be that, like flint from flint, the deeds of brave men and noble women may strike answering sparks from those young eager spirits, while they cause my slower pulses to throb again as of yore.

And I think the memories of those days must ever turn my thoughts upwards and heavenward—to Him whom I first learned to know in those cloudy and dark days.

It was too sad to sit round the old hearth at home, amidst the vacant places that represented the broken links in our household chain. So we have come here, to this fair, sweet spot, where no traces of War's desolating footsteps are visible, no echoes of past strife, still vibrating so painfully round our old home, are heard; none but the sweet sounds of nature—the bird's glad song and the insect's hum in place of the cannon's boom—waving trees, and green hills, and pure sunshine instead of the battered walls, and blackened ruins, and worn, sorrowful faces of the fated city in which we dwelt—the aromatic scent of budding pines and sweet breath of violets in place of its oppressed, war-laden atmosphere—peasant simplicity and homely kindness instead of the causeless suspicion and ceaseless din of party strife. A goodly exchange indeed.

Already a faint tinge of colour is dawning on Nina's white cheek, and Arnaud makes the wooden walls of the old farmhouse ring at times with his boyish mirth. The young so soon forget! Or, rather, the natural elasticity of youth causes the rebound to be stronger and greater in proportion to the intensity and duration of the strain which has curbed it in at all. For Arnaud has not forgotten the Past, any more than I have forgotten the dread I felt that he would never again be his old, bright, boyish self. It was so sad to see him, our merry ten-years-old boy, so quiet, and wise, and thoughtful.

Augustine only remained a day or two with us. There was so much work to do, he said, in the desolated homes and crowded hospitals of the stricken city we had left—work for the Master in whose footsteps he seeks to tread so closely. He could not let a field, so white to harvest, stand unreaped, with none to gather the ripened grain into the Lord's garner. So he has gone to tell

the bereaved, the suffering, the dying, of Jesus—of him in whom his own long-tried spirit has found such perfect peace and rest. “‘Silver and gold I have none,’ truly, Renée,” he said the evening before he left, when, in the weakness and selfishness of human love, I strove to dissuade him from his purpose by pleading his incapacity to meet the overwhelming need of the starving, homeless destitution and misery of those over whom his heart yearned so tenderly; “but ‘such as I have’ I can give them,—‘the unsearchable riches of Christ’—the bread and water of life;—offer to them, at least, in the Master’s name! And if only *one* perishing soul receive the treasures that corrupt not, and accept the living food that will satisfy its hunger, and the water that will quench its thirst at once and for ever, were it not guerdon enough? And I look not for one, but for many. For the name of Jesus is that of one ‘mighty to save’ even ‘to the uttermost.’ In our weakness his strength is perfected.”

After that I urged him no more, and now I am glad he went. The bitter partings and anxious watchings of the past year have made our hearts cling with tremulous tenacity to the actual presence of our loved ones, while we are yet listening to the dying echoes of the voices and footsteps of those who “are not.”

And now I will begin my task, a sorrowful one indeed, but blending a sad pleasure with its pain. And it will not be a difficult one. From a child it has been a whim of mine to keep a simple diary of the “little things” that, after all, make up the sum of life. And though those “little things” became very hard things as the weary days wore on in the beleaguered capital, I did not give up my old habit. Day after day, except, indeed, during the last sorrowful month and one dark week before it, with trembling hand, and aching heart, and sinking spirit, I traced the brief story of its heavily-weighted hours. From those pages—here bright with hope, there blotted with tears and incoherent with terror—I mean to gather my—*chronicle* shall I call it? It seems too ambitious a name; but, for want of a better, I will let it stand.

We had not always lived in Paris. The old Counts de Laborde owned a large estate near Montford, in Bretagne; but it had long ago

ed away, piece by piece, even as the stately
teau, upon the site of which my grand-
ad built the unpretending mansion that
n the home of our childhood, had partially
efore the terrible year of 1789 completed
k of centuries in one fearful day of wrath

ve heard it said that we French are a
f soldiers; certainly we De Labordes have
en a family of such. From time im-
al, nearly all the sons have followed the
on of arms; and many are the tragic and
stories connected with our ancient house,
h in childhood we listened spell-bound as
g round the knee of our dear old grand-
arthe, or wandered with our father through
woods and sunny slopes, which, but for
providence and folly of those martial
s; might have been our own fair inherit-
Ah, we have learned to look upon war in
lours now!

ather fell in the Mexican war of 1862, and
t rests, like that of so many of his fore-
far from all his kindred, in a strange and
soil. For a few years after his death we
d at Chateau Laborde; then, for the sake of
cation of Victor and Arnaud, and to be near
rho had not then completed his studies at
ry school in Paris, my mother accepted
r of our Uncle Lucien, my father's only
to come and share his large house in

And as little remained to us of the old
f the De Labordes beyond the empty title
son bore, the house in which we had
o lived, and a few farms and cottages
at Léon's earnest request and entreaty
tle was sold.

I guessed how much this cost Léon; he
it so lightly, as so necessary a thing for
nfort and the boys' advancement in life.
ad known him—his inmost heart—too long
now how tenaciously it clung to the last
it bound us to a glorious past.

At that time, Nina de Lucheux, the orphan
a dear friend and distant relation of my
ame to live with us. By M. de Lucheux's
ade many years previously, while she
t a little child, my father had been ap-
guardian of her and of her large property:

in case of his death, his eldest son was to take
his place. But Nina came to us not as the
heiress we expected. Her father's estate was
found to be mortgaged far above its value; it
passed into the hands of his creditors, and a mere
pittance was all that remained to her. Not the
less welcome was the sorrowful young stranger to
my mother's loving heart. Her orphanhood and
loneliness were a surer claim to welcome than
wealth. And soon the tender compassion we
felt for her sorrow, so lately our own, deepened
into love for herself.

She was then only sixteen, with all the playful
gaiety of a child, the will and tact of a woman.
Her mother had died at her birth, and she had
been ever since the one object of her widowed
father's love and care. And as her sunny nature
broke from the thick clouds of grief that had
concealed it when first she came amongst us, it
melted all hearts before its bright influence. Her
very wilfulness and waywardness seemed to make
her more bewitching. There was a charm about
her none could resist. Yet her thoughtlessness
sometimes wounded deeply where she should
have sought to soothe, her wilfulness was at
times cruel, her careless levity often brought
tears into loving eyes.

Some thought hers one of those bright, shallow
natures, dancing, sparkling, rippling all the more
because their stream is so shallow. Even my
gentle mother feared it; the quiet depth of her
own sweet character made it all the more dif-
ficult for her to comprehend one so opposite.
But I never thought so. I felt sure there were
deep, still waters lying unsounded yet beneath the
surface sparkles. Nina, dear Nina, I know now
that I was right! It was the real Nina that
looked from the soft, bright eyes that watched
my mother in her times of weariness and suffer-
ing, or gazed into my face in the quiet twilight
hours when we two sat alone; she in her favourite
seat at my feet, with her head resting against my
knee,—that breathed in the sweet tones of the
gentle voice that spoke so wisely and tenderly at
such times, when it seemed almost impossible to
believe it was the same wilful girl whose head-
strong waywardness so wearied good Uncle
Lucien, whose petulant impatience and coquet-
tish uncertainty so pained and troubled Léon.

With my mother she was always gentle—who could be otherwise? With Victor and Arnaud everyone but my mother and Léon were out of patience sometimes. Alone with me, she was generally her true self; though I had my full experience of all her varying moods. Naturally impulsive, passionate, quick to think and feel, with no counter influences against her father's unbounded petting and indulgence, she had sprung up with the weeds and flowers of her character alike flourishing in wild confusion. She had been used to indulge every passing fancy—to give way to every sudden impulse—to bestow no heed or thought on the feelings or requirements of others. And it needed the furnace of trial, heated sevenfold, to purge away the dross from the wealth of pure ore in her rich nature. She has passed through that furnace, and has come through it purified, refined, with the image of the Great Refiner stamped upon her character.

But I must not grow thus garrulous over my dear ones; if I linger in this way over each one, my pages will be filled with pictures of them alone. Pictures fairer, indeed, to my eye and dearer to my heart than any other, but not such certainly as will carry out my purpose. So I will not stay to speak of our precious, sainted mother: words would indeed fail me were I to attempt to find any deep and strong enough to express half of what she was—of our dear, kind Uncle Lucien, whose genial heart early disappointment and a long lonely life had neither chilled nor blighted—of Léon, our noble, tender, elder brother, who, from the day the letter came that told my mother she was widowed, and us that we were orphaned, had been her stay and counsellor, our guardian and helper—of Augustine, the gentle, grave, thoughtful priest that was to be, the saint of the family—of Victor, gay, joyous Victor, with his brilliant talents and unlimited fund of mirth and spirit—and of little Arnaud.

We were all together, all at home, that last winter and spring, a happy, loving band. How well I remember the happy Christmas time! How cherished, as treasures untold gold could not purchase, are the trifling tokens of affection given with sweet words of love and hope from beloved lips that last New Year's Day, by those on whom another was never to dawn. Well,

days and years are alike to them now. And it may be the "Happy New Year" we wished them then with smiling lips and light hearts, that boded no coming shadows, has come to them now.

"*May be!*" Oh, when shall I cast off the old chains, and soar into the full sunshine of faith and peace. Old associations are so strong—old habits of thought and feeling so powerful. Sometimes my heart seems fettered still by the dogmas of the old gloomy creed, and it is only as I breathe the free, pure air of gospel light and liberty while talking to those whose spirits are ever rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, or while reading the simple yet deep pages of the Word of Life, or at times when alone at the feet of Jesus, that it feels free even yet. I am afraid I do not understand much, or see anything clearly. But one thing I do—not see or understand, but believe and rest on—the free grace of God in Jesus Christ. The finished work of that cross that was once so vague a symbol, so shadowy a subject to me. And the cords of loving kindness which have gently, silently, irresistibly drawn my wandering heart towards the living, loving one whose sinless beatings were stilled in the terrible death-agony of that very cross, are such as no strain can break, no failure and falseness loosen; for their golden strands are twined of that "everlasting love" that knows no change, no chill in time,—that will endure through the countless ages of eternity.

Yes, "everlasting love." Those words must ever be my soul's sheet-anchor. God's own message to me through dying lips, borne by feet already touching the eternal shore, beyond the deep, dark Jordan waters.

CHAPTER II.

GATHERING CLOUDS.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.

LOOKING back now upon the past that was our present in the early months of 1870, it seems strange that deeper shadows from the mighty events whose mountain magnitude was to crush, not individual hearts only, but a nation's life, should not have been cast on our quiet pathway.

is true there was enough of discontent and
tion in Paris to rouse thoughtful minds to
tartling fact that we were walking with care-
read and unbent brows over the thin crust
covered a smouldering volcano, which might
y moment break out into terrific action.
looks and fiery glances under greasy *ouvriers'*
vague under-breathed attacks from a chained
suspected press, ignorance and dissipation
: gay gold-bedizened uniforms, disorder and
sion in cabinet and council, venality and cur-
y in the civil and military administration of
rised ministry and distrusted ruler; and,
said, a cumbrous and costly army organiza-
fair to the eye, telling well on paper, but in
y a polished shell without a kernel.

it there were few who took note of these
ps—still fewer who gave them, even in mea-
the earnest heed they called for. The strife
litical parties, the secret meetings and open
onstrations of the Reds, made but a passing
le in the smooth surface of Parisian life.
s and fêtes, operas and theatres, soirées and
ert-rooms, were thronged as usual. I saw
e of these that last winter than ever. Nina's
ht beauty and winning manners made her
once constantly sought, and our circle of
mintage widened constantly—too much in-
l.

ooking down the long pages of clear even
ting in my diary, I almost wonder now to find
anxious a spirit and careful a heart I bore
hat time. It reminds me how true it is that
due proportion of things can only be esti-
ed by comparison. It is not by the actual
and size of a burden we can judge of its
ght. A tiny casket of lead will strain muscles
would not feel the pressure of a huge packet
lown. We smile at a child's grief over a
ten toy; but as year after year rolls by, and
gather more and more of the bitter fruitage
fe's experience, and look back upon the land-
ks, great and small, of our pilgrimage, we
wiser. The blast that bends the frail sap-
to the earth, passes unheeded over the stal-
tree; the thunder rain which dashes down
fragile lily, only brings added freshness and
ness to the hardy briar at its side.

o with the trials and discipline of life; they

come to us, the loving gifts of a Father's heart,
disguised as tempest and shadow, bringing their
own weight, their own message to each. And he
knows how to adjust the burden to the bearer,
the bearer to the burden.

Now I know this; then I did not. And I
know I seemed to have many cares, many anxie-
ties; not about the clouds that were lowering so
heavily on the political horizon—not about the
sullen calm and breathless hush that ever pre-
cedes a storm—not about the low mutterings of
the distant battle-thunders. No; they were
about simpler things, and things that were nearer
to my heart.

To begin with one of the least—the burden of
ways and means. We were certainly not *poor*, for
Uncle Lucien made a common purse with us.
Léon had for some time held a commission in a
regiment of cuirassiers stationed in Paris, and
always made his pay more than suffice for his
wants; and Augustine had a scholarship in the
university, and was no drain upon our resources;
but Victor's extravagance and thoughtlessness
seemed to counterbalance this. And it was
not always easy to meet Nina's requirements.
Brought up as an heiress, accustomed to the
most lavish expenditure, she had really no idea
of the value of money; and without in the least
intending it, she made her bills for dress, and the
various trifles she considered indispensable, a very
serious item in our expenditure. And it was as
impossible to wound her sensitive feelings by
pointing this out to her, as it was to draw her
attention to it otherwise. At least so it was to
me. And she was so lovely, so full of enjoy-
ment, which I could not bear to damp.

It was very weak of me, I suppose; for I felt
the butterfly tendencies of her nature were being
fostered and developed rapidly in the unwhole-
some atmosphere of excitement in which she
lived, and that the good and the true were being
proportionably blighted and repressed. She was
more volatile and wayward than ever, and her
times of seriousness and reality were fewer. But
she was so bright and sweet, I loved her so dearly;
and I was so much older than she—less certainly
in years than in heart. My mother's health had
always been delicate; it had never recovered the
shock of my father's death; and I, as only

daughter and sister, had early entered on life's cares and responsibilities.

Then I was troubled too about Augustine. Grave and thoughtful he had always been, even in boyhood, yet most affectionate and kind. But of late his thoughtfulness had deepened into gloom; a shadow rested ever on his pale worn face; the forced smiles that came rarely to the set lips, never passed into the dark melancholy eyes. He took little part in our domestic and social pleasures; an under-tone of bitterness seemed in some indescribable manner to run through all his words. He shunned Léon, his own especial brother and friend; Victor's raillery and Nina's playfulness provoked him unaccountably. With my mother only he was like his old kind self. His temper, once so sweet and even, had grown irritable and morose. Little Arnaud's seemed the only home-presence he courted.

All this puzzled and distressed me sorely. He had finished his course of study, preparatory to entering the Church, and was now waiting for the time to come for him to take orders. Many were the fancies that flitted through my brain. Averse to entering holy orders I could not suppose him to be; it had been the one aim and purpose to which his whole life had tended; unless, indeed, some unfortunate earthly attachment had intervened between him and his sacred calling. I could not think that; his life had been lived with us, and I had no reason to suppose it. Did he mean to become a monk? Had he received a "vocation," and was his heart resisting it? Many other solutions of the problem of his changed manner occurred to me, all equally wide of the mark, all equally distressful to my heart.

And then Victor was so thoughtless, so wild. He was studying for the bar, and his brilliant talents warranted the highest hopes of his future career. Already, though only eighteen, he had distanced most of his fellow-students, and gained many honours most unusual to his age. But there was so great a want of stability of purpose and steadiness of application in him. For days, even for weeks, at times, he would entirely neglect his studies, pass his time in idleness and folly in the company of others young and thoughtless as himself; then, as an examination approached,

resume them with desperate ardour—shutting himself up in his room, and working almost day and night—and in the end triumph over the less gifted scholars who had been steadily pursuing the monotonous beaten track. This, to him, was answer enough in justification of his trifling habits; but not so to us.

It was not that, as people say, there was any harm in him; as yet, it was fun and frolic, not vice, that attracted him; but affection jealously watches the opening of the sluices to the first trickling drops that herald the torrent rush of the turbid stream. It was more the impossibility of making him give things one serious thought—the uncontrollable spirit of levity, that spared nothing, however solemn, that seemed to see nothing in its true proportions—that troubled us. And his mirth was so infectious—there was such a charm in his bright, joyous presence—such glad sunshine flashed from his young fair face—such a mingled light of love and fun and hope beamed from his clear dark eyes—that it was impossible to lecture or argue with him, even while our spirits were chafed by his reckless ways. Ah, dear Victor, I fear I was often hard on you in those days! But it is difficult to see things clearly through the blinding mist of tears.

And last to be recorded, because the greatest, were my fears and forebodings as to my mother's health. For years she had been fragile and delicate, needing and receiving the utmost care and tenderness from all her children. But that winter she had been unusually ailing, and I watched with aching heart the gradual but sure decay of the feeble strength, the slow but too palpable wasting of the slender frame. And not I only, but all. We said at first it was the inclement winter, then the trying spring weather. The doctor recommended change of air and scene, and we were preparing, in the end of April, to leave our city-home for the pure fresh air of the country, for the sunny summer months.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." The last week of April found our precious mother stretched on a bed round which we watched as over that of death. But after long weeks of suspense, she came slowly back to us out of the mists of that terrible valley. Other shades were gathering round us ere then—dim forecastings of coming

paration and strife; but we suffered them not fall round her feeble footsteps. Her strength turned, and the doctor told us, with care and abundance of suitable nourishment she might be ill the centre link of our home-band for many years to come. How little then could we read a sentence of death in those hopeful and cheering words—how little realize with what sickness of heart we should one day recall them!

Before she could in any measure resume her ordinary invalid habits, the question of candidature for the throne of Spain had arisen, and in the conflicting wills of the rulers of Prussia and France men detected the key-note of the coming strife. My Uncle Lucien returned from stormy debates with troubled brow and excited gestures, and vented his indignation and opinions against Léon's calm, rock-like convictions, which, after all, influenced Uncle Lucien, as they did every one else, more or less, by their very quiet force.

Our uncle was decidedly in favour of war. France must rise and shake herself, and go forth as of old, to avenge her insulted dignity upon those insolent bores of Germans; and conquer of course. The very supposition to the contrary incensed him beyond all endurance. I believe France and victory were to him synonymous terms. Léon was graver and quieter than of old; he spoke little, but the lines of thought deepened on his brow and gathered round his silent lips when Uncle Lucien and Victor, and the many young and fiery spirits that met in our house, spoke lightly of the coming strife, vaunting of the chastisement in store for the despised Prussians, the fresh laurels for the haughty brow of France, to be gathered on fields that were to be all Jénas, to be borne in triumph through the opened gates of the far-off northern capital, and back again over the blue waters of the rushing Rhine, the *German Rhine* no longer.

Probably it was only the dominance of my life-long habit of trusting to the mind and judgment of Léon in everything, that caused my heart to sink with a dreary chill as I listened to these conversations, in which he took so small a part, and that part generally in depreciation of any under-rating of the strength and importance of the foe, or too flippant confidence in the invincibility of the arms of France. Any remarks

of his to this effect inevitably drew upon him a chorus of indignation, ridicule, and contempt, and he would relapse into silence.

My mother then knew of the impending struggle; she was better, had resumed almost her old habits, and it was no longer possible or desirable to conceal it from her. We all knew, though we did not speak of it, that Léon's regiment could scarcely fail to be one of the first ordered to the front. That was the chief meaning of the war to us—separation from Léon. How much that meant to me, to us all, it would be impossible to say; and to my mother! My heart ached as I marked the wistful eyes with which she followed his every movement in the hours he spent at home.

Augustine had roused a little out of the apathetic gloom that enveloped him. Victor was wild with excitement, intensely provoked by Léon's quietness, almost ready to throw up his studies and volunteer for the ranks. Even little Arnaud caught the war-infection, and paraded the house armed to the teeth with the miniature weapons that are the delight of every French child, attacking imaginary Prussians in every part of the house, being more than once detected in attempting to purloin real powder wherewith to charge his artillery.

I wonder how much the prevalence of military toys in our nurseries has to do with the intense love of fighting which is so strong and acknowledged a characteristic of our nation. It is difficult to separate cause from effect, and effect from cause; but it seems to me as if I could never bear to see a child "playing soldiers" again. Time, they say, deadens all things; but I cannot now look on martial weapons without a convulsive spasm of shuddering horror at my heart.

Nina had returned to her old ways. During my mother's illness she had been so subdued and gentle, so full of loving thoughtfulness and tender anxiety, not only for the beloved invalid, but for all and each of us, we had almost learned to forget that she could be wilful. In the bond of a common anxiety and sorrow, she and Léon were drawn closely together, while I watched by my mother's bed; and all her little coquettish whims and ways were laid aside, as she sought only to soothe and cheer him and Uncle Lucien, and

make the oppressive hush of the house, where sickness cast its gloomy shadow, less trying to Victor and Arnaud.

But it was only for a time. As the last days in which there was the least reasonable ground for anxiety in my mother's state passed by, a change came. First in her treatment of Léon. She would avoid him, carelessly throw aside the flowers and books he brought her, oppose his views, ridicule his sentiments, and rarely gratify him with the music of which he was so fond, or join in the songs, his favourites and hers, in which his deep tones and her clear, sweet, bird-like voice blended so well.

All this was most trying—to me; still more to Léon. To me, because I had long known in what chamber in his heart Nina's image was enshrined—the inner sanctuary of its earthly affection. How the knowledge came I do not know; not from his lips, for it was only tacitly understood between us. It grew upon me by degrees; at first—shall I confess it?—with an under-current of jealous pain. She seemed to prize so little the devotion of the noble heart which was to me the most precious thing on earth, except my mother's love.

On earth, and I had nothing beyond earth in those days. I knew nothing of the living, loving human heart beating beneath the golden girdle of the glorified Man above—of the mighty, gentle hand that could lay down the seven stars, to touch and raise his awed and glory-dazzled servant from his feet—of the voice whose sound was as that of many waters, yet whispered low and sweet, as the countenance shining as the sun in his strength stooped—yes, *stooped* over that prostrate form: "Fear not; I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and *have the keys of hell and of death.*"

Yes; *He* holdeth the keys—not Peter, not Rome; but he himself—Jesus. He has already unlocked the golden gates that lead into his eternal presence to those loved faces whose vanished light leaves our home so sadly darkened. *Theirs* is with him now; and where he is and they are must be like home to us.

How different the thought of the many mansions in the Father's house above, from the ideas of heaven I once had. A place of dazzling, unen-

durable, unapproachable glory; an awful throne of spotless light, high on its highest heights; upon it a Presence of terrible majesty, too pure, too dreadful in its severity of holiness for even angels to approach with unveiled faces; and beneath it long files of white-robed saints, with calm, still faces, with every trace of earthly feeling and passion purged away from their clear stern eyes by the searching purgatory fires.

No wonder my dimmed eyes turned away, that my beating heart grew chill. Well might I feel that I, so wholly of the earth, earthy, in every thought, and affection, and feeling, had no part there, no interest, no hope; for between me and those shining heights lay the grave and a gulf—to such as I it must be well-nigh an impassable gulf—of searching, devouring fire!

I had been thoughtful even from a child, and these things had ever troubled me. At times they were too distressing to dwell upon; and though I attended rigidly to all the forms and ceremonies of religion, and the priests said I was a good and pious girl, the future lay before me dark, dreary, dreadful, veiled in a gloom uncheered by the torch of hope, unbroken by the faintest star-gleams of faith. So my heart turned all its clinging tendrils downwards, and clung to the earth; there was no stay to raise them upwards towards their true resting-place. And, as I said before, it was round Léon they twined with the firmest, strongest hold. On him I had leaned all my trust from my early girlhood, even as my gentle, timid, delicate mother had done. She was formed only to love, and to cling, and to trust; and when my father's death left her alone, she turned to Léon and leant upon him; and at last upon me too. Not that she was wanting in character or judgment—when we were children she ruled us with a gentle firmness that never failed to make itself felt; but then she had my father: and after he was taken, it was rather by the trustful love with which she looked to us elder ones to take—not his place, that could never be—but his part of cheering and supporting her gentle, timid spirit, that we were controlled and guided.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRUMPET PEAL.

"Oh, war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister."
SHAKESPEARE.

I SHOULD make a bad historian. Thoughts and memories crowd so thickly upon me, I forget that I commenced writing these pages with the purpose of recording what I know of the mighty events that have been passing round me. In this I shall fail, I am sure. To a woman's heart and mind things present themselves so naturally only as they blend with or mar the harmony of home affections and interests. And looking over the pages of my diary, I find little mention of things with which the hearts of other nations beside our own were palpitating—much of those which agitated only mine and those linked with it. Well, outer events were soon to become inextricably twined with the inner life of the family in almost every home of France.

The trumpet note was sounded at last. On the 15th of July the Emperor Napoleon proclaimed war against Prussia. Of course ere then our ears were prepared for the sound that was to prove itself to be the death-knell of an empire and its glory, though few indeed caught the minor key of coming disaster in that thrilling peal.

We were sitting in the drawing-room on the afternoon of that day, my mother, Nina, and I. From time to time we had heard sounds which betokened unusual excitement in the city, beyond the quiet space, near the Luxembourg gardens, in which our house stood. Pealing bells, and distant shouts, and martial instruments. They fell on our ears, on my mother's and mine at least, sadly as funeral music. Too truly we guessed the cause.

What Nina felt I know not. She sat surrounded by a mass of white flowers and net, quietly and composedly twining the former into a tasteful wreath, which on the morrow was to crown the pretty head of Marie Fournier, our lively and indulged waiting-maid. She had been with us almost from a child, was an orphan, and was regarded by our mother and ourselves quite as one of the family. Her marriage was to take place next day; and we had undertaken

to provide our favourite with the white bridal dress, wreath, and veil that are considered so indispensable for the toilet of the lowliest bride in Paris. The snowy muslin dress was ready; Nina's graceful fingers were to do the rest.

My mother lay with closed eyes; but the pained, worn look of the dear pale face was not that of sleep. I sat at the window watching for Léon or Uncle Lucien.

Presently I saw them coming together. Uncle Lucien walked quicker than usual; his step was light and firm, his portly form erect, his head thrown back; and as they came nearer I saw his face was flushed, his eye sparkling, and his manner eagerly animated as he spoke rapidly and vehemently to Léon, who walked by his side grave and silent and thoughtful.

Hardly had they entered the house when Arnaud rushed violently into the room, decked, as usual, with képi and sword, knapsack and bayonet. Furiously charging and upsetting Nina's work-table, he shouted out, "Hurrah for Berlin! Mamma! Renée! Nina! war is declared at last! Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! Oh, I wish I was Léon, to be going à Berlin, à Berlin!" and the excited child capered wildly about the room, utterly regardless of the effect his sudden intelligence was producing upon my mother.

She had started up white and trembling just as Léon entered the room, and laying his hand on Arnaud's shoulder, said, in the low, quiet tones he always knew better than to disregard, gentle as they were, "Hush, Arnaud; do you not see you are frightening your mother? Go and tell Justine and Louis, if you will; but, remember, no noise." The boy obeyed at once, first pausing to say, "Pardon, mamma," as he raised his glowing face for her to kiss.

Then Léon took my mother's hand in his, sat down on a low seat beside her couch, and spoke in calm, reassuring tones of the tidings with which every heart in Paris was throbbing that day.

Presently Uncle Lucien joined us, and it was almost impossible not to catch some of the martial enthusiasm with which he rejoiced over the prospect of France wiping off the slight her honour had received in the Prussian king's insolent in-

interference with her policy with German blood and Rhine water.

Nina appeared wholly unconcerned, twisting and untwisting her flowers, arranging and rearranging the fall of the net-folds—breaking upon our grave thoughts and serious conversation with appeals as to the best way of placing this orange-blossom or that rose-bud. Yes, even when we spoke of the too certain likelihood of Léon's regiment being ordered at once to the front.

I saw Léon's colour change as he met the bright glance of her untroubled eyes, and my heart swelled indignantly. Yet I noticed that somehow the wreath, with all the time and apparent interest bestowed upon it, never looked like the work of Nina's artistic fingers. She *did* care, I knew, and that made it worse to bear. How could she feel pleasure in teasing Léon, when he would probably be so soon parted from us.

That day and the next, and the next, indeed for many days, Paris was all in one wild glow of martial excitement. Crowds of blue blouses and well-dressed men formed round the Corps Législatif, blocked up the Place de Carrousel, thronged the Tuileries gates, gathered in place and boulevard, wherever public office or military dépôt formed a point of interest, shouting ever the war-cry, "A Berlin! à Berlin! Vive l'Empereur!" Cafés were filled with eager, excited groups; carriages rolled rapidly and thickly through the busy streets; orderlies rode to and fro from one post to another; soldiers passed and repassed to the sound of stirring music, cheered with frantic enthusiasm wherever they went. In hotels, at crowded *table d'hôtes*, at the social board, round the quiet home-hearth, there was but one watchword, one topic—the War. How could we think the flag of France, that fluttered gaily in the soft summer air from so many parts of the rejoicing city, would soon be torn from its high pinnacle, steeped in the nation's life-blood, and trampled in the dust by the victorious foe!

No one seemed to dream of defeat. A bold dash over the broad Rhine, a victorious progress through a terror-stricken land, a triumphal entry into a vanquished capital, a glorious return of laurel-crowned victors,—these were the things of which men, and women too, talked in those

days. In our house—and ours might well be a sample of the rest—representatives of many classes gathered in it. Grave, elderly men, Uncle Lucien's political friends; Léon's brother-officers; Victor's fellow-students; Arnaud's school-companions; Nina's gay acquaintances of the fashionable world,—different elements all, yet fused for the time in a kindred glow of feeling. The mighty armies of France; her old hereditary traditions of victory and glory; the new and terrible weapons to be brought against the foe; the energy and spirit of her people; the eager war-appetite of her soldiers,—all were brought forward to fan the flame, till all minds burned with a white-heat of enthusiasm.

It is true, some older and graver men would now and again drop under-breathed queries as to whether the soldiers of France were all they used to be, all they would need to be, to meet men, heavy, it might be, and dull, but resolute and true, and fighting for "Vaterland." Others would hint at possible discrepancies between paper and flesh and blood armies—at a faulty and corrupt system of commissariat—at a rush into darkness by rash and inconsiderate men, heated by party strife, and urged on by selfish interests. But these were only whispers, borne down by the swell of many voices; and those who breathed them were met by withering sarcasm, or cutting contempt, or hot-headed indignation. I noted them more after what Léon said to me the evening of the declaration.

All the others had retired to rest, and he and I were standing looking down upon the partially illuminated city, and listening to the hoarse roar of the multitude that thronged the streets. We had been silent some time, occupied with our own thoughts, when a body of excited, half-tipsy *ouvriers* paraded the street before our house, singing snatches of war-songs, and shouting, "A Berlin! à Berlin!" at intervals. As they passed out of sight and hearing, I thought I heard a suppressed sigh from Léon. I had long wished to ask him to tell me his full opinion as to the war—this was a good opportunity. So I began,—“Léon, you do not like this war. Why? Is it not a just one? Will France be beaten?”

He smiled rather sadly, I thought, and an-

ered, "Three questions at once, Renée; which must I answer first?"

"But," I said very earnestly, "I mean, what you think about the war? Why are you so brave and silent, when others, your brother-officers even, are so enthusiastic over it? It frightens me, Léon. If you, who are so brave and fearless, are afraid of the result, you must have good reason. What is it?"

He was silent a moment, then answered in a low, grave voice: "I am afraid for France, Renée. She is rushing madly against a foe without measuring her relative strength."

"But, Léon," I said, "surely our powerful armies—our legions of brave soldiers—will be more than a match for those stupid Germans."

"*Stupid Germans!*"—ah, Renée, you do not know of what you are speaking; and all is not gold that glitters."

"Then you are doubtful of the result?"

"More than doubtful. As I said before, I am afraid for France. Goaded on by her rulers, she is rushing to her doom. Renée, you, at least, must know how my heart bleeds to say these things. We may win—God grant we may!—but the odds are desperately against us."

"Léon, Léon, how can this be? Everyone says how wonderfully strong are our armies and fleets; what immense sums have been spent upon them; and where are braver men than French soldiers?"

"All true, Renée: our armies are strong—on paper; immense sums have been spent upon them—nominally. French soldiers are brave, but bravery is not all. Long before this war was thought of, I have felt convinced that our whole army system is rotten to its core. Money has been lavishly squandered, but not accounted for. Ignorance prevails to a frightful extent among our soldiery,—not in the ranks alone, alas! And the discipline is fearfully lax. The management of our commissariat and military stores must assuredly break down under the tremendous strain that will be put upon it at so short notice. Then the men—they are brave indeed. Yes; they would follow their officer cheerfully to breast a bayonet charge, or face the cannon's mouth, or dash forward on a forlorn hope; but they will not obey him in minor matters—in attacks or in camp. Many regiments are even

now in a state of embryo mutiny. Officer distrusts officer; men— But it is useless dwelling upon this gloomy picture, Renée, and there are bright exceptions—brave men and true, in office and in ranks. We must hope for the best."

"But your own regiment, Léon?"

His face brightened. "Ah, it is one of the Emperor's *picked* ones. The men are a fine set of fellows, for the most part, in better order and discipline than many."

"Do you think, then, the Germans are so much better prepared than we?"

"Yes, Renée. The six months I spent in Germany a year ago first opened my eyes to the superiority of their military system over our own. You heard me explain it to-night. And it will not be with Prussia alone we shall have to fight, but with united Germany. The different states will join as one man to do battle for the Fatherland. My friend Von Herghheim left this morning. He told me, when he bade me farewell yesterday, how, since the first probability of strife appeared, his countrymen, of all nationalities, were making their way homewards—from England, from Russia, from every point of Europe—yes, even across the wide Atlantic itself—all to be absorbed in that great machine, the German army. The Emperor has reckoned without his host in hoping for the support of any of the states disaffected to Prussia.—But do not look so rueful, Renée. I ought not to have spoken to you thus, but my mind was so full of the subject when you asked me. All may yet be well. And perhaps the over-confidence and flippancy with which most men look on these things make me over-fearful. Necessity is a stern teacher, and pressure brings out hidden stores from latent sources in men's hearts and minds. I grieve to have troubled you, Renée."

"Ah, Léon, when have we had an unshared trouble?"

I saw a shade pass over his face even in the dim light, and I knew he was thinking of his unconfessed love for Nina. Yet it was no secret to me. A little longer we talked, of nothing I need record here. But these words of Léon's sank deeply into my heart. All the more so because I hid them there. In the dreary after-days, when German cannon boomed round us,

when German iron and steel girt us in, in one vast prison-house, how often I looked back on their prophetic truth!

When we parted for the night, and Léon's last tender words of hope and cheer had been spoken, I went to my own room—through the one in which I was thankful to see my mother sleeping quietly—with a dull, heavy sense of utter consternation growing upon me. Dark heavy clouds were gathering round, with no rift in their heavy folds through which the rays of the Sun of righteousness could glint. Forebodings, all the more difficult to contend with because they were so vague, weighed upon my heart. And I had never heard of One whose loving hands are ever stretched forth to lift the burden from the failing shoulder—the weight from the oppressed heart. Oh, had I known then of Him who says to all, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden—Cast your burden, all your care, upon me, for I care for you, and will in no wise cast out," I had not knelt so long that night, with weary frame and troubled heart, before the pictured form of her who, while she called that gracious One son, bent the knee before Him as Saviour, and rejoiced in His salvation.

The dawn was breaking dim and gray before, uncalmed and unsoothed, I slept at last. How could I know those calm, untroubled faces in the saintly ranks above would bend down from their unbroken quiet of holy, unruffled repose to compassionate my unrest? When the taint and defilement of earthly passion and feeling was purged away, would not the memory of, and sympathy with, earthly pain and sorrow vanish too? And if not, how many were claiming their aid that night!—many who needed it more than I—if that could be; for many would be called to lay *many* offerings on the gorgeous altar of war—I, we, only one. Yet might it not be that that one to us was as much as the many to others? But would the saints measure that duly? Could they? Yet what hope was there for us—sisters, mothers, children of France—but in their favour and intercessions. How else could our need and sorrow and fear be noticed by Him who sat high above them all, with the lightnings of judgment and wrath ready to fall from his mighty hands upon our guilty nation!

In my blindness and pain I knelt that night, calling upon every saint I could think of to plead with the blessed Virgin to intercede for us with her Son. Ah! well may tears gather thickly and fall, blotting my letters as I trace them, as I think how I wronged Him, the utterance of whose loving lips was ever, "Come—come unto me, unto me—unto *myself*." Thank God, I know him now, not as the terrible Christ, enthroned amidst appalling judgment thunders, needing the intercessions of myriads of saints to turn aside the edge of his vengeful sword, but as the meek and lowly Jesus—the "Man of sorrows" once below—the Man in glory now above, "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," ever pleading, ever watching, ever caring for those whose trials he gauges, not alone by his omniscient wisdom, but by deep experience gathered with "strong crying and tears in the days of his flesh"—sharing still the sorrows and weaknesses of those whom he has purchased, not with "silver and gold," but with his own precious blood—the fountain, the one only fountain, opened for sin and uncleanness.

It was no new thing for me to feel, in hours of anxiety and pain, that aching void within, which no earthly treasure, however precious, can fill, the deep yearnings which no mere human voice, however tender, can still. I could recall hours in my childhood when I dreamed of a time when both might be satisfied in the holy calm of the cloister's solitude; but since my early girlhood life's cares and duties had so thickened round me as to make me put away the fulfilment of that dream, and gird myself for the battle of outer life, shutting my ears, when I could, to the inward voices that spoke of God and eternity, lest they should unfit me for the secular path I was resolved to tread, not of gaiety and folly—these had little charm for me—but of family usefulness and domestic love. I was needed at home. Others might work out their salvation in cloister and in cell; I must be of those who cling to their skirts, and trust to their supererogatory works to help their pleadings to procure entrance at last, when purgatory should have done its cleansing work, into the rest of soul and spirit that could never be my portion below. Oh, how thick is the gloomy veil of falsehood and error

and Satan have conspired to weave, to hide weary, sinful eyes the glorious light of truth as it is in Jesus!

CHAPTER IV.

A BLIGHTED DREAM.

"Oh! Anger is an evil thing,
And spoils the fairest face;
It cometh like a rainy cloud
Upon a sunny place.

"One angry moment often does
What we repent for years;
It works the wrong we ne'er make right
By sorrow or by tears."

ELIZA COOPER.

Next day was our pretty Marie's bridal. It took place in the old church of St. Roch; it was the wish of the bridegroom's parents that their son should be wedded in the gray old walls which had witnessed their own union and his mother's. They kept a baker's shop in the Rue de la Harpe, hard by, which was to belong to Marie and Marie then, while the old people rested in their quiet evening days. We—Uncle Lucien, Arnaud, and I—were present. A pretty sight it was, Jules with his straight figure, and proudly happy face; little Marie, shrinking, blushing, trembling, her round pale face and red lips, her bright eyes shining by the long dark lashes, and her rosy lips smiling between smiles and sobs. Ah, how differently changed must have been that innocent little face ere the terrible day on which we saw it last! Ah, Marie, poor bright Marie, there was no presentiment of coming in the April tears and half-joyful sobs which you left the house that had sheltered orphan youth for the home in which the seeds of a fearful fate began ere long to gather in your heedless footsteps. Your fears and Léon's hopes were soon fulfilled. The regiment received orders almost immediately and laid itself in readiness to proceed to the front. It was to form part of the "Army of the North." We saw little of him those days; he went out early and returned late, and when he came home was full of life and animation, eagerly discussing plans and probabilities, and seeming never to throw his doubts and forebodings into his mind. The soldier instincts so strong in Léon and his race asserted their power; the

welcome change from the stagnation of barrack life and parade duties to the stirring prospect of camp and field, the hopeful elasticity of youth rebounding from the restraint of anxious thought and troubled probing into the roots of things that had been his of late, alike tended to quench the haunting whispers born of quiet midnight hours of study and research.

When I said something to him about it, he answered, "A soldier's duty is not to examine, to question, to despond, Renée, but to obey and press forwards. In time of peace, it is well to look round and point out the weak parts in the fortress; but in time of war, we must put on a bold front and stop the breach with our bodies. And in face of the foe I cannot believe France can be untrue to her old hereditary fame. There is a spirit among her soldiers now worthy of the traditions of a glorious past. If it will only last, and bear out the vicissitudes of a long and trying campaign."

"And will it?"

A shade of the old care swept over his face as he answered, "I do not ask myself the question, Renée. For the present I have to strain every nerve to do what one man can to forward preparations in my own company; by-and-by to lead them, perhaps, against the enemy, and show them how Frenchmen should meet the foe. For the rest, time must decide. Do you remember the words of the English poet, Renée:—

"'Tis not to reason why—
'Tis but to do and die!'"

At this moment Léon was summoned away, and I sat still with those last ominous words ringing in my ear, "*to do and die.*" A cold chill crept over me. What if they should be prophetic? What if Léon, our Léon, should be among those who returned no more? For there would be such, many such. Yet we little realized then how strong was that probability. The idea of the danger was shadowy and vague, until the dim echoes of the far-off strife reached our shrinking ears. It was the separation we thought of most.

The dear mother bore her pain with the same sweet, uncomplaining patience she always showed in bodily suffering. Her brow was calm, and a faint smile rested as usual upon her gentle lips.

Only the deepening of that wistful look in the too shining eyes as they rested constantly upon Léon whenever he was present, the increased paleness of the wasted cheek, and the blue lines under the eyes, telling of midnight watchings, revealed the inward struggle. And sometimes, when she thought no one saw it, the sudden pressure of the pale, thin hands, that usually lay folded in an attitude unconsciously betokening weariness and sorrow, to her heart, as if to still a sharp physical pain. I did not know then how settled a conviction pressed upon her spirit, that this "Good-bye" would be the last she would ever speak to her idolized first-born son.

The days rolled quickly by, but the dreaded one came not for more than a week after the Declaration. We had much to do, my mother and I, for Léon. It was a sacred task to prepare everything which love could imagine as necessary or comfortable, a task in which other hands might not join, except Nina's. Many a pretty device, many a simple addition to the useful things my heavier fingers prepared, were turned out of those fairy hands and laid in Léon's stores. Little things, important in their triviality, which my duller wits never thought of. But all this under rigid injunction on her part, faithful promise on mine, that Léon should not know whence they came. I gave the promise, knowing well he would recognize them untold. Love is keen-witted.

Paris was surpassing herself in gaiety that week, as though, forecasting that the time for the mirth and frivolities in which she delighted was but short, she were making the most of it. As I have said, the war-excitement pervaded all ranks, without in the busy streets, within in the family circle. There were few households on which the shadow of coming separation did not rest, of coming bereavement, if human eyes had not been mercifully closed against it; but all was joy and festivity. Balls, soirées, concerts were given incessantly. A strange way it seemed to me of bidding farewell to men going forth to danger, it might be to death. Nina and Victor were, of course, at once drawn into the vortex; but Léon steadily refused all inducements to leave my mother during the few hours he was

at liberty, when each day might be his last; and I had never left her since her illness.

Quiet and happy, though pervaded with chastened sadness, were those last evenings we spent together—my mother, Uncle Lucien, Léon, and I. With all his exuberant patriotism, it was a hard struggle for Uncle Lucien to speak of Léon's departure. He loved him with a strange compound of fatherly and brotherly feeling. For it had always been a curious study to watch them together, especially so of late—the calm sense and judgment of the younger toning down the hot-headed rashness of the elder. Yet Léon was Uncle Lucien's *beau-idéal* of what a French soldier and a French gentleman should be, and Léon regarded him with a respect and affection wholly filial.

It grieved Léon greatly, I saw, that Nina seemed to care so little for his parting hour. Sometimes I wished he would speak to her; but as no actual confidence on the subject had passed between us, I did not like to broach the subject to him. Besides, I was afraid to interfere. I was by no means sure that Nina returned his affection; for if she did, I asked myself, could even her strong love of coquetry support her in her apparent indifference at his coming departure?

One day, it was the 22nd, Léon brought the tidings that his regiment would certainly leave Paris on one of the next days. Everything was in readiness, waiting only the word of command. Nina was talking merrily a moment before to Henri de l'Orme, a young fellow-officer of Léon's and the son of an old friend of my mother's. And for once her composure failed her. The laughing light died out in her eyes, the smile faded from her rosy lips, and after a vain struggle to seem her usual bright self she left the room. I was glad to think that for that one evening at least she had no engagement.

We had many visitors that day, and my mother retired to the sofa in her dressing-room soon after eight o'clock. I sat there with her some time, expecting Léon to join us there, as was usual to him. Going at last in search of him, I met Nina coming rapidly up the broad staircase. She flashed past me without speaking, leaving a piece of her flowing muslin dress in the bend of the balustrade. The glance I had in

using of the glowing crimson of the cheek, a defiant light that shot from the sparkling eyes, warned me not to attempt to detain or speak to her. Something had happened to make the demon of passion with unusual force that fairy-like form. I heard the door of her room shut violently and locked as I went down.

In the library was only Uncle Lucien, smoking meditatively; the dining-room was empty, and at first looking in I thought the drawing-room was so too. But a second glance showed me Leon's tall figure brought out strongly against the fading evening light in one of the high narrow windows. I went towards him unperceived. He stood with folded arms, resting his brow against the glass. Not till I laid my hand on his arm and spoke his name did he relax from his fixed attitude. Then he started, and passing his arm round me, drew me closely to his side. His face was deadly pale, his features rigid, his eyes pained and troubled.

"O Léon, what is it?" I whispered. "Is it Nina?"

"Yes." He rested his cheek against my brow; I knew it was to conceal the workings of his face. I felt his frame trembling with suppressed emotion, while I waited for him to speak again. At last he went on—"I have been dreaming, Renée, dreaming a golden dream. And the awakening is sudden and sharp. That is all. I had hoped, how vainly and presumptuously I see now, that I might bear with me the sweet assurance of requited love to cheer me amidst the horrors of war. I shall have the stern bracing of pain instead." The hard, dry, bitter tones of the voice usually so deep and sweet, fell like drops of molten lead on my heart, and I exclaimed passionately, "Would that you had never seen her—would that she had never come here; she has brought us nothing but sorrow!"

"O Renée," he said, and his voice was gentle then, "do not say that. Think how good and sweet she is, when she is her real self. Her faults are those of her early training; she will overcome them and be a noble woman yet. You will see. Think what she was to us all when our mother was ill. And it is not her fault that she cannot love me."

"O Léon, I thought she did; I felt sure, in spite of all her coquetry, that she did care for you very much."

"I think she does, Renée, care for me, as you say; but I wanted her love, and that she cannot give."

"Did she tell you so? O Léon, are you sure you quite understand one another?"

"Quite sure, Renée," he answered, in a tone of such exceeding pain I could ask no more; and that evening I heard no more. And never from his lips.

I do not know how long we stood there in silence; it was till I suddenly remembered my mother would be wondering where we were, and we went to her. It must have cost Léon a great effort to assume his ordinary quiet, pleasant manner. But he made it. More than once mamma, and Uncle Lucien, who presently joined us, asked for Nina. We saw no more of her that evening. When mamma had retired to rest, she sent me to seek her; but she only answered, through her closed door, that she had a headache, and wanted nothing.

My heart was very sore that night. I was perplexed, as well as grieved and angry. But I supposed what seemed to me the impossibility of any one's not returning Léon full measure for his love had misled me. And certainly Nina had given little reason of late to warrant the assumption that she regarded him with more affection than Augustine or Victor. And yet—and yet—it was a great puzzle.

CHAPTER V.

ORDERED TO THE FRONT.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!"
BRAEK.

NEXT morning, Nina appeared with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, but with a manner which might have passed as her ordinary one to all but myself. But I detected an under-current of excitement and agitation, and read of a sleepless night, in the dark circles round the bright eyes. She attached herself closely to my mother until, before luncheon, Alphonse de Salmy was announced. He was the son of a Madame de

Salmy living at Meudon, and one of Nina's many admirers. He told us his mother was coming to fulfil her promise of taking Nina out to a fête she was holding in her grounds that day.

My mother asked Nina if she must go, reminding her it might be Léon's last day. But she answered quickly, with changing colour, "I have promised, mamma,"—for so she had learned to call my mother.

She went to prepare at once.

Shortly afterwards Madame de Salmy arrived. To her and her circle, as friends for Nina, I knew Léon had a special aversion. Of course the conversation was all of the war, and a great deal of nonsense Alphonse de Salmy talked, twisting his elaborately curled and waxed moustache—high-flown, empty, bombastic nonsense—assuming all forces of earth and air and heaven to be alike the bond-slaves of Imperial France.

These seem trivial, every-day scenes on which I am dwelling so much, but from a tiny seed how large a harvest of blossom and fruitage is reaped; and Nina was then planting the germs of a bitter growth of future and unavailing regret.

And I too that morning. Madame de Salmy grew impatient as time passed and Nina did not appear, and at length my mother asked me to go and hurry her. It was unusual for Nina to be long at her toilette, she was so quick in all her ways.

I went reluctantly. I was in no mood to weigh wisely or kindly the reason of her delay. On entering her room I found her not half dressed, and sitting with her hair flowing dishevelled around her. She looked up as I entered exclaiming coldly, "Why, Nina, not ready! Madame de Salmy is tired of waiting."

She raised her eyes to my face for an instant, with a strange appealing look, such as I have sometimes seen in a wounded, suffering animal. One word from me, one look even of tenderness and sympathy, would have spared us both many a dark hour of bitter sorrowful remorse. But I did not give either; my heart was full of anger and bitterness for Léon's pain. I only answered by saying coldly, "Can I help you, Nina? there is no time to lose." Ah! what would I have given a few hours later to have acted otherwise.

She sprang up at once, declining assistance,

and in a very short time followed me to the dining-room. One quick glance she gave as she entered the room, but Léon had not returned, and she stole up to my mother's sofa and whispered softly to her. Madame de Salmy was already taking leave with her usual volubility, but I heard my mother's answer to Nina's whispered words, "No, my pet, no. I did not wish you to stay; Léon will not leave to-day. I only feared you might not be in time to bid him farewell, but he would have been home ere this had his orders come. And you wish so much to go." Then I knew she had been seeking a last excuse to remain, and my heart smote me.

Very lovely she looked as she followed Madame de Salmy. Her cheeks were glowing and her eyes shining, and her simple yet elegant white dress and blue ribbons set off her *petite* figure to advantage. She had inherited the violet eyes and brilliant complexion of her mother, a beautiful Irish girl, and the delicate features and graceful beauty which had ever been remarkable in the females of the De Lucheux family. Never had I seen her look brighter and fairer than she did then; yet as she laughingly turned at the door with a gay "*Au revoir*," her eyes met mine with the same wistful look of repressed pain. I would have given worlds to recall the last half-hour, but it was *too late*. Too late! It has often seemed to me that "Too late!" and "No more!" are phrases that epitomize the whole burden of human sorrow. But the first has most of agony. Most, because its key-note is remorse, its final chord unavailing regret. Too late—for the word, or touch, or look, or deed—room and time for which will be "no more." Ah! who that has travelled far on life's pilgrimage can look back on its chequered pathway and see it not thickly bordered with mounds raised above dead hopes and buried opportunities, over which the fitful gusts of memory sweep ever and anon, wailing "Too late! too late!"

And if the "too late" of time are thus bitter, what must be the "too late" of eternity? What for the agonized knocker at the shut door of the heavenly bridal feast?

Slowly and sadly I turned from the window as the carriage drove off, with a weary pain at my heart, a burden whose leaden weight

become almost insupportable in after-

little Nina," mamma said; "she thought grieved at her going, and wished to remain; know how she loves the woods, country-bred as she is." But I knew the intense Nina professed the previous day for the visit when she was chiefly assumed in contradiction to her mother's objection to the De Salmys; it was uttered in his presence.

As late in the afternoon when Léon came to see us, his look at his face told us all. A spasmodic shiver passed over mamma's white face for a moment, then it was calm again. Orders had been given for several regiments to march next morning. Léon did not ask for Nina; and in the middle of the evening a messenger arrived from Madame de Salmy, saying she had ventured to stay with us for the night. Again the tide of emotion surged through my heart, almost numbing the impression of that haunting look. I did not, for I knew Madame de Salmy, and I had never before considered how likely it was that she had been allowed no voice in the matter.

That last evening passed with the tardy consciousness we feel weigh upon us heavily, while we struggle to grudge each passing hour; with the shadows hanging on the looks and tones of the young ones, contending with a strange incapacity of realization that those looks and tones will never again cease to gladden our daily life. It was late when Léon could persuade my mother to retire; after she was settled for the night, she sent me to give him some parting words. Parting words, indeed, though I do not think she saddened him by letting him know how fully she was determined to be such. As he came from her room Augustine seized him, and I felt I must forego my hopes of having once more a quiet talk with him. I went to rest. So I had to be content that the very tender good-night we exchanged went below with Augustine.

My room window looked into the paved court, and when I saw the two brothers pacing up and down in it. I was glad for Augustine's sake; and with his heart softened by parting sorrow, I felt I could unburden the source of his trouble to him, whose efforts to induce him to do so he had yet silently resisted. And before they

parted I felt sure they had done so. For nearly two hours they paced the small court, Léon's hand resting caressingly on Augustine's shoulder, as of old, talking earnestly in low tones, no sound of which reached my ear. But while Léon was visible I could not lose the pleasure of gazing upon him; eyes and heart would hunger sorely and long for a sight of him before his return could be hoped for. And before they parted, the look on Augustine's face, clearly visible to my eyes, grown accustomed to the semi-darkness of the clear summer night, told me plainly it was even so; it was an expression of rest and calm comparatively great.

Before eight o'clock next morning Léon was gone—the last words had been spoken, the last embraces given and received, the last blessings uttered. My mother was calm, and her low quiet tones scarcely faltered as she said, "God and the Blessed Virgin watch over and protect you, my own beloved son;" but there was a solemnity in her manner which spoke of depths of thought and anguish within to which our tears were as nothing.

As my turn came for the last embrace, Léon whispered, "Say farewell for me to Nina, Renée; and tell her to forget what passed the other night. And—if I should fall—tell her I loved her to the last. Nothing can change that. You will care for and protect her, Renée, whatever may happen; for my sake promise me this." What would I not have promised him then?

At ten o'clock the departing regiments were to march past the Hôtel de Ville, and Uncle Lucien had promised to take Madame de l'Orme to snatch one more look at her boy. She was a widow at his birth, and he her only child, her idol, her all. My mother insisted on my accompanying them. She preferred being alone, she said, and I was only too glad to see Léon again, if but for a moment.

Early as it was, the streets were thronged with eager crowds as we drove through them on our way to the balcony in the Rue de Rivoli, on which Uncle Lucien had arranged we should stand. It was a glorious, cloudless summer morning, the balmy air resonant with the din of many voices and distant martial music. It was strange to look on the crowded streets and well-

lined balconies, and know countless hearts were quivering like our own with keen parting throes. Perhaps our sorrow was no more visible to the outward eye than that of others at whose cheerful and, in some cases, joyful composure we marvelled. The lip can smile while the heart is aching. And is not life made up of two distinct cords—the outer and the inner! We passed many acquaintances on our way, bent on the same purpose, and met cheerful greetings and bright smiles. But we returned like for like, even poor Madame de l'Orme.

We had not long taken our places on the balcony when the nearing swell of the music and heavy tramp of horses' feet told us of the pageant's approach. For was it not a brave pageant, those serried lines of warriors going forth, high in heart and hope, to do battle for the honour of fair France? The most timid spirits must have risen, the saddest hearts swelled high, as rank after rank rode by—bright uniforms and flowing plumes, and glittering steel, and prancing steeds, fluttering banners and soul-stirring music, stalwart forms and summer sunshine. Handkerchiefs fluttered, and bouquets fell, and throats were strained as they passed. On they rode, gorgeous

guards, stately cuirassiers, dark-faced Zouaves, gallant Chasseurs de France on their gray chargers, company after company, regiment after regiment, battalion after battalion. All seemed suggestive of a gay review—pleasant pastime for a summer day. What was there to tell of blood, and agony, and death? What to speak of ruin, disgrace, defeat?

At last came Léon's regiment, his and young De l'Orme's. First the latter passed. The face and figure of the gallant boy, as he waved a parting salute to us, ever rise beside that of my beloved brother when I think of that day—though then I gave it but a passing glance, for I had caught sight of Léon. He looked up and saw us; I marked the quick glance he gave beyond, beside us. No, Léon; Nina was not there. But his look was proud and bright, and as I gazed on his noble form and graceful bearing, pride in him overpowered for the moment sorrow and fear for him.

We watched them up the long straight street till their figures were lost in the bright-hued mass. After that, neither Madame de l'Orme nor I cared much for the rest of the sight, and waited wearily for the end.

FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE FREE CHURCH.*

[This is a succinct, exact, and authentic record of a great Christian work—a work that will occupy an important place in history. The missions of the Scottish Church, presided over in their earlier years by Dr. Duff at Calcutta, by Dr. Wilson at Bombay, by John Anderson at Madras, and by other men equally devoted, though not so widely known, in other places of India and South Africa, assumed from the first, and still maintain, the distinctive character of great educational institutions—the education, full and liberal, like that which is imparted to our own children at home, but given at the expense of Christians with the view of infusing Christianity into the springs of the national life, and so of ultimately supplanting heathenism. In every case this purpose was openly proclaimed from the first. Education was offered free to all who chose to accept it; but the education offered was an education in common things, in daily and hourly union with the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, and the commending of the gospel.]

This system has taken deep root in India. Great results have already been attained; but, from the nature of the case, the full fruits must be expected in the next generation.

Mr. Hunter, having been himself one of the missionaries until his health failed, and having access to all the documents, is amply qualified to gather and group the facts, so that the reader may obtain within a narrow space a full view of the whole field. He has accomplished his task with judgment, simplicity, and perspicuity. Not only to members of the Free Church, whose work is here recorded, but to all the disciples of Christ, this volume should be very precious.

We subjoin three short extracts, all from the Madras station, illustrating three distinct features of the work.—*EDITOR.*)

I.

CASTE.



HE impassioned eloquence of Dr. Duff during his first visit to his native land had stirred up such an interest in his educational system of operations in the East, that an ardent desire arose for the establishment of

"institutions" on the model of the Calcutta one at the other presidency seats. There being already missionaries at Bombay, it was easy to take immediate action

* From "History of the Missions of the Free Church of Scotland in India and Africa." By the Rev. Robert Hunter, M.A., formerly Missionary at Nagpore. With Prefatory Note by the Rev. Charles J. Brown, D.D., Edinburgh. T. Nelson and Sons, London and Edinburgh.

there; and, as we shall afterwards see, a school of Dr. Wilson's, commenced in 1832, was removed to the fort and opened on a larger scale, with the view of developing it into an "institution." Then the turn of Madras naturally came, but, of course, little could be done till first a missionary was sought and found. The influence of Dr. Duff's great speech in the Assembly of 1835 had, however, told powerfully on the mind of a licentiate of the Church, then living on the banks of the Nith, near Dumfries, and the afterwards renowned John Anderson had consecrated himself to evangelistic work in India. He was prepared to undertake the conduct of the Madras mission; and being ordained in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, on July 13th, 1836, left soon afterwards for his destination.

Before proceeding to his own proper sphere, he visited Calcutta to see the working of the institution there. He arrived at the Bengal capital on the 27th of December 1836, and received hospitality from the Rev. Mr. Mackay, who, during Dr. Duff's absence in Europe, was head of the mission. He finally reached Madras on the 22nd February 1837. At that time he was in his thirty-second year, a period of life considerably more advanced than that at which most of the Free Church missionaries have proceeded to the East, but this was a decided advantage to any one going to commence operations in a new and untried sphere.

The germ from which the great Madras institution ultimately developed was already in existence when Mr. Anderson first reached that presidency seat. In June 1835 the Rev. Messrs. Bowie and Lawrie, Scotch chaplains at Madras, had founded what was called St. Andrew's School, the name being probably taken from that of the so-called patron saint of Scotland. On Mr. Anderson's arrival this school was placed under his care, and, removing it to the native city, he re-opened it on the 3rd of April 1837, with an attendance of fifty-nine pupils.* In doing so, he made no secret of his intention to aim at the conversion of the pupils to Christianity, and let it be distinctly known that this was the very purpose the Foreign Mission Committee had in view in sending him and his brethren out. His first circular is an extremely straightforward document; and if, when conversions took place in the school, some of the natives professed to feel amazed, as if some strange thing had happened, they certainly could not in justice complain that they were left without previous warning of what was likely to occur.

"It is," said the circular, "the wish of the Committee of the Indian mission to establish a school at each of the three presidencies as the most important stations in India for the advancement of their object."

"The object is simply to convey, through the channel of a good education, as great an amount of truth as pos-

sible to the native mind, especially of Bible truth. Every branch of knowledge communicated is to be made subservient to this desirable end. The ultimate object is that these institutions shall be a normal seminary, in which native teachers and preachers may be trained up to convey to their benighted countrymen the benefit of a sound education, and the blessings of the gospel of Christ."

Despite the unfurling of the Christian flag thus conspicuously, the zealous and efficient teaching of Mr. Anderson began to produce its natural effects, and by December 22, 1838, the attendance of pupils had advanced from 59 to 277. The course of an Indian mission school, like that of true love, never yet did run smooth, and presently rocks appeared in mid-channel, and rapids presented themselves with broken water, so that the faithless were tempted to doubt whether the former placidity of movement would ever return. To speak less figuratively, scarcely had the mission begun to make progress when troubles arose. The first was caused by a renewal of the old caste struggle. Two Pariah boys had found their way into the school under false colours, and when they were discovered some of the caste youths and their friends wished the expulsion of the intruders. Mr. Anderson could not in conscience comply with their request, and about 100 of his pupils in consequence left. Ten of these were received into the Native Education Society's School, the European Committee of which—who evidently fell into the error of supposing caste and worldly rank the same*—stating that they deemed it right to afford an asylum "when the feelings of a boy were shocked by his being associated with persons of an inferior class of life." The caste struggle was more severe than it would have been had the intolerant heathen party not obtained European countenance; but Mr. Anderson finally achieved the victory, for in a few months the places of the boys who had left him on the Pariah question were supplied by new-comers, whilst the Committee of the rival school was partly broken up by the secession of four eminent Christians from its ranks. His triumph struck a blow at the caste system in Madras, from which it has never recovered.

II.

FREEDOM LEGALLY SECURED FOR NATIVE YOUTHS.

On the 8th of April 1846, a young man called Ponumbalum appeared at the mission house, having walked thither no less than thirty-five miles. His convictions in favour of Christianity were of long standing. Ten

* There had once been 150, but the admission of a Pariah, whom the School Committee (to their honour be it said) had refused to expel, had brought it down considerably.—*Madras Native Herald* for October 9, 1847, p. 2.

* By caste law men of the highest rank, unless by birth Hindus, are on the level of Pariahs, if not even lower, and the humblest Sudra should be above associating with the Governor-General of India. Mr. Anderson was as much a Pariah as the boys whose expulsion was demanded, so also were the European members of the Native Education Society's Committee.

years before, when he was only fourteen, he had sought baptism from the Rev. Mr. Winslow, but, with other boys, had been carried off by a heathen mob. Five different times did his relatives put forth all their efforts to induce him to return home, but he stood firm as a rock, and was admitted into the congregation on the 17th of May. Four days previously, two other youths, Ramanoojum and C. Sungeev, were received into the Church on the 3rd of June, and a fourth, R. Soondrum, on the 17th. A few months later, three others appeared, Davanaygum, Govindoo, and Ragavooloo, and on the 10th September a fourth, called S. R. Soondrum—making eight in all.

One of these eight, Ragavooloo, was a Brahman, and the Hindus, feeling that the loss of a young man belonging to the sacred caste would be a considerable blow to their faith, induced the relatives to apply for a writ of *habeas corpus* against Mr. Anderson. The result which followed was as gratifying to the supporters of missions as it was disappointing to the Brahmanic party. Sir William Burton, the judge who tried the case, showed that the one object which a *habeas corpus* writ was designed to serve was to set the person in whose favour it was sought free from illegal restraint. He was simply allowed to go where he pleased, provided he possessed discretion to be trusted to take care of himself. The legal phrase, age of discretion, was not a good one, for it was not so much age, as the actual attainment of discretion, which the court had to ascertain before deciding that a youth was entitled to be his own master. In England the law allows a child of fourteen to appoint its own guardian, and there was even a case in which the court refused to deliver one less than fourteen to its father. There was reason to believe that Ragavooloo, though of small stature and juvenile aspect, was seventeen years of age, though his relatives declared him only twelve. A circumstance which threw doubt on the statements of the family was, that no horoscope had been produced, though one must have been made at a Brahman boy's birth.

The judge, having ascertained by personally questioning him, that he was possessed of discretion enough to be allowed to live where he pleased, asked him where he wanted to go; on which he replied, to Mr. Anderson. Means were then taken to enable him to carry out his wish, which it was very difficult to do in the face of the riotous Hindu mob, some three or four thousand strong, the majority being Brahmans. In vain did the police attempt to clear the street in front of the court-house to let the people out; the multitude simply shifted their ground, and that not so much from fear of the official authorities, as from the variation, in their own opinion, as to the door by which Ragavooloo would come out. It was manifest that when he did make his appearance, the Brahmans would attempt to seize him, and he was therefore kept in the court-house till a late hour in the evening. As even then there were no signs of dispersion, a coach was so placed at the sheriff's office as if

possible to draw off the attention of the populace, while Mr. Anderson's own vehicle was being drawn up in an adjacent enclosure, which communicated with the court-house. The Rev. Mr. Braidwood, the deputy sheriff, the chief constable, and Ragavooloo, entered this latter conveyance, and the shutters of it having been closed on all sides, the coachman received orders to drive to the mission. Before, however, he had emerged through the gateway into the street, the mob became aware of the manœuvre in progress, and made a rush at the vehicle, with the object of seizing the horse's head. On this the coachman caused the animal to rear, plunge, and then set off at full gallop, the Brahmans and others running behind, shouting and throwing stones. The coachman was struck repeatedly, but he resolutely kept his seat and did his duty to the last. When the coach entered the mission enclosure, a body of police, stationed there for the purpose, closed the gate, and remaining inside, prepared to defend the place against assault. Afterwards the deputy sheriff was escorted back to his office, and the Rev. Mr. Anderson conveyed in safety from the court-house home. The mob gradually dispersed, and before long the storm had been succeeded by a calm. On Wednesday, 23rd September 1846, Ragavooloo was baptized, along with three other youths, Davanagum, Govindrajooloo, and S. R. Soondrum.

The eight baptisms now reported greatly stirred up the heathen; who, however, failed to remove more than 300 pupils from the schools. They, at the same time, sent a memorial to the Court of Directors, wherein they begged that they might be saved from "the fangs of the missionaries;" the plain meaning of which was, that the court should prevent parents sending their children to such schools as they pleased, and aid in coercing young men, who had lost faith in Hinduism, into professing to believe what they deemed untrue. Of course the court could not possibly have granted the wishes of the intolerant memorialists, and the petition was void of effect.

At a communion which occurred soon after the eight baptisms, twenty-one natives sat down at the table, fifteen of them, including a female, being converts of the mission. The same year (1846) three of them, Messrs. Venkataramiah, Rajahgopaul, and Ettirajooloo, were licensed as preachers; and on December 15, the institution was removed to new premises on the Esplanade, affording better accommodation than those previously occupied.

III.

EMANCIPATION OF NATIVE FEMALES.

In February 1847, two of the first class in the girls' school at Madras, Unnum and Mooniatta by name, came under conviction of sin through means of direct appeals made by Mr. Anderson to the consciences of the pupils. The same effect was produced next month

on two others, called Venkatlutchmoo and Yaygah; and shortly afterwards on a fifth girl, called Mungah. On Wednesday, the 7th of April, Unnum and Mooniatta, hearing that they were to be married (of course without any reference to their own feelings) to heathen men, became convinced that if they failed to carry out their religious convictions now, they would probably never be permitted to do so. They therefore took refuge in the Mission-house, and, in the circumstances, were gladly received. That same evening Unnum's grandmother, Ummarice Ummah, was sent for, and came. She was a fine gray-haired old Moodeelly, and having herself some leanings towards Christianity, was with little difficulty persuaded to place her granddaughter, and indeed herself, under the guardianship of the missionaries.* The youngest of her grandsons consented to do so likewise, while the two elder went off to avoid eating "Pariah rice." By Pariah they meant European, Europeans, as already stated, being on the Hindoo system Pariahs, or, if it be possible, even something lower. Mooniatta's mother, Jyalanda, accompanied by other relatives, arrived on Thursday in a half-frantic state, and having failed to induce the daughter to return home, and remain contented to be an idolatress, applied in *forma pauperis* for a writ of *habeas corpus* against Mr. Anderson. That same Thursday there arrived two of the other girls—Venkatlutchmoo and Yaygah—an act of wonderful courage on their part, as heathens, armed with stones, sticks, and iron bars, were already in front of the Mission-house, and were restrained only by the presence of the chief magistrate and the police from proceeding to open violence. Next day (Friday) there was another arrival—that of Mungah. The first pair—Unnum and Mooniatta—were Tamul girls; the three who followed—Venkatlutchmoo, Yaygah, and Mungah—were Teloo-goo.† The ages of the five ranged from eleven to thirteen years. All had been in the girls' school more than two years, and some of them more than three. Each had for more than a year been studying the Gospels in English, having previously read them in her own language. The trials of the three Teloo-goo girls from their relatives were moderate, and they had little difficulty in standing their ground.

Of course, the events which have just been related produced great excitement throughout Madras, and struck what to the short-sighted might appear a fatal blow at the cause of Christian female education. Of 170 girls who had been in the school before Unnum and Mooniatta came seeking baptism, only three—two Hindoos and a native Protestant—returned on the

morrow (Thursday). On Friday, no more than one came, and on Saturday even that one, terrified apparently by the loneliness of the place, stayed away. By the end of the same week, the attendance of girls at Triplicane had fallen from a hundred to thirty-eight, and the schools of all the other missions had suffered severely. The costs had been heavy, but if in providence all went well, the gain would be much more than worth the price paid for its attainment. Under God, everything would depend on the result of the legal proceedings in the case of Mooniatta.

Jyalanda, her mother, obtained the writ which she sought. It was directed against Mr. Anderson, and required him to appear on the 20th inst., bringing with him Mooniatta. The demand was of course met with cheerful obedience. When the day came, a horoscope was presented on the part of the mother, to prove that her daughter was only seven years eight months and twenty-seven days old; but the judge saw good reason for believing the horoscope forged, and forming the opinion that Mooniatta was—what she appeared to be—somewhat more than twelve years old. He intimated that, by the English law which was administered in the Madras Supreme Court, the girl was entitled to go where she pleased, provided that she possessed sufficient discretion to make a choice. To decide whether or not she possessed the discretion spoken of, and whether the desire to become a Christian was a youthful whim or a fixed resolve, he proceeded publicly to question her in the following fashion:—

"Whether," asked Sir William, "do you wish to go to Mr. Anderson's or to your mother's?"

M.—"I like to go to Mr. Anderson's."

Sir W.—"Now consider. Answer truly. You were born to your mother, your mother suckled you at her breast, she carried you about when you were a little child, she gave you food and clothes, she put you to a good school; now, what is the reason that you wish to leave her and go to another place?"

M.—"If I go home, they will force me to worship idols made by men: they have eyes, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not; a mouth have they, but they speak not. I wish to go to a place where I can be saved."

Being further questioned as to her religious belief, she was answering very satisfactorily, when her brother suddenly seized her first by the hand, and then by the back of the neck, making her scream with terror. The chief magistrate and half-a-dozen others forced him after a struggle to quit his hold, and he was committed to prison for contempt of court. This terminated the proceedings for the time being, and the court broke up, after it had been intimated that the decision would be postponed till the 3rd May, that Sir Edward Gambier, the Chief-Justice, might have an opportunity of forming an opinion on the important question involved.

When the 3rd of May came, Sir Edward Gambier, who had privately questioned Mooniatta for about

* Unnum's grandmother was baptized on the 9th January 1848, and received the name of Sarah.

† Before the coming of the five girls, there were already in the Mission-house, with the sanction of their guardians, three others—namely, a native Protestant girl of twelve, called Mary; a Roman Catholic of the same age, named Ummancee; and a child of seven, Shunmoogum, who had been placed under Mr. Anderson's charge by Sir William Burton. With the five new-comers, there were eight in all.

three-quarters of an hour, with the view of testing whether or not she was possessed of discretion, concurred with Sir William Burton in declaring her entitled to go where she pleased; on which she, without hesitation, decided to return with Mr. Anderson to the mission. Some weeks subsequently, Mooniatta's mother and brother, at the instigation of some influential Hindoos, who again were doubtless counselled, or at least instructed, by European lawyers, applied to Sir Edward Gambier for a new writ of *habeas corpus* in the case, founding their demand on the statute of George III., chap. 142, sect. 12, which provides that the rights of fathers of families, according to the Hindoo law, shall

be regarded. Both judges, however, considered that Mooniatta's case had been properly decided on English law, the Hindoo code not being in force within the limits of the Supreme Court, except in the case of contracts and inheritance. The writ was therefore refused. The view taken by the Madras judges in the Mooniatta case was confirmed a few months later by the decision of the Chief-Justice of Calcutta in that of Radhakant Dutt.*

The decision of the Madras judges in Mooniatta's case was of incalculable importance to the cause of missions. It was the very charter of Indian female emancipation.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN," ETC.

A PRAIRIE.

THE first view of a prairie is impressive; and I was fortunate in getting my first view under favourable circumstances. Beneath a canopy of lowering clouds we swept westward the live-long day, through the dense forests, and past the little "clearings" and new "townships" of Indiana and Illinois. It was just such a day as one might expect in England in the gloomy month of November, but which seemed strangely out of place in an American May. I began at last to feel disappointed with the Far West, and to wish myself back in sunny Virginia. It is true, there was something of romance in the very idea of a primeval forest; but a drive through it by railway becomes dreary enough after the first hour or two. Along most of the line the forest runs on each side like a wall, the underwood shutting out all view; or where at intervals there is a wider space, it is filled with hideous charred stumps, and huge trunks of trees, lying rotting and half-buried in slimy pools. Animal life there is none, except where, on the borders of the far distant farm-steadings, herds of wild-looking hogs prowl in search of nuts, and, it is said, of snakes and other vermin. A western forest is not picturesque when viewed from the window of a railway-car.

Evening was drawing on when a remarkable change took place in the face of the sky. The dark mass of clouds in the west suddenly parted,

as if rent asunder by some mighty agency, and revealed a brilliant background, which gilded the topmost leaves, though the sun was still unseen. Gradually the clouds rolled back, their leaden hues changed to deep purple, and this again to burnished gold, when a sunbeam broke loose and shot across the murky sky. Just then we emerged from the forest, and I found myself, for the first time, upon a prairie. In a moment I was on the platform at the end of the car, with a free view on each side. An unvarying plain, covered with tall, coarse, brownish grass, stretched to the horizon; and the horizon was unbroken, save where the dark line of the forest we had left shut it in behind us. Away in front there was a strange intensity of colour, such as I could not remember to have ever seen before, except once,—at the Island of Rhodes, after a storm. At first it appeared in the clouds round the sun, and then gradually expanded and descended, till earth and sky seemed alike illumined by a wild, weird blaze of ruddy light. Shafts, too, as if of

* If some readers are of opinion that twelve is a very early age for Hindoo girls to separate from their relatives with the view of seeking baptism, they should give due weight to two facts not universally known, and even when known apt to be forgotten. The first is, that Orientals are physically and mentally precocious, and that a Hindoo girl of twelve is as far advanced as an English one of fourteen, if not even more. The second is, that Hindoo girls are married at so early an age; and when they go to live in their husbands' houses, are so certain to be denied liberty of conscience, that if they are not allowed to seek baptism at or soon after the age of twelve, they, in most cases, will never be permitted to do it for the whole remainder of their lives.

re, darted upwards and outwards to the border of the heavens; while the vapours, in the atmosphere, and rolled along the face of the prairie, caught the yellow light, and were transformed into glowing trans-
 . The whole seemed to me just as if the grandest of Turner's wonderful pictures had been realized.

swept amid silence, and solitude, and as like the ocean itself, towards that dazzl-

CHICAGO.

late on a Saturday night when I came to Chicago, and to get a quiet resting-

Sunday was a weary work. I first went to the Mont House, formerly one of the finest in the States—now a congeries of modern houses, fitted up, I presume, as well as possible, but with accommodation for about an ordinary number of guests. The old building had been burned to the ground. "Can I have a room?" I inquired at the office, in company with a score of others who had made a race for the train.

only; No. 159."

I asked a porter to take up my portmanteau. "Wait a bit," said the clerk, as he gave me a rapid succession, ticket after ticket to the travellers; and each ticket No. 159.

"You must have made a mistake," I ventured to say; "No. 159 is my room."

"There are seven beds in it," was the curt, very encouraging reply.

"I do not have a bedroom to myself?" I asked dismissively.

"You are not in Chicago. Fortunate you get all at this hour;" and having so said, he sent me off, as a gentleman behind me, while the clerk turned to others.

I tried to try elsewhere. I went from hotel to hotel, for there are a number grouped

The answer I got was pretty much the same in each—no single room to be had on Sunday. I turned at last into the open door of a house—I forget the name, if it had a name—went up a long, straight flight of stairs, and finally found there a vacant room, tolerably comfortable. The landlord, it is true, rather seedy, the dining-room was not in-

viting, and the people in it seemed somewhat rough; but it was late, I was wearied, and I resolved to remain.

During a great part of the night the noises through the house prevented the possibility of sleep. They were so strange and unceasing, that I could not account for them. I formed all sorts of theories about them, but none were satisfactory. In the morning the whole was explained. The apartments round mine were occupied by a troop of Japanese jugglers, who spent, as it appeared, the quiet hours practising their tricks, and teaching the little boys and girls to perform. This, of course, accounted for the vacant room; but a man who has slept in a Bedawy tent can tolerate, when necessity demands, the neighbourhood even of Japanese jugglers.

Early on Sunday morning I asked the landlord whether he could direct me to a Presbyterian church. He replied sulkily that he knew nothing about such places; he calculated that most of them had been burned. So I went out to explore, and wandered away among the ruins. I had seen many ruined cities in Egypt, Syria, and elsewhere, but never aught like Chicago. Looking over it from an elevated point, the general aspect was that of the debris of an enormous quarry of white limestone. There were no houses half-burned, no remains of blackened walls, no beams and fragments of charred timber, such as one generally sees on the site of a great fire. The fire of Chicago appears to have been so intense, that it burnt up everything that would burn, and made the strongest walls dissolve before it into heaps of shapeless rubbish. I saw here and there immense masses of fused metal, and lumps of vitrified pottery, mixed up oddly with nails, and bolts, and joiners' tools; and in one place a doll's head appeared projecting quaintly from a conglomerate of china-ware, brass-screws, and knives and forks. A few large warehouses were already rebuilt, and more were in progress; but not a tithe of the ruins had yet been touched. They lay there as the fire left them. Their extent far exceeded what I had expected, for Chicago was not compact like a European city. It covered a vast area. Its streets were wide;

and the houses in places far apart, with vacant ground between. The best part of the city had been almost entirely destroyed.

I walked on till I reached the shore of the lake, and then turned north toward what seemed to be an untouched part of the town, where a spire or two indicated, as I hoped, the existence of churches. After a fatiguing walk of half a mile my progress was stopped by a river, the bridges over which were all in ruins. I then set out westward, keeping as near the river as possible. Ere long I got almost hopelessly entangled in the ruins. Fortunately I discovered a solitary policeman, and asked him if he could show me to a church.

"What koinid iv a church would yer honour want?" he answered, in a rich Cork *brogue*.

"When did you come from the old country?" said I.

"It'll be seventeen years come Midsummer."

"And is this all America has done for you in that time?"

"Faix, yer honour, an' I had a daycent house, an' a thrivin' business, an' Aileen an' the gossoons wur gettin' on foinly; but the big foir cum, an' didn't lave uz a dollar or a dollar's worth. Ugh, surely it wus the judgment o' Gad on a wicket city; for the loikes of Chicago for gamin' an' drinkin', an' worse,—far, far worse, yer honour,—I nivir saw; no, nor nobody. If they wur haythens they couldn't be worse.But how's the ould country, yer honour?".....

He told me I was two miles from a church; and as the day had now become intensely hot, with a western gale, scorching as an Eastern sirocco, driving clouds of dust and sand in one's face, he advised me to take a car; and then he led me through an underground passage, and over heaps of ruins, to a street which the fire had not touched. There I found a tramway, which took me to a new part of the city. I was surprised to see the shops open, and business going on apparently with as much briskness as if it had been a week-day. The Sabbath rest seemed to be ignored, except, indeed, by the crowds of idlers who lounged round the drinking-saloons, and at the street corners.

I walked on for half a mile, but no church

appeared. Seeing a keen-looking youth sitting on a tilted chair at the door of a clothes'-shop, I inquired whether he could direct me to one. "Don't go to church myself, but guess that is one with the steeple, 'long second block." I went to it; it was a school. I next tried the proprietor of a tobacco-store. "Can't tell," was his reply; "better ask M'Alister, ten doors up street,—hear say he runs a church." I went on in search of M'Alister, wondering what could be meant by running a church. I found the name "*M'Alister, Draper*," in large letters over a shop, with a Highlander in full costume above the door; but the shop was shut. It was the first I had yet seen shut; and I inferred the tobacconist was right, and that M'Alister must have *something* to do with a church. He was no use to me now, however, and I turned round disappointed, scarcely knowing what to do. I observed a gentleman close to me; he had evidently been following in my path, for he asked what kind of a church I desired to go to. I said Presbyterian. "Come, then, with me," he replied; and I was delighted to find anybody who seemed to care for religion. In a quarter of an hour more I was seated in the central aisle of a spacious and elegant church.

A CHICAGO CHURCH.

It still lacked some twenty minutes to the hour of service, and I had thus time to examine at leisure the style and arrangements of the building. The style was a kind of florid Gothic, largely modified, however, so as to suit the simplicity of Presbyterian worship, and also, as it appeared to me, the peculiar taste of the architect. The form of the house was oblong, with side and end galleries. The roof was of open timber, but gorgeously painted, somewhat like the mosques of Damascus. The pulpit was an open ornamental desk, set upon a broad platform, and having on each side a porcelain vase filled with choice flowers. Behind the gallery, fronting the pulpit, was a deep recess for the organ and choir. The pews were luxuriously carpeted and cushioned. Everything, in fact, seemed fitted to secure the greatest possible elegance and comfort. True, the bright colours, the emblazoned texts of Scripture over the platform,

and the gay painting of walls, gallery, and roof, struck one as being not quite in harmony with our staid ideas of ecclesiastical architecture and ornament. The gorgeous tints and gilding would, in my opinion, have suited a modern drawing-room better than a house of worship. Still every country has a style of its own; and why should not America invent a new one? That in Chicago was undoubtedly new.

As the hour approached the people flocked in. It was manifestly a fashionable church. Those who worshipped in it seemed to be exclusively, or nearly so, of the wealthier classes; and their dresses corresponded to the magnificence of the building. Ere the bell ceased tolling every seat was occupied, and many stood in the aisles. The minister entered from a side door, ascended the platform, and took his seat on a sofa. He was a little man, with no appearance of intellectuality; without gown, bands, white cravat, or other mark or indication of clerical status. The moment he sat down the choir commenced an anthem. It was grand. I have seldom heard anything superior. The organ was a noble instrument, and the vocal part was rendered with remarkable power and pathos. It was, of course, only a performance. Few seemed to know the words; and none dared to join in the music. One would no more think of doing so, than of joining in an oratorio in the Albert Hall. The devotional exercises were much after the model of the Old Kirk of Scotland, only the prayers were shorter, and the hymns different. The subject of the sermon was professedly a defence of the inspiration of Scripture, which, the preacher told us, was now called in question by large numbers within the Church. He began his defence by the somewhat singular admission that he did not contend for plenary inspiration, or the infallible accuracy of the entire Bible. That he seemed to think an exploded theory, which no thoughtful man would now venture to advocate. On the positive side of the question he was not so clear. I tried in vain to gather what he *did* contend for. On the whole, I felt that it might have been just as well for his audience, and perhaps better for the Bible, had he not taken up the question at all. The only strong impression left upon my

mind by the discourse was, that the views entertained in Chicago upon great Scripture doctrines must be very hazy indeed, if that was a fair specimen of them.

I did not care for spending much time in my hotel, so I dined at a restaurant, and went back to the same church in the evening. It was again filled with a fashionable audience. The lecture—evidently one of a series—was upon the character of Moses as a lawgiver. The portraiture was good and graphic; and the description of Israel in the wilderness, led and governed by Moses, was drawn to life, and manifestly by one who had visited the scene. But the part in which the preacher excelled was his comparison of the Mosaic administration with the state of affairs in the country generally, and Chicago in particular. He gave a sad picture of the corruption of government; and he denounced in no measured terms both electors and elected. He affirmed broadly that to ignore all religion was now a necessary qualification for office. The whole discourse was pungent and eloquent; and some of the descriptions of the nature of home rule were absolutely scathing. The audience seemed to enjoy it, and to believe, as well as one could judge from smiling faces and approving nods, that it was richly deserved. Such a style of pulpit oratory was new to me, whatever it may be in America. I had never heard anything approaching it before. It reminded one of the fiery words of Elijah to Ahab and Jezebel. Possibly, it may do good; but in my mind a gentler strain of reproof, and a fuller exposition of the eternal principles of New Testament morality, peace, and love, would be far more likely to be efficacious.

It would be manifestly unfair, however, to judge the pulpit ministrations of Chicago, or even of that one church in it, by the services of a single Sunday. Doubtless, like most other great cities in the United States, it has among its clergy—indeed, I now know it has—men of talent and wisdom. But it is admitted on all hands, and, indeed, it is clear to every man who will walk the streets with his eyes open, and look at the crowded whisky-saloons, and the gambling houses, and the glaring Sunday traffic and work, that Chicago, whatever else it may be, is not a religious city. Never in any part of the world—

not even in Turkey—have I witnessed, so far as external appearance goes, such absolute disregard of all religious form. No doubt the fire has greatly disorganized society, and destroyed many churches, and left many homeless and struggling; but it might at the same time have led the people to see that immortal beings have higher and nobler aims than the indulgence of degrading passions and the acquisition of wealth.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The public school system of Chicago appears to be under admirable management. In a city growing with such amazing rapidity, and covering such a vast area in proportion to its population, it is of course difficult to secure the requisite school accommodation and number of trained teachers. The general plan, which I see ably advocated in one of the annual reports of the School Board, is excellent, and indeed, as far as I can judge, the only efficient one. It is to have a series of elementary schools, of moderate size, so located throughout the city, that they would be accessible to the youngest children. It is truly said that when large bodies of children are brought together into one building, the building must of necessity be far distant from the houses of many of them. Then it is proposed to place an intermediate school in each district, the principal of which would, at the same time, be inspector of the elementary schools in that district; and then to place in the centre of all one great normal school, with requisite apparatus for instructing in the higher branches, and for training teachers in the practical work of school management. Unity would thus be given to the whole system, and all facilities afforded for advancing talented and industrious pupils to the highest grades. I greatly admired the furniture of the Chicago schools, and indeed of all the new schools in the States. Each child has an isolated chair and desk, usually of cherry-wood; they are models of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort. The desks have slender legs of metal, which, with those of the chair, are screwed to the floor. Perfect freedom of action is in this way secured for each pupil without disturbing others; and the teacher has much greater facilities for observing and checking any disorder. It is worthy of note

that all the public schools of Chicago are opened with devotional exercises, a portion of Scripture being read.

FAREWELL TO CHICAGO.

There was little inducement for a stranger to linger in Chicago. It does not possess one single attractive feature. It is built on the flat shore of Lake Michigan, and as close as possible to the water's edge, as if there were no space behind. The country around it is one unbroken plain, mostly prairie, in whose vastness nearly all the streets lose themselves. Situated in the centre of a magnificent territory, with railways converging from every quarter, with inexhaustible resources, and with a free outlet by water to the Atlantic, Chicago seems destined to become one of the greatest of American cities.

It was with a feeling of relief I left my dirty hotel, and bade adieu to the troop of jugglers, and the surly landlord, who would not even condescend to carry a part of my luggage down-stairs, but left me to make a double journey for it myself, while he sat astride an old stove smoking.

Eastward ho! was now my watchword; and I took my place in a Pullman for Ann Arbor and Detroit. It was a glorious day; the atmosphere transparent as crystal; for a thunder-storm the day before had cleared away the haze. The railway skirts the southern shore of the lake, giving boundless views over the water on the left, and over the prairie on the right. Lake Michigan passed, we struck due east across the peninsular State towards Lake Huron. It is a rich and charming country, with hill and dale, wood and river, clean villages, and tidy farm-houses, and here and there a bustling, growing town.

It was mid-afternoon when we reached Ann Arbor, the seat of

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

The town is situated in a picturesque valley. A rapid river winds through it, and the banks and heights behind are gracefully wooded. The university was established in 1841, to give a higher education, on moderate terms, to the youth of Michigan. It permits those who enter a free choice of subjects. It has thus materially

deviated from the traditional routine of older colleges. It has what are called "parallel courses," any one of which the student may select. They are at present as follows:—the classical, the scientific, the Latin scientific, the Greek scientific, civil engineering, and mining engineering. While all who seek a bachelor's degree must take the regular curriculum of classics, it is provided that students who do not desire to become candidates for a degree, may, if qualified, pursue any study in connection with any of the classes. The university is thus adapted to the circumstances and requirements of a new country, where practical knowledge is needed more than deep scholarship. Though at present most of its departments would only rank as a superior school, yet it is doing a good work, and it may in time attain to that status of academic training which in Europe is looked for in all universities. It is a large institution, with thirty-three professors, and above a thousand students. It is supported by the State, and is un denominational; but, as I stated in a previous paper, it does not exclude or ignore religion. In the report for 1870 I find the following noble declaration:—"As long as the State of Michigan claims to belong to the great Christian community, its university must insist on maintaining a place among Christian institutions."

DETROIT.

Detroit is about an hour by rail from Ann Arbor. The great chain of lakes forms one of the leading features of the physical geography of North America. Lakes Superior and Michigan fall into Lake Huron; Lake Huron is connected by a narrow channel, thirty miles long, with the little lake of St. Clair; and it again is joined by a channel of about equal length to Lake Erie, whose waters, after tumbling over Niagara, enter Lake Ontario, and then gradually contract amid the charming scenery of "The Thousand Isles," into the mighty St. Lawrence.

Upon the right bank of the river-like channel which joins St. Clair to Erie stands Detroit, one of the most attractive of American cities. The streets are wide, and the houses and shops in the newer parts elegant. The suburbs are laid out with much taste, and are studded with charming

villas. As compared with Chicago, one observes a staid propriety, which reminds him that he has escaped from a region of wild speculation, and of restless, sometimes reckless enterprise, and that he has come back within the sphere of religious life and Christian principle.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was still sitting in Detroit, and I went to it the evening of my arrival, intending to watch quietly the order of procedure. I was observed, however, and received a request from the Moderator to go to the platform. When I had complied, he said he wished to present me to the house. I stood beside him in front of the chair; he mentioned my name, and immediately the whole assembly, with the public who thronged the galleries of the church, rose to their feet. The scene was very impressive. Perfect silence was maintained as I bowed my acknowledgments. I felt that a high honour had been done me; for I was not a deputy, nor had I any official position giving me the slightest claim to notice. It was an act of Christian kindness and fraternal courtesy which I can never forget. The Moderator informed me that a seat would be assigned to me upon the platform whenever I might choose to attend during the remainder of the sittings.

I was struck, as I had been in the Southern Assembly, by the perfect order of the house, even during somewhat exciting debates. There was no unseemly struggle for precedence; there was no attempt to resist, or even to question for a moment, the ruling of the Moderator; and I did not hear a single remark or word that could give offence to any man. The members appear uniformly to treat each other as gentlemen and brethren.

At the same time, however, it seemed to me that some of the rules of debate are not adapted for the free discussion and full development of any great question. For example, all speakers, after the first two, I think, are limited to a fixed and very short time. Another rule gives each member the right, when his name is called to vote, of expressing his reasons in a speech of four minutes. No matter how powerful his arguments

or how weighty his words, he is obliged to stop the instant the Moderator's bell rings, even though in the middle of a sentence. I saw the rule carried out in a debate on a question considered by many of vital importance. The question was—whether a ruling elder holds office for life, or whether he may be elected and ordained for a fixed period. The constitution of the Church is to some extent involved in this; and, what is more, it touches the very essence of the solemn rite of ordination. Yet, even on this grave point, the four minute rule was rigorously carried out. I pitied some of the speakers. They were deeply moved. They struggled to compress argument, and express solemn conviction, within the given time, so as to influence their brethren. It was vain. What could be done in four minutes? The tinkle of the Moderator's bell dissipated argument; and the rapid succession of speakers prevented the possibility of consecutive reasoning. I felt, as I sat and watched and listened, that a law, which had doubtless been enacted to expedite business, and to prevent useless oratory and mere waste of time upon minor matters, was capable of being used to fetter free discussion, and to tyrannize over the consciences of others.

Presbyterianism in the United States does not in all respects conform to the principles and order of the Old Kirk of Scotland. It has a good deal of the independent element in it; and in some cases, at least, this element is not, as I believe, an improvement. I was surprised to learn, for instance, that many of those ministers who sat as delegates in the General Assembly were neither pastors of congregations nor theological professors—the only persons who, in Scotland, have a right to a seat in this supreme court. Some of them were schoolmasters; some editors of newspapers; some were supplying pulpits temporarily; some had no particular employment. Upon what ground they sat in a representative Assembly I could not discover. On close inquiry I found that not more than a third of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church of the North are settled pastors.

Then, again, it is a common practice for a congregation to make an arrangement with a minister to officiate among them for two, three, or four years, as the case may be. At the close of the term they dismiss him, or he leaves them and goes elsewhere. In my opinion this seriously interferes with the sacredness of the pastoral tie.

It tends also, to some extent, to introduce the commercial element, and to make a pastor's work a mere matter of bargain, and thus seriously to lower the character and mar the usefulness of the sacred office. Perhaps the nature of American institutions, and the requirements of a rapidly growing and changing population, may demand some little freedom of action; but the danger is that liberty degenerate into anarchy, and the Church become entirely disorganized. Local and temporary success, however great it may be, and though it might be attained in a number of the leading cities, will never compensate for the disorganization of a great Church, and the derangement of that unity of plan, and purpose, and effort, which alone can accomplish a national work of evangelization.

The Presbyterian Church of the United States has a grand field. It has a large band of laymen filled with zeal, and whose munificent liberality is an honour to Christendom. It has ministers who for eloquence and talent are not surpassed in any Church. But it wants organization. The connection between the Church courts and the theological colleges is not so well defined as to secure the thorough training of candidates for the ministry. The jurisdiction of presbyteries over congregations is loose, and in some cases little more than nominal; and the constitution of the presbyteries themselves is unsatisfactory, for many of the clerical members—in some cases, I understand, a majority—have no fixed charges. These points, and others, require reform; and the longer reform is delayed the more difficult will it become. I know that at the present moment many of the most distinguished men in the Church are striving nobly to bring about needed reforms, and with my whole heart I bid them God-speed.



Hebrew Chant.

Harmonized by J. M. B.

No. II.



- wake, a - wake! your slum - bers break! Sleep - ers, a - rise!—the watch - man cries—



Lord is near; his voice I hear: "I come, I come! be - hold, I come!"

I.

Wake! your slumbers break!
Arise!—the watchman cries—
is near; his voice I hear:
I come! behold, I come!"

II.

Wake!—soon morn will break;
Nar gone, soon day will dawn;
Angels fly, the Lord is nigh:
Behold, he comes! in clouds he comes!

III.

Wake!—sinners, awake!
The Lord is near: have ye no fear
To come, to hear your doom?—
Behold, he comes! the Great Judge comes!

IV.

Awake, awake!—for pardon seek,
Ere yet he quit his mercy-seat;
But tarry not, the time is short:
He comes, he comes! as King he comes!

V.

Awake, awake!—Christians, awake!
See that your lights are trimmed and bright,
And ye prepared to greet your Lord:
He comes, he comes! the Bridegroom comes!

VI.

Awake, awake!—to heaven uplook,—
Lift up your head, be not afraid;
Redemption, near, will soon appear:
He comes, he comes! your Saviour comes.

VII.

Awake, awake!—what joy to wake,
His face to see, with him to be!
Lord, quickly come, thy Bride take home—
O come, yea come! Lord Jesu, come!



"THY FRIEND, WHICH IS AS THINE OWN SOUL."

DEUT. xlii. 6.



TRUE friendship is one of the most delightful sweeteners of human life. With many life would scarcely be worth the living, if it were bereft of the solace and the various helps of a well-assorted friendship. It is more than a mere luxury; it is one of the first necessities which a noble heart most earnestly craves.

Addison describes friendship as "a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another." Surely friendship includes a great deal more than this. The mutual benevolence of any two kind hearts will secure that each shall seek to promote the good of the other, though nothing like hearty friendship may be possible between them. How much more profoundly does this word of Moses appreciate the unequalled tenderness of the relationship—"Thy friend, which is as thine own soul." "A friend is a second self," said Pythagoras, in a similar spirit, and coming wonderfully near to the inspired words. "Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me," says one of our own poets. This estimate of friendship is fittingly illustrated by the anecdote of Alexander and Hephestion. When the mother of Darius entered the tent of the conqueror of her son, to beseech his clemency, she flung herself at Hephestion's feet, who seemed to her to be more king-like than his companion. Alexander's friend drew back in confusion, and the kneeling queen, discovering her mistake, was alarmed for its consequences. "Fear nothing," said the conqueror frankly, desirous to set them both at ease; "you have made no mistake, for he also is Alexander." Perhaps he had learned this lesson from his tutor, Aristotle, who, when asked what a friend was, made reply, "One soul dwelling in two bodies."

Friendships of this confiding and whole-hearted kind should not, cannot indeed, be hastily formed. "Before you make a friend, eat a bushel of salt with him," says the proverb; and experience shows that friendships of the highest grade are not otherwise attainable. There is, indeed, a friendship of mere convenience—a relationship which is the most common and the most easily procurable of all earthly things—but it has nothing to do with a true union of hearts, and is therefore no genuine friendship at all. It may serve to amuse, it may even be useful for lubricating the smaller wheels of the social machine; but in its personal influence it is not elevating, and it can never be counted on as permanent. It is not elevating; for, being based on mere selfishness, it cannot destroy the selfishness on which it rests. Neither is it likely to last; for the convenience which gave it birth may change to-morrow, and the alteration of circumstances will readily dissolve a partnership so heartless.

There is also a sort of universal friendliness, which belongs to certain temperaments, agreeable indeed, and so far useful, but it is very shallow, and we must on no account confound it with the friendship of which we speak. He who is equally the friend of everybody is really the friend of none, and his amiability is more likely to spring from his vanity than from his love. As the old Greek proverb has it, "Friends, but no friend." In this, as in many other matters, depth and breadth are incompatible; and the man who seems to give his heart to all has no single friend whom he regards as his own soul. Like the unspeakable boon of a father's tender affection and of a mother's inalienable love, the sweetness of highest friendship are allotted to us in very stinted measure. There is no limit, indeed, to the number of friendships of a certain kind which a man may form, but the friends who are each of them to us as our own soul must necessarily be few; though one need not querulously say, with Sir Philip Sidney, that "it is doubtful whether friendship be a thing indeed, or but a word."

Every one is not fitted, either, for forming or for enjoying such unions. Only in proportion to the completeness of a man's character is he capable of enjoying the sweets of a true friendship, or of discharging its duties. We are often told that there is honour among thieves, but nothing could be more false. The worthless in general have scarcely any sense of honour, and they owe the slight cohesion which is found among them to mere mutual convenience. Thieves rarely scruple to sell to the police those whom they call their friends; and were it not so, the police would not be half so efficient as they are. As we ascend in the moral scale, we find that friendship becomes more and more a possibility, but its loftiest forms are to be found only among the noblest types of character. A German proverb tells us that "one foe is too many, and a hundred friends are too few;" insinuating that human hatred is so much more active than human love. It may be so with the commonplace, every-day style of friendship, in which a man, for mere convenience's sake, attaches himself to his fellow; but it is otherwise in those unions of heart with heart—unions which involve the man's gift of himself in all his entirety, and in which friend becomes to friend even as his own soul.

Such intimate and precious friendships thrive best between parties who do not too closely resemble each other. Up to a certain point dissimilarity helps, rather than hinders, such unions, but the dissimilarity must not be too great. An inequality in worldly circumstances, for instance, is favourable to the development of such attachments. In this case the two parties are not so likely to be rivals, or to find that their interests

collision in any sort of way. Differences of mind and disposition, also, when they are not too widely helpful to the formation of the strongest

We delight most in a friend who is rather different than the duplicate of ourselves. We cling on the side on which he is weak, that is, the joy of sustaining his weakness with our strength; but if their predominant dispositions are too weak, that we too may receive his loving support. Hugh Miller likens friendship to a ket-joint, in which two souls are fitted for each other not because they resemble, but because they

Of course, the dissimilarity must not be so great that the two parties shall be incapable of union; but if their predominant dispositions are sufficiently similar, they shall enjoy all the better that the minor features of their characters are considerably unlike. And their interaction in this case, not only be more pleasant, but more durable. When friends resemble too closely, they have a disposition a tendency to the same kinds of faults; they are therefore prone to spare, or even to excuse faults in their friend since they overlook their own. And thus the mutual influence of friends serves to confirm rather than to check each other's tendency in each other.

Friendship, at least among Christians, is to be valued. "I would not give a sixpence," says the apostle, "for the friendship which death can break up." The attachment between Augustine and Alypius, a friendship which should be "cemented with the blood of Christ." "Blessed is he who loveth thee," says Augustine, "and his friend in thee, and his love." When affection is thus sanctified, it affords the happy subject of it the maximum of comfort and of profit here, and then he needs never regret the loss of it. What delightful anticipations are opened up to the humble believer! If friendships be so helpful and so sweet, what an everlasting fellowship in glory with the just! What shall it be to have restored to us our dearest object of our love—the friend whom we regard as our own soul, but now made so much more precious and so much more lovely? What shall it be to have new friendships with the choicest spirits of heaven as excellent when here, but made perfect hereafter with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; and, above all, to be with Christ as his friend? Shall he be far better? Let the blessed hope of heaven's tenderness, and tenacity, and sanctity of friendships now, and let us seek to bring their lives into perfect harmony with what we expect to become. "Thine own friend and thyself forsake not." How paltry and insufficient hindrances to friendship, such as change of residence, or even personal infirmities, look in the light of the everlasting communion of perfect love! It is generally the time for forming strong at-

tachments. The young heart is peculiarly open; and it can enjoy companionships so incongruous, that age, more hard to please, could scarcely endure them. But while the young heart more readily admits of new friendships, advancing years cling with the stronger tenacity to friendships already formed. When, therefore, the friendships which are formed in youth are suitable, they become the cherished inheritance of middle life; and the affections becoming every year more conservative, can scarcely endure the thought of losing them. The wine of true friendship thus mellows and strengthens by increasing age.

"Each year to ancient friendship adds a ring,
As to an oak, and precious more and more,
Without deservingness or help of ours,
They grow, and silent wider spread each year
Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade."

This is especially the case with Christian friendships. Nothing cements the union of heart to heart like the common endurance of great sorrows, the cherishing of the same engrossing aims, and, above all, hearty communion in earnest prayer; and the fiery discipline of half a lifetime secures that warm Christian friends shall have enough of these, to fuse their hearts into one inseparable mass. And as this discipline of sorrow makes the love of each more needful and more helpful to the other, the two lives become interwoven into one web, like warp and woof; and you must destroy the cloth ere you can separate the threads which compose it. In such a case the friendship has become a necessity; and either would as soon dream of putting out his eyes as of dismissing the other from his love.

"And whate'er may be the friendship
We may gain in after-years,
None can come between the compact
Which has been annealed with tears."

But if we would enjoy such friendships in the autumn of life, we must sedulously cultivate them in the spring and summer. The plant is one of slow growth, and it is easily blighted during its earlier stages. As it grows older it grows ever hardier. Like all precious things, however, the cultivation of it will cost much pains; and unless a man be prepared to pay the price, he need not expect to obtain the coveted merchandise. And what the price is let the poet tell:—

"Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well more man an angel might beget;
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo, pride repress, nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All bless the purchase, few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below."

Sacrifices must be made, great and frequent sacrifices; but the blessing aimed at is worth them all. Nay, since the sacrifices are those which love makes, they more than recompense the person who makes them with their own peculiar consolations, even though they should bring him nothing more. And if, through our heedlessness, we unhappily mar a valued friendship,

especially in its earlier stages, the loss is scarcely to be repaired. The delicate bloom has been rubbed off the peach, and nothing will replace it; the trusting confidence has been shaken, and its stability will henceforth be more precarious. We should therefore guard our friendships like the apple of the eye; for "a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city." And if we have not such a friend as has been spoken of, let us do all that we honestly can to get one; if happily we have such a friend, let us do all that we honestly can to keep him.

Such unions are more likely to be formed, or, when formed, to be continued; and they are sure to be more useful, when each of the two parties is concerned about his duty to his friend, rather than about his friend's duty to him. Intercourse carried on in this spirit cannot fail to be both delightful and elevating. And to encourage our endeavours after it, let us remember that, of any two friends, it is always he who loves the most, and sacrifices the most, and is most devotedly attentive to the claims of friendship, that is the happier. He enjoys the fellowship, and profits by it, on a scale as much beyond the other as his love is greater. It is always so in everything that appertains to the province of the affections. In this region the dominating law is, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is the loving man rather than the beloved, who is the happy man. This is one of the open secrets of human life;—open, since all may read it in the experience of each during any single day; yet secret, since so few appear to learn it. We need not therefore expect to enjoy the blessedness of a lofty friendship apart from this self-abandonment to the claims of love. Every man would be glad to take, but every man is not prepared to give: however, on these selfish principles, the nobler attachments are impossible.

The practical uses of friendship are various and most important. There are many ways in which help may often be rendered in time of need,—forms of help which, without some degree of humiliation, could scarcely be received except from one whom a man regarded as his own soul. And such emergencies serve to test the strength and the tenderness of friendship: to test it, indeed, on both sides; for he who through pride refuses to accept the loving aid of a friend in time of actual need, is as untrue to the friendship as the other would have been, if he through selfishness had declined to help.

The mere intercourse of true friends is, by virtue of their mutual love, one of the sweetest delights of life. "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel." "With friends," says the ardent Chrysostom, "even poverty is pleasant. Words cannot express the joy which a friend imparts; they alone can know who have experienced it. A friend is dearer than the light of day; and it were better for us that there were no sun than that we should be without friends." And grace, by making the heart more tender, enables it to enjoy with keener relish the delights of a high-toned friendship. We see how Paul

felt when, on coming to Troas, he missed the anticipated pleasure of meeting Titus: "Furthermore, when I came to Troas, to preach Christ's gospel, and a door was opened unto me of the Lord, I had no rest in my spirit, because I found not Titus my brother" (2 Cor. ii. 12, 13). And what irritable man has not again and again felt the power of that inimitable sedative, the calm speech of a judicious friend? Unable, by himself, to look on his injuries, except through the magnifying lens of a morbid sensitiveness, let him talk over his troubles with a wise and trusted friend, and how speedily does he find himself brought back to sobriety and peace! As if by magic, the mountain-like injury dwindles into a paltry mole-hill, and he wonders whence has come the pigment that made all things look so yellow to his jaundiced eyes.

But far more important than the mere enjoyment afforded us by our friends, is the help which they render towards the shaping of our characters. No man would be precisely what he is, had it not been for the influence of his friends. The best of men could scarcely have been so good, or the worst of men so bad, or even the mediocre so very colourless, without the assistance of his friends. There is no moral power in social life more potent than this; hence the proverb, "Tell me what thy friends are, and I will tell thee what thou art thyself." In his early manhood, Hugh Miller, writing to a young companion, says: "I deem my intimacy with you the most important affair of my life. I have enjoyed more from it than from anything else, and have been more improved by it than by all my books." In a similar tone, the celebrated Clarendon confesses: "Next to the immediate blessing and providence of Almighty God, I owe all the little I know, and the little good that is in me, to the friendship and conversation I have still been used to, of the most excellent men in their several kinds that lived in that age." "Some men," says Socrates, as reported by Xenophon, "some men have a fancy for a fine horse, or a dog or a bird: what I fancy and take delight in is friends of a superior kind. If I know anything I teach it to them; I send them to any one by whom I think they may be improved. In company with them I turn over and explore the treasures of the wise men of old which have been left written in books; and if we find anything good we pick it out, and we think it a great gain if we can be beneficial to one another." And when it is carried out in this spirit, such intercourse cannot fail to be as profitable as it is pleasant; for "as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." But whatever be the spirit in which friendly intercourse is carried on, it is silently but constantly giving its permanent shape to our characters; and the young can scarcely be too much alive to the fact that their entire future greatly depends on the silent influence of those whom they now accept as friends.

The most trying, though it is also one of the most important offices of friendship, lies in reproof. We are naturally so inclined to flatter ourselves, to magnify our very moderate excellences, and to ignore our most notice-

ishes, that it is hard to attain to any tolerable self-knowledge without the help of others. A friend will assist a man to see his face much as others see it; but where shall he find a mirror which will faithfully to him the defects and blemishes of his inward character? An enemy with his severe censures and rebukes may serve this purpose occasionally; and is so very valuable to a wise man, that its usefulness more than repays him for any pain which it may occasion.

But few are able to profit by these ill-natured rebukes. They are so much exaggerated, that a man, instead of setting himself patiently to separate the precious from the vile, and to allow for the elements of truth and to pierce the ungracious criticisms, has a plausible excuse for casting the whole aside as a mass of falsehood. He brings into practical operation the peculiar use of a faithful friend. He can render a similar service more efficiently and much more pleasantly than an enemy can. He has not the same temptation to exaggerate, and we are not so extremely jealous about our reputations. Faithful are the healing wounds which a friend inflicts; and when a true friend is called to inflict wounds, he himself suffers more than the wounded person. Alas! that faithfulness of this kind is so seldom found, so seldom ventured on, and so coldly received.

It would be wrong, however, to blame only the one party, or the general neglect of this great duty and principle of friendship. Here, as in so many other cases, there are faults on both sides. Why is it so difficult to give, and why is it so difficult to receive? It is so very difficult to give the gentlest rebuke even when it is manifestly needed; and why are so many men so reluctant to give it, but because they know that who might be benefited by the reproof is so likely to learn his faults? It is scarcely one in a hundred who really wishes help to reform himself; the rest are ninety-nine want only to be flattered; and if a man were to exercise towards them the noblest office of friendship, they would be ready to feel disgust, and to dissolve the disagreeable relationship. Of course all cases are a most delicate matter to show a friend rebuke; and when it is done, it should be done in love, and as a duty, but in manifest love, and as a service which needs much self-denial to discharge it. The repayment of the service in the same kind of coin is always be modestly desired and heartily appreciated.

But it is only the higher kinds of friendship which thrive by means of intercourse of this nature. A commonplace friendship is hollow and selfish; and a friend is too often a man's second self, only in the ignoble sense of being, next to himself, the man's chief flatterer. A friend seeks his own ends, not the best welfare of his brother; and these ends he can best secure by flattery;—a flattery which is none the less real that it is not but tacit. "You cannot have me both for a friend and a flatterer," said Phocion to Antipater; and it is well to remember that the two functions are incompatible.

In a world like this, the warm friendships, even of the good, do not bring unmingled joy. Every earthly comfort contains in it the germ of possible sorrow. A friend is a second self; and when we thus double ourselves, we double our chances of being hit by the arrows of affliction. The love which makes another to us as our soul, makes the trials of that beloved one our own trials; and in this way a lofty friendship exposes a man to griefs which selfishness is spared. But there is something elevating, nay, there is something sweet, in such sympathetic sorrows; and he who thus weeps with his weeping friend finds more calm enjoyment in his tears than the selfish man ever found in his selfish pleasures. Thus afflicted was Paul when he found that Epaphroditus was afflicted; and thus joyful was he in his friend's recovery. "For indeed he was sick nigh unto death; but God had mercy on him; and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow" (Phil. ii. 25).

The world has witnessed, over and over again, magnificent specimens of lofty friendship. How many an eye has moistened as it read the touching words of Ruth to Naomi, so expressive of all the deep affection which we suppose a high-souled friendship to include: "And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me" (Ruth i. 16, 17). We are all familiar, too, with the tender attachment of David and Jonathan, who each loved other as he loved his own soul; and most of us have been thrilled by the touching lament pronounced by the bereaved mourner: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" Classic story furnishes many noble specimens of friendship; and so do medieval and modern histories. Very beautiful is the narrative of the Christian friendship between Madame Guyon and her maid-servant. Without fee or reward, or prospect of earthly good, the devoted domestic attached herself to the person of her mistress, saying, "Go wherever the Lord may lead you, do whatever the Lord may bid you, I will go with you, and will find my service to him in serving you." And when, after they had wandered to many places in company, the mistress was cast into the dreaded Bastille for her alleged heresies, the maid followed as a matter of course; and the two friends lay in the same cell for many years. Happy are both the parties to such an attachment as this; but the happier of the two is that one whose friendship is the most loving and devoted.

But though friendships like these have never been altogether unknown, they have never been common. Such heights are attainable only by characters of peculiar excellence, and under favourable circumstances.

ever. We are said to be complete in Christ, but Christ is also complete in us, and he will not abandon to the powers of death "the Church which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."

We now pass along the bare ridge of the mountain, to the right of, and parallel with, the Damascus road. Out of consideration for the safety of our necks, we lead our horses along the horrible path. Sometimes my poor desert mare looks at me with soft imploring eyes, groans audibly, and then balancing herself on her hind-legs, swings round the corner of the rocks that project over the precipices, and lights safely down on the path below. We thus proceed over flat rocks—worn smooth as glass by the feet of animals—and by a series of wild leaps down rocky ledges we gain the *sultany*, or king's highway. By this fine-sounding name we must not suppose that we have reached a road where man and horse can proceed with comparative safety. I once, in the great heat of summer, passed down this road by night, and my young Kurdistan mare and I rolled down the rocks together six times. The path, however, shows much signs of wear, as horses' tracks are sunk deeply in the rocks; but no tool has ever been lifted up against it, for Shemitic people never made roads. The Romans—the world's tutors in law, order, and government—made roads over which to pass armies, and the mercantile English make roads for traffic; but the Turks only make toy roads to delight the eyes of Europeans. The Government English engineer, after five years in the Turkish service, made fourteen yards of a road at Damascus, which remains to this day his sole monument in that department.

We now cross a series of undulating hills abutting on Mount Hermon. Occasionally a Greek partridge whirrs up out of our path, and here and there stunted bushes grow among the rocks; but the whole scene around is bare, barren, and lifeless. Once when passing through this district with an English tourist, he began to ridicule the Bible description of the country as "a land flowing with milk and honey." But it turned out that his attempted wit only exposed his own superficial observation. True, the district before us was no emblem of abundance to

him who looked at the desolation around, made his shallow joke, and passed away; but when we examined minutely, we found that in every place stones had been arranged by human hands, and every foothold had been terraced. At Rasheiyah, a few miles further on, we see the vineyards still flourishing on such terraces; and from the known we can argue to the unknown—that these bare terraces, from which lapse of time has worn away the soil, were once laden with the vine, the highest emblem of prosperity and joy. Of this kind are most of the objections urged against the Scriptures. On the discovery of important scientific facts in astronomy, geology, anatomy, &c., men who view the facts merely from the scientific stand-point, and believing that they have discovered in them a contradiction of Bible statements, hastily seize these facts, and holding them up before the world, challenge the faithful harmony of God's word and works; but in a short time it is found, by patient, honest investigation, that the very facts which were employed to destroy the credibility of God's Word, are powerful and irrefragable arguments in favour of its divine origin, and prove that the Books of Nature and Revelation are from the same divine Source.

It is very illogical to infer that because Syria is faded and desolate now, that therefore it has always been so. Before the battle of Hattin—disastrous to the cause of the Crusaders—the Arab historian tells us that Salah ed Din set fire to the forests around Hattin, and thus encircled the Crusaders with a dreadful wall of fire. Thus only a few centuries ago there were forests that could be set on fire in the neighbourhood of Tiberias; now there is scarcely a shrub. Once the cedar-forests of Lebanon seemed almost inexhaustible; now only a few groves, scattered far and wide over the mountains, confirm the tale of the glory of their ancestors. With the destruction of the forests, the moisture is no longer attracted to the land, and war, and famine, and misrule have since combined to make the country a desert. The number of ruined villages that dot the country shows what the capabilities of the land must have been to support the teeming population that once inhabited them. Thus the arguments of those

could discredit the Scriptures, because some are not now as they were described three hundred years ago, are founded on misconception and ignorance. They resemble those formidable pistols carried by the Arabs, which maim the man who uses them. In the holm among the mountains there are little bits of lands cultivated. These are generally very fertile as all the fatness of the surrounding hills is washed down into them. In one of these a pair of little black oxen are ploughing. The yoke is a piece of wood laid evenly across their necks, slightly curved towards each other, so as to fit to the part of the animal which it touches. A piece of wood passing through the yoke in each side of the neck fits in its place, or it is sometimes made fast by rings passing under the chest of the animal. The beam of the plough, which is attached to the yoke, comes up between the animals like a rope-pole. See how evenly those two animals walk along under the same yoke! They look at each other's large dark eyes, as if they strive to keep their wills in perfect accord; and go, turn, and return together, turning up evenly soil, the perfect emblem of quiet, united union and resolute strength. These are true yoke-fellows." And what an effective sermon that yoke preaches, on united and cordial labour, to all who labour in the Lord's work! It may not that command of Christ's, to take

his yoke, which is wrapped up with the promise of rest to all who labour and all who bear, point to the perfect union, actively and passively, that should subsist between Christ and his disciple! Learning from his meekness in labour and lowliness in suffering, the disciple shall do and endure under Christ's easy yoke, and find rest to his soul in united service. We are "joint-heirs with Christ," and fellow-labourers with him; and as the yoke can only be laid upon two, and as the essential idea of yoke (*ζυγόν*) is that which joins two together, we trust that this suggested interpretation, which, fully believed, would lighten our labour and sustain us in sufferings, may not appear too "far fetched."

The sun went down behind Sidon with one of those rare gorgeous sunsets seldom seen in this land, but which, when seen, rouses memories of home, like some old strain of music, or pleasant perfume with which we were once familiar.

We soon had less pleasant memories of home, for the rain came down without the long home twilight to give us time to finish our journey. Our host and his horse, familiar with the road, dashed on before, and we galloped blindly after, over rocks and through water, illustrating fully the definition which describes walking as "a series of leaps and falls." We were soon, however, in "the prophet's chamber," receiving the warm welcome of a body of men, backed up by an outer circle of women and children.

MARCUS 21 STRAIGHT STREET.

LOVE LOST, AND FOUND.

"The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian."—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*



THE dearest of my friends had left me
For a distant shore,
And I sat alone at midnight,
Weeping more and more :
Suddenly there came one knocking
Softly at the door.

And in the quiet night it made
A melancholy din ;
One lonely soul there seemed without,
One lonely soul within ;
With a strange fear at heart, I rose
To let the stranger in.

Behold ! with blood-stained robe he stood,
A painful sight to see ;

And face so sweetly sorrowful—
A sweeter could not be.
"Tell me, stranger, what thou seekest?"
And he answered—"Thee."

Love's music in his voice, and bright
Her sunbeam in his eye ;
And when I stood and seemed afraid
To let my lover by,
He chid my unbelief with tears,
And whispered—"It is I."

Then to his welcome step at once
I widely flung the door ;
And there he stood—so marred a man
I never saw before :

All on his head, and hands, and feet,
Fresh were the wounds he bore.

"Behold," he cried, "for thy sweet sake
I faint, and groan, and bleed;
No enemy could stop the way,
Nor suffering break my speed;
Thou never shalt be left alone,
Nor helpless in thy need."

And ere the midnight lamp was spent,
For it burned low and dim,
I spread a couch for aching head,
And weary wounded limb;
Then did my lover sup with me,
And I did sup with him.

I bathed his feet with tears; I gazed
Into his wondrous face,
For sweetly every absent friend
I there could clearly trace,—
When suddenly the songs of angels
Rose, and shook the place.

The earth was heaven, the man was
God,
And at his feet did fall
All tribes and tongues, and praising hosts
Of creatures great and small;
And lo! my absent friend was loudest—
Foremost of them all!

It was a dream—the cold gray morn
Was breaking on the floor;
The Comforter was in my heart,
No stranger at the door;
I found the Lover I had lost,
And felt my fear no more.

With morning birds I poured forth praise,
For glad my heart was made:
"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid."

T. D.

Within Iron Walls.

A TALE OF THE LATE SIEGE OF PARIS.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER VI.

TOO LATE!

"Too late!—the curse of life! Could we but read
In many a heart the thoughts that only bleed,
How oft were found,
Engraven deep, those words of saddest sound
(Curse of our mortal state!)—
Too late! too late!"

ANON.



That last that brilliant column of picked troops came to an end. Little did we think they had that day begun their death-march almost as a body; for few indeed were the survivors of those devoted regiments after the fearful fields on which they at least so well and nobly upheld the old traditionary fame of France. While the stirring strains of the band that brought up its rear were still sounding proudly in our ears, Uncle Lucien put us in our carriage, and asked us if he should tell the man to drive home. Madame de l'Orme bent forward, eagerly exclaiming—"No, no; to Notre Dame." And the order was given accordingly.

Presently she said, through her tears: "You

will not mind, Renée; you need Our Lady's grace and help for your brother. And in her own stately cathedral—at whose hallowed shrines so many sainted knees have been bent, so many royal heads have been bowed, so many costly offerings have been made—she will surely hear and pity us. And her altars shall not want for the costliest gifts I can bring, if she will watch over my Henri, and bring him back to me. Will she not remember how the sword pierced her own sacred heart when she watched in faithful love all through her Son's awful death-agony?"

So we stopped at the hoary cathedral, and went up the time-worn steps, through the massive doors, into the solemn gloom of the grand old pile. Others were there before us: a mass

was being said at the high altar as we went forward and knelt before it.

Madame de l'Orme remained so long on her knees that I grew restless and uneasy. I was anxious about my mother—left so long alone in the first hours of her sorrow. I tried vainly to repeat a certain number of Ave Marias, but invariably lost count, and found my thoughts hopelessly wandering—Léon, mamma, Nina, all came between me and the prayers I would fain have repeated. It was nothing new: many a penance had I endured for the same fault. But the thought that those prayers might have helped Léon, if I could only have said them acceptably, was very painful. I knew my mother said enough, but when it was all that was left me to do for him; and I could not help thinking that surely, if the Holy Virgin did remember her own earthly sorrows, she must know how hard it was, when every nerve and fibre was strained to the utmost, to repeat a certain number of fixed words with no wanderings of heart. Then I shuddered at my presumption.

Altogether that visit to Notre Dame was no comfort to me—very much the reverse. Madame de l'Orme seemed to find it such; but then she had made so many good prayers, and given an offering—which, from the priest's manner, I felt sure was a costly one—and I had done neither; only, I knew, drawn a penance on myself for wandering and presumptuous thoughts next time I went to confess. For I could not help a suggestion that seemed to force itself into my mind, that perhaps, after all, it would not matter my trying. I had apparently no vocation for religion; and if Our Lady would not help of her own free will and sympathy, I certainly could not deserve her favour. Madame de l'Orme did not seem very sure of it, in spite of her far greater merit. My unkindness to Nina, too, weighed upon me. Would the Blessed Virgin, with her pure, loving *mother's* heart, listen to, or care for, one who had been so harsh to the orphan girl who had never known a mother's gentle love and training?

I left Madame de l'Orme at her lonely and desolate home, and returned to my own, on which a strange stillness seemed to have fallen. Do we not all know the curious sense of hush and grave-

like quiet that drops like a pall over a household from which a dearly-loved member has lately departed, even at hours when the lost presence was not wont to gladden us? We seem to speak with bated breath, and to move with noiseless steps—as we do when the journey taken has been the last one, and cold and still in its darkened chamber lies what was, but is no longer, parent, brother, friend.

Nina had not returned. I found my mother lying, faint and exhausted, on her couch, opposite a picture of the Virgin that always hung in her dressing-room, with a crucifix clasped to her breast. I knew she had taken no food that morning, and her time had been entirely spent in prayer. When she had taken the wine I brought her, she said,—

"We must leave our dear Léon to the good God, Renée. The Blessed Mother's heart will be touched with our anxiety and sorrow, for hers has known and felt grief greater than ours. She will plead for us with her Son.—And, Renée," she continued, after a time, "I do not think it can be so difficult as many seem to think, for her to induce the Lord Christ to listen to her and help us. Those who have gone through the bitterest sufferings sympathize best with even the little pains of others; and surely none have suffered as much as he did on his dreadful cross. He must have loved us, Renée, or he would not have done it; for it was for us he died. So I think he must be ready to listen to his mother's pleading for us, when she tells him of our need and sorrow. But, of course," she added sadly, "it is our great unworthiness and sinfulness that make it so difficult. He cannot love us till our sins are subdued; and so few have grace to conquer them!"

Then I told her of our visit to Notre Dame, and my trouble about the prayers; and she answered,—

"I know it is so sometimes; and then I think it is best to speak to Our Lady in our own words. I think she must care for them as much as the Latin, which does not seem to mean half so much, or, indeed, to express at all what we wish to say. Of course, in the public worship all due form and ceremonial must be observed; but when we are alone, it appears to me it is best to

remember it is a woman's heart with which we have to do. And I do not think she will be offended at us thinking her too kind and too good. When people count upon *our* kindness, does it not make us feel bound to help them if possible—us, who are so weak, and narrow, and selfish? How much more, then, One who is all goodness, and purity, and kindness? With God it is different. His majesty is so terrible, it would indeed be presumption to approach him otherwise than in the forms our Holy Mother the Church gives us. But it is hard to know what is right, Renée." And she sighed a long, weary sigh.

Ah, my mother! hard, indeed, for those from whose straining sight the only pure and living Fountain of light is sealed. Hard for those whose eyes are blinded with the gathered dust of long ages of human error, and pride, and folly—whose minds are fettered with the iron chains of priestly arrogance and presumption—whose hearts are weighed down with the crushing burden of a servile and loveless faith—on whose ears the faintest echoes of the glad tidings of great joy have never fallen.

And such were ours then,—mine, and my gentle, pious mother's. And hers most. With feet lingering still on the slopes of Jordan, with the dark stream flowing ever full in her sight, her eyes were straining through the thick darkness—darkness that might be felt, indeed—her helpless hands were stretched out imploringly, her shrinking spirit breathing ever its voiceless prayers for help and guidance, to those whom the false teachings of a delusive creed had taught her possessed those attributes of love and tenderness and pity which belong to Him alone of whom we then thought only vaguely as the Virgin's Son, or the terrible Judge of an awful day to come. But, blessed be his name! no darkness, no ignorance, no shrouding curtain drawn by mortal hands, can come between the purposes of his grace and love, or rob him of the joy of seeing "of the travail of his soul," and being "satisfied." When he wakens the need and yearning of the soul, as he alone can do, he will never—no, never—fail to supply it. And I doubt not many of those whose suns have set in clouds and darkness will rise to the brightness of ever-

lasting day. Would he reject such faint glimmerings of faith and hope as breathed even then in my mother's words, "He must have loved us, Renée, or he would not have done it"? His Word says, "The bruised reed will He not break, nor quench the dimly-burning flax;" "as many as touched the hem of His garment were made perfectly whole." And to me those words are enough. As the magnet attracts the needle, so I believe he will draw all hearts, asking truly in their depth of need, "What must I do to be saved?" to himself. Very faint may be the light, very dim and shrouded and interrupted the vision, very feeble and fearful the hope; but the love, the power, the salvation are all in him. "Salvation is of the Lord;" he is the Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End."

But alas for those who are lulled to the charmed sleep of false security on the Delilah lap of Rome, heart and conscience alike deadened, and with no friendly voice to break in upon the fleeting dream of time with the solemn realities of eternity! And doubly alas for those on whose careless ears the gospel message falls unheeded, or only as "a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument"!

My mother and I were still alone when Nina returned. Madame de Salmly left her at the door, and she entered the house alone. We heard her voice speaking gaily to Louis, and then her quick light foot on the stairs. She came into the room bright and joyous, with gay words of greeting on her smiling lips. But our grave, sorrowful faces were enough; no need of the words that were so slow to come. She turned deadly white; stood a few seconds, fixed and silent, in the centre of the room, not heeding, apparently not hearing, my mother's gentle words; then slowly and silently left it.

I was about to follow her at once; but mamma drew me back, saying—"Leave her alone, for a little time only, Renée. It will be better so. Poor child! it is very trying for her. I wish I had prevented her going yesterday; but I never supposed she would remain the night."

"O mamma," I exclaimed, "it was my fault. I might have persuaded her; but I was angry

und vexed with her, and did not. Oh, how I regret it now!"

Mamma soothed me in her own tender way. But she little knew how much cause I had for self-reproach, as Léon had asked me not to tell her of what had passed between him and Nina, saying she would have enough to trouble her about him without the knowledge of his disappointment added to it: our troubles and sorrows—we had not known many then—were so entirely hers.

In a few minutes she sent me to Nina. Receiving no answer to my inquiry whether I might come in, I opened the door. She was lying, dressed as she was, with her face buried in the cushions of her couch. She did not look up until I went to her, and kneeling by it, put my arm round her, and spoke some tender, soothing words. Then she raised her poor white face, and gazed piteously into mine.

"Darling Nina," I said, "do not grieve so very much. You did not know that Léon would leave to-day, and he did not blame you. He bid me say farewell for him."

Either the sight of my tears or the mention of his name broke down the unnatural calm of her face, and, with a smothered cry, she flung her arms passionately round my neck, and broke into a fit of hysterical tears. Poor child! she had yet to learn control in a hard school. It was not until she was quite exhausted with the violence of her emotion that I could give her Léon's message of forgiveness. At last I did so, but without alluding to the terrible contingency of which he had spoken, but of which I dared not think myself; and even then a fresh outburst followed. To all my attempts at consolation, she answered by the wailing cry,—

"Oh, you do not know, Renée; you do not know."

"I do know, Nina," I answered.

"No, no; not all, not all. He would not tell you all—even you; I know him too well. If you did, you would hate me, Renée. Oh, if that day could but come back again! But it is too late now!"

Too late! ah, too late! Yes; the spilt wine can never be gathered again into the broken chalice, and lost opportunities can never return

for the heart's most passionate cry. And even while I wept with Nina, and pitied from my heart the remorseful grief from which I might have saved her, I felt that perhaps this might be the very lesson she needed to begin the cure of her waywardness; for from the broken words she sobbed out to mamma when she sought to comfort her, I learned that, even as I feared, she had only gone to Madame de Salmy's out of sheer contradiction of Léon's wishes. She had been asked in his presence to join the party, he had ventured to beg her not to go, as his time was so short, and, in the wilful waywardness she now so sadly deplored, she had given her promise to do so—and kept it, though haunted with the foreboding that Léon might be ordered off next day. But she had not anticipated the possibility of his leaving in her absence; and it was not until the message had been despatched that she found that Madame de Salmy, requiring her carriage for other purposes, had determined to retain her for the night.

Poor Nina! she was very humble and broken that night; but next morning, though her cheek was pale and her eyes heavy, she was quiet and composed, and from that time rarely spoke of Léon—I think, never voluntarily—and in a few days she appeared, outwardly at least, her old bright self, only a little more subdued and gentle. I was no longer doubtful as to her real feelings; but I judged it best to leave things to take their course.

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE TIDINGS.

"News of battle! news of battle!"

Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet."

AYTOUX'S *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*

VERY quiet were the days after Léon left us—quiet, at least, to our saddened perceptions. We had fewer visitors, as most of Léon's friends had gone to the front. It seemed long since the war had been declared, and people were already impatient to hear of something having been done. The delay of the Emperor's departure, and the tardiness of military operations, were the chief subject of conversation. Twice we had brief

notes from Léon—he had no time for more—and we could not write to him, as he was constantly on the march.

At last, on the 28th of July, the Emperor and his boy—the child of so many hopes and fears—left Paris amidst shouts of “A Berlin! à Berlin! Vive l’Empereur!” Did any shadows of his impending fate rest on his spirit as he looked his last on the fair city that had grown into such queenly beauty under his hand, upon whose people he was about to bring so terrible a doom? I think it must have been so. To me, at least, an under-tone of disquiet seemed to run through the martial notes of his address to his soldiers. Perhaps that was because my mind ever received the imprint of Léon’s thoughts, and because it was so unusual to hear the coming struggle spoken of as one in any wise likely to be “long and arduous.”

We thought compassionately of the burden that must rest on the royal heart left desolate amidst the splendours and loneliness of its palace halls; for that royal heart was a woman’s, and that woman a wife and a mother. So her sorrow was a common sorrow; but not so her burden. How heavily must the sceptre of France have weighed in the hands that had so lately been occupied in the homely, loving task of preparing her boy’s outfit! People told how each article had been laid in its place by those hands alone. Hearts sore with the anguish of the wrenching of their own tendrils from the daily presence of beloved ones, could scarcely fail to sympathize with those who on their lonely heights of greatness must stand calm, unmoved, in the sight of a nation’s eyes, when their hearts—weak human hearts still, if beating under imperial purple—are wrung with anguish.

So they parted, those royal hearts. Men have told us lately how they met again, discrowned, exiled, amidst the rude gaze of half-sympathizing, half-curious multitudes, on the crowded pier at Dover. But they have met again: diadem and sceptre and purple, indeed, buried in the grave of the Past, but their home-band unbroken. Do no nightmare visions of the untold thousands of homes in France, by whose blood-stained hearths desolation and anguish sit brooding over graves holding other treasures than those, rise

before their pillows in the silent night-watches? If the blame rests with him who led a nation blindfold to its doom, has it not been bitterly atoned for? Will it not be a haunting memory throwing its weird shadows on the down-hill of life?

Perhaps not. I suppose not. It is not of hearts and homes, not of individual joys and sorrows, that those placed on the slippery heights of power think. Necessarily not. People, and classes, and armies are to them but pieces to be moved on the chess-board of politics. The fallen Emperor risked his all upon one desperate move, and lost. His all was throne and fame; but for those upon whom it fell to carry out that game, life and limb, and the love that is dearer than life. It is scarcely to be wondered at that, in her frenzy of amazed despair, poor, bleeding, deluded France should forget her own share in the matter, and proclaim herself betrayed, dishonoured, ruined by him whose hand held the helm when the barque was hurried into the fray amidst the defiant shouts of an excited and rejoicing people.

Not that I, or any of us, sympathized with the blind rage that laid all blame at one door, because that one bore the imperial eagle. We are no Imperialists, no advocates for the glittering tinsel that covered the corruption, and oppression, and extravagance, and paltriness of the Second Empire. I say *we*, meaning we De Labordes. Politics are not woman’s sphere—they certainly are not mine; but these have been times in which even a thoughtful child must learn something of them. The traditions of our family are all of the old *régime* of France—as tinsel, and certainly more oppressive, than the last. My father and uncle clung always to the old royal stock—my Uncle Lucien does still; but both were good subjects of the Empire, or rather true sons of France, ready to put aside all personal prejudices and feelings for her sake. Victor’s dream was a republic; but Léon said France ever needed a firm grasp on the reins, and that revolution meant anarchy.

We females troubled ourselves little on these points. I suppose the gift of individualizing is peculiar to women; it certainly is to some women. The armies, and brigades, and bat-

talions, and companies of which men spoke so glibly as of certain parts of war machinery, were to us individual men—husbands, fathers, brothers, sons: to my mother, and Nina, and me, and to some other women we knew. Thus it was, I suppose, that when on the day after the Emperor left news was flashed into the city of a skirmish at Niederbronn, in which we had been victorious, our hearts sunk within us. Only a skirmish, it was owned, but men exulted over it as a bright augury of coming success. But the first drops of the coming storm of iron hail had done their deadly work—there were “killed and wounded.” Only a few; but the world was darker to many even through them. And it was our first experience of the sickening dread and crushing anxiety that is the lot of those left behind in the quiet of ordinary life, while their nearest and dearest are lost from their sight in the smoke of distant battle-fields.

Poor Madame de l’Orme came in that evening in a deplorable state of nervous terror. We knew it was improbable that the regiment that was the centre of her hopes and fears—and of ours—could have been the one engaged; and Victor was able to give the name and number of the one which had been, so her fears were in measure allayed. But her look of settled agony of dread, as she took leave of me at the door, to which I had accompanied her, and said, or rather wailed, “O Renée! my boy! my boy! shall I ever see his bright face again?” filled me as much with fear as with compassion. If her boy should fall, I feared it would cost her her reason or her life.

The excitement in the city increased. All ears were strained to catch the first swell of the shout of victory that was so soon, it was thought, to be borne from beyond the Rhine. And on the 3rd of August news came of a victory, and of a town taken: Saarbrück was taken, and the Germans driven back. Then days passed, and no more tidings. Our armies, it was whispered, were strangely inactive. Days were being lost, each one of which was of untold value to the Germans. What could be the reason, when, by the assurances of our sovereign and his ministers, all was ready? People grew angry, and some doubtful.

No letter came from Léon. It already seemed weeks instead of days since he had left us. We missed him sorely. My mother bore up wonderfully, but the anxiety and separation from him told upon her feeble strength. Augustine exerted himself to supply as far as possible his place, and was more like himself. Victor’s gay spirits were raised at that time to a higher pitch than usual by excitement and delight in the war. But his ways with my mother and me, always affectionate and winning, were still more so as he marked our evident depression. His coming home was like a breath of fresh air let into a close chamber, and never failed to bring new life to us by the force of that mysterious sympathy with which mind answers to mind.

At last news came from the seat of war, but not the tidings that had been listened for. The arms of France had sustained a reverse at Weissenberg. There were darkening brows and angry voices on the boulevards and in the squares of Paris that evening; pale faces and troubled eyes round social and family boards. Angry questionings, passionate accusations, bitter reproaches, frantic invectives mingled from the lips of an indignant and disappointed people.

But over the surging tide of resentment and passion the star of hope shone with ever-brightening radiance. Soon the unanimous verdict was that all would, *must* yet be well. Our leaders had erred by allowing the Prussians time to gather their forces for one great effort. They would be wiser now: in a few days we should hear of a glorious revenge. But a few looked grave and anxious; and we at home remembered Léon’s words, and watched for, yet dreaded, the publication of the official list of “killed and wounded.” When it came, no names familiar to us were there; but we knew those Jules, and Louis, and Augustes, and Baptistes meant to other hearts and homes what Léon did to ours, and wept over their sorrow, which so soon might be our own.

The chameleon moods of the population of Paris had gone through the phases of passion, anger, depression, hope, and had arrived at the highest pitch of confidence, before new and heavier tidings reached us: tidings of the terrible heights of Spicheren, dearly bought by the despe-

rate foe at the cost of hecatombs of victims; and of the fatal field of Wörth, steeped with the life-blood of thousands of our bravest and best.

Not all at once was the full extent of the disaster realized; nor, indeed, was it ever duly estimated till after-events revealed it. First came rumours that all was not going well; then whispers of what no one cared to be the first to speak of openly; then the official intimation of defeat and loss—guarded, indeed, but the truth, if the truth veiled—and the Emperor's assurance that "all might yet be retrieved." He, at least, spoke the truth; the only one of our rulers, perhaps, that has had the courage to do so since the laurels began to be stripped from the brow of France in the slow agony of this bitter and unequal struggle. Till the last leaf was gone, and Paris in the hands of the enemy, how have we been duped and deceived by those who have called themselves our guides and defenders! Humoured like children!—till such as were not children, but men, among the spoiled and degenerate masses that form the population of gay, beautiful, folly-loving Paris, turned away in scornful discredence from all their proclamations and assurances.

Long and full of anxious thought had been the few days that elapsed between the receipt of the news of the battles of Wissemburg and Wörth. Could they have been only three? Every one seemed to hold his breath in a hush of fearful expectancy—I speak rather of ourselves at home—so much hung upon the burden of the next despatches. I spent many hours each day with Madame de l'Orme. Nina and my mother clung very much together; and the manner of the former was more like what it had been in mamma's illness—gentle, and quiet, and sweet—and together they would talk of Léon. I think Nina felt I knew too much of the true state of things, and her womanly instincts kept her reserved. I was sure she grieved still over her unkindness to him that last night.

Many little things assured me of it. Among others, this. One day, going suddenly into the library, where Léon had spent most of his quiet hours, I discovered her sitting on the floor, with her arms round the neck of Fidèle, Léon's favourite dog, and her head resting on them.

Poor Fidèle seemed to understand as well as any of us that something was wrong about his master's absence; and the wistful look of his large soft eyes, as he laid his great head on my knee, and looked appealingly into my face, often brought tears into my own. He would prick up his ears when a step was heard on the stairs; but when he found it not the one he was watching for, would lay down his head again with a low, plaintive whine, answered by many a responsive sigh. When I entered, Nina sprang up, with crimsoned, laughing face, and saying something about Fidèle's being such a ridiculous old dog, it was impossible to help being ridiculous with him, hurried from the room. But Fidèle's rough head was wet with many tears.

Ah, Nina, I have been guilty of the same folly myself. When the overburdened heart shrinks from pouring any of the bitter drops of its own sorrow into the brimming cups of those who have already received full measure, or when its grief is one that will not bear the cold clearness of every-day light, is it not a solace and relief to lay one's heavy, listless hands upon the head of some dumb, faithful creature, whose mute caresses and wistful looks tell of sympathy for sorrow felt while not understood?

Poor Madame de l'Orme! Each day, through heat and rain, her weary feet carried her feeble frame through the narrow, gloomy streets leading to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The reason of this daily pilgrimage was to induce the Virgin to protect and restore her son. Vainly I urged her not to walk, as the fatigue, for which her delicate frame was at all times unfitted, was telling sadly upon her health, weakened also by sleeplessness and anxiety. "Nothing, nothing could be too great a sacrifice for such an end, Renée," she would answer; "and it is all I can do. When the Blessed Mother sees I spare no effort to gain her pity and help—her help, which is the only help that can avail my boy—she will surely plead for me with her Son."

So, though each day the effort became more painful, she rigidly fulfilled her purpose. The day before I received Léon's third letter, and the one on which rumours were afloat of some disaster having again befallen us, conflicting with vague reports of success and triumph, I went with her,

as I really feared to allow her to go alone. As we entered, a closely-veiled figure rose from before the altar and passed us. Veiled as it was, I recognized it. Poor little Nina! She was to find a better helper than a deified Hebrew maiden.

It was with difficulty Madame de l'Orme reached her home, which was close to ours. It was a comfort to me afterwards that that day my mother was unusually well, and spent some of the cool evening hours with her sorrowful and lonely friend; and her words, as she tenderly took leave of her, are to me a faint ray of light and hope glimmering through midnight darkness. She said, "Adieu, dear Célestine; remember the Lord Christ was a man on earth himself once. He died for us, and such a death of torture! Love alone can have made him do that, and love such as that cannot surely have died out. But if, as you say, he died because his Father sent him to do so, because he loved his Father, and not us, it was still for us, and God must surely care for those for whom he gave such a gift. The Lord Christ, and the good God, and the Holy Virgin comfort and help you, and bring your Henri back to you!"

I did not hear the rest of the conversation: I had only gone to bring my mother home; but I have ever hoped that one spark of divine life may have been kindled that night in that troubled heart, "tempest-tossed, and not comforted."

The next day the gloomy tidings of disaster were more than confirmed, and the excited populace filled the streets like the surging waves of an angry sea. But the early morning had brought me a bitter task—a task whose results shut us in that day from the hubbub without. The first post brought a few hurried lines from Léon. I will copy them here.

"Dearest mother, and all," he wrote, "you will have heard ere this of our misfortunes at Wörth and Spicheren. We were outnumbered. The German troops under the Crown Prince are said to have been treble the number of ours. Our troops behaved splendidly. I have no time but for these few lines, and I write to give you, Renée, a painful commission,—to tell poor Madame de l'Orme that her gallant boy went down in the thickest of the fight, charging at the head of

his men. My heart bleeds for her, and it is to save her the terrible shock of hearing officially of her loss that I hasten to beg you to break it to her tenderly. I was with him when he died, after the battle, but on the spot where he fell. And with him was one who spoke such words to him as I pray God may fall on my ear when I shall be as he was then. He was conscious to the last, and sent his love and a lock of his hair to his mother, begging me to try and have the shock broken for her. You will do it, Renée, I know. I am well and unhurt, and will write again when it is possible." Then came some loving messages and tender inquiries; and in a postscript, "Do you remember our talk at the window the night of the Declaration, Renée? I was right."

O war, war! how fearful is the draught from thy crimson cup, from the first sip to the bitter dregs!

I read Léon's letter first, after my mother, to whom, of course, it was addressed. I had carried it to her with so joyful a heart. "Mamma, it will kill her!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I cannot do it!" But when I unfolded the paper in which the short lock of soft brown hair was wrapped, a torrent of tears fell from my eyes, and the rising tide of sympathy and compassion swept over, and effaced for the moment all other feelings.

In saddened silence Léon's note was passed from one to the other when we all met below. The shadow of a great sorrow fell over our own joy at our Léon's preservation. Nina stood apart in a window, and Victor returned the letter to me when he and Augustine had read it together. I went up to her and gave it her. She took it quietly; but when she came to the close, and read Léon's kind message to herself, she threw down the letter, burst into a passion of tears, and left the room. I followed her, and when we reached her room, she threw herself into my arms, exclaiming, "O Renée, it might have been Léon! Instead of that, it is poor Henri, and Léon is unhurt. But, Renée, if Léon should—should be—"—she could not speak the word—"it will be my fault, to punish my sin. How I teased him, scorned him, grieved him, and he was so good, so kind! God may well punish me by—O Renée, Renée, if those days were only back again!"

"But, dear Nina," I said, "Léon is safe, and he does not think of your wilful ways now—only of *you*. See how tender a message he sends you!"

"Yes; that makes me feel it worse. O Léon, Léon!"

I could not stay to comfort her then, though I knew it was only in those moments of strong excitement that she would break through the reserve in which she enveloped herself. With throbbing heart and trembling limbs, I went to prepare for my painful errand. Oh, how I needed then—needed, though I understood not the need—the presence and sustaining strength of Him who is a very present help in trouble; who, knowing our frame, and remembering that we are dust, is ready with abounding grace for every need, unfailing strength for every trial, unerring wisdom for every perplexity, untiring, unchanging love for every dark and distressing hour. How would the sweet consciousness of His sympathy, His love, His tender pity with and for the sad children of sorrow have helped me to go with the heavy tidings of the death of "the only son of his mother, and she a widow!" But I did not know then that the "Lord had compassion on her;" and at times like that when my heart was throbbing and my nerves quivering, the cold, lifeless "work of merit," which I then called prayer, was ever to me an impossibility. Oh, what earthly loss or gain, what suffering, bereavement, or sorrow is worthy to be compared with the unspeakable blessedness of the knowledge of Him whose love "passeth knowledge," whose riches are "unsearchable!" Yet men despise and reject Him now, even as they did of old, when "his own received him not," but cried, "Away with him! crucify him, crucify him!"

Is it to be wondered at that when Victor left me at the *porte cochère* that led to the house in which Madame de l'Orme's apartments were, my heart utterly failed me, and I sank faint and trembling on the stone staircase? But with the desperation of courage which the inevitable rouses in our hearts, I rose at the sound of descending feet on the stairs, and went up to Madame de l'Orme's door. I think God supplies the need experienced in times of high

heart-pressure by those who know him not, even as he makes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends the rain on the just and on the unjust.

A strange strength and calm was given me as I faced old Bertine at Madame de l'Orme's outer door. I dared not give her any idea of the purpose for which I came. She loved Henri devotedly. His death would be to her only a little less heavy a blow than to his mother. But her volunteered account of Madame's sleeplessness, and the fearful anxiety with which she watched for tidings of the well-being of the one on whom her heart had centred all its hopes and affections for twenty years, was a bad preparative for what was before me.

Without daring to think what I should say, how plunge the steel into that poor quivering heart, I entered Madame de l'Orme's room. She was lying back in an easy-chair, her large dark eyes fixed mournfully upon a picture of her son that hung opposite to her. Pale, wasted, fragile—face and form and attitude alike telling of weakness and suffering—how could she bear the anguish that was coming to her?

She held out her hands to me as I entered, and a faint sad smile passed over her face. But I suppose my voice betrayed me as I returned her embrace and asked after her health. "Is there any news, Renée?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," I said; "we have been defeated again."

"Ah, how distracted my brave boy will be! he loves France so much, my Henri. Perhaps that is why he has not written. He could not bear to write of defeat for France. But you," she continued, suddenly turning and looking full in my face—"how do you know this? Have you heard from Léon?"

"Yes."

"What does he say? My boy—he is well, he is unhurt? Tell me so, Renée."

"Dear Madame de l'Orme, I have sad news; can you bear to hear it?"

Her white face grew rigid, her dark terrified eyes were fixed on mine. "The bravest are ever in the hottest fight," I said, "and where the fight is hottest the danger is greatest. Your boy was brave, Madame de l'Orme."

"He is wounded!" she said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes; he *was* wounded—sorely wounded."

Her looks terrified me; the words would not come. "Wounded," she murmured, "wounded; my Henri wounded and suffering! I must go to him at once." And she rose.

"No, no; you cannot."

"But I must, I will. When has he had pain, and his mother not known how to soothe him! Where is he, Renée?"

"O Madame de l'Orme!"

"I tell you I will go, Renée. You think I am too weak. I am strong now. No journey will be too long, too difficult. Where is he, Renée?"

"Where you cannot go. You cannot follow him where—"

"But I tell you I *will*, Renée. Ah, he is a prisoner too, then, my boy, my poor boy! But that makes no difference. Prison doors have been opened by a mother's tears: they will be now. The Germans have hearts; they are good fathers and loving sons. They will not refuse me all I shall ask—to share his captivity."

"But, dear Madame de l'Orme, how shall I tell you,—he does not need you now."

She absolutely smiled. "Not need me, not need his mother! However well he may be cared for, no one can nurse my Henri like his mother. Has he not said so a thousand times?"

Would she never understand? I must speak plainer, and yet I dreaded unspeakably the too probable effects of the shock. "Madame de l'Orme," I said, "listen to me. Let me tell you what Léon says."

She sat down, never taking her eyes from my face. "He says he was heading a charge bravely, nobly, when he went down. After the battle Léon sought him and found him. There was a priest with him too" (for that to me then was the only construction of Léon's words; who else could help and comfort the dying?), "a good and holy man, and he spoke such comforting words, Léon says. And they were with him to the last."

She was beginning to understand. Never can I forget her look and tone, as she stretched out her hand, saying, in a hoarse, strange voice, "Give me the letter—Léon's letter!"

I sought to dissuade her, but it was no use; she would not listen. "The letter—give me the letter," she repeated. What could I do? I placed it in her hand.

She read it through slowly, with no change on her fixed face. Then the hands relaxed their convulsive grasp, and she fell back senseless. Not dead; and yet for her the bitterness of death was past. Bertine's bitter wailings did not reach her ear; all the doctor's skill, all our efforts, failed to bring back consciousness to the stricken form. As I feared, the dart had struck home. Through the long hours of that summer day we watched over her, I and Bertine, and for a time Nina and my mother; the din of many voices coming in from the busy crowded streets into that silent chamber falling dirge-like on our ears. But they disturbed her not. She had done with earth. At the solemn midnight hour the last rites of human religion were administered over the breathing but senseless form, and before another day dawned her spirit had departed.

This was the first-fruits that we gathered of the fearful war-harvest, whose after-growth was so rank. I have recorded thus fully this one ear from its countless sheaves, because, while that one alone was at that time mingled closely with our own daily lives, it is, alas! but a sample of thousands of kindred pictures; not, perhaps, of the swift striking home of the poisoned dart, but of the bitter grief and desolation.

Many were the hearts and homes even then shrouded beneath the pall of grief; but I must not linger over them here. We had many acquaintances in Paris, but Madame de l'Orme had been my mother's friend from girlhood, and her own and her son's death were heart-felt sorrows to us all.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWO-EDGED SWORD.

"The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."—HEB. iv. 12.

"The entrance of thy words giveth light."—Ps. cxix. 130.

THE news of the double defeat of our armies, and the falling back of our troops on Metz and Chalons, was followed by a burst of popular in-

dignation, which resulted in a change of the Ollivier ministry, obnoxious now as the originators of the war. The people of Paris had already forgotten how they had themselves clamoured for it.

I often thought in those days of the lovely lady on whose fair brow a crown was pressing with such deadly weight, beneath whose feet the pride and power of imperial glory were crumbling away. How does she look on those days now from her quiet refuge on England's hospitable shores? Can it be with regret? Anxious days and weary nights must those have been when, to a wife's longings after an absent and suffering husband, a mother's yearning over a young and delicately-nurtured boy, both exposed to the dangers and vicissitudes of war, were added the crushing burdens and overwhelming responsibilities of one to whose weak woman's hand it had fallen to guide the helm of state when the storm was raging, night closing round, and "Breakers ahead!" the cry from aloft.

With the elasticity and buoyancy of temperament, which is so marked a characteristic of our nation, the people of Paris soon rallied from the shock, and talked with scornful pity of the fated German hosts, who were being led on by the wily tactics of our generals to invade the sacred soil of France. It was no retreat, that retrograde movement of the whole line of our army from the positions it had occupied, but a strategic movement, a deep-laid plan, whose result would be certain triumph for France, equally certain ruin and, if they persevered, annihilation to the presumptuous Germans.

But the feeling against the Emperor was very strong; it was owned now that the army and military stores had been very far from reaching the pitch of efficiency and preparedness the people had been taught to believe in, and all the blame was hurled remorselessly at the one devoted head. But that head, if a crowned one, was human, and as such capable of being betrayed and deceived. Yet it would have been treason to hint that in Paris then. And to me it seems that habit of always shifting the blame and responsibility of actions the results of which have been productive of disaster from their own shoulders to the head of an individual or collective

scapegoat is one, and not the least, of the many causes of the inconsistencies and follies of the French people. A fault not seen can never be repented of, and a fault not repented of cannot be corrected. The French people never admit that they have been wrong. That "the sovereign people can do no wrong" is indeed their creed, and the *onus* of their errors must ever be borne by those who rule them. So now, forgetting the cries of exultation with which Paris had rung when the first notes of the trumpet were heard, they complained plaintively that they had been deceived and forced into the war. But in spite of that, France would yet be true to her old traditions; strenuous exertions had been made to supply deficiencies and remedy past errors, fresh contingents of troops were being daily sent on to the camp at Chalons, and all would be well.

It is a sickening story of vain, baseless hope to dwell upon, when we recall how many high and noble hearts have eaten themselves out during its course. That the Prussians would pass Metz, force the camp at Chalons, and reach Paris, was a wild improbability that every one scouted. Still preparations were being made for its defence, if such extremity could occur. General Trochu was appointed Governor of Paris a few days after intelligence reached us of the investiture of Strasbourg and the surrender of Fort Lichtenburg.

But it was with strange inaccuracies and reservations, mingled with statements worthy of a darker name, that we were told of these things in Paris. Those terrible fields of carnage round Metz on the bloody days of Gravelotte, Vionville, and Mars-la-Tour, were represented to us as rather victories than defeats; victories costing dearly indeed, but tending to ultimate success. It seemed strange certainly that the invading armies should be allowed to advance, to bombard Strasbourg, and to sit down before Metz; but then we were told of strategic reasons, and beguiled with vague rumours of apocryphal successes, in one of which thousands of Prussians were said to have been hurled in panic-stricken flight into the quarries of Jaucourt. Meanwhile our fleet was blockading the northern ports of Germany, and the palm about to be carried off from England as mistress of the seas.

these things were going on, and the Fate gathering imperceptibly around in Paris went on as usual. The weather and oppressive; my mother visibly under its effects and anxiety for Léon. Lucien was full of contempt and anger for the excesses and follies of the imperial government; of hope for the future of France; in the absence of the slightest hint of eventual defeat; of implicit credit in the illusive proclamation of the existing ministry. Augustine was averse to war for its own sake; besides, he looked upon him as already a priest, and he did not expect military enthusiasm from him. He was most kind and thoughtful for us, endeavouring in every way possible to supply our place, especially to my mother; but there was still an oppressive weight on his spirits, which he struggled vainly to throw off. At night he could hear his step pacing up and down his staircase, which was above mine, far on into the

Victor was full of indignation at the loss of our arms, burning with passionate desire to see the stain effaced from them; only preyed upon by consideration for my mother from attending to his studies and rallying round the rallying banner of France. I partly suspected then the reason of his daily absence was in the hours that were wont to be his studies, and the object of the studies to which he devoted himself so closely. Nina was a shade more thoughtful, but in other respects like her old self, except that she cared less for study, and was, I was sure, struggling with mastery over her wilful temper. Arnaud was our pet and plaything, though every day he grew older in his own estimation, and asking me, "Would the Prussians come to Paris?" and all the schoolboys of the city were forming companies and regiments, and having arms and help to drive them away. Poor René was too young to remember the father who in the war had deprived us, therefore could not understand why we should all be so grave and anxious about Léon.

My regiment was, we believed, at or near Paris with M'Mahon, but whether he could receive our letters or not was very doubtful, and I had written in vain for any from him till towards

the close of the month (August). When one came, it was certainly not exactly "good news from a far country;" but ocean waves are not a greater barrier than the stern restrictions and necessities of war time. Postal and railway communications within the invaded territories were necessarily much obstructed, and in the other parts blocked up in measure by military exigencies. So Léon's letter was none the less a "cup of cold water."

It was long, and full of interest to us, touching far more on his own life in camp and field than on the state of affairs. Indeed, there was little allusion to the latter. The letter, he said, might, by no very impossible chance, fall into the hands of the enemy, therefore he could not speak freely. He wrote from the neighbourhood of Chalons. Paris had already heard with astonishment that the camp which was to be so insuperable a barrier in the Germans' path was to be broken up. Of course, for "strategic reasons." Léon gave no clue as to their probable course, and dwelt little upon past reverses. But though the tone of his letter was calm and cheerful, it was by no means reassuring. Not to me, at least. There was no allusion to, or contradiction of, the postscript to his last letter. But I felt he augured ill for the future. It may be that I am naturally prone to look upon the dark side, for to Uncle Lucien and Victor the letter was very encouraging. To mamma (and Nina too, I think) it was tidings, good tidings, from Léon, and they cared for nothing more. I have that letter still, almost worn out by constant reading through the weary months that followed its receipt.

One part I must copy here, the one in which Léon speaks of the death of poor Henri de l'Orme. He says—"Our losses have, of course, been severe, and many a familiar and friendly face is missing from my own battalion. Some are lying maimed and suffering in hospital beds, others under the blood-stained turf of the fields on which they fell. The loss of more than one has left a sore spot in my heart. But over none have I grieved as over poor Henri de l'Orme. His poor mother, how will she have borne it! It was a hard task for you, my poor Renée, to be the bearer of such tidings. I could scarcely have given it to you, knowing how faithfully you

would perform it, whatever it might cost you, if I asked it of you; but there is a sacredness in the last requests of the dying, and he named you. I must tell you what I can of him; his mother will hunger to know all that can be told.

"I did not see him fall, but after the fight was done he was missing, and Pierre Duvanse told me he saw him go down in the last desperate charge his regiment had made. Pierre was wounded in the foot slightly, but sufficiently to prevent his walking; so, having impatiently listened to his rambling descriptions as to the way I must take to reach the spot, I set out in search of him.

"I will not dwell upon the horrors of that field of death. Even did I wish to depict half of them, language would fail me. The night was wild and cloudy. Thick banks of heavy whitish-gray clouds drifted drearily across the sky, and the pale sickly light of the half-observed moon rested weirdly on the upturned faces of the dead, on the quivering forms of the living. Ever and anon a gust of wind swept by with a shrieking, sobbing sound, dying suddenly away into a low dirge-like wail, and followed by an awful hush of stillness, broken only by the groans of the wounded, the heavy tread and subdued voices of the ambulance and burying parties. My heart was wrung as I pressed on in haste, lest what I sought might not be found. Already many heads, carried proudly in health and hope that morning, had been laid to rest on their last pillows, and covered with earth's last covering. It was no easy task, in the dim light, on the undulating plain, to find the spot I sought; low, stunted bushes were scattered here and there, everywhere. I had been directed to a group of three, near a low stone wall. At last I found the latter, and leaned against it a moment while I looked round for the other landmarks. A voice caught my ear in a different direction from that in which I was looking. It came with the wind, and I distinctly caught the words, spoken in fluent French, with only a slight foreign accent—'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The Lord Jesus says: 'He that believeth on me hath

everlasting life;' 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall* not come into condemnation; but *is* passed from death unto life;' 'I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;' then, after a slight pause,—'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will *in no wise* cast out.' There were more, but the wind died down into one of those strange hushes, and I could not catch the rest. But I cannot tell you the wonderful sweetness and power with which they came, as the speaker uttered them in deep, earnest, solemn tones, dwelling strongly on the words I have marked. And they came from a spot a little distance off, near three bushes. It was the one I sought.

"I went at once towards it. Just then the moon shone hazily out through a rift in the wrack of clouds, and by her light I saw two figures on the ground near them. One was a young man, in the uniform of a German officer; and on his breast, pale in its death agony, was pillowed the fair young face of Henri de l'Orme, looking like—oh, so like—his mother's.

"I knelt down beside him, and took his cold hand in mine. He knew me at once. 'Oh, Léon,' he murmured, 'my mother—my poor mother.' His supporter, by a mute gesture, offered his place to me; but Henri perceived it, and said with an earnestness that sent the life-blood welling in streams from his side, 'Don't go; stay with me to the last.' So he stayed.

"Henri was shot through the lungs; and with every gasping word he uttered his life ebbed faster away. 'Send my love—to my mother—my dearest, dying love—and a lock of—my hair. Ask Renée to tell her—to break this—tenderly—and to comfort her.' Then he looked up from my face into that of the stranger—a noble, manly face—that bent over him with a look of almost womanly tenderness, and whispered, 'Now—tell me more—words of Jesus.'

"And sweet and wonderful were the words that fell upon his dying ear. I cannot write them here, my time is failing, but they were the words of the Lord Christ himself—words such

human lips never spoke, human love never prompted—words to live upon and to die upon. Why have we not known them from our childhood? This I know, no earthly power or priestly authority shall shut up those words under its seal from my heart again. Dearest mother, and all, read God's words for yourselves. You little now how different is God's truth from the system man has imposed upon us as such. To the stirring spirit of Henri de l'Orme those words were life and peace, I am well assured.

"Tell me more of the words of Jesus," were the last words he spoke; but a look of rest and peace and joyful surprise remained upon his pale features even when the spirit ceased to look forth from those dark speaking eyes. Then we laid him gently down, and stood face to face, foes and yet friends.

"Tears filled the kind eyes of the stranger as he told him brokenly of the widowed mother, whose only son he had so tenderly cared for and comforted. A few moments we stood over the dead, and at my earnest request he repeated again and again the words that I had first heard, and others like them. What passed besides I cannot say to repeat. Then I wrapped poor Henri's body in my cloak, and we bore him between us towards a burying party that were at work some distance off. In one end of the long, narrow trench in which the sons of France and of the German fatherland lie together in the last long sleep, we laid him with our own hands, standing side by side till the soldier's rough grave was filled in.

"Then the young German turned to depart, but ere he did so he held out his hand, saying solemnly, 'In death all are equal; in Christ all are one. Our next meeting will probably be in his presence. Shall we not part friends in him?'

"Yes," I replied, warmly grasping the offered hand; 'I shall never forget your kindness to my poor friend, nor the wonderful words you have spoken.'

"My Master's words, not mine," he said; the words that he speaks are indeed spirit and life—"In them ye have eternal life." Will you not obey his command to "search the Scriptures" or yourself? He gives it, because, he says, 'they testify of me.'"

"I will indeed.'

"Amen," he replied; 'and may He who is "the way, the truth, and the life," bring you into the fulness of his grace and peace.' So with another warm hand-grasp we parted. Ever to meet again on earth, I wonder? We met for one short hour on the field red with the blood of his countrymen and mine, shed in deadly strife; yet then and there I loved him. Stranger and foe! yet I loved him. Loved him for the tenderness he showed to that dear dying boy; for the holy words of grace and comfort he spoke; still more by the power of the strange electric thrill of fellow-feeling and sympathy that awoke towards him in my heart. And one of these days, perhaps, I may find myself face to face with him in the ranks, bound in honour to send my steel into the heart in which I would fain hold a friend's place. Such is war. We exchanged cards; and my hope is, when this struggle is over, to meet once more on earth."

Vain hope! In the quiet churchyard of a little village among the Vosges mountains is a grassy mound. Beneath it, far away from home and kindred, with a French bullet in the breast, lies all that is mortal of a young German officer, "the only son of his mother," and she too "a widow." And the name cut on the rudely carved cross that stands at its head is the same as the one borne by the card Léon treasured so carefully.

Léon's letter ended abruptly here, without any of the special messages of loving inquiry and affection with which he concluded the last. It had evidently been folded and sealed in haste, which accounted for it. As it was, it had been written in the brief hours which should have been given to sleep.

Mamma was rather troubled at first at the idea of Léon's presuming to follow the advice of a stranger, and doubtless a heretic, in opposition to the tenets of the Church, by reading the Scriptures for himself; but next day she said, "Renée, these are wonderful words in Léon's letter. So sweet, and loving, and strong. But I am afraid they cannot be truly those of the Lord Christ. You see there is nothing said about what we must do to get that life. It would seem as though, if you just simply believed those words,

you would be quite safe, without doing anything to deserve eternal life. And, of course, that cannot be right. I am afraid it is only some of the false teaching of the Protestants. But, O Renée, I wish it were true. Those words, 'Come unto me, come unto me,' ring like sweet music in my ears; and my heart seems as if it must answer, 'Lord, I come, I come.' It may be a delusion of the Evil One. May the blessed Mother keep our Léon, Renée, from the snare. I must ask Father Delille about it."

She did so, and the sophistries of human religiousness were brought to bear upon the simplicity that is in Christ, and the timid, fainting spirit led blindfold away from the pure waters of the Fountain of life. We were strictly enjoined, on peril of our souls, not to meddle with the Word of God, which, Father Delille told us—O sad perversion of truth!—was "a two-edged sword," wounding and bringing death to all unskilled hands that dared to wield it. This, he said, was God's own testimony concerning his Word; and it was more in accordance with the view we had been taught to take of God and his Word, so we received it as such. To Nina and me and the rest of us it signified little then; our hearts and minds were full of other things; but the wistful look on my dear mother's face was afterwards sadder and more constant.

Our anxiety for Léon had diminished; the unreasoning confidence begotten by familiarity with escaped dangers came over us, and we were all influenced by the sanguine tone of the public papers and of society in general. Partly owing to the uncertainty of his own movements, and partly to the confusion that prevailed at that time in all official departments, Léon had not received any letters from us since he left home. This was a source of regret to us all; of bitter but carefully hidden pain to Nina. Her lip would quiver and her cheek pale whenever it was alluded to. I knew the reason. Neither the little note, which she had given me open to enclose to him, in which, with childlike simplicity, she had asked forgiveness for the impatience and unkindness she so much regretted having shown that last night, or the explanations and excuses she well knew I should give, would have been seen by him.

Ah, knowing what bitter fruit may spring from seeds heedlessly sown by careless hands in one unguarded moment or hour, we may well watch and weigh our words and deeds. Life is all too short, human love too fragile and too precious, for us to trifle, while it is yet our own, with its fleeting bloom.

CHAPTER IX.

SEDAN.

"A name at which the world grew pale."

JOHNSON.

"Oh, the silence that came next, the patience and long aching!"
JEAN LEROUX.

How shall my feeble pen depict the story of that bright autumn day in Paris, when the name that shall stand a warning beacon over the tide of time through all years to come, was borne from lip to lip in her streets? SEDAN!

Well might men, stunned and appalled by the completeness of the catastrophe, wreath their pale lips with scornful smiles, and fiercely charge the authors of such a report with lying and madness. But it was true, and truth strikes home at last. The hour came when incredulity gave place to the rage of impassioned belief. Paris has gone mad before with less cause. The banner of France lowered before the foe, her imperial diadem in the dust, the sword of her sovereign at the feet of his victorious adversary, her honour tarnished, her glory departed, her name a byword and scorn among the nations, her brave soldiers betrayed—deceived—sacrificed—hemmed like deer in a position into which the folly and incapacity of their officers had led them, in which resistance was impracticable, and battle massacre. An emperor, an army, a fortress—one day the bulwark of France, the next the spoil of the conqueror! One day the hope of a generous and too-confiding nation, the next its shame and execration!

But the dark details of that day, so fatal for France, on which the death-knell of an empire was sounded, belong to the page of history, not to these simple records of a few human lives that went on amidst them. The historian will tell how the day that saw France without an emperor and without an army, saw her, too, high of heart and hope, rising phoenix-like from her own ashes,

ong to avenge, patient to endure, haughty in
r humiliation. He will say too, perhaps, that
might have been better for her had she ceased
carry on the fatal struggle begun by the ill-
ed man who for twenty long years had been
r master; whom three times, by her own free
ll, she had chosen as such; whose broken yoke
e cast from her with such a passion of abhor-
ice and contempt. And I think he would be
ght. But looking back, as I do, through the
eary vista of the war-path, strewn with the
ecks of so many lives and homes, could I, a
man, judge otherwise? Not now, certainly,
r I think ever. So I will leave all this for
ser heads, and calmer hearts, and abler pens.

They will tell how, on the 4th of September,
o days after the surrender of Sedan, a revolu-
n took place in Paris, the Emperor was deposed,
e republic declared, a provisional government
the defence of Paris, with General Trochu at
head, appointed, and energetic measures at
e commenced for the defence of the city.

They will tell, too, how a deputation from the
l ministry waited upon the Empress at the
ileries palace, and, placing before her a paper
dy drawn up, informed her that all hope for
and hers was over, her husband a captive,
son a fugitive, herself the object of a people's
red and indignation! And how the trem-
ng hand of the unhappy lady signed the docu-
nt, how she gazed once more from the windows
her palace-home—hers no longer—and then
nt forth—she, the gay, beautiful, brilliant
génie, the star of her own and other courts for
hteen years of splendid prosperity—on foot
l a fugitive amongst an angry and frantic crowd,
aping from her own fair capital, the scene of
many pomps and pageants—ay, of so many
pes and fears, so many joys and sorrows—by
uming the lowly guise of a Norman peasant,
l reaching at last, a lonely, sorrow-stricken
le, the shores she had last landed on amidst
e pride of imperial state.

They will tell, too, how the passionate pain of
e people vented itself in the senseless disfigure-
nt of buildings, and windows, and whatever
e the emblem of the hated government, and
e then still more hated man under whose sway
nce had been led smiling to her doom; how

the name under which they had trembled and
cringed became a byword and a taunt, replaced
by contemptuous terms full of bitter meaning.
How the fair streets, and broad boulevards, and
stately edifices, which owed their existence to
Napoleon III., rang with voices hoarse with fierce
hatred, shouting, "A bas Badinguet;" a soubriquet
given to the fallen monarch in scornful allusion
to his flight from the fortress of Ham, in the
dress of a workman bearing that name. Yes; I
will leave this for others to relate, and go back
to the aching hearts of our own sorrow-stricken
home.

Where was Léon? Ah! that was the question
kept, for the most part, by each, for the sake of
the other, within the pale, grief-set lips, but
echoing ever in the depth of each burdened,
loving heart.

And that question met no answer. For in the
overwhelming disaster of a nation there was little
reck of individual anxiety and sorrow by those
in power; in the wild excitement and confusion
that prevailed in council and camp little place
but for one thought—the defence of the queenly
city, on which the enemy was marching unfettered,
unchecked, passing disdainfully by, or investing
with small detachments of his vast hosts, the
fortresses on which we had counted so much.

So still we asked, "Where was Léon?" Un-
answered, uncheered. Was he, our noble gallant
soldier, a captive in a foreign and hostile land,
or stretched on a bed of pain and weakness in
hospital or ambulance, with no familiar face to
bend over him, no loving hand to minister to his
wants; or, like poor Henri de l'Orme, lying cold
in a soldier's blood-stained grave? O the keen,
sharp agony of suspense of those first days, while
yet a chance remained of tidings reaching us!
O the deep, dull anguish of waiting through
long weary months when that chance was past,
and our fears mocked our hopes! What words
may tell it out?

At first, we hoped against hope that his regi-
ment had not been amongst those that had fought
and surrendered at Sedan. But before the melan-
choly remnants of the brilliant army that had
left Paris returned, broken and shattered like the
hopes that had followed it, that uncertainty, at
least, was set at rest. In one of those splendid

charges of heroic despair, in which the flower of the French cavalry had been scattered—like spring-blossoms by a storm-wind—before the deadly blast of the German artillery, Léon's regiment had nobly played its part. Not many of that devoted band rode back out of the smoke that veiled the slopes up which they had so gallantly dashed—slopes green and smooth, and fair with ferns and flowers, ere the battle smoke veiled them; crimsoned, and ghastly, and death-strewn when that veil was lifted again. This, at least, we knew. But this was all.

And when the dark story was told of the miseries, and horrors, and humiliations to which the prisoners were subjected by their exulting captors, our tortured hearts almost turned rather to the grave's unbroken rest. There, at least, our beloved one's generous spirit would not be tormented by dishonour and chains. But the love of life! What, save Faith's anchor within the veil, can overcome it in these loving, sinful, sorrowing hearts of ours? For ourselves and for those who are our dearer selves. So we clung tenaciously, desperately, with hearts faint and weary with the sickness of hope deferred, to the belief that our Léon was yet of us. Then, and through the weary months that followed.

My mother bowed her head meekly as before a blow waited and watched for; but she drooped as one who had received a mortal wound.

And Nina! Ah! poor Nina, upon her the blow fell heaviest. We had parted from him, against whose name was written "Missing," with fond embraces, and tender tears, and loving words—with whispered prayers and blessings; *she* with heartless levity, and cruel scorn, and unjust reproaches. The last looks and words *we* had given him were of affection and hope—*hers*, of bitterness and passion. And he had never known how she regretted them!

My heart ached for the unhappy child, as she went about with white fixed face, mechanically performing all the customary routine of ordinary life, in the long anxious days of that first week in September. But not till the night on which Augustine brought in the copy of the *Journal Officiel*, in which Léon's regiment was named as one that had taken part in the last desperate struggle, did I fully know how great a cause she

had for the remorseful sorrow that she evidently felt. But that night, the sight of her pale, mournful face haunted me after I had bidden her good-night, and I could not rest. Of course all noticed her worn looks, but her manner was so calm and quiet, she spoke so composedly of Léon,—with grave concern indeed, but with no outward agitation,—that it is no wonder all, but my mother and myself, ascribed their cause to bodily indisposition.

I tried to sleep that night, but in vain, and at last yielded to the impulse that had been upon me from the time I had left Nina. Wrapping myself in my dressing-gown, I stole softly through the room in which my mother was sleeping quietly, as was usual with her till the early morning hours. Nina was not in the habit of locking her door, and I told myself I would only go quietly in and see if she were sleeping; if not, I would excuse my midnight visit under the plea of anxiety about her pale looks. I had little fear of a rebuff; she had been gentle enough of late, poor child.

Very cautiously I turned the handle of the door, which opened noiselessly. It was a bright moonlight night, and the room was flooded with silver light. My eye rested first upon Nina's empty bed, then upon a white figure crouching on the floor by the window. So silently had the door opened that she did not hear it, even in the midnight stillness. She sat with her brow resting against the glass, her dark hair falling loosely around her, but with her day-dress untouched. Fearing to startle her, I pushed a chair as I crossed the floor towards her, but she did not move. Then I spoke her name. She turned her head and looked up in my face, with such a look of agony in the large mournful eyes, and on the fair face which gleamed snow-white in the pale brightness of the moonbeams.

"Nina," I said, kneeling beside her—"Nina, my poor darling, what is it?"

She turned towards me, looked full into my face for a moment, then laid her head on my breast with the wailing cry, "O Renée, Renée!" My tears fell thick and fast on the bright young head bowed so low with its weight of sorrow. But none dimmed the calm steady eyes that looked despairingly up into the clear bright sky.

"My Nina," I said at last, "you must not grieve so terribly. Our Léon may yet be restored to us."

"To you, yes," she said slowly and with the same fixed look; "to me never."

"Nina, what do you mean? Are you ill?" she exclaimed in terror at her strange looks and voice.

"Ill! yes—at heart. O Renée!" she moaned, "how shall I bear it, how shall I bear to live out my life?"

"Nina, dearest, I cannot understand you. If Léon is spared to us, as we may at least hope he is, why do you say he would not be restored to you?" O Nina, you do not know how he loves you!"

"I know how he did love me," she said; "how he would have loved me always but for my own wicked folly."

"But, Nina, if Léon yet lives, wherever he may be, he loves you still: nothing but death could take his love from you."

"There are things worse than death," she said in the same decided, bitter tone. "Renée, must tell you all. The memory of that last night has been eating like fire into my heart and brain ever since Léon went away. No; loose me—do not touch me while I tell you; you will hate me when I have done, or despise me as he does now, if indeed he lives." And she shook herself free from my encircling arms, and sat upright gazing out into the night, while, in sentences short and broken with pain, she unburdened her heart of the secret that had preyed upon it so long.

I am not going to record here the sacred confidences of that hour in the very words poor Nina used in the passionate anguish of her bitter self-reproach. It is enough to say that the capricious, wilful temper fostered in her character during the petted, unrestrained childhood, unchecked by herself in her thoughtless, wayward girlhood, had led her that night to a pitch of folly and cruelty which would only too probably cast a dark shadow over her whole life. She had long known how great was her power over Léon, and delighted to exercise it, until it had become a habit with her to do so on almost every opportunity; not with the deliberate and acknow-

ledged purpose of giving him pain, but out of the strong love of teasing and testing the endurance of those who loved her, only the more fully developed by his too great readiness to excuse and forget all her unkindness when she smiled upon him once more. She had often wept, she said, in the quiet of her own room, when she remembered how she had wounded and slighted him during the day, and resolved not to do so again. But she knew of no higher strength than her own, poor child—the power of old habit was too strong upon her—and the very pain she felt at his approaching departure made her more wayward. He should not think she cared, she told herself, even when her foolish little heart sank at the thought of the dangers into which he was going. And that last evening, when he told her of his love, she cast it from her, spurned it, denied her own for him.

It happened thus. After my mother had retired that evening, she and Léon had been left in the drawing-room alone. He alluded, after a time, to his coming absence, and rejoiced at her being at home that evening, possibly his last with us. She immediately spoke of her intended visit to Madame de Salmly next day. Very gently and delicately he begged her not to go, for his sake and for her own. As I have before said, he disliked and distrusted that lady. Nina's pride at once took fire, though, as she afterwards saw too plainly, there was nothing in Léon's words to warrant it, and certainly no assumption of a guardian's authority; it was mainly for his own sake he asked her to remain. Passionately she questioned his right to interfere with her movements; and then—not wisely, perhaps, but from the fulness of his noble, tender heart—Léon told her of his love. And she, yielding to a reckless impulse of temper, rejected it, scorned it, and left the room with light words of bitter mockery.

"Now, Renée, hate me if you will," she said, when her painful story was finished; "you cannot hate me more than I loathe and despise myself. Oh! why, why did I do it? Why, when I had done it, did I let him go without a word of forgiveness?" she moaned, as I drew her slight figure back into my arms, and pressed it to my heart. I could not speak; what com-

fort that I could give could possibly soothe such pain as hers?—for the arrow that was rankling in her heart was a poisoned one. Love may soothe sorrow, tenderness alleviate suffering, sympathy soften bereavement; but under what earthly name is a balm found for remorse?

At last I said, "Nina, dearest, I too have a confession to make—I too have a bitter, unavailing regret pressing heavily on my heart."

"You, Renée!" she said, looking up searchingly into my face.

"Yes. Nina, the morning after—after what you have told me of—before you went to Meudon, would you not have given anything to have remained at home?"

"Ah! yes, *then*; but it was too late."

"Not quite. O Nina, the expression of your eyes when I went to hasten your preparations, and when you left the room with the De Salmys, has haunted me ever since."

She half smiled. "Ah, Renée, you have so often saved me from the consequences of some wilful freak I have been bent on following! I know that morning I had a wild, vague hope you might save me even then from paining Léon more than I had done."

"And so I might have done, Nina—I might, but I did not. Nay, do not interrupt me. I have helped to bring this sorrow on you, my poor darling. A few loving, persuasive words to you, a few explanations and apologies to Madame de Salmy, and you would have remained at home. Léon and you would have met again—you would have parted heart to heart. But I had seen his pain the night before, my spirit was chafed and angry, and I would not speak these words; would not till it was too late. So, Nina, your sorrow is my sorrow, your remorse mine too. Darling, do not seek to bear it alone, as though it were unshared. Let us bear it together."

She pressed her cold lips to my face. "Dear Renée, you are not to blame. Had you asked me to stay, as perhaps I hoped you would have done, I might have acted just the same. I do not know. However that may be, I only am to blame. How could you think that any reasoning or persuasion would avail with one so wilful as I? No, Renée, you must not think thus. And it is not my being away, even at

Madame de Salmy's, when he went, that I grieve over. That is as nothing to the rest—nothing, nothing. Oh, those cruel, mocking words! the last I spoke to him—the last! Ah, Renée, how often have you told me that a time might come when penitence, and tears, and caresses would be in vain, when some reckless word or wilful deed, spoken or done in thoughtless levity, would bear bitter, bitter fruit! But I would not heed you. And now all my love, and regrets, and tears are but as roses and spring rain upon the grave of a buried hope—all in vain for what lies beneath it. Well, never was punishment more deserved."

"But, Nina dearest, our hope is strong and living, not buried. Léon may even now be safe and unharmed in Germany. Many think the war will soon be over, and then we shall have him back, and all will be set right."

She shook her head with a despairing look. Suddenly I thought of Léon's last message to her, and I gave it. In her hysterical distress the day after his departure, I had not ventured to give it all; but now was, I felt, the time. "Nina," I said solemnly, "listen to me. I have a message from Léon, to be given you if he fell. He would wish it given now. His last words to me were: 'Say farewell for me to Nina, Renée, and tell her to forget what passed the other night, as I shall. And if I should fall, tell her I loved her to the last. *Nothing can change that.* You will care for and protect her, whatever may happen, for *my* sake.' His last thoughts were of you, Nina—of *you*, not of your fault. O Nina, do not doubt the strength and tenderness of his love! Trust him; do not wrong his true, noble heart by doubting him. If he lives, wherever he may be, he loves you still; if not, his last earthly thoughts were of you, I know."

She burst into tears. For a long time she wept unrestrainedly, while I spoke of Léon, of the words he had spoken that unhappy evening; how he had defended and excused her, and believed in her in spite of all. Faster and heavier fell her tears; but I knew they would relieve her overburdened heart, and did not seek to check them, until nature was utterly exhausted. Then she let me undress her like a child, and settle her in her bed. Only once she spoke, and then she said, "If he had only known that I loved

him; that I shall repent those bitter, cruel words till my last day; that I would have given my life gladly to have saved his—I that so scorned and wounded him. But he will never know it now—never! never!”

With her hand in mine I sat and watched beside her, till the silver moonlight gave place to the dim gray of early dawn; and she slept. But the reaction of long-repressed excitement, and the violent agitation of the previous night, were too much for her fragile frame, and the next few days she was unable to leave her room. I think our kind old doctor more than suspected the cause of her illness; he had been our friend ever since he came to Paris, Uncle Lucien's before; and Léon was his special favourite.

In one of the quiet evenings which mamma spent with her, Nina told her too the story of her sorrow. I was glad of this; mamma had so much better a way of comforting than I had. And never again did the ice close round Nina's heart. After those few first days, indeed, we seldom spoke of her special share in our common grief. But words were not needed. Heart answered to heart. I knew in the quiet twilight hours, when she and I sat alone and in silence, what thoughts were filling the fair head that rested on my knee—the light touch of the little hand that sought mine with such a clinging, confiding clasp, told me more than many words; and she knew this.

Apologetics for the People.

BY DR. R. PATERSON, CHICAGO.

V.

THE TRUTH AND THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

“For they themselves show of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come.”—1. THESS. 1. 9, 10.



IN the last tract we ascertained that the Gospels and Epistles were not forgeries of some nameless monks of the third century—that the shopkeepers, silversmiths, tent-makers, coppersmiths, tanners, physicians, senators, town councillors, officers of customs, city treasurers, and nobles of Caesar's household, in Rome, Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, Athens, and Alexandria, could no more be imposed upon in the matter of documents, attested by the well-known signatures of their beloved ministers, than you could by letters or sermons purporting to come from your own pastor—and that the documents which they believed to contain the directory of their lives, and the charter of that salvation which they valued more than their lives—which they read in their churches, recited at their tables, quoted in their writings, appealed to in their controversies, translated into many languages, and dispersed into every part of the known world, they neither would nor could corrupt or falsify.

The genuineness of the copies of the New Testament which we now possess is abundantly proved by the comparison of over two thousand manuscripts, from all parts of the world; scrutinized during a period of nearly a hundred years, by the most critical scholars, so accurately that the variations of such things as would in English correspond to the crossing of a t, or the

dotting of an i, have been carefully enumerated; yet the result of the whole of this searching scrutiny has been merely the suggestion of thirteen, or, as later critics say, nine unimportant alterations in the received text, of the seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine verses of the new Testament. This is a fact utterly unexampled in the history of manuscripts. There are but six manuscripts of the Comedies of Terence, and these have not been copied once for every thousand times the New Testament has been transcribed, yet there are thirty thousand variations found in these six manuscripts, or an average of five thousand for each, and many of them seriously affect the sense. The average number of variations in the manuscripts of the New Testament examined, is not quite thirty for each, including all the trivialities already noticed.

We are, then, by the special providence of God, now as undoubtedly in possession of genuine copies of the Gospels and Epistles, written by the companions of Jesus, as we are of genuine copies of the Constitution of the United States, and of the Declaration of Independence. These are historic documents, of well established genuineness and antiquity, which we now proceed to examine as to their truthfulness.

There is no history so trustworthy as that prepared by contemporary writers, especially by those who have themselves been actively engaged in the events which

they relate. Such history never loses its interest, nor does the lapse of ages, in the least degree, impair its credibility. While the documents can be preserved, Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand, Cæsar's Gallic War, and the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, will be as trustworthy as on the day they were written. Yet some suspicion may arise in our minds, that these commanders and historians might keep back some important events which would have dimmed their reputation with posterity, or have coloured those they have related so as to add to their fame. Of the great facts related in memoirs addressed to their companions in arms, able at a glance to detect a falsehood, we never entertain the least suspicion.

There is, however, another kind of contemporary history not so connected and regular as the formal diary or journal, which does not even propose to relate history at all, but is for that very reason entirely removed from the suspicion of giving a colouring to it; which, at the cost of a little patience and industry, gives us the most convincing confirmations of the truth, or exposures of the mistakes of historians, by the undesigned and incidental way in which the use of a name, a date, a proverb, a jest, an expletive, a quotation, an allusion, flashes conviction upon the reader's mind. I mean contemporary correspondence. If we have the private letters of celebrated men laid before us, we are enabled to look right into them, and see their true characters. Thus Macaulay exhibits to the world the proud, lying, stupid tyrant James, displayed in his own letters. Thus Voltaire records himself an adulterer, and begs his friend D'Alembert to lie for him; his friend replies that he has done so. Thus the correspondence of the great American herald of the Age of Reason exhibits him drinking a quart of brandy daily at his friend's expense, and refusing to pay his bill for boarding. In the unguarded freedom of confidential correspondence, the veil is taken from the heart. We see men as they are. The true man stands out in his native dignity, and the gilding is rubbed off the hypocrite. Give the world their letters, and let the grave silence the plaudits and the clamours which deafened the generation among whom they lived, and no man will hesitate whether or not to pronounce Hume a sensualist, or Washington the noblest work of God—an honest man.

If we add another test of truthfulness, by increasing the number of the witnesses, comparing a number of letters referring to the same events, written by persons of various degrees of education, and of different occupations and ranks of life, resident in different countries, acting independently of each other, and find them all agree in their allusions to, or direct mention of, some central facts concerning which they are all interested, no one can rightfully doubt that this undesigned agreement declares the truth. But if, in addition to all these undesigned coincidences, we happen upon the correspondence of persons whose interests and passions were diametrically opposed to those of our correspondents,

and find that, when they have occasion to refer to them, they also confirm the great facts already ascertained, then our belief becomes conviction which cannot be overturned by any sophistry, that these things did occur. If Whig and Tory agree in relating the facts of James's flight and William's accession, if the letters of his Jacobite friends and those of the French ambassador confirm the statements of the English historian, and if we are put in possession of the letters which James himself wrote from France and Ireland to his friends in England, does any man in his common sense doubt that the Revolution of 1688 did actually occur?

When, in addition to all this concentration and convergence of documentary testimony, one finds that the matters related, being of public concern, and the changes effected for the public weal, the people of Great Britain have ever since observed, and do to this day celebrate, by religious worship and public rejoicings, the anniversaries of the principal events of that Revolution, and that he himself has been present, and has heard the thanksgivings, and witnessed the rejoicings on those anniversaries, the facts of the history come out from the domains of learned curiosity, and take their stand on the market-place of the busy world's engagements. We become at once conscious that this is a practical question—a great fact which concerns us—that the whole of the law and government of a vast empire has felt its impress—that our ancestors and ourselves have been moulded under its influence, and that the Protestant religion of Europe and America, under whose guardianship we have grown to a prominent place among the people of earth, and may arrive at a better prominence among the nations of the saved, has been preserved, under God, by that Revolution. We could scarcely *know* whether most to pity or condemn the man who should labour to persuade us that such a Revolution had never occurred, or that the facts had been essentially misrepresented.

Now it is precisely on the same kind of evidence as that which we have for these indisputable facts of the English Revolution, that we believe the great facts of the Christian Revolution. We have contemporary histories, formal and informal; letters, public and private, from the principal agents in it, and opposers of it, dispersed from Babylon to Rome, and addressed to Greeks, Romans, Jews, and Asiatics; written by physicians, fishermen, proconsuls, emperors, and apostles. And these great facts stand out more prominently on the theatre of the world's business as effecting changes on our laws and lives, and their introduction as authenticated by public commemorations, more solemn and more numerous than those resulting from the English or the American Revolution. Our main difficulty lies in selecting, from the vast mass of materials, a portion sufficiently distinct and manageable to be handled in a tract of this size.

We shall be guided by the motto already announced as the rule of inductive research. One thing at a time; and the nearest first. The Epistles being nearer our

es than the Gospels, claim our first notice; and among these, those which stand latest on the page of history—the ten letters of John; two from the Christians of Asia; and those which Paul, for the gospel, dictated from imperial Rome.

The abundant notices of the early Christians by poets and philosophers, satirists and comedians, and magistrates, Jewish, Christian, and heathen, select only two for comparison with the Epistles of Paul, and both those heathen—the celebrated Pliny to Trajan, and the well established Tacitus—and both utterly undeniable, and held by the most sceptical to be beyond suspicion. I suppose that the testimony of men who did not trouble of making any inquiry into the facts of the Christian religion, is more reliable than that of those whose lives were devoted to it; or that we have any just reason to attach as much weight to the assertions of persons who, by their living, tortured and murdered men and women of no crime but that of bearing the name of Christ, as to those of these martyrs whose characters are known to be blameless, and who sealed their testimony with the last and highest attestation of truth—their blood. Considered merely as a historian,

as regards means of knowledge or tests of truth, by every unprejudiced mind, Peter will be preferred to Pliny. But because the world loves its own, and hate the disciples of the cross will always be a large class to whom the words of Tacitus will seem more veritable than that of Pliny, and the Letters of Pliny more reliable than Peter. For their sakes we avail ourselves of the convincing of all attestations—the testimony of Pliny. What friends and foes unite in attesting as true.

Acts which we shall thus establish are not, in any instance, those called miraculous. We are retaining the general character for truthfulness of letter-writers and historians. If we find that the general historic narrative is contradicted by that of credible historians, then we suspect their truth. But if we find that in all essential matters of controversy they are supported by the concurrent testimony of their foes, and that the narrative of the events they relate bears the seals of thousands who afterwards became friends, from conviction of its truth, receive their witness as true. Even in Paul's own Greek writers bore testimony to the manner of entering in they had unto the city of Thessalonica; and how they turned to God alone, to serve the living and true God, and to his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead—even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath of God.

Pliny wrote forty years later.

The younger was born A.D. 61—was prætor of the province of Bithynia—consul in the third year of Trajan, —was exceedingly desirous to add to his other

honours that of the priesthood; was accordingly consecrated an augur, and built temples, bought images, and consecrated them on his estates; was, in A.D. 106, appointed Governor of the Roman Provinces of Pontus and Bithynia*—a vast tract of Asia Minor, lying along the shores of the Black Sea and the Propontis; and including the province anciently called Mysia, in which were situated Pergamos and Thyatira, and in the immediate vicinity of Sardis and Philadelphia. Pliny reached his province by the usual route, the port of Ephesus, where John had lived for many years, and indited his letters A.D. 96. The letters of Peter to the strangers scattered through Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, bring us to the same mountainous region, eight hundred miles distant from Judea, whence, in earlier days, our savage ancestors received those Phœnician priests of Baal, whose round towers mark the coasts of Ireland nearest to the setting sun; and whence, about the period under consideration, came the heralds of the Sun of Righteousness, who brought the "*Leabhar Eoin*"† which tells their children of Him in whom is the life and the light of men. Natives of these countries had been in Jerusalem during the crucifixion of Jesus, and, though only strangers, had witnessed the darkness, and the earthquake, and the rumours of what had come to pass in those days; and on the day of Pentecost had mingled with the curious crowd around the apostles, and heard them speak, in their own mother tongues, of the wonderful works of God. The remainder of the story of their conversion we gather from the letters of Peter, John, and Pliny.

"Pliny, to the Emperor Trajan, wisheth health and happiness:‡"

"It is my constant custom, Sire, to refer myself to you in all matters concerning which I have any doubt. For who can better direct me when I hesitate, or instruct me when I am ignorant?"

"I have never been present at any trials of Christians, so that I know not well what is the subject-matter of punishment, or of inquiry, or what strictures ought to be used in either. Nor have I been a little perplexed to determine whether any difference ought to be made upon account of age, or whether the young and tender, and the full-grown and robust, ought to be treated all alike; whether repentance should entitle to pardon, or whether all who have once been Christians ought to be punished, though they are now no longer so; whether the name itself, although no crimes be detected, or crimes only belonging to the name, ought to be punished.

"In the meantime, I have taken this course with all who have been brought before me, and have been accused as Christians. I have put the question to them, whether they were Christians? Upon their confessing to me that they were, I repeated the question a second and a third time, threatening also to punish them with death. Such as still persisted, I ordered away to be punished; for it was no doubt with me, whatever might be the nature of their opinion, that con-

* Lardner, vii. p. 18, *et seq.*

† Pronounced *Leah Owen*—John's Book.

‡ Lib. x. Ep. 97, Lardner, vii. 22.

macy and inflexible obstinacy ought to be punished. There were others of the same infatuation, whom, because they are Roman citizens, I have noted down to be sent to the city.

"In a short time the crime spreading itself, even whilst under persecution, as is usual in such cases, divers sorts of people came in my way. An information was presented to me, without mentioning the author, containing the names of many persons, who, upon examination, denied that they were Christians, or had even been so; who repeated after me an invocation of the gods, and with wine and frankincense made supplication to your image, which, for that purpose, I have caused to be brought and set before them, together with the statues of the deities. Moreover, they reviled the name of Christ. None of which things, as is said, they who are really Christians can by any means be compelled to do. These, therefore, I thought proper to discharge.

"Others were named by an informer, who at first confessed themselves Christians, and afterwards denied it. The rest said they had been Christians, but had left them; some three years ago, some longer, and one or more above twenty years. They all worshipped your image, and the statues of the gods; these also reviled Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their fault or error lay in this: that they were wont to meet together, on a stated day, before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ as a God, and bind themselves by a sacrament, not to the commission of any wickedness, but not to be guilty of theft, or robbery, or adultery; never to falsify their word, nor to deny a pledge committed to them, when called upon to return it. When these things were performed, it was their custom to separate, and then to come together again to a meal, which they ate in common, without any disorder; but this they had forborne since the publication of my edict, by which, according to your command, I prohibited assemblies. After receiving this account, I judged it the more necessary to examine two maid-servants, which were called ministers, by torture. But I have discovered nothing besides a bad and excessive superstition.

"Suspending, therefore, all judicial proceedings, I have recourse to you for advice; for it has appeared to me a matter highly deserving consideration, especially upon account of the great number of persons who are in danger of suffering. For many of all ages, and every rank, of both sexes likewise, are accused, and will be accused. Nor has the contagion of this superstition seized cities only, but the lesser towns also, and the open country. Nevertheless, it seems to me that it may be restrained and arrested. It is certain that the temples, which were almost forsaken, begin to be frequented. And the sacred solemnities, after a long intermission, are revived. Victims, likewise, are everywhere bought up, whereas, for some time, there were few purchasers. Whence it is easy to imagine what numbers of men might be reclaimed, if pardon were granted to those who shall repent!"

"Trajan to Pliny, wisheth health and happiness:—"

"You have taken the right course, my Pliny, in your proceedings with those who have been brought before you as Christians; for it is impossible to establish any one rule that shall hold universally. They are not to be sought after. If any are brought before you, and are convicted, they ought to be punished. However, he that denies his being a Christian, and makes it evident in fact—that is, by supplicating to our gods—though he be suspected to have been so formerly, let him be pardoned upon repentance. But in no case, of any

crime whatever, may a bill of information be received without being signed by him who presents it; for that would be a dangerous precedent, and unworthy of my government."

I must request my reader now to procure a New Testament, and read, at one reading, the First General Epistle of Peter, the First General Epistle of John, and his Seven Epistles to the Churches in Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamus, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea—only about as much matter as four pages of Harper's Magazine, or half a page of the Commercial—that he may be able to do the same justice to the apostles as to the governor. He will thus be able to see the force of the various allusions to the numbers, doctrines, morals, persecutions, and perseverance of the Christians, contained in those letters; the object which I have in view being to establish their authenticity by proving the truthfulness of their allusions to these things. If you think this too much trouble, please lay down the tract, and dismiss the consideration of religion from your thoughts. If the letters of the apostles are not worth a careful reading, it is of no consequence whether they are true or false.

1. These letters take for granted that the fact of the existence of large numbers of Christians, organized into Churches, and meeting regularly for religious worship, at the close of the first century, is a matter of public notoriety to the world. Here, in countries eight hundred miles distant from its birth-place, in the lifetime of those who had seen its Founder crucified, we find Christians scattered over Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia—Churches in seven provincial cities—the sect well known to Pliny, before he left Italy, as a proscribed and persecuted religion, the professors of which were customarily brought before courts for trial and punishment—though he had not himself been present at such trials—and now so numerous in his provinces, that a great number of persons, of both sexes, young and old, of all ranks, natives and Roman citizens, professed Christianity. Others, influenced by their example and instruction, renounced idolatry; victims were not led to sacrifice; the sacred rites of the gods were suspended, and their temples forsaken. The existence, then, of Churches of Christ, consisting of vast numbers of converted heathens, at the close of the first century, is in no wise mythological or dubious. It is an established historical fact. The Epistles of the Apostles stand confirmed by the Epistles of the Governor and the Emperor.

2. The second great fact presented in the Epistles, and confirmed by the Letters of the Governor and the Emperor, is, that the worship of the Christian Church then was essentially the same which it is now. We find these Christians of the first century commemorating the death and resurrection of Christ, and rendering divine honours to him: the "stated day" on which they assembled for worship, and "common meal," are as plain a description of the "disciples coming together upon the first day of the week, to break bread," as a heathen could give in few words. Their terms of communion,

* Lib. x. Ep. 98, Lardner, vii. 24.

which they pledged their members by a sacrament, be guilty of theft, robbery, or adultery; never, by their word, or deny a pledge committed to find their counterpart in every well regulated at this day.

articles of the Christian faith, then, are not the accretions of centuries," nor is the "redemption, as attaching to Christ, a dogma of the post-apostolic period." The Churches of the first century gloried in the death and resurrection of Jesus as a divine person, "singing the hymn to him as a which their descendants sing at this day around :—

And for ever is, O God, thy throne of might;
Sceptre of thy kingdom is a sceptre that is right.
Overest right, and hatest ill; for God, thy God, most high,
thy fellows hath with th' oil of joy anointed thee."

The question will force itself upon our minds, and is never evaded, How did these apostles persuade such legions of heathens to believe their repeated assertions of the death, resurrection, and glory of Jesus? In the course of three octavo pages, Peter refers to these thirteen times. John, in like manner, repeatedly mentions them. The Christian religion consists in the best of these facts, and a life corresponding to them. How did the apostles persuade such multitudes of men to believe a report so wonderful, profess a renunciation of their idols, renounce the gods they had worshipped since childhood, and all the ceremonies of an atmosphere of sensual religion—"temples of splendid architecture, statues of exquisite sculpture, priests and victims adorned, attendant beauteous youth of both sexes performing all the sacred rites with gracefulness, dances, illuminations, concerts of the sweetest perfumes of the rarest fragrance," and other more sensual enjoyments, inseparable from heathen worship? How did they persuade them to exchange all the pleasures of the assembly before daybreak, the frugal communal meal, the psalm to Christ, and the commemoration of a crucified malefactor? If we add that they commemorated his resurrection by observing the Sabbath, the question still comes up, How did they persuade them to believe that he was risen from the dead? Could they persuade strangers, or a few citizens if you will, to join such a community, purely by natural means, without such a report, to care whether the Syrian Jew rose, or to commemorate weekly, by a solemn service, either his death or resurrection? It is evident they believed what they commemorated. How did they come to do so?

Whether we can answer the question or not, the facts stand out as indisputable, that not merely the authors of the Epistles and Gospels, and a few enthusiasts, but an immense multitude of all ages, of both sexes, and of every rank—the whole membership of the Churches—did believe in the death, resurrection, and glory of the Lord Jesus, and did render to him

divine worship. This second great fact, affirmed in the Epistles, stands confirmed by the testimony of the heathen governor and of the Roman emperor.

3. A mere theory of a new religion, unconnected with practice, may be easily received by those who care little about any, so long as it brings no suffering or inconvenience. But the religion of these Christians was, as you see, a practical religion. If their new worship required a great departure from the worship of their childhood, their Christian morals required a still greater departure from their former mode of life. I need not remind you of the moral codes of Socrates, Plato, and Aristides, who taught that lying, thieving, adultery, and murder were lawful; nor how much worse than the theory of the best of the heathen were the lives of the worst; nor how unpopular to persons so educated would be such teaching as this—"Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin; that he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God. For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries: wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot, speaking evil of you: who shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead." "Lay aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings." "Whosoever abideth in Christ sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him. Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil." So sharp, and stern, and strictly virtuous is apostolic religion, as displayed in these letters. Is it possible, then, that these converted heathens did really even approach this standard of morality? Did this gospel of Christ actually produce any such reformation of their lives?

You have the testimony of apostates, eager to save their lives by giving such information as they knew would be acceptable to the persecutor; you have the testimony of the two aged deaconesses under torture; you have the unwilling, but yet express, testimony of their torturer and murderer, that all his cruel ingenuity could discover nothing worse than an excessive superstition and culpable obstinacy. What, then, does this philosophic inspector of entrails and adorer of idols call an excessive superstition and culpable obstinacy? Why, they bound themselves by the most solemn religious services not to be guilty of theft, robbery, or adultery; not to falsify their word, nor deny a pledge committed to them; and when some senseless blocks of brass were carried on men's shoulders into the court-house, to represent a mortal man, they would not adore them nor pray to them—no, not though the philosopher compiled the liturgy and set the example. For this refusal, and

this alone, he ordered them away to death. Doubtless they heard in their hearts the well-known words, "Let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evildoer, or as a busybody in other men's matters. Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf."

The morality of the Epistles, then, was not merely a fine theory, but an actual rule of life. The moral codes of the apostles were received as actually binding on the members of the Churches of the first century. In this all-important matter of the rule of a good life—the fruits by which the tree is known—the integrity, authority, and success of the apostles, in turning licentious heathens into moral Christians, is authenticated by the unwilling testimony of their persecutors. The Epistles of the Apostles stand confirmed as to their ethics by the letters of Trajan and Pliny.

4. The only other fact to which I call your attention, from among the multitude alluded to in these letters, is the cost at which these converts from heathenism embraced this new religion. Every one who renounced heathenism, and professed the name of Christ, knew very well that he must suffer for it. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." This was the welcome of the Bithynian convert into the Church of Christ. Persecution by fire and sword was then the common lot of the Church. "I have never been present at any trials of the Christians," says the governor. Such trials were well known to him, it seems. He was not sure whether he should murder all who ever had borne the name of Christ, or only those who proved themselves to be really his disciples, by refusing to revile him and return to idolatry; and the merciful emperor commands him to spare the apostates. About twenty years before—in A.D. 86—there were apostates from the persecuted religion. In A.D. 90, John had written, "They went out from us, that it might be made manifest they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out, that it might be made manifest that they were not all of us." So it seems Pliny thought: "They all worshipped your image and other statues of the gods; these also reviled Christ. None of which things, as is said, they who are really Christians can by any means be compelled to do." What these means were he tells us: "I put the question to them whether they were Christians. Upon their confessing to me that they were, I repeated the question a second and a third time, threatening also to punish them with death. Such as still persisted I ordered away to be punished." What is very remarkable, it was, it seems, "usual in such cases for the crime to spread itself even whilst under persecution." In the face of such dangers, these heathens would still profess faith in Christ; and when they might have saved their

lives by reviling him, refused to do so. From the published rescript of the emperor, approving of Pliny's course, and condemning to death all who were convicted of being really Christians; from the public circulars of the apostles, warning them of "fiery trials,"—"Satan casting some of them into prison,"—and exhorting them to "be faithful unto death;" and from such comments on these as the torture and public execution of aged women as well as men—the terms of discipleship were well known to the whole world. Yet we see that, in the face of all this, "great numbers of persons, of both sexes, and of all ages, and of every rank," in Pliny's opinion, were so steadfast in their faith, that "they were in great danger of suffering."

Here, then, is another well-attested fact, in which the testimony of the apostles stands confirmed by the signatures of the Bithynian Governor and the Roman Emperor—a fact which stands forth clear, prominent, most undoubted, without the smallest trace of anything mythological or misty about it; that in A.D. 106, great numbers of converted heathens did suffer exile, torture, and death itself, rather than renounce Christ; and that it was well known that the Christian faith enabled its possessor to overcome the world.

These four great facts of the later Epistles being thus established beyond dispute, in pursuance of our plan, we ascend the stream of history some forty years, to the time of the earlier Epistles, when Paul lay in the Mamertine dungeons, and his faithful companion Luke wrote the continuation of his narrative of the things most surely believed among the Christians; when apostles "were made as the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things," and Christians "were made a gaze-stock, both by reproaches and afflictions;" "were brought before kings and rulers, and hated of all nations for Christ's name's sake;" "endured a great fight of afflictions;" "were for his sake killed all the day long, and accounted as sheep for the slaughter;" "were made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." We remove the field of our investigation from a remote province of Asia, to one equally remote from Judea, and far more unfavourable for the growth of the religion of a crucified Jew—the proud capital of the world, imperial Rome. The time shall be shortly after the burning of the city in A.D. 64, and during the raging of the first of those systematic imperial and savage persecutions through which the Church of Christ waded, in the bloody footsteps of her Lord, to world-wide influence and undying fame. Our historian shall be the well-known Tacitus, and the single extract from his history one of which the infidel Gibbon says: "The most sceptical criticism is obliged to respect the truth of this important fact, and the integrity of this celebrated passage of Tacitus." I shall not insert quotations from Paul or Luke; that were merely to transcribe large portions of the Epistles and Gospels, which whoever will not carefully peruse, disqualifies himself for forming

* "Decline and Fall," vol. II. p. 407.

judgment of their veracity. The confirmation of the facts already established, of the existence, worship, morals, and sufferings of the disciples of Christ, and these facts as well known within thirty years after his death, will sufficiently appear by the perusal of the following testimony of Tacitus.*

After relating the burning of the city, and Nero's attempt to transfer the odium of it to the sect "commonly known by the name of Christians," he says :—

"The author of that name was Christ, who, in the reign of Tiberius, was put to death as a criminal, under the procurator Pontius Pilate. But this pestilent superstition, checked for awhile, broke out afresh, and spread not only over Judea, where the evil originated, but also in Rome, where all that is evil on the earth finds its way and is practised. At first, those only were apprehended who confessed themselves of that sect; afterward, a vast multitude discovered by them; all of whom were condemned, not so much for the crime of burning the city, as for their enmity to mankind. Their executions were so contrived, as to expose them to derision and contempt. Some were covered over with the skins of wild beasts, that they might be torn to pieces by dogs; some were crucified; while others, having been daubed over with combustible materials, were set up for lights in the night-time, and thus burned to death. For these spectacles Nero gave his own gardens, and, at the same time, exhibited were the diversions of the circus; sometimes standing in the crowd as a spectator, in the habit of a charioteer, and at other times driving a chariot himself; until at length these men, though really criminal and deserving of exemplary punishment, began to be commiserated, as people who were destroyed, not out of regard to the public welfare, but only to gratify the cruelty of one man."

We add no comment on this remarkable passage. Take up your New Testament and read the contemporary history—Acts xxii. to the end of the book—and the letters of Paul from Rome to Philemon, Titus, the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and the second to Timothy, written when the aged prisoner was ready to be offered, and the time of his departure, amidst such scenes and sufferings, was at hand. Then form your own opinion as to the origin and nature of that faith in Jesus which enabled him to say: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, that I may finish my course with joy, and the testimony which I have received of the Lord Jesus." "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

Whatever may be your opinion of the apostles' hope for the future, you must acknowledge that we have ascertained, beyond contradiction, these four facts of the past :—

1. That without the power of force or the help of governments, and in spite of them, they did convert vast multitudes of idolaters, from a senseless worship of stocks and stones, to the worship of the one living and true God—a thing never done by the preachers of any other religion before or since.

2. That without the help of power or civil law, and solely by moral and spiritual means, they did persuade multitudes of licentious heathens to give up their vices, and obey the pure precepts of the morality contained in their Epistles—a thing never done by the preachers of any other religion before or since.

3. That these converts were so firmly persuaded of the truth of their new religion, that, with the choice of life and worldly honour or a death of infamy and torture before them, multitudes deliberately chose to suffer torture and death rather than renounce the belief in one God, obedience to his laws, and the hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ, which they had learned from the sermons and letters of these apostles—a thing never done by the professors of any other religion before or since.*

4. The faith which produced such an illumination of their minds—which caused such a blessed change in their lives, which filled them with joy and hope, and enabled them even to despise torture and death—was briefly this: "That Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again on the third day, according to the Scriptures; that he ascended up into heaven, and will come again to judge the world, and reward every man according to his works; and that whosoever believes these things in his heart, and confesses them with his mouth, shall be saved; and he that believeth them not, shall be damned."

It is a fact, then, indisputably proved by history, that the New Testament does teach a religion which can enlighten men's minds, reform their lives, give peace to their consciences, and enable them to meet death with a joyful hope of life eternal. It has done these things in times past, and is doing them now. These are its undoubted fruits. Reader, this faith may be yours. It will work the same results in you as it has done in others. Like causes ever produce like effects. Jesus waits to deliver you from your sins, to fill you with joy and peace in believing, and make you abound in hope, by the power of the Holy Ghost. He has promised, if you will ask it: "I will give them a heart to know me that I am the Lord."

* The sufferings of the Jews under Antiochus are no exception. They suffered for their faith in the true God, the Messiah to come, and a resurrection to life eternal.

* Lib. xv. chap. xlv.



The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

IX.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one flock, and one Shepherd."—JOHN X. 15, 16.



THE relation between the Shepherd and his sheep is employed frequently and freely in the Scriptures to set forth the loving care of Christ on the one hand, and the blessed privileges of Christians on the other. Several aspects of the analogy—some of them unique and peculiar—are presented in this text.

Before we proceed to deal directly with the parable, however, it will be very instructive to glance for a moment at the words which go immediately before it. Here the preface to the parable is greater than the parable itself. Christ tells his disciples first that he died for them, and then that he lived for them. His first intimation is, "I lay down my life for the sheep;" and his second is, "I have other sheep, and them also I must bring." There is a grand reason why these two are brought together, and arranged in this order. In the plan of this wise Master Builder, the foundation is first laid, and then the superstructure is reared. It is first his satisfying atonement, and next his ingathering ministry.

The estimate that should count resistance to the doctrine of the atonement the chief ingredient in the sceptical spirit of the age would not be far wide of the mark. It is free salvation through the sacrifice of the Substitute that most offends human philosophy in our day. The great Prophet himself, seeing the end from the beginning, and seeing in the end of the world that specific form of enmity to the cross, presciently supplied the antidote in his Word. He speaks first of his atoning death, and next of his ministering life. No effective ministry without a full expiation: on the sacrifice the ministry leans, as a structure on its foundation.

"I lay down my life for the sheep." Here, in a few simple words, is recorded the greatest fact

in the course of time. Here lies "the reason of the hope that is in" believers. "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" He who clothed himself with a human body clothes his thoughts towards us in forms which, being taken off humanity, fit humanity again. He is the Shepherd, and his people are the flock. The Shepherd lays down his life for the sheep. He takes their place, that they may enjoy his; he bears their guilt, that they may wear his righteousness; he endures their curse, that they may inherit his glory. "He saved others; himself he cannot save." Because he saved others, he could not save himself. If he had come down from the cross, we could never have ascended to the crown.

When sin gnaws in your conscience, and the judgment-seat gleams before your eyes, here lies your help. Listen to the voice of Jesus—"I lay down my life for the sheep." From an accusing conscience and a condemning law, hide in the suffering Redeemer; as the Hebrews hid under the sprinkled blood, till the night of death passed over, and salvation came with the dawn.

This is the turning-point; this is the key of the position. Around this spot the conflict of ages has raged. Christ was for this sacrifice, and the devil against it, from the beginning. When the Lord intimated to his disciples that he was about to lay down his life, Peter, or rather Satan within him, replied, "Far be this from thee, Lord." The cross is still to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them that are saved it is the power of God and the wisdom of God.

In this his greatest plan and greatest work, God has not missed his mark. The Eternal Son has not thrown his life away; he laid down his life to save. I shall trust him that he knew

he did, and did what he meant to do. It life laid down that shall support me in my ark. Into this ark I enter when the foundations of the great deep are broken up, and the flood overwhelms the world.

After the shortest and simplest announcement of atoning death comes a description of his ministry. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

This fold: the seed of Israel—the visible Church of those times. It became Christ to fulfil the law, but to fulfil. He was born in Bethlehem. He came in the track of the old sacrifices, and to his own. The faithful in Jerusalem waiting for the Consolation of Israel; and at the appointed time the Consolation of Israel came.

In his own personal ministry he founded the Church in Israel, and left to his followers the duty of propagating it through the world. Some of the seed of Abraham were gathered in. The Gentile people heard him gladly, and here and there a ruler also was subdued. At the word of the Lord, living children of Abraham's faith sprung up. Those stones which then constituted the wall of his natural offspring. The Redeemer's heart was from time to time satisfied as he felt the sweet lips of a daughter of Israel pressed to his, the Fountain of living water. He was filled with joy as he felt branch after branch springing into himself, the Vine, for life and blessing. They got life—he gave it: both blessed, but the Giver most. In "this" he had some of his flock gathered and fed and fed, even during the time of his personal ministry. But—

"Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." Here the expansive love of Jesus breaks out. He began at Jerusalem, but he did not stop there. Even while his feet stand on the soil of Palestine, the longings of his heart go out to the ends of the earth. He was getting some, he longed for more: his appetite was not satisfied. The King is still sending out relays of servants into the highways and hedges of the world to compel the poor to come in, that his Church may be furnished with guests. After he

has gathered into his fold a flock more numerous than the stars that stud the plains of heaven, he still cries, "Other sheep!" "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Besides the expansive out-going of the Redeemer's love, you may mark here its all-encompassing sovereignty: other sheep *I have*. He does not say, I may acquire others at some future time: he has them already. They were his in the covenant from the beginning, and he held them, every one, at that moment, in distinguishing love upon his heart. At a time when they had not learned to follow him—when they were neither born nor born again—he counts and calls them his. Ah, believing brother, thy soul lay on the Redeemer's heart that day. Thy backsliding hurt him, but did not make him change. Thy sins wounded him, but did not provoke him to let thee go. "I am Jehovah; I change not: therefore ye seed of Jacob are not consumed."

3. "*Them also I bring.*" There is no respect of persons with God. Of every nation, and kingdom, and tongue will be the multitude whom no man can number, who stand round the throne in white clothing. "*Them also.*" No poor slave will be left out because he is black, or bears the mark of lashing; no servant is pushed aside to make way for his master; no rich or powerful man who cleaved to Christ is kept out at the cry of a mob who envied him. If any were kept back, the Lord would pause as he came across the sky like the lightning—would pause and say, as he beckoned to attending angels, "*Them also.*" Gather up the fragments, that none of them be lost. O ye least in the kingdom of God, I have never heard that the law of gravity, God's servant, attended to the worlds and mountains, letting the drops and atoms go because they were small! Be assured God, the master of that law, and of all laws, will not permit his little ones to slip through an opening in his love. "*Them also*" is a cheering word. I like to hold it in my hand; I like to roll it as a sweet morsel under my tongue, to taste it long and leisurely. Lazarus, with his sores all healed now, must not glide into his old habit of lying at the door: he also must come into the palace.

of the great King, and there abide. The prodigal, who went far from his father, and remained long, and had nothing to recommend him when he returned, he also must come in, and come as a son to a father's bosom, without a fear. And these, who only came to Christ when they grew old, after spending their lifetime for the world; and these, who, though they came in youth, came not till they felt the hand of death upon their hearts—come in. The Master stands and says, "Them also." Manasseh, Saul of Tarsus—the blood of the martyr Stephen all off his hands at last—"them also."

"Them I bring." He sends none forward to make or find their own way. He goes before them, and bids them follow; he goes with them, and bears them through. They are not alone in trouble; for in all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. He does not permit them to cross the valley of the shadow of death alone: the High Priest goes into the midst of Jordan, and therefore Israel pass safely over. "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." He will not send any disciples to the judgment-seat to make the best of their own case: he will be there before them, and will bring them to himself. Once more it may be recorded, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." Those guilty brothers, although they trembled at the first hint of Joseph's power, were, after full reconciliation, glad to find that Joseph ruled the kingdom. When they were convinced of their brother's love, they rejoiced in their brother's regal power. Although I find upon the throne of judgment Him whom I have crucified, yet when he manifests his forgiving love, I shall rejoice with a joy unspeakable to find that all judgment has been committed into his hands. We learn (Eph. v. 27) that when Christ has washed and sanctified his Church, he will present it to himself, without spot or wrinkle, in that day.

He brings his sheep home by going before them. He makes a way through the sea of wrath, that they may safely pass. "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." When he brings them to the Father, they are welcome home.

"Who shall lay anything to the charge elect? It is Christ that died."

He brings them through the regeneration the fold during their life on earth. It takes much bringing to bring the distant prodigal home; but all power in heaven and in earth is given to the Captain of our salvation. He will not fail nor be discouraged. The drunken father home from his cups and panions may take much power—the weeping wife and hungry children come, but when the love of Christ gets hold of the heart, it leads him whithersoever. That love has laid hold of a miser, and taken him from his gold; that love has laid hold of a sinner, whose right hand was bound in to his lust, and drawn the man to heaven with his right hand behind. "Art thou a king," they said to Jesus, at that unrighteousness, and he condescended to tell them that they stumbled upon the truth: "Thou sayest that I am a king, and acts in a kingly way: he bring;" and when his strength is put to the test, the threefold chains of the devil, the world, the flesh, and the devil, give way like threads. He leads them to follow. Thy people, Lord, shall be brought in the day of thy power. At his coming, they come from east and west; at his coming, the north gives up, and the south keeps. Those that cleaved most firmly to the earth, they are brought in, their windows are opened to their windows, their wings given like beauty like yellow gold.

That same bringing power that releases from the chains of sin and liberated the soul, that vail to burst the gates of death, and that body in life and beauty from the grave, the resurrection and the life, said Jesus also—the bodies of his saints, as we spirits—I bring with me; that where I am, they may be.

"Arise, yea, rise again thou must,
After a little rest, my dust:
Thee God thy Maker gives
Life that for ever lives. Hallelujah

4. "Them also I must bring." What is this! He commands the winds and the waves, and they obey him; who then can stand before him with authority, compelling him to do his task? It is the mightiest of all tasks.

his own yearning love. It is not only that he will or may bring his other sheep home to the fold: he must bring them. He has laid this necessity upon himself in the well-ordered covenant, and the self-imposed necessity is sweet to his soul. "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?" The Good Shepherd does not know how to abandon any of his flock. The whole body of the ransomed is in Scripture expressly said to be 'the fulness of him that filleth all in all.' A part of his own fulness would be wanting, if he could leave any fragment behind.

Shreds from this divine necessity of doing good drop down from the Head, and beautify the life of the members; as rays from the sun glitter on the leaves of the grove or on the pebbles of the beach. These things that "must be"—these inevitable deep necessities—are the most lovely features of the free. Here is a mother with a sick infant on her knee. The infant's eyes are

open, but they see not; they roll at random—lightless, lifeless. The parched lips utter at intervals a faint, uneasy shriek. Thus has the infant lain for several days and nights. The sun has set once more upon the scene, and the city lays itself down to rest. But that mother rests not; although her head is weary, she does not lay it down. Why? Ah! she *must* sit there, and hold her child in the safest place, and look into those eyes that give her back now no answering look; she must sit and hold the child till she see the end. An overmastering love compels her, and will take no denial. It is a "must" of this kind, but mightier, that binds the Good Shepherd to bring the most distant and most feeble sheep home to the fold. Can a mother forget? She may; but thy Redeemer will not forget thee, O Zion! The high-priest stood in the midst of Jordan till all the people passed over.

SALVATION ACCORDING TO LAW.*

BY THE REV. JAMES GALL.

WHY must Jesus die? Could not God forgive our sins, and take us to heaven, without laying our iniquity on his Son? Could he not close the account of our transgressions without carrying the balance anywhere? It would appear not; for there are some things that men can do that God cannot do, and this is one of them; not because law is above God, but because God is to himself *law*.

The author remembers the pleasure with which in early life he read "Combe's Constitution of Man," and the profound conviction with which the reading was accompanied, that Combe's philosophy might be right, and yet Combe himself be wrong. His argument was intended to prove that there can be no lawless mercy with God; and that if man is to be saved in *any case*, it must be by some means by which the inexorable demands of law shall be fully met and satisfied: and he justifies God's government by showing that he has different administrations of law, each of which vindicates the inviolability of its own jurisdiction, without suspending or violating the laws of the others. The *physical laws*, he says, are inviolable, and inflict their

own penalties as inexorably as if there were no social and no moral administrations above them. They will do execution alike upon the greatest saint and the greatest sinner. The *SOCIAL laws*, in like manner, are inexorable, and vindicate their own authority; the man who neglects his business, or is surly to his customers, will lose his trade, even though he taught a Sabbath-school, and devoted himself to works of charity and usefulness. The *MORAL laws*, too, are equally inflexible, so that the immoral man must be miserable, even though he were lodged in a palace, and commanded the resources of an empire. According to Mr. Combe, a man may be prosperous in one administration and ruined in another, smiled upon in one administration and frowned upon in another, beautiful in one administration and deformed in another. What a magnificent idea! how simple is its solution of a thousand difficulties, and how boundless the region which it opens up for exploration!

We feel strongly disposed to concede to Mr. Combe the entire principle which he demands, not only in regard to the co-ordinate jurisdiction of God's different administrations, but even the absolute inviolability of law. Even in regard to the physical laws, we can now (thanks to Mr. Combe) afford to rest our defence of miracles, not on the violability of law, but on the possible action of a higher co-ordinate administration. But waiving at present the question of miracles, we

* "The Gospel of Christ and the Omnipotence of Prayer Connected with Law." By the Rev. James Gall. James Nisbet and Co., London.—This little book, eminently relevant to the times, the reprint of a few chapters from the author's larger work, "Primal Man Unveiled," published anonymously, which was reviewed in this magazine, March 1871.

accept Mr. Combe's principle as applicable especially to the moral administration, whose laws are *at least* as inexorable as the physical laws, and from that we infer the absolute necessity of an atonement for the salvation of man.

All God's works are according to law; it is his method, and the more we study it, the more do we see its absolute necessity as a covenant between God and creation, without which there could be no independent action among the creatures, far less any responsibility. It is God who makes the gunpowder explode according to law in the assassin's pistol, or who makes the poison operate according to law in the body of his victim: and if he did not do so—if, in every case, he introduced his own moral perceptions and sovereign will, so as to determine whether or not he would modify or suspend the law of his own administration—the act would be the act no longer of the creature, but of God.

Belief in law is an instinct of our nature, but it is stronger in some men than in others. In some it is so weak that they seek an explanation of all extraordinary phenomena in the sovereign will of the Deity; in others it is so strong as to assert its absolute inviolability, which no evidence could contradict. They are quite prepared to admit the goodness, mercy, and justice of God; but they feel that these must act, not in violation of, but according to, law. Such a mind was Hume's; and there can be little doubt that, in his celebrated argument against miracles, he drew his inspiration from a deep-seated and intuitive conviction of the inviolability of law; and that when he elaborated it into a logical shape, it must have been to his own mind the least satisfactory form into which he could put it. His convictions rested on the assurance of what is the deepest of all intuitions, which even he could not destroy, "Let God be true, and every man a liar;" but he preferred to that a halting logic, which had to go begging for its major proposition, because he had to remember that he at least professed to be an atheist.

Why then did Christ die? We answer, because God's moral government is even more sacred and unbending than his physical; and if in the physical administration we expect no lawless mercy with God, in his moral government it is still more impossible. So long as divine justice follows with inexorable punishment every violation of the moral law, and so long as that punishment is adjusted with infinite accuracy, according to the nature and amount of the transgression, God's justice is vindicated notwithstanding the existence of *any* amount of sin. The one being exactly the equivalent of the other, nothing remains on the hands of God to defile the spotless purity of his administration.

Supposing, then, that God were to pardon sin, allowing the demands of love to neutralize the demands of justice, how is the equilibrium to be restored? Here is the sin, where is its equivalent? The balance must be carried somewhere; and if there be no equivalent of punishment,—no place where the outstanding balance

may be carried, it must inevitably remain on the hands of God.

We are apt to misunderstand the obligations of a judge, by considering the duties of those who are not judges. In the ordinary dealings of men, they never fail to make the distinction. If a man be not a judge he may forgive as much as he chooses, because he is not responsible for the administration of justice; but if he be a judge, what he has to do is to administer law; and if in any case he, as a judge, does not award the penalty which the law requires, to that amount he himself is guilty. The unavenged crime for which the criminal is set free remains in the hands of the judge quite as much as if he punished an innocent man for a crime of which he was not guilty. In so far as we are not judges, it is well for us to have mercy, because God has not delegated to us the avenging of crime. Our brother who injured us did not offend our justice, but God's, and therefore he says, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." God, and God only, is judge, and for that reason he is the more pledged to the punishment; the administration of justice being his special and official function. Passing into the hands of God, as judge, it will meet with the same infinitely accurate amount of penalty that distinguishes his physical administration. This is a duty for which man is utterly incompetent.

How, then, can man be saved? Man has sinned, and God, being judge, must not only punish the sinner, but must award the punishment with infinite exactitude, according to the infinite perfection of his justice. If man is to be saved, it must be according to law, and by means which are consistent with the most perfect justice. Such is the declaration of Scripture, and it finds an echo in the natural conscience, as that which alone would be suited to the character of God. We feel, no doubt, that mercy is more lovely than justice; but we also feel that it is not so absolutely indispensable; and unless it can be exercised in consistence with justice, its exercise would cease to be a virtue, and would partake very much of the character of a crime. Unless God can be just at the same time that he justifies the ungodly, man's salvation would be altogether impossible.

The Scripture represents the atoning death of Christ as a solution of the difficulty, and as the means by which justice is satisfied, and the sinner saved. The general principle upon which this scheme of redemption is based is perfectly intelligible, and when applied to mercantile transactions is perfectly satisfactory. But there is a difference between mercantile justice and criminal justice, which does suggest a difficulty, and raises the question whether this atonement be really a satisfaction of justice, or whether it be not opposed to that instinctive sense of right and wrong with which God has endowed our natural conscience, and which we must suppose to be in harmony with his own character. If one man owes a certain sum of money, and another man pays it for him, justice is satisfied, and the debtor is entitled to receive a discharge in full. But crime cannot

be dealt with in this manner, for reasons which are too obvious to require an argument. It would be no satisfaction to justice if an innocent man were to be put to death in order to enable the judge to set a murderer free; and therefore the theory of mere substitution is not enough to explain the efficacy of the atonement, on the supposition that it is according to law.

Some theologians have attempted to meet this difficulty by saying that, although such a transaction would be a violation of justice on the part of man, it is not so on the part of God, because he is a Sovereign as well as a Judge. But this does not meet the case, because it confounds the functions of the judge with those of the sovereign. If the sovereign could do justice in saving a criminal by putting an innocent man to death, he could do justice quite as well, if not better, by pardoning the criminal without inflicting death upon a substitute.

But the Scriptures do not represent the efficacy of the atonement as a mere substitution, although in our theological systems the idea of substitution is generally placed in the foreground. In Scripture the grand idea presented is not so much substitution as *union*; and for every passage in which substitution is presented as the theory of salvation, there are ten which represent it under the idea of a union. In fact, without union there could be no substitution according to law.

There is a story told of a lady who was given up by her physicians; and when the fond husband asked them if there were really nothing that could by possibility save her life, they replied that she was dying for want of blood, but, if that could be supplied, it was possible that she might live. The husband in a moment bared his arm, and bade them take from his veins whatever quantity was necessary for the purpose. We are told that the communication was formed, the blood was transfused from the strong body of the husband, and made to flow gently into the veins of his wife. The consequence was that she revived and lived. Here there was no miracle—no violation of the physical laws. The lady should have died but for the transfusion, and, in that case, the laws of nature would have been satisfied; but these laws were equally satisfied when the blood flowed into her body, and she revived.

In this incident we have an illustration of the mode of salvation by Christ, in which the law is satisfied, and the sinner saved. There is indeed in the atonement a substitution, because in reality the just suffers for the unjust, and the innocent Jesus becomes the substitute of the guilty sinner. But there must be more than substitution; there must also be union, for without union there could be no substitution according to law. In the case of the lady, union without substitution would have been useless, because the mere forming of the communication without the transfusion of the blood would not have been enough: the husband must be weakened that the wife might be strengthened, and the blood which was gained by the one must be lost by the other. But, on the other hand, substitution without union would have

been equally impossible, because the death of the husband would have been as contrary to law as the recovery of the wife, unless the transfusion had taken place by means of the union.

It is thus in all God's administrations: there can be no salvation without substitution, and there can be no substitution without union. A life-buoy will not sustain a shipwrecked sailor unless he be united to it; but if the union has been formed they become as one, and the life-buoy will sink exactly to the same extent that the sailor is lifted up. The life-buoy becomes the substitute of the sailor; but the substitution cannot take place according to law unless there be union. The floating of the sailor, unless he had been attached to the life-buoy, would have been a violation of the laws of nature, and the sinking of the life-buoy, without the sailor being united to it, instead of being a satisfaction to the law, would have been a double impossibility.

The objection which has been raised to the doctrine of the atonement, as opposed to our instinctive sense of justice, is founded on a misapprehension of its nature; and the moment that we introduce the idea of union the objection ceases to have force. In so far as there is no union there can be no substitution according to law, or consistent with justice; and if the Scripture had represented the atonement as a substitution without union, it might not have been very easy to reply to the objection. But Scripture does not represent the gospel as a substitution without union: there is union; and unless it can be shown that the union is not such as to satisfy law—that is to say, unless it can be shown that it is not a real and personal, but only a theoretical and ideal union—the objection cannot be held to have any force. Now, the Scripture asserts that the union between the Saviour and the saved is not only a real and personal union, but a union so complete that it is described as being not so much a union as a *unity*. The unity which exists between Christ and his people is spoken of in the most absolute terms. He is the vine, they are the branches;* he is the head they are the members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;† they are one with him, he being in them, and they in him.‡ Such references might be multiplied to any extent, because the Scripture is full of them, both in type and doctrine.

So far from this union being merely metaphorical and fictitious, it is as real and as personal as that which subsists between the spirit and the body of the man himself. The Spirit of Christ actually enters into and dwells in the body of the man at and after his conversion, changing his character and influencing his motives, so that he becomes a temple of the Holy Ghost. "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you?" (1 Cor. vi. 19.) "Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his"

* John xv. 5.

† 1 Cor. vi. 15; xii. 27. Eph. v. 30.

‡ John xv. 4. 1 Cor. vi. 17.

(Rom. viii. 9). Of course this is a mystery, but it is a mystery well known to every one who has undergone the change, although it may be perfectly unintelligible to others. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14).

If this, then, be the nature of the atonement, and if this union be real and personal, and not merely legal or metaphorical, the death of Christ must necessarily be a complete satisfaction to justice, not in theory only, but in fact. When the head was crucified, the members must be reckoned as having died ; when the head rose from the dead, the members could no longer be held as prisoners ; and when Christ ascended to heaven, every member of his body was entitled to regard it as his home. If the head be in heaven, the members may for a time be on earth ; but they cannot remain there, far less can they ever be in hell.

Taking for granted, then, that the Scripture representation is true—and it would be foolish to make Scripture responsible for a theory which it does not assert—the death and resurrection of Christ render the salvation of his people not a possibility only, but a necessity according to law. Either the connection must be severed, or Christ's people must be admitted to heaven : if he be the head and they be the members, where he is there must they be also.

When Noah went into the ark, no miracle was needed for his salvation. He and the ark were dealt with as a unity, because it bore his weight, and he was lifted up by its buoyancy ; it was subjected to the storm without, he was sheltered in its chambers within. The effect might be said to be substitution, but the cause was union. If that union had not existed—that is to say, if he had not been in the ark, and if he had floated and the ark had sunk, such a result, instead of being a satisfaction to law, would have been a double miracle. In like manner, if there were no union between Christ and his people, his death and their salvation, instead of being a satisfaction to justice, would be a double outrage.

If it be objected that there is not, and cannot be, such a real and personal union between Christ and his people as to constitute identity, and thus satisfy law, we are entitled to reply, "Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt." The former objection was competent, because God has given us a conscience, and he appeals to that conscience for a vindication of the justice of his administration. We have, therefore, every reason to expect that the justice which he administers should not be inconsistent with that instinctive sense of justice which he transcribed from his own moral nature upon ours. But when we step beyond that province, and enter on the region of *facts* and *possibilities*, presuming to determine what can and what cannot be, we have clearly gone beyond our depth, and have no ground to stand upon.

Even the first objection was a perilous one, because it

questioned the truth of what God affirmed ; and although the argument itself might be correct in principle, the conclusion happened to be wrong ; and if any man ventures to reject the gospel on the ground that substitution does not satisfy his ethical sensibilities, his soul will not the less be lost because he had not rightly understood the theory upon which the gospel is founded. He has no right to expect that God will work a miracle to save him from the consequences of his mistake. When he sends a gracious message of mercy to mankind, all that we have to do is to believe and obey ; if we reject his overtures, we do so on our own responsibility.

But to come to this question of possibilities, we ask, How can we know what is possible and what is impossible in a matter so deep as the mystery of Christ's person, and so unknown as the constitution of our own being ? There are elements introduced in connection with the union between Christ and his people which we do not and cannot understand, and whose bearings we can know only in so far as they are revealed. The person of Christ is an unsearchable deep, but there are facts regarding it which we do know, and which are sufficient to cover all the difficulties. We know that by means of his humanity it became possible for him to suffer and to die ; and we also know that, because of his divinity his person was possessed of an existence which is superior to time, so that he could truly say, "Before Abraham was, I AM." It would be presumptuous for us to speculate on the influence which this eternity of being had upon the relations which he sustained to those who are saved, or attempt to explain how it is that the efficacy of the blood shed on Calvary reached backwards to Abel and all the Old Testament saints, and forward to the latest convert who shall lay his burden on the great Burden-bearer. If Christ had been a mere man, this, of course, would have been impossible ; but because he is God as well as man, the argument enters a region where we cannot follow it, and faith is content to receive simply that which is revealed. There is, in some way or another, such a union between the Saviour and the saved as is sufficient to account for the sufferings of Christ on the one hand, and for the justification of the sinner on the other.

Perhaps this may suggest to those who may be trusting to the general mercy of God, that mercy to any one not united to Christ is an utter impossibility. Out of Christ there is no mercy, and can be no mercy, else Christ died in vain. There would have been no necessity whatever for an atonement in such a case, because if God could be merciful to any one out of Christ, he might have been merciful to all. Those, therefore, who are trusting to the general mercy of God, and are conscious that they are not united to Christ, must be labouring under a very dangerous mistake. There can be no lawless mercy with God, and this would be a violation of law which we have no right to expect. Both Mr. Combe and Mr. Hume tell us that it is impossible—so impossible, that it is actually incapable of proof ; and even though an angel from heaven were to tell us that God forgave the sinner

without punishing his sin, we must not believe him. Our sins, in order to be forgiven, must be conveyed somewhere ; the only place to which they can be conveyed is the person of Christ, and the only means of conveyance is union. If they are not so disposed of, and yet remain unpunished, they would stain the justice and the throne of God, which is impossible.

Here, too, we have an explanation of that which otherwise would be inexplicable—the line drawn between the saved and the unsaved. An eternal heaven and an eternal hell, with no intermediate state between them, are tremendous contrasts. But in a world containing such an infinite variety of moral character, shaded off by an almost infinite variety of degrees, it would be impossible to draw a well-marked line of demarcation between the righteous and the wicked. Commencing with the very best and most exemplary of the human race, we go down, by the most delicate gradations, to the very lowest and most degraded of our species. But who will undertake to say how good a man must be before he can be sure that he will be received into heaven, or how wicked a man must be before he is certain to be cast into hell ? Where is it possible to draw the line ? There is no conceivable point where, if the line were drawn, justice would not be outraged. The difference between the worst of those who should be saved, and the best of those who should be lost, would be so slight, and the distinction so delicate, that no human mind could appreciate it. It cannot be that the infinite justice of God, which, in his physical administration, is so perfect, and measures out its penalties to the very millionth part of a grain, can be so grossly rough and inconsiderate in the higher and nobler sphere. The supposition is so monstrous, that it would be a libel, not upon God only, but upon the most incompetent judge that ever sat upon the bench, to suppose that he could measure out justice after such a fashion.

But this is not the Bible doctrine of salvation, and therefore it cannot be responsible for the absurdity. The line which it draws between the saved and the unsaved is a reasonable and intelligible line, approved not only by every principle of philosophy, but by common sense. The line which it draws is as grand and as broad as that which separates life from death, between which there is a gulf as deep as that which separates between heaven and hell. According to the Bible, a man is saved, not because he is better than others, but because he is *IN* Christ, and because Christ is *IN* him ; and a man is lost, not because he is worse than others, but because he is not *IN* Christ, and because Christ does not dwell *IN* him. Man, being a sinner, must die, not by the sentence of a judge only, but by the operation of a law ; and when he dies he descends into hell, because there is no other place to which he can go, *unless some one interfere to save him*. Every sin that a man commits is a moral poison that further corrupts his moral nature, and ensures his death ; upon the same principle that the physical laws inexorably

inflict their own penalty, without regard to moral character. Why is cancer incurable, and why does the person who is poisoned die ? Simply because it is a law. And so do the moral laws ensure that “ the soul that sinneth, it shall die,” and all that is needed to ensure that soul’s destruction is that it should be *LET ALONE*. Whatever men may think of the severity or the unmercifulness of this moral administration, no one can say that it is not awfully intelligible, and dreadfully consistent.

But why should it be called unmerciful ? We do not speak of the physical laws so. The child of a profligate man inherits a body full of weakness and suffering. Does God work a miracle to save him ? Ask Mr. Combe. He does not ; and yet we do not say that God’s physical administration is unmerciful, because the law inexorably inflicts its own punishment. It is true that in the higher administrations we should expect a more loving regimen than in the lower and less important ; but no man can complain that, in introducing this element of mercy, there should be the same infinity of justice, and the same inviolability of law. The plan and mode of salvation revealed in the Bible may contain many unknown and mysterious elements, but this one grand feature which it presents of its having been framed in the interests of holiness, and recognizing the inviolability of law, commends it to the veneration of mankind. “ God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.” That God *COULD* give up his Son to suffering and shame for the sake of his ruined creatures, but *COULD NOT*, by any means, pardon them by a violation of law, does not convey to us the idea of a remorseless tyrant, or an insensate God, but rather that of a Being who commands at once our highest admiration and adoring love.

According to the Bible, then, it is easy to understand why a man is lost ; it is because he is not *IN* CHRIST, and all that is necessary to ensure his ruin is that he should be *LET ALONE*. Like a man who is wrecked, and floating on a plank in the wide ocean, he perishes simply because he is not rescued from his danger, and because no lifeboat comes that way to save him. No one would accuse God of injustice, in allowing the physical laws to take their course, supposing the shipwrecked mariner to be allowed to perish ; but in this higher administration God *did* provide a lifeboat in his Son, for perishing sinners, and bade the mariners go out to every creature, and entreat them to come in. Eighteen hundred years have passed, and these unfaithful and unmerciful mariners, although they had the lifeboat in their hands, have *not* gone out to save the lost ; and the consequence is that, whereas *ALL* might have had the gospel offered to them, if the mariners had done their duty, thousands have never heard the joyful sound. But what shall we say of those to whom the gospel has been preached, and the offer made, but who, because they did not believe, would not accept it, and are *LET ALONE* ? They may, indeed, be virtuous, and moral, and benevolent ; but because they

are not IN CHRIST, they are not saved. Whose fault is this ?

At the same time, it must be observed that, in order to satisfy the requirements of law, the union between the sinner and Christ must be a real and personal union, not theoretical only, nor fictitious. There is no

possibility of over-reaching the laws of God by any legal equivocation. The union must be a union like that of the husband and wife in regard to property, or the head and hand in regard to crime. Justice will not be fooled into mercy by a pretended union which exists only in fancy, and has no reality in fact.

THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPEL OF LEVITICUS.

IN TWO PAPERS.

I.



T was on the first day of the second year after the exodus from Egypt that the Tabernacle was completed and set up in the wilderness of Sinai (Ex. xl. 17).

"Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle" (Ex. xl. 34); "and the Lord called unto Moses, and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation, saying" (Lev. i. 1).

Such is the introduction to the Gospel of Leviticus. And now began the fulfilment of the promise that had before been made unto Moses :— "I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel" (Ex. xxv. 22).

Thus, "while the moral law was given with terror from a burning mountain in thunder and lightning, the remedial law of sacrifice is given more gently from a mercy-seat, because that was typical of the grace of the gospel, which is the ministration of life and peace."*

With sacrifice, as a propitiatory rite, mankind had long been familiar; but now, to a single nation, separated from the rest of the world, and set apart as the typical Church of God, was to be given a fuller knowledge of the way of life.

Judaism was the projected shadow of a coming reality; and from the substance it derived its shape and outline. But its higher teachings

were less for the Church of that day than for the Church of the future and of all time. Its ordinances and symbols were to the Jew what the alphabet and primer are to the child; but in their spiritual significance they are for the Christian, to whom they furnish the most exquisite illustrations of the gospel, and which, as divinely given, cannot mislead if but rightly interpreted. For Judaism, "in its expiations, in its washings, in all its solemnities, constituted a volume of prophecy expressed by signs, in which the atonement of Christ, the sanctification of the Spirit, and the leading doctrines of the gospel, were prefigured. But the service of the tabernacle was a record, the language and characters of which few of those who were perpetuating it understood. Being typical and prophetic, it was necessary that it should be prescribed with the most minute exactness; that the observance of every tittle should be enforced, and no discretion allowed for deviating from the formula, for adding, diminishing, or altering. The performance of such a service was like taking a copy of a book in an unknown tongue, where the alteration of a word, or a letter, or a dot, may destroy the sense in some material point. It was therefore the will of God that it should be performed according to the letter of the commandment."*

The earlier economy thus embodies everlasting truth, and will to the end of time form an instructive portion of the Word of God. Nor is it too much to say that, as a dictionary is required to interpret the words of a new language, so the words and facts of the gospel can be

* Matthew Henry.

* "The Three Temples of the One God," by Bishop Hinds.

derstood in the fulness of their meaning only the types and institutions given to Israel.* A Christian ignorant of Judaism can have but a most imperfect notion of the evidence and breadth of Christianity, especially of the atonement, acceptance on the ground of which is the great lesson of the Mosaic sacrifices. And while these throw much light on the subject of the atonement of Christ as revealed in the New Testament, they, at the same time, draw all their light and meaning from it."†

At first, however, the ritual of Leviticus is embarrassing. For instead of the one primeval sacrifice, of unmistakable significance, and majestic in its simplicity," we have a multiplicity of offerings, and are at a loss to read their distinctive lessons. Their number and variety, with the confusing effect of cross-lights, serve only to create haze and uncertainty. We feel, too, as if the completeness and sufficiency intended by the one great sacrifice were impaired and weakened by the many. And the embarrassment is not a little increased by the unexpected, the singular order in which the offerings are before us. For the sin-offering, now specifically appointed, is neither foremost, nor unlimited intent. On the contrary, it comes after the peace-offering, and seems designed for the sake of ignorance only! All this is perplexing. But, by-and-by, however, when the right view-point is found, the lights combine, and the Mosaic system stands out clearly defined in every feature, a grand unity, instructive not only in each of its members, but instructive likewise in the order of their collocation. Each offering is seen to present some one use or aspect of Christ's atonement; the whole group being required to set it forth in the fulness of its adaptation to the needs of the true Israelite, with the development of whose inner life and experience the arrangement of the group is found to be strikingly concordant.

But ere we go on to speak of the several institutions now instituted, let us glean such notices of sacrifice as the earlier Scriptures afford. These notices are of the most incidental kind, and singularly few, considering the supreme import-

ance of the subject, and considering also that the field from which we gather them stretches over a period of twenty-five centuries; a duration so vast that, in comparison, the existence of Judaism is little more than a parenthesis between the patriarchal dispensation and the Christian. Nor do we learn from these Scriptures the origin of a rite, which yet has been the fundamental principle of all religions, the central point of worship everywhere and in all ages. That sacrifice, however, was of divine appointment, there can be no doubt. For how else can be explained the universal prevalence of an observance so extraordinary, so contrary to natural reason, as that of vicarious atonement—the notion that guilt can be expiated by other blood than that of the offender! The third of Genesis, however, sheds a light upon the darkness. For it tells us that "unto Adam and his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them" (Gen. iii. 21). "Much is hidden in these words. With a sense upon the surface, there is a sense also below the surface. The sinner can only be clothed at the cost of a life. Some harmless beast, which had not died if they had not sinned, must perish, and perish by God's immediate decree, that they may be clothed; that what covered it may thenceforth cover them, being the garment in which they may not be ashamed to appear before God. In this view, that offering was the first of a long series, a type and a shadow, a prelude and a prophecy of that coming Sacrifice, in which all the others were to find their consummation and their end. The third of Genesis is assuredly the most important chapter in the whole Bible. It is the only chapter which, could we conceive it withdrawn, would leave the rest of Scripture unintelligible.*

The earliest sacrifice mentioned in Scripture is the burnt-offering of Abel (Gen. iv. 4, 5). Brief but full of meaning is the record, for it tells us that "the Lord had respect unto Abel and his offering; but to Cain and to his offering he had not respect,"—thus proving the divine appointment of sacrifice,—for not after man's device will the Lord be worshipped, but only

* "Christ and the Scriptures," by Saphir.

† Stewart, of Cromarty.

* Archbishop Trench.

in a way marked out and prescribed by himself (Mark vii. 7). Next comes the burnt-offering of Noah, when "the Lord smelled a sweet savour," and "set his bow in the cloud," in token of his covenant of mercy (Gen. viii. 20, 21; ix. 13). Then follow the offerings of Abraham, whose altars built here, built there, as he journeyed along a land not his own, marked a life of faith, and betokened the presence of a reconciled God (Gen. xii. 7, 8; xiii. 4). Of Isaac there is the one instance at Beersheba, where he builds an altar to the God of his father Abraham (Gen. xxvi. 23-25); but that sacrifice was to him no strange thing is plain from the touching words on Mount Moriah, "My father! behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" (Gen. xxii. 7). Of Jacob, too, the notices are scant. When re-entering Canaan, he rears an altar in the field bought of the sons of Hamor, calling it El-elohe-Israel (Gen. xxxiii. 18-20). And when, after long years of vicissitude, Bethel is made his dwelling-place, an altar is erected to Him who had there appeared to him in the day of his distress, when he fled from the face of Esau his brother; and that hallowed spot is made yet more memorable, for there God "talks" with him, and the promise is renewed,—"Thy name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name" (Gen. xxxv. 1-15). And yet again, when full of years, and about to go down with his sons into Egypt, we find him sacrificing to the God of his father Isaac, and this at Beersheba (Gen. xlv. 1-3), the place where Isaac himself had sacrificed, and perhaps *was wont* to sacrifice; for these few instances of sacrificial worship are to be viewed as but illustrations of what we may well believe to have been the patriarchal usage and custom.*

Generations now pass away, nor until the seed of Jacob have multiplied into a nation do we meet with another reference to sacrifice. It is on the eve of the exodus, when the herds and flocks of Israel are demanded of the stubborn King of Egypt for offerings to the Lord (Ex. x. 24-27).

Thus, however brief the summary, we trace, from Eden to Sinai, the one way of reconciliation,

the same from the beginning down through all the ages; but the further back, the higher and purer seems to have been the knowledge of God. For with the earlier patriarchs God *walked* and *talked*, awakening, by personal intercourse and teaching on his part, that acquaintance with himself for which man was created; for as speech lies dormant in the heart of a child till called into exercise by the speech which he hears around him, so it is only his own "I am the Lord," that calls forth the response "Thou art my God."*

But whatever that earlier light, and whatever the subsequent darkness, we now reach a period when the Scriptures disclose a fuller revelation both of man's duty and of the way of salvation. For the chosen people are to be taken into covenant with Jehovah; and, as preparatory to that august transaction, the law, at first written in the heart, but now well-nigh obliterated, is spoken to the ear with "the voice of words," and afterwards engraven on tables of stone: the gospel rite of sacrifice too is enjoined anew, with promise of divine acceptance. The circumstances are of dread solemnity. For the people are brought out of the camp to meet with God, and stand at the nether part of Mount Sinai, which is altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descends upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascends as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quakes greatly (Ex. xix. 17-20). And so terrible is the sight that the people remove and stand afar off (Ex. xx. 18), and even Moses is overcome of terror (Heb. xii. 21). But immediately they are reassured. "An altar of earth shalt thou make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt-offerings.....in all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee" (Ex. xx. 24). Thus, as in the case of man's first sin, the revelation of mercy follows close upon the sense of guilt and short-coming.

And now that both law and gospel have been set forth anew, there ensues the ceremonial of the covenanting.

First of all, certain statutes—judicial, ritual, and moral—are delivered to Moses for the observance of the commonwealth. These are recited

* Genesis xxxi. 54 is omitted, as referring, perhaps, to a feast rather than a sacrifice. See marginal reading. But the feast may have followed upon a sacrifice.

* Luthardt's "Fundamental Truths."

the audience of the people, who make answer, "All that the Lord hath spoken will we do." They are then inscribed in a book called "The Book of the Covenant."* The altar is now built with twelve pillars, according to the twelve tribes

Israel. The offerings are presented, and of the blood, half is sprinkled on the altar. The words of the book are again read in the hearing of the people, who again make answer, "All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient." The remainder of the blood is then sprinkled on the book and on the people, Moses saying, "Behold the blood of the covenant which the Lord hath made with you concerning all these words."†

The covenant being thus solemnly ratified, there follows a marvellous communion. For Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel, are called up to the mount to eat bread in the presence of God. "And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire‡ stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness." The transition is from Sinai to Zion. The blackness, and darkness, and tempest are gone, and through an atmosphere of crystalline purity the azure sky appears, like a pavement of blue, betokening peace." The saints of the world, thus "gathered unto him," and now "in covenant by sacrifice" (Ps. l. 5), eat and drink before him, and upon the nobles of Israel no sword is laid (Ex. xxiv. 1-11).

Such, briefly, was the ceremonial of this great covenanting, and such the fellowship that followed. To Israel, a people ransomed and thus near unto Jehovah," the Decalogue is evangelized by its preface, "I am the Lord thy God which hath brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." We speak of the true Israel, the Church of God; and here, as throughout, we refer, not to what the Jew understood, but to what Judaism prefigured.

But all this while there is neither priesthood nor ritual, nor has Jehovah a dwelling-place

among his people; and months must yet elapse ere the typical institutions of Judaism come into existence.

To Moses, however, instructions are now given to prepare a tabernacle according to a pattern shown to him, and "in each bolt and partition significant."* He is directed to separate Aaron and his sons to the priest's office (Ex. xxviii. 1); a ceremonial of consecration is prescribed (Ex. xxviii.); a daily burnt-offering enjoined (Ex. xxix. 38); and the acceptance of the sacrifice is graciously promised. After a wondrous communing of forty days, the man of God descends from the mount bearing in his hands the "two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God" (Ex. xxxi. 18.)

At length the sacred tent is reared, and the glory of the Lord fills it; the tabernacle of God is with men, and he dwells with them; they are his people, and he is their God.

And now has arrived the fulness of the time for the symbolic Gospel of Leviticus. From the tabernacle the Lord calls (Lev. i. 1), and as Moses draws near there is heard "the voice of one speaking unto him from off the mercy-seat that was upon the ark of testimony from between the two cherubims" (Num. vii. 89). For thus graciously did the Lord "talk with Moses, and speak unto him face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend" (Ex. xxxiii. 11).

The offerings now appointed constitute a system of religious worship and instruction. They form a group of five members, each member with a minute law or ritual of its own. With these subsidiary laws, however, it is not our purpose to deal, their recondite prefigurations requiring the finest perception of gospel similitude and the ripest maturity of judgment. Forbearing then all that is exquisite in symbolism, we would deal with the system in its larger features only. We would speak of it in its unity and in the relation of its parts; and, after the fashion of a skeleton map, understood at a glance and easily remembered, would trace the comprehending outline and contained divisions: and this in the hope that the presentation, however blank and meagre, may remove some of the perplexities commonly

* This book consists of Ex. xxi., xxii., xxiii.

† Ex. xxiv. 3-8; also Heb. ix. 18-20, printed in full.

‡ "The Oriental sapphire is of a blue, sky colour, or fine azure; whence it is that the prophets describe the throne of God as it were of the colour of a sapphire; that is, of celestial blue or azure." (Ezek. x. 1.)—Cruden.

experienced by the reader of Leviticus, and, like the map, prepare for the study of what lies within.

1. The first in order of the group is the Burnt-offering (Lev. i.). This great oblation, the primeval, catholic sacrifice appointed in the beginning, when as yet there was neither Jew nor Gentile, having descended from age to age, is now adopted as the foundation of the Jewish system. Representing the atonement of Christ in its infinite fulness, and instituted for the sins, not of any one people or nation, but for the sins of the whole world, this offering holds the foremost and chief place in the Mosaic ritual. It formed the grand, public expiation for the commonwealth of Israel, and availed for sins of whatever kind. It was the root or stock from which all the other offerings sprang,—the basis on which the entire system rested,—it comprehended all within itself.

This great offering was presented daily, a lamb morning and evening; weekly, the victims being doubled on the Sabbath; monthly, their number being increased at new moon; and yearly, for at the Passover and other annual solemnities they were still further multiplied (Num. xxviii., xxix.). It was a holocaust or "whole burnt-offering," the carcass of the victim being wholly consumed; and it was "the continual burnt-offering," one victim replacing another upon the altar without pause or intermission.* It was thus an ever-living sacrifice, undying efficacy being symbolized by its ceaseless continuance. It was also of "a sweet savour unto the Lord" (Lev. i. 9, 13, 17), and ever burning on the altar, made "continual intercession."

Some are of opinion that this oblation pointed to the whole work of Christ upon earth: not to his atonement only, but also to his life-long obedience; that along with "reconciliation for iniquity," it figured "the everlasting righteousness" (Dan. ix. 24)—zeal, like a consuming fire, rendering his entire life a holocaust, "an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour" (Eph. v. 2).

Though in an especial sense a public oblation, the burnt-offering might be presented by any

Israelite on his own behalf. "He shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the tabernacle,.....and he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt-offering; and it shall be accepted for him to make an atonement for him" (Lev. i. 2-4).

Of all the offerings, this only could stand alone. The others, when presented, went along with it; but none of them for an instant interrupted or set it aside. So far from being independent, each of them rested on this as its basis, and was but an index or exponent of some one feature or result of atonement, or of some use of it according to the changing circumstances of the worshipper. Hence the poor man's handful of flour, though a bloodless sacrifice, availed as a sin-offering no less than the rich man's bullock; for both rested alike on the burnt-offering, and, through it, pointed to the atonement. Indeed, the sin-offering itself, as we shall presently see, was but a specific appropriation of this fundamental oblation.

In the sacrifices thus viewed—the burnt-offering as comprehending in itself all the others, and they, again, as but unfolding it in its various uses and shades of meaning—in this, we conceive, is to be found the explanation and the key to the sacrificial system of the Jews. So viewed, all becomes consistent and harmonious. Each offering contributes a light and a meaning of its own; and together, their lights, instead of intermingling to confuse the vision, blend into one full and clear illumination, making the vision greatly more distinct and perfect.

Before passing from this oblation, let us observe that at the inauguration of the Tabernacle service, on the day when Aaron entered upon his ministry as High Priest, "there came a fire out from before the Lord, and consumed upon the altar the burnt-offering and the fat: which when all the people saw, they shouted, and fell upon their faces" (Lev. ix. 24). Can we wonder that, seeing the victim taken and themselves set free, there should follow the shout of a great deliverance—this solemnized joy and lowliest adoration? For thus was the altar "the meeting-place of mercy and truth" (Ps. lxxxv. 10), and Israel's God manifested as at once "a just God and a Saviour" (Isa. xlv. 21). It was probably of

* As the evening sacrifice was kept burning on the altar "all night unto the morning," that of the morning was no doubt kept burning all day. (Lev. vi. 9, 10.)

he fire thus kindled that we read : " It shall ever be burning upon the altar ; it shall never go out " (Lev. vi. 13). And to mark that no fire of man's kindling must thenceforth come upon God's altar, Nadab and Abihu were soon afterwards " consumed by fire from the Lord, because they offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not " (Lev. x. 1, 2).

2. The Meat-offering, which comes next (Lev. ii.), seems to have been the constant and unfailing adjunct of the burnt-offering, and may be said to have belonged to it. It went along with it always, and without it the burnt-offering was in a sense incomplete. Thus we read again and again of " the burnt-offering, and his meat-offering " (Num. xviii., xxix., *passim*).

Apart from the meat-offering, the great sacrifice was wanting—not indeed in power to atone, but in actual result. Though in itself all-sufficient, it was yet inefficient, and failed of its purpose. It was unavailing, because unappropriated. For the meat-offering, as we conceive, figured that act of faith on the part of the sinner without which the expiation of Christ can no more save than bread can nourish without being eaten.

The two offerings are thus correlative, and exhibit different sides or aspects of the same thing: the one representing atonement in its relation to God, as satisfying the claims of divine justice; the other, in its relation to man, as meeting the needs of his soul. In the one, we have the universal provision; in the other, the individual appropriation.

In itself the meat-offering was not a sacrifice, or there was no life taken nor blood shed. It consisted of flour or unleavened cakes, with oil, frankincense, and salt, part being consumed on the altar, and the remainder eaten by the priests—this participation in the offering figuring communion between God and man: at the same time a libation of wine was poured out. The altar was thus the communion table of that day, and the symbols—bread and wine—were the same appointed afterwards by Christ himself in the ordinance of the Supper. They prefigured when what now they commemorate.

The gospel of the meat-offering is best unfolded in Christ's own words: " Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal

life.....For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.....He that eateth me, even he shall live by me " (John vi. 54-57). Here we have both the sacrifice and the appropriation.

"The meat-offering," says Ainsworth, "figure-d communion with God and participation in that atonement whereby Christ becomes the bread of life, of which, as a royal priesthood, the whole Church are made partakers. The oil signified the grace and comfort of the Holy Ghost, whereby we serve God with gladness. The frankincense, that sweet savour of Christ whereby we are acceptable to God. The salt, the perpetuity of God's covenant, and the incorruptibility of the life now given."

3. The Peace-offering (Lev. iii., vii.) follows: for, " being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ " (Rom. v. 1).

Of this offering, likewise, part was burned upon the altar, and part belonged to the priest and to the worshipper. It was designed not to make peace, but to give expression to the peace already made and enjoyed. It was also a thank-offering. And, because of the peculiar manner of its presentation, was called sometimes a heave-offering, sometimes a wave-offering.

Certain peculiarities of the ritual may be noticed, the meaning being too plain to admit of doubt or controversy.

(1.) The Lord's portion of the sacrifice was laid upon the burnt-offering: " Aaron's sons shall burn it on the altar upon the burnt-sacrifice " (Lev. iii. 5). This is to be carefully noted, for peace must have propitiation as its basis. Thus resting on the burnt-offering, it pointed to the unity of the whole system of sacrifice.

(2.) The worshipper's portion might be eaten anywhere—in the courts of the Lord, or at home; alone, or with the family—peace with God being independent of place or circumstance.

(3.) Leaven, elsewhere strictly forbidden, is tolerated here (Lev. vii. 13), for pardon and peace do not imply perfect holiness. Nor is daily conflict with indwelling sin inconsistent with the fullest sense of reconciliation.

(4.) But no one living in circumstances of defilement, or conscious of uncleanness resting upon him, might partake of this offering (Lev. vii. 20, 21). And can he have peace who is

living in sin, or whose conscience is unpurged by the blood of sprinkling?

(5.) The breast and the right shoulder of the victim were lifted up and waved as in triumph before the Lord (Lev. vii. 30-34). The parts of the sacrifice here made prominent remind us of the breastplate and shoulder-pieces of Aaron, whereon were engraven the names of the twelve tribes (Ex. xxviii. 9-29), and seem, like these

insignia, to point to the power and sympathy of Him who bears upon his shoulders and in his breast the cares and interests of his people. And in the mystic gestures, we have the worshipper making his boast of a Saviour omnipotent and compassionate, and calling on those around to unite with him. "Extol* the Lord with me, let us exalt his name together;" such is the language of his acts.

BUYING OPPORTUNITIES.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



It is agreed by Dean Alford and all the most accurate students of the Greek New Testament, that the text "redeeming the time" should be read "*buying the opportunity*." The word "redeem" has a rather theological sound to the ordinary reader, and suggests Christ's ransom of our souls. "Time" is a word of indefinite extent. But "opportunity" is a sharply-defined word. It describes the very *nick* of time,—the golden moment for the doing of a thing. It is that especial season most favourable for the purpose. Therefore Paul—who was himself a minute man—urges his readers to "secure their opportunities."

Our Lord emphasized the supreme value of grasping the present moment: "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; for the night cometh, in which no man can work." "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you." Mark, too, with what sharp precision the time for securing our salvation is presented in God's Word: "Now is the well-accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Three times over is that tremendous alarm-bell rung by the hand of the Holy Spirit: "*To-day*, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." If we dig underneath the surface of several passages, we find the same idea lurking there. A "word fitly spoken" signifies a word opportunely spoken. In Leviticus we read of a "fit man;" but it should be read—the man of opportunity.

The men who have succeeded best, have been the men who grasped their opportunities. That martial bulldog, Frederick the Great, defied nearly all Europe to conquer him for seven long years, simply by his intuitions of the right moments, and his prompt use of them. His most famous pupil—Napoleon—was a king of opportunities. He used to say, "There is a crisis in every battle,—a ten or fifteen minutes on which the fate of the battle depends. To gain this is victory; to lose it is defeat." In nearly every battle of life there are pivot-occasions on which the greatest interests are depending. The loss of them never can be retrieved. There are merchants who never buy until the wares have gone up,

and never sell until they have gone down. They complain of their "bad luck;" but it is always the luck of loitering stupidity to be just a little way behind the point where all the successes are won. The secret of success is to secure life's opportunities. Ten minutes of sharp striking when the iron is hot, is worth days of tiresome hammering when it has grown cold.

There is a lesson for Christians in this. For Bible religion is the highest common sense applied to the service of God. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." Paul practised as he wrote. There was a chance given him to restore a cripple at Lystra, and to direct a convicted sinner in the dungeons of Philippi, and to put a plain truth into the ears of Felix, and to speak the right word at the right time on the hill of Mars. He did not let one of his chances slip. McCheyne's success as a winner of souls—and Payson's too—depended much on their happy talent of buying opportunities. Good Harlan Page, who is about the *model man* among working American laymen, had a fixed rule never to lose the opportunity to win a soul to Jesus. The wisest pastor is the one who knows how to time his visits when sickness or sorrow require them most, and to speak the word in season when a hearer's heart is melted. Let every young minister write this sentence on the first page of his life-record,—The loss of opportunities will be the loss of success in my ministry.

There is a solemn lesson for every unconverted reader of ours in the truth we are enforcing. Friend, if you ever reach hell—for there is a hell—it will be because you lost your opportunities for securing heaven. You have thrown away many such already. There have been times when God's Spirit of love strove with you most powerfully. You quenched the Spirit. You may do this once too often. He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his heart, shall suddenly be cut off, and that without remedy. When such tremendous interests are at stake, delay may be death.

A sea-captain said that on a certain evening, just as

* "Extol," literally "lift up."

As dark was coming on, he hove in sight of the ill-fated *Central America* carrying signals of distress. He ran up near to her and inquired if they needed help. Captain Herndon replied, "We are in a sinking condition, but try and lie by us until morning." "You had better send your passengers and men on board now," the captain still replied, "Lay by me till morning." In two hours the lights of the *Central America* disappeared. In those two hours were crowded the last opportunity to save the precious lives on board. Unconverted friend! you are really in a *sinking con-*

dition too. Every sinner is. The voice of mercy hails you. The life-boat of salvation waits to be sent off to you. The trumpet-call to you is, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." The present is yours. You have not one inch of future in your hand. Secure your opportunity, and you secure eternal life. It is only a moment's work to accept Christ when you are in earnest. But even that moment will never come after the "door is shut."

"Of all sad words uttered by tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—if *might have been.*"

The Children's Treasury.

OLD ELI: A STORY OF ALSATIAN COMMON LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

YES, yes," answered Eli emphatically; "I should have obeyed God's voice in my heart, and not listened to the tempter and followed my own will. And see at came of it! I had escaped the hospital, certainly; but then came the dear time. Then again I made new plans, and thought I would take from the can honour, little by little, only what we required for my necessities. But the tempter whispered again: 'You do that, Eli, your money will soon be gone; and, besides, people will wonder where the old lame carpenter gets it all.' Yes, I thought to myself, they will call me a deceiver; and I am not that, at any rate. 'Are you not, Eli? Have you not kept back from God his Spirit, and grieved the Holy Spirit, and been silent when he bade you speak, and tell the young master all about it? And when Joseph went away, and the landlady gave us no warning, and you, dear friends, so lovingly agreed to receive us two old folks into your home, I agreed so to tell you all, and relieve myself of the burden that grew heavier day by day; but Satan would not let me, and mocked me, saying: 'It is too late now, Eli. You have been a hypocrite too long. There is no forgiveness for you now!' And there was an end of all peace for me. I saw now that I had indeed been a hypocrite all the time. I took to myself all the Lord did to the Pharisees; I despaired of finding mercy, and was driven out of my senses, and nearly killed by it." "Poor Eli!" said Mrs. Lindfelder; "I saw that you were suffering much at that time, but was far from guessing the cause."

"Yes; and the worst of it was that I could not even say, for the wicked one was always mocking and tripping over me. I was his now, he said, and no one could save me! Oh, the miserable money, which had been the cause of my disobedience! But what the Lord will, he brings to pass, in spite of all the devil can do

to prevent it.—And what was thy will, dear Lord?" he continued after a pause, with folded hands and uplifted eyes; "to save my soul for ever. And gloriously hast thou fulfilled it in me a poor sinner.—When I was in the depths of my soul's agony the Lord came to me once more, held out his hand to me, as he did to the sinking Peter on the Sea of Galilee, and said: 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' And as often as Satan said 'It is too late,' the Lord answered, 'It is never too late as long as it is called to-day, only repent and confess thy sin.' And when I came to the sincere resolution to confess it, and tell the young master all about it, whatever might happen, then the curse was removed, I had my Saviour once more, and in him rest for my soul and forgiveness of my sins."

"And you did tell him?" asked Swiss Anna.

"To be sure I did, or the peace would not have lasted long. God will not be mocked, Anna. Last year, in the Easter week, when the pastor came to give me the holy communion, I confessed everything to him, and begged him to tell it in my name to the young master, and to the other gentlemen, which he was so good as to do."

"Thank God! only now can I really rejoice over the wonderful help," said Mrs. Lindfelder, with a sigh of relief.

"And they let you keep the money?" asked the father, astonished.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Lindfelder; and told the pastor to say to me that the money was mine; I had earned it honestly, and I might do what I pleased with it; and the young master is still to continue my pension till my death. Yes, indeed; it is all true, just as I tell you. And then I consulted with the pastor, and determined to leave the money where it was another year, and if your Tony should lose in the conscription, to buy him off with it. But if he had won, I would have given it

all to the pastor to be spent in helping Christian missions and works of charity, and in that way have restored it to God, to whom it belongs. But now that God has given me the opportunity of making some return to you for all your love and kindness to me, I take it as a sign that he has indeed forgiven my sin and blotted it out of his book. And now I have a request to you two young people, which you must grant me if you wish that I should die in peace."

"What is it, Eli?" exclaimed Tony and Josephine in one breath.

"Pay the debt to the Lord in my place; give him always the tenth of your earnings, and his blessing will rest upon you."

"I will, Eli, as God has helped me this day by your hand," answered Tony solemnly, shaking the old man's hand; while Josephine kissed him on the forehead, and promised with tears to do the same.

Eli now drew out again his old leather bag. "There, take it, children; it is the very one my blessed godfather gave me for the same purpose, and I have already put into it the tenth of my pocket-money. Lay it in the can of honour, and act more honestly towards God than I have done. The old can itself will be a remembrance of your old friend."

"And I will polish it up now till it shines like silver," cried Swiss Anna.

"As much as you like, Anna; I have no objection now. God be praised! the curse is removed, and now I can go home in peace to my Father's house in heaven. And if want and trouble should come to you again, dear friends, let the can of honour remind you that the arm of the Lord is never too short to help. And if it remind you too of old Eli, and of his sin, you can say with confidence, he found mercy and grace in the sight of God."

"O Antony! shall we not also promise to lay our tenth in the can of honour?" said Mrs. Lindfelder, taking her husband's hand in both her own.

"The tenth, wife! that is a great deal in these dear times. We will hardly manage that."

"Well, well," she answered, smiling, "we can but try; and till it please the Lord to send us better times, we can meanwhile, at least, put in weekly our Protestant penny."

"Well said, little mother. And accustom the boys and Lena to it too; good habits are precious things for children, and my old godfather in Herrnbut was right when he said, What one learns in youth, one does not forget in old age."

"May I not put my penny too with the rest?" asked Anna humbly.

"To be sure, Anna," answered Eli. "Don't be ashamed to give your mite, like the poor widow in the gospel. The Lord is pleased with the smallest gift which comes from a sincere heart; and in his service even the poorest may find out by experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"And you must allow me too," said Joseph, who till

now had been a silent but sympathizing listener, "to bring my weekly tithe and put it in the can of honour. It is a duty I have hitherto neglected, but the Lord has spoken to me to-day, through Eli's mouth, and by his example."

"You are one of us, Joseph," said Mrs. Lindfelder kindly, holding out her hand to him. "But with all this talk, we have never yet thanked our good Eli!" she exclaimed suddenly, and hastened to the old man's side. Her husband followed her, and taking each a hand—"The Lord will repay you, I cannot!" said the mother; and the father—"What you have done for us to-day, Eli, I will never forget."

"Hush, hush, my good friends," said the old man; "if it comes to thanks, I have the oldest and the greatest debt to pay to you. But rather let us all together offer our thanks to Him from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift. Bring me my Bible, Mrs. Lindfelder; we will read the 103rd Psalm together, as we did that night when I came out of the hospital. You remember, Anna, how you sought out the book from my old chest. The mark is there still that I put in the day my old godfather died."

Mrs. Lindfelder brought the Bible, and old Eli read the grand psalm with heart-felt expression. All listened earnestly, and each heart said Amen to every word; and then they sang together:—

"All praise and thanks to God most high,
The Father of all love!
The God who doeth wondrously,
The God who from above
My soul with richest solace fills,
The God who every sorrow stills,
Give to our God the glory!"

"I sought him in my hour of need;
Lord God, now hear my prayer!
For death he gave me life indeed,
And comfort for despair;
For this my thanks shall endless be,
Oh, thank him, thank him too with me;
Give to our God the glory!"

"Ah, then, till life has reached its bound,
My God, I'll worship thee;
The chorus of thy praise shall sound
Far over land and sea;
Oh, soul and body, now rejoice,
My heart, send forth a joyful voice;
Give to our God the glory!"

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD ELI IS CALLED HOME.

"And was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."
LUKE xvi. 22.

ONE beautiful afternoon in September, Swiss Anna and Josephine sat together under the apple-tree. The eyes of both were red with weeping, and the busy hands rested idly in their laps. "Josephine," asked Anna, with a deep sigh, "how long is it now since Tony went away?"

"More than three years," answered the girl, sighing too.

it be, Finy ! It seems like yesterday since we were together on that Sunday evening, when we used all the money out of Eli's can of honour. mber ?"

member, Anna ! I should be ungrateful indeed for to forget that."

you say it is three years ago ! How the time !"

three years last Easter, Anna ; and in the forenoon Tony went away with the strange gentleman."

he was to build so many new houses in the country they say the gold grows. What do you call it ?"

and is called California, and the town Sacramento."

a profane name ! But let them call it what they like. Tony has earned plenty of money there, and has made us nobly with it. But I wish he would come. If he does not come soon he will not find

three months now since we heard from him ; he has been so long of writing before, and I have such fears sometimes. O Anna, it is very hard to be so far from the wide ocean !"

is true, Finy, for the sea has no beams, as I have often said, and I do wish he were safe back again. I am anxious about Eli ; did you hear how he spoke this morning ? You will see he will die very soon. I were only as ready for death, I would like to die. We have lived so long together, through storms and dark ones, that it seems as if the heart were torn out of my body when he goes. I never knew how much I loved Eli, but now—now I know," she added, bursting into tears.

He wept with her, and replied : " Ah, yes, it is very hard to go out of our house when old Eli is !"

" called the boys, who were playing with Lena in the garden—" Finy, here comes the postman ! He has brought a letter from Tony !"

she sprang from her seat, and hastened to meet the postman. Anna put on her spectacles and looked at the girl till she saw her receive a letter from the man, and go into the house with it, followed by the mischievous children. Then she said to herself : " I have cost nothing this time either, and Tony is safe in the world. And if the Lord would keep him on the sea, and bring him home again, and if I need to die, then I would be quite happy !"

Josephine is reading her letter, we will look and see how it has fared with our friends during the three years ; and then enter Eli's chamber, where the man, after much suffering, lies calmly awaiting death.

They have already heard from Josephine, Tony had returned to California soon after the events narrated in our last chapter. A company of merchants who were fitting

out a ship at Havre were anxious to secure the services of a skilled workman to superintend the building of a number of houses in the new city of Sacramento. Mr. Reymann, when he heard of it, at once thought of Tony, and spoke of it to him. According to the custom of the country, Tony would have to go from home for a few years to get experience in all the branches of his trade before settling down, and he was too young yet to marry ; so he caught eagerly at Mr. Reymann's suggestion, and on his warm recommendation was at once engaged by the company on very advantageous terms. So Tony embarked at Havre, with a heavy heart indeed at the thought of going so far from home, but full of hope, and accompanied by the prayers and blessings of his dear ones. His mother and Josephine gave him a Bible as a parting gift ; and old Eli wrote in it with his trembling hand the following verse :—

" Jesus, go before and guide me,
Fearless I shall follow thee :
In the darkness light provide me,
Helm and compass on the sea.
Though my bark should stagger sickly
On the ocean billows' crest,
Say thou, ' It is I ; ' and quickly
Solid land shall give me rest."

And the precious Word of God, and the prayers of his pious mother and bride, and the remembrance of his dear home and the quiet peaceful life there, kept the soul of our young friend like a guard of angels. In the far-off gold country, among wild, avaricious men, where all wicked passions raged without restraint, there Tony learned what a good thing it is to be contented. He no longer desired to be rich and great, but rather to be righteous and God-fearing. And the Lord blessed the labour of his hands ; he was able to help the dear ones at home and save them from want, and at the same time to lay by a little capital for his own use in the future. Neither did he forget the can of honour, and his promise to old Eli, but gave faithfully the tenth part of his earnings to the Lord. At home it was always an occasion of thankfulness and rejoicing when Tony sent money, and the mother laid in the can of honour, which, now kept bright as silver by Anna's busy hands, still stood on its shelf over old Eli's bed, the sum specified by him for that purpose. And all followed Tony's good example ; the children, Anna, even the father, put in their pennies every week, but the mother and Josephine put in the tenth of all their earnings. And every ten weeks Joseph, who also brought regularly his weekly contribution, carried the money to the pastor, to be applied by him to missions and works of charity ; and old Eli's heart was glad.

When Tony had, at length, by the blessing of God, but not without hard work on his own part, successfully completed the houses he had engaged to build in Sacramento, his longings for home grew stronger than ever, and he hoped now to settle down there and make his dear Finy his wife. But he was requested to undertake the building of a new street in New Orleans, and did so

by his mother's advice, although it seemed hard to postpone for an indefinite time his return home.

Meanwhile, things had gone on in their old quiet way at home. The children grew up under loving discipline; father, mother, Josephine, and Swiss Anna worked diligently, and God's blessing rested ever on them, though they still had a cross to bear. Soon after Tony's departure, old Eli began to fail; he grew weaker and weaker, till at last he could not leave his bed, and required constant care. The three women had now the care of the invalid added to their day's work, which was heavy enough already. "But what one does willingly does not feel hard," said Anna; and Mrs. Lindfelder added, "When God imposes a duty, he gives strength to fulfil it." And Josephine rejoiced to be able to prove her gratitude to Eli by more than mere words. Joseph was a faithful friend to them, and when he saw that the night-watching would soon prove too much for the women, he asked permission to take Drey's place in Eli's room, and attend to him during the night, and thereby, as Anna said to her confidante, Josephine, "once for all stopped the mouth" of Anton Lindfelder, who had again begun to grumble and to talk of the hospital.

Poor Eli had to suffer much and long, for sores broke out both on the stump and on his remaining leg, which caused him great pain and frequently brought on fever. But as his strength gradually failed, his sufferings too decreased; he became more and more still and silent, and on some days when he wished to speak he could not find words. "But Josephine and Mrs. Lindfelder always understand him, they can read his thoughts in his eyes, and God will surely reward them for their kindness to him," said Swiss Anna. What Eli enjoyed most was to have passages from the Bible and from his dear old hymn-book read aloud to him; and latterly, when he would sometimes lie long apparently unconscious, taking no notice of what went on around him, it was wonderful how the sound of a Bible text, or a verse of one of his favourite hymns, would rouse him, and seem to bring him back to life again. Then he would pray and give thanks so earnestly, and rejoice with such childlike pleasure at the prospect of "going home," that all who heard him were moved.

To-day a great change had come over the old man, for when Anna brought him his coffee in the morning, and Josephine was about to dress his sores as usual, she was astonished to see how they had healed up during the night; and Eli looked up at them with bright, glancing eyes, and said, in a strange, trembling voice,—

"Go now, friends, and dig my grave,
For at length of life I'm weary;
For brighter lands I gladly leave
This earth now grown so cold and dreary:
The angels call me from above
In accents full of peace and love."

"Do you feel worse, Eli?" asked Josephine, tenderly bending over him.

"Not exactly, child. But where are the others, and what day is this?"

"It is Saturday, Eli; the father and gone to work, and the children are at the

"Saturday! And my everlasting Sabbath morrow! Give me your hand, Anna! Go for your kindness to the poor old cripple! for you in the beautiful city, and come with meet you, when you too are allowed to come bless you, little Josephine! Give my thanks well greetings to all the others. The dear must close my eyes: tell her that through his and by the blood of Christ, the Lord has peaceful end.—Yes, yes, thou doest all th dear Lord in heaven! All, all!" repeated with folded hands and a smile on his lips, quietly asleep. He had already often slept and even days together.

Anna went away to the market, and Josephine went to work in the house; but she could not rest every two or three minutes quietly to Eli see if he still breathed.

When Mrs. Lindfelder came home at dinner-time, she heard what had passed, she went at once to Eli. He slept still, but was unusually pale; when Josephine told how, in the morning, his cheeks had been flushed and his eyes wonderfully bright.

The mother said nothing, but sent for the doctor and the pastor, and then sat down by the bed of the dear invalid. Her soul was comforted, and her prayers rose as if on eagle's wings. Eli did not wake again; towards evening he became heavy, and his features distorted. Mrs. Lindfelder rose to call the others, and at that moment Josephine entered with a joyful face, and Tony's letter in her hand.

In order to spare his dear ones the anxiety of waiting for him to be on the sea, Tony had embarked for Orleans without letting them know, and he had written to Havre to say that he had arrived there safely, and would quickly follow his letter, so that they might expect him, God willing, early on Sunday morning.

"Eli is dying, and Tony is coming home!" With these words the boys greeted their father. Soon all had assembled around the bed. Mrs. Lindfelder had sent word to Josephine that he was there too. The solemnity of the presence of the father and the pain all felt in parting from the dear invalid checked the joy which Tony's return would have occasioned; and had he entered at that moment, tears would have been his only welcome.

The silence was only broken by the sobbing of the children. Old Anna had neither tears nor words; she sat with folded hands, immovable as a statue, fixed on her dying friend. Mrs. Lindfelder knelt by the bedside; the father stood by the head of the bed. Joseph opened the old man's Bible, and with an unsteady voice he read the 16th and 17th chapters of St. John. Suddenly Mrs. Lindfelder turned to Joseph, and said, "It is time. We must sing his dear

often promised him." And they sang to—

When his weary eyes are closing,
Lord, illumine the inward sight;
On thy promised grace reposing,
May he find the darkness light.
Give him peace now through believing,
Peace and victory in thy love:
In the Almighty arms receiving,
Bear him to thy home above."

As singing the pastor had entered. All knelt and offered a short prayer; and then, laying his head on the dying man, blessed him in words in which God commanded that his dead be blessed: "The Lord bless thee and the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and the Lord lift up his countenance to thee, and give thee peace. Amen." Then breathing ceased; old Eli had gone home. There, and the peace of God, in which his soul had left its earthly covering, seemed to hover it. The sun had just set, and the celebrated with its evening glory the dear good old friend.

Another silently left the chamber of death; Anna remained, sitting motionless on her knees when Mrs. Lindfelder returned with the winding-sheet, in which, with Joseph's help, to wrap the body, she was alarmed at the white face. Gently approaching her, she took his hand, and tried to comfort her by saying, "Good Eli has now overcome, Anna. It is all over. He will not return to us, but, by God's mercy, you will soon go to him."

"Will you see them, Mrs. Lindfelder?" asked Anna, rising from a trance.

"Yes, Anna?"

"The angels that carried Eli to paradise. They were waiting for me, Lindfelder! I felt them, if I did not see them. I rose, approached the bed, and looking down on the dead face, burst into tears and exclaimed, 'How beautiful he has become! And I will never murmur over my poverty again, for if Eli were as rich as a king, he could not have had a death like this. And he will come to meet me—he will; and now that I know that, and that he really cares for him, I will pray.—Tell me, what was it that Eli said last this morning to the girl, who now entered.'"

"I was to tell you, 'Through his great mercy, and by the death of the Lord, he has given me a peaceful end.'"

"And Anna clasped her hands, and, still gazing at the smiling face of her departed friend, prayed, 'O my God! by the blood of our dear Lord Jesus, give me too such a peaceful end!'"

The boys met Tony early next morning at the door. He told him, weeping, of Eli's death, his heart broken by the news; his return home was not as

bright as he had expected, and it was with tears in his eyes that he embraced his parents and his dear Finy.

His first visit was to the chamber of death. Josephine and the children had strewn the bed with the most beautiful flowers which the garden could offer, and Anna had placed between the cold hands a nosegay of rose-mary and mignonette. "They were always his favourite flowers," she said, "and he shall take them with him to the grave." When she saw her old favourite Tony, who held out his hand to her with scarcely concealed emotion, she sank weeping into his arms, and said, between her sobs, "You have come home, Tony, and the angels have carried Eli away from us."

"And I cannot thank him, nor show him my gratitude for what he did for me!" said Tony, deeply moved; and as he stood there by the bed, great tears rolled down his manly, sunburnt face.

In the evening, when the coffin was brought, all gathered round it once more; and while Tony and Joseph reverently laid the dead body in it, the little singing society, who had assembled in the garden, sang before the open window:—

"Still, beloved, be your sighings,
Dried your tears, and hushed your cryings;
All his promises are true—
Life from death is sure to you."

"Sleeps the casket, broken, buried,
Emptied of the gem it carried;
But the soul will yet resume
Clothing gathered from the tomb."

"Onward quick that day is winging,
Pulse of life from dust is springing;
Bodies, mouldering in the earth,
Leap into immortal birth."

"Corpses, now in ashes sleeping,
Then shall be like eagles, sweeping
Heavenward through the azure sky,
Living, never more to die."

"Dead to-day beneath the furrow,
Living springs the seed to-morrow;
Bursting from the enclasping ground,
Golden harvests wave around."

"Therefore, Earth, our common mother,
Open to receive another
Nursling, wearied, needing rest;
Fold him gently to thy breast."

"Once—a work of skill unbounded—
This frail shell a soul surrounded;
Christ the Lord, in whom we trust,
Had his dwelling in the dust."

"Rest thee, therefore, rest thee, brother,
On the bosom of thy mother;
He who made thee son and heir,
He will not forget thee there."

"Thou, when Christ in clouds descendeth,
When the heavens and earth he rendeth,
Shalt, though in dishonour sown,
Rise in glory like his own."

Anna's little lamp burned in the chamber of death; Joseph had insisted on being allowed to watch this last

night by the body of his old friend. Poor old Anna, worn out with weeping, had been kindly assisted to bed by Josephine; the children too slept, and forgot, as children happily do, their grief and their tears. Outside, under the apple-tree, sat Tony and Finy; both gazed silently and reverently into the beautiful star-covered heaven, from which the moon looked down on them so lovingly, and seemed to tell them of the many mansions which are in our Father's house. They were both in a peculiar frame of mind: serious, feeling the uncertainty of all earthly things, and sincerely grieving over Eli's death; but yet full of joyful hope, for life lay so beautiful and so attractive before their young imagination, and they were so happy to be able to wander through it hand in hand, sharing all its joy and sorrow with each other.

Tony had been telling about California, and how, in the midst of the desperate gold-seekers—the very thought of whom makes him shudder yet—he had felt as if the prayers of his dear ones at home surrounded him like a wall, and had been his protection against all temptation; for his own goodness was as nothing at all, and he had much to learn yet before he could hope for such a death as Eli's. And even while he acknowledged that most of the evil around him came from pride, and every one trying to make himself great, and none being content to remain poor and humble—while he saw all that, he himself was nearly tempted in Paris to be proud and upsetting like the rest.

"You, Tony?" asked Josephine, astonished.

"Yes. One of my companions bought a silk dress and a bright-coloured shawl for his bride to wear on their wedding-day, and I wished to do the same for you; for I said to myself, 'I am as good as he, and if he can afford it, so can I.' But then I thought of what mother, and old Eli, and you yourself, would say to it, and that in the grandest clothing you could not please me better than in your honest, simple, peasant's dress; and I turned away and kept my money—though I got well laughed at by my comrade, who called me a miser and a silly pietist. And I could almost regret it now, for I have brought you nothing, my poor Finy, but my own true heart."

"Which is a thousand times better than the finest clothes and all the gold in the world," said Josephine, nestling at his side.

"And do you know, Finy, I had another ambitious dream in my head. I thought I would buy a piece of ground for a woodyard, and build a beautiful house in it, where you should reign like a little queen."

"But you have given up that plan too, Tony?"

"Yes, Finy. This evening, as we laid old Eli in his coffin, I gave it up, and resolved that when we are married we will stay on in the dear old house with our parents."

An earnest pressure of the hand expressed Josephine's answer and thanks.

"Yes, Finy, I grew ashamed of my selfishness and

pride as I looked at the dear old man who lived so poor and died so rich. We will stay with our parents, and honour them, and work for them all their lives! In the spring I will build a small addition to the house, so that there will be room for us all to live comfortably in it. For, Finy, I am richer than I wrote to you, and have brought a good bit of money home; but I will give it all to mother at once, or I will be tempted into doing something stupid with it. Father and mother and Swiss Anna have worked hard all their lives, and they shall have a rest now, and enjoy the remainder of their days. For, 'to requite their parents, that is good and acceptable before God' (1 Tim. v. 4). I learned that text long ago in the pastor's confirmation class, and it came to-night all at once into my head and my heart."

"O Tony, if our dear Eli could hear you now he would rejoice over you!"

"Do you see that falling star, Finy, and do you know what it says to you?"

"No, Tony; I never heard that they meant anything."

"Did you not? Well, they say that when we see a falling star at the moment when we are wishing something good, it is as if it said, Thy wish is fulfilled! So, my Finy, perhaps Eli has heard me. But," he continued, after a pause, "if Eli did not hear me God did; and you must pray for me, Finy, that I may have grace to do all that I have vowed to him."

And within, in the little parlour, Anton Lindfelder was saying to his wife: "Do you remember, wife, what you said to me that time when we thought we should have to leave our house, and I behaved so unreasonably about it?"

"No, Antony; how should I remember? That is many years ago."

"You said then, it did not so much matter whether we had a happy life, the great thing to strive for was a blessed death. Yes, Salome, you said just that; I remember it as if it were yesterday."

"Well, and if I did say it, father, was I so far wrong?"

"At that time, I confess it, I thought you were talking nonsense. But since I have seen Eli die, and specially to-night as we laid him in his coffin, I felt it was true, that we can and should wish nothing better for ourselves than a blessed death. And that God gives that to the poor as well as to the rich, we have seen in our dear old friend."

Mrs. Lindfelder, deeply moved, held out her hand to her husband, who held it long clasped in his. And that night, when he had gone to bed, she went once more into Eli's room, and, kneeling by the bedside, thanked God, with tears of joy, for the blessing he had sent into their house with old Eli. And it was wonderful, only when she rose did she observe that Josephine had been kneeling by her side, as on that other evening long ago, and that Tony's prayers and Joseph's too had mingled with theirs! An offering well pleasing in the sight of God!

aturday Swiss Anna, accompanied by Josephine children, made a pilgrimage to the churchyard, grave. Hammy carried a spade and rake, Dresy a can filled with water, and little Lena a basket of hyacinth roots and cuttings of plants which she bought from a nursery garden: "For he must have a bed of flowers, as he often told me they made graves in his place" (she meant in Herrnhut), and said on the funeral day.

She was to keep her word to her old friend, and smooth the surface of the mound, and turn it into a bed of flowers; but her hands trembled, and were blinded with tears, so that she was glad to leave the spade and rake to the willing Hammy, and leave the planting of the flowers to Josephine. Dren watered them from his can, and Lena busied herself picking off the stones.

The grave-digger stood watching them with friendly interest, and Anna turned to him and begged: "Keep this next Eli's grave for me; for you will see he is to fetch me very soon. It seems as if I could no longer now he is gone."

"No, old Anna," said Tony, who had just joined them, and set to work busily to help, "you must not fret; that would be too sad. We will give you the love we gave to Eli, and make your old age as happy. And we could not miss you at the wedding; your hands must place the bridal wreath on the head."

Thought of the marriage of her two favourites did cheer old Anna. She smiled through her tears and answered: "It is very good of you, Tony; and I love you and Josephine and all the others in my life. But you must not think it strange should still wish rather to go to Eli. I would be with you, I know that; but, God be praised! I am too old that I will be far, far better off in heaven."

CONCLUSION.

After he passed quickly and busily with our friends, as he was preparing to begin work on his own account, spring, and to build the addition to the house. "With holy zeal," as Anna said, he wished that his hands should no longer go to the factory, nor Finy to the toilers, nor Anna to the market. But his good father taught him better, and told him that "idle hands are the devil's workshop;" and she thought it would be better that he should continue at their accustomed work, and not let his hands rest prematurely. And when Tony bought a piece of ground, close by his parents' garden, he made his workshop, and made an estimate of the building it, he saw to his astonishment that his hands would be barely enough; so he gladly fell in with the simple ways and work of the household. The father now slept again in the little room they had given to Eli; but the little shelf over the bed was his place, and all continued faithfully to lay their

weekly offering in the can of honour, which was dear to each heart as a remembrance of their old friend. And they were none the poorer for that; for the Lord blessed their earnings, and they were no longer put into a bag with holes.

Old Anna had worked as hard as ever through the whole winter, and had carried many a basket of fruit and vegetables to the market, and brought home many a franc. Every Saturday she went to Eli's grave to tend the flowers there; and in the winter she covered them carefully with moss. She often spoke of Eli, and said that since his death she felt more sure that the Lord Jesus loved her too a little, that she could pray better now, and think more calmly of her own approaching end. Every evening Josephine had to read something aloud to her,—"Eli's verses," and oftentimes those he had repeated in his last days,—and over and over again the stories of poor Lazarus and of the prodigal son; and then she would say, "O Finy, if I were only like Lazarus and the prodigal son, and if the angels would come soon to fetch me as they fetched Lazarus and Eli!"

And in the spring, when the flowers bloomed on Eli's grave, and the sweet-scented hyacinth bells rose out of the green moss, then the grave-digger prepared Swiss Anna's last resting-place. The Lord in his mercy spared her the death struggle, with all its bitterness. She was taken away in a moment, also on a Saturday evening, as she was sitting with Josephine under the apple-tree, watching Tony fix upon its trunk an ebony tablet upon which the father had carved the date of Eli's death, and the word Ebenezer.

Great was the shock of Anna's sudden death, and great the sorrow over it. Josephine in particular refused to be comforted, and poor Tony wept as he had never done in his life before. They all felt just as Anna herself had done at Eli's death, as if they had never known before how dear she was to them. She looked so beautiful—almost triumphant—on the bed of death, honest old Swiss Anna! after the hard work and the weary day's labour! Good true soul, thou hast been faithful over little; the Lord has called thee in love, and we will not grieve thee thy rest!

The addition to the Lindfelders' house is now completed, and home-like and pleasant it looks, outside and in. In the workshop adjoining Tony is busily at work. He employs several apprentices now, a sign that he has got plenty of work, and can earn his bread honestly. The father goes back and forward, helps a little at the work, and superintends the apprentices. Dresy has hopes of educating himself to be a teacher; and Hammy is to learn cabinetmaking. Lena has meanwhile grown into a lovely, blooming girl. In the house Josephine works quietly and diligently by the side of the good mother, who now goes no more to the factory. Who knows! perhaps, like Naomi, she hopes soon to take a child into her bosom, to be a nurse to it and to enjoy the

pleasures of a grandmother. If it be so, may God bless the faithful mother in her children and her children's children, as he has promised in his Word: "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them

that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them" (Psalm ciii. 17, 18).

LESSONS FROM LIFE—FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.—WE DON'T NEED PAPA.



ABOUT fourteen years ago, in the great city of Glasgow, lived Mr. Tonar, with his wife and six children. The ages of the children ranged from two to thirteen years. The two elder were well advanced with their education, and had become, in some measure, companions to their parents, entering with some degree of intelligence and sympathy into all the family plans and prospects. It was a new experience and a great delight to the parents when the elder children became capable of comprehending, to some extent, the measures adopted for the welfare of the family. They accordingly made companions and, as it were, counsellors of those that had, to this extent, attained the years of discretion. The children, on their part, made their parents their chief confidants and friends.

Mr. Tonar's business made it necessary for him to leave home frequently for two or three days at a time. One season these journeys had occurred more frequently than usual, and had also been more prolonged. The elder children missed their father's company, and longed for his return. Coming home from school one afternoon, they found him in the lobby with great-coat on, and travelling-bag packed up, and all in readiness for another journey. Disappointed and displeased, they exclaimed with one voice, in a tone of complaint, "O papa! you are always going away." A little one of four, who had not been at school, and had come into the lobby to see what was going on, hearing her sisters' exclamation, and by no means sympathizing with it, answered in accents of decided self-satisfaction and independence,—“What do you complain about? We don't need papa!”

She had observed—for even at that tender age children begin to lay things together, and to reason vigorously from such premises as they have—that everything went on very well in the absence of her father. She remembered that the milk and the bread were forthcoming as regularly and as plentiful when he was away as when he was at home. Warm clothes were provided; and if anything gave way, it was as promptly mended as if her father had been close at hand. Nay, even while he was in the house she never saw him carrying home the groceries, or cooking the dinner, or washing the clothes. And, accordingly, she thought she was not indebted to him for any of her comforts. For that

part of it, if she had mother, and Betty, and her eldest sister, she thought she might get along as well without papa as with him.

The elder children knew better. They were aware that although their father's hand was not seen providing and preparing the daily meals, and buying and making the garments, yet he gained and gave all. Although the servants of the house brought home the provisions, and cooked them, and carried them up, yet their father provided and paid for all;—that, without their father, they could not obtain home, and food, and clothes, and books. They had as much intelligence and experience as to know that they owed all to their father, although they did not see his hand providing anything. Although Betty brought in the rolls and spread the breakfast, and put on their clothes, they owed breakfast, and clothes, and Betty too, to their father. They loved him accordingly, and were happy in his company, and were sorry to see him going away.

In defence of the little one, however, let me say, that she was not lacking in love to her father. It was in knowledge, and not in affection, that her defect lay. Her ignorance, too, was owing to her infancy. She does not now, at the age of eighteen, entertain the opinion which she expressed at the age of four. She knows now that she needs papa; and does *not* know how she could do without him in the world. But, not knowing how it will be done, she yet believes that our Father in heaven will provide. But in the meantime, when childhood is past, that childish thing has passed away with it, and no member of the family is more deeply convinced of papa's usefulness, or clings more fondly to his neck when he is setting out on a journey.

It would appear that mankind at large are divided, like that family, into two sections—the intelligent and the unintelligent. One portion—not indeed the youngest, but the most presumptuous, seeing no hand of God stretched down from the sky to lay our bread upon our table—say they have no need of God. The laws of nature are enough for them. By aid of these laws they will help themselves. Does not the field produce our food, and the air supply our breath, and the sun give us light; and why should we pray to God for these things? Oh, when will these children learn that “every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.”



The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

X.

PERSONAL ADORNING.

as adorning....let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."—1 PETER III. 3, 4.

IN our day some books and magazines devote themselves exclusively to female dress and ornament. When you open them you expect nothing but pictorial representations or artistic depictions of the newest fashions and the most red adornments. But the Bible! when you to it, you consider that you bid farewell to these trifles, and plunge into the deepest things of the human spirit—plunge, in some measure, according to your capacity, even into the depths of God.

Here, in the Word of life, we have fallen upon a text that deals with female attire, concerning one style of adorning, and commending it. Let us listen to what our Maker says regarding the most becoming dress and the most effective ornaments. He who formed our earth, and breathed into them living souls, knows best what we should put on, in order to fit his workmanship to the best advantage. Our Father in heaven when he tells us what our apparel will make his children beautiful. God loves beauty of every kind,—both the beauty of nature and the beauty of holiness. How do we know that? Because everything that God makes is beautiful. There is nothing ugly in creation as it comes from his hands. All the works of God are useful indeed; but all are ornamental too. The tree shows lovely flowers but it bears nourishing fruit. Such is creation in the whole. Flowers and fruit are everywhere combined. The sky, whether it is studded with stars by night, or strewn with fleecy clouds by

day, is beautiful. The dome of heaven is grander than any that men have ever made. The carpet that covers the ground is studded with flowers, as well as the canopy that overhangs our dwelling. What work of man is so exquisitely ornamented as the leopard's skin, and the butterfly's wing? Our works of taste are nothing but imitations, more or less successful, of the patterns which have been given to us in the mount—in the higher sphere of creative art. The chief works of our greatest masters are not original. The sunset, the sea, the landscape, outspread on canvas, and hanging in royal halls, on which successive generations have gazed admiring, are only copies, more or less accurately, taken from the divine originals.

The works of nature are beautiful on all sides—and on all sides alike beautiful. It is not a bright exterior, and a rough ungainly interior; it is not a polished side to the public road, and a slovenly rubble wall on the shaded side. True beauty is beauty all over, whether any observing eye should see it or not. Nor is the most elaborate design or the most exquisite colour reserved for the most enduring objects. The snow crystals, and the frosted tracery on the windows, are as perfect in design and execution as the monarchs of the forest that outlast fifty human generations.

Man is the chief of God's works, and enjoys most of his care. Man was placed highest, but has fallen from his high estate. He was made most beautiful, but has disfigured himself by sin. When his best work was damaged, the Creator did not give it up, and give it over. He framed

a plan to restore. He desires to have his own image renewed. He desires to look upon his world again with complacency, and to call it good.

When the prodigal returned to his father, he was in a wretched plight. He bore the marks of his sin and misery. His countenance was wan through want, and his clothing was filthy rags. The swineherd bore traces of his mean employment when he appeared again in his father's sight. Bring forth the fairest robe, and put it on him: put a ring on his finger, and shoes on his feet. The father gave commandment for becoming ornaments as well as the necessary covering. Thus our Father in heaven, when we return to him, sees us defiled and dishonoured; but when we return, he will not permit us to remain in an unsightly and dishonoured plight. He will make his adopted children fit for their place and their company. He will make them like the children of a king. Beggars come to Christ; but none remain beggars in his presence.

A man of feeble intellect, in the north of Scotland, was wont, like most of his class, to be very slovenly in his appearance. To this weakling the gospel of Christ came in power. He accepted God's covenant love, and found himself a child of the family. Soon after this change the minister met him on a Sabbath morning, and was struck with his unwonted cleanness, and the efforts he had made in his own fashion to ornament his person. Accosting him kindly, the minister said, "You are braw to-day, Sandy." "He was braw Himself the day," replied Sandy reverently; meaning that Jesus, when he rose from the grave on the first day of the week, was arrayed in the divine glory, and the beauty of holiness. The Lord on high, who rejoices to receive the little ones, would, methinks, be pleased to see Sandy's Sunday clothes, and to hear Sandy's simple answer.

When a gold coin of the kingdom has by long usage lost the image and superscription of the king, they bring it back to the sovereign from whom it originally issued. The king will renew and restore. None other can. But the process cannot be accomplished by rubbing the surface. The defaced coin must be cast into the furnace and melted. Then it is recast, and comes out a

new creature. In the act of renewing, the king's image is restored. By such a process, and not otherwise, may God's image be renewed in a soul that has lost it by sin. Put off the old man, and put on the new.

There is a true analogy between physical beauty and spiritual holiness. In all languages the same names are applied to both. These parallels abound on all sides. For example: truth is like a straight line, and falsehood like a crooked one. Every one comprehends easily what is meant by the great white throne. And the fine linen, clean and white, is expressly defined to be "the righteousness of saints."

"This man," said the Pharisees—speaking with their lips a truth which they did not comprehend—"this man receiveth sinners." Yea, *receiveth* sinners. On this side they are poured in sinners; on that side, they emerge saints. Who are these, then, who stand around the throne in white clothing, with palms in their hands? These are they who entered at the gospel call, in filthy rags, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

Peter in this text undertakes to tell how the uncomely may be rendered beautiful. Here is the true adorning; and it is for us,—for all. Whosoever will, let him take it. The call of the gospel compels the homeless, naked, hungry wanderers to come into the banqueting hall; and if any one is found there without the wedding garment, his want is due to his own obstinacy, for the King offers it free to all his guests.

Still deeper goes the apostle's thought when he arrives at the details of the recommended ornaments. "Not that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel;" what then? "Let it be the *hidden man of the heart*." Strange prescription! when the guests, picked up from the highways and hedges in all their rudeness and rags, must be made fit to sit at the King's table. Get them suitably adorned at once. How? "The hidden man" in the heart of each. So then the ornament which will make human beings really comely, is called "the man." What man? The hidden man. He is himself invisible, and yet it is his indwelling that will make the wearer's face to shine.

Adam was the first man: he was beautiful as he came from his Maker's hands, but he was not hidden. He was the visible head of the nation, when God pronounced it good. Before him unseen was another Man—the original pattern Man—in whose image Adam was made. Adam was but a copy of the divine original. Adam was disfigured by his fall into sin.

Then, it was not another copy taken, which might have been spoilt like the first, but the hidden Man himself who came into the world, and called himself to restore humanity.

When he had finished transgression and made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting righteousness, he ascended again to heaven, and remains hidden from our sight. But he who says, "It is expedient for you that I go away," also, "Lo, I am with you always." It is not dwelling in a Christian that makes him beautiful. It is not Lo, here, or lo, there; the kingdom of God is within you. The apostolic mission, "Christ in you, the hope of glory," explains how the hidden man of the heart imitates more than earth-born winsomeness to the maintenance and the life of those who walk with him in the world.

There is a whole Christ in every disciple who is up to his privileges, as there is a whole sun in the cup of every flower that opens to his shining. Suppose the sun should say to the flowers, "Lo, I am with you always," and afterwards remain high in the heavens; the flowers could not explain that the sun had broken his promise. It is expedient for them that he should remain distant: by remaining distant he is able to dwell in the heart of each, its light and life. It is thus with our Sun of Righteousness: "If any man loves me, I will come in."

When this ornament is worn in the heart with its beauty is seen on the outward life. I once met with an unexpected and interesting illustration of this principle, in the Gobelin Tapestry factory near Paris. The web, in course of construction, was suspended perpendicularly from the ceiling to the floor. The operator was concealed behind it. Beside him—for I was permitted to look within the veil to inspect his work—he had a picture by a master on canvas. At every head that he shot through the extended work,

he took another look of this picture. He was reproducing on the external surface of the web, feature by feature, the picture, in this case of a royal personage, which he kept beside himself under the veil unseen. He continually looked at his hidden pattern, and continually advanced with the visible duplicate, that grew into form and beauty in his hands.

The sight, with the thought which it suggested, startled me. Here is the picture of a true Christian life. The workman's business is to make his visible life an epistle of Jesus Christ. But he must have the model beside himself—within. On this pattern he must frequently look, that he may reproduce outwardly the exact features of the original. When it is Christ in you—"the hidden man of the heart"—some faint but true features of the Lord will be legible on your life and spirit.

In general, a likeness of Christ is in the life of a Christian; and, in particular, "a meek and quiet spirit." This is not the only ornament which the children of the family put on; but it is one of the most decisive marks of their birth-right and their station. It was the feature which the Lord expressly specified, when he invited his disciples to imitate his ways: "Learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart" (Matt. xi. 29). As this is the most characteristic feature of a disciple, it is, perhaps, as the world goes, the most difficult to acquire and exhibit. But though it be the chief, it is not the only fruit and evidence of faith. Indeed, if it stood alone, it would not be so precious. It must have others to lean upon. It so happens that in the specific case recorded in the Acts, in which the world outside recognized by the conduct of the apostles that they were Christ's, it was the opposite quality of courage that constituted the distinguishing feature. It was when they saw the boldness of Peter and John that they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.

One of the instructions given by Paul for the conduct of life runs in these terms: "In the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life" (Phil. ii. 15, 16). The lantern of the lighthouse has many sides, and it revolves. It does not always present the same

side to the observer. The sides, moreover, may be of different colours, so that now the lantern throws over the waters a white, now a green, and now a red light,—all lights and all useful, and all exhibited from the same beacon-tower; but all diverse, the one from the other. Thus stand Christians conspicuous—set on an hill, and seen from afar. As they turn round in the varied business of life, they display now one and now another grace of the Spirit; but if they are true, and not too much blotted by contact with the earth, on every side they give forth evidence that they have been with Jesus.

As a meek and quiet spirit is one of the most useful features to bring out of a believer's life, it is one of the most difficult to get in. When, in the processes of art, a new and beautiful colour is about to be transferred to a fabric, the hardest portion of the task sometimes is to discharge the dyes that are already there. A terrible process of scalding must be applied to take out the old, ere you can successfully impart the new. In like manner, the anger and pride and selfishness that have first possession, present the greatest obstacle to the infusion of a meek and gentle spirit into a man. If there be a royal, there is certainly no easy, road to this consummation. Nothing will suffice but the old apostolic prescription—"Put off the old man, put on the new."

It is a striking, bold, and original conception, to propose that an ornament should be hidden in the heart. Ordinarily, we understand that an ornament, from its very nature, must be worn in a conspicuous position. When it is hidden, how useful and valuable soever it may be, it ceases to be an adorning. But in the spiritual sphere the law is reversed. That which is put on makes the wearer loathsome: that which is hidden within makes him beautiful. Meekness is spoiled when it is set up for show. The bloom was rubbed off from the devotion of the Pharisees, when it was exposed at the corner of the streets: their charity was soured by the sound of a trumpet, like milk in a thunderstorm. The meekness that is hidden is the meekness that adorns. When it is not hidden, it is no longer meekness.

This ornament, moreover, is incorruptible. This epithet is peculiarly relevant. With the

exception of the metals and minerals, ornaments are, for the most part, perishable commodities. Rain soils them; the sun burns their beauty out. In the accidents of life, they are worn or torn, or stolen or lost. The rose and lily that bloom on the cheek are not perennial; the wrinkles of age are creeping on to drive them off and take their place. All these adornings are corruptible; this text recommends one that will never fade. Age makes it mellow, but not less sweet. As it is not a colour of the decaying body, but a grace of the immortal spirit, it will pass unharmed through the dark valley, and bloom in greater beauty on the other side. It will make the ransomed from among men very comely in the eyes of angels, when they stand together round the throne, and serve their common Lord.

One grand concern with buyers is to obtain garments that will last—garments whose fabric will not waste, and whose colours will not fade. There is one Seller in the great market of the world who assures the permanence of his wares. Hear ye him! "Buy of me gold tried in the fire, that ye may be rich; and white raiment, that ye may be clothed." In this apparel the redeemed shall shine, when the sun shall have grown dim with age, and the stars fallen from heaven like unripe figs.

Yet another quality is noticed of the recommended adorning,—it is *costly*. In the sight of God, and of the godly, it is "of great price." In the market of the world, alas! we, like inexperienced children, are often cheated. We pay a great price for that which is of no value. We are often caught by the glitter, and accept a base metal for gold. He who counts this ornament precious knows its worth.

The righteousness of the saints is dear to God in a double sense. It is both beloved and costly. "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass;" but it was not possible. "He saved others; himself he cannot save." The price must be paid. The just gave himself for the unjust. The beauty of a new nature, and an immortal life for fallen man were bought with a great price. The "unspeakable gift" of God was laid down to obtain it. It cost the Redeemer much to get the "filthiness purged out" of his people, and get them made meet for the inheritance of the

in light. Nothing shall enter that de-
the bride shall be adorned to meet her
nd.


ransomed of the Lord, when they come
n, will constitute the crown that adorns
Redeemer's brow. These are the jewels
ich he paid an unspeakable price, and which
l wear as his crown of rejoicing in that day.

The practical lesson is very clear and very
forcible. We should be fellow-workers with
God in keeping off, or casting off, with all dili-
gence, every spot from our own hearts and lives,
which the Lord that bought us would not like
to look upon. "Blessed are the pure in heart :
for they shall see God."

Songs in the Night.

I.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

 HE Autumn winds may come with voice of
sadness

Along the golden-tinted forest aisles,
And, with their wings of death, quench all
the gladness

Summer gave them with its thousand smiles ;
en the trees are left all bleak and hoary,
1 once the sobbing blasts their leaves have riven,
their naked branches, robed in glory
an behold more clear the stars of heaven.

2 the world's affections are concealing,
ith a darkened veil, a higher heaven,
ed we chide or mourn, if in revealing
ories God must have that curtain riven ?
s no darling joy or earthly pleasure
h he in love takes from our blinded eyes,
ll reveal to us a nobler treasure
endent in the far-off peaceful skies.

hat the bruised reed shall not be broken,
r that thy griefs are also all his own :
urning prayer of faith, although unspoken,
t beside the rainbow-compassed throne.

The fervent glimpses of thy life's deep story
That shall ascend from off thy trembling lips,
Are strangely woven in that flood of glory
That shall outlive this darkened world's eclipse.


Know that the gloomy tempest of affliction
Shall bring behind it more than earthly calm,
When on thy soul shall fall God's benediction,
Like voice of sweet and far-off holy psalm.
And through thy raptured being shall come steal-
ing

A peaceful joy, like music on the sea,
Which shall thy spirit heal, again revealing
The gleam that lit the waves of Galilee.

There is a joy which only sons of sorrow
Can feel far down within their stricken souls ;
And brighter far shall be the glorious morrow
The darker now the gloom that o'er thee rolls.
Then wait the dawn of that undying splendour,
And let thy spirit sing throughout the night,
And on thine ear shall fall in music tender—
"At evening time," sweet soul, "it shall be light."

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR."

 HEN the death of Keble was announced,
one friend wrote to another in these terms :
"I suppose that no man has died in Eng-
land within our memory who has been so
y loved, and whose memory will be had in such
reverence by so many good men." There was, no
some natural exaggeration there, but it is cer-
at outside the circle of those who personally
im there were very many everywhere who had
d to feel a warm and affectionate interest in the
of "The Christian Year," on account of the at-
: qualities of that book ; and the news of his

removal sent a thrill through all the land. That there
should have arisen a demand for the "Life" of such a
man was, of course, to have been expected ; and one of
his oldest and dearest friends, Sir John Coleridge, the
father of the Attorney-General, undertook to meet it.
In some respects he has done the work well, but in
others the biography is a failure. Sir John, in the
excess of his modesty, is for ever protesting his un-
fitness for the task, and thus doing the very thing
he deprecates,—obtruding himself on the reader's
notice. And it is a grave defect in such a biography
that Pusey is scarcely introduced at all, and that

the events connected with the secession of Newman are spoken of with an air of as much reticence and mystery, as if the secession itself had taken place in a corner. Keble, Pusey, and Newman were the originators of the Oxford movement of 1833—they were literally the first "Tractarians"—the responsibility connected with the publication of the famous tract "No. 90," which brought things to a crisis, was avowedly shared by all the three; and to have been obliged to make that part of Keble's life a blank where it mingled with the lives of his two chief friends was, in the circumstances, a lamentable necessity. Perhaps it is too strong to say that it is a new case of the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out; but we speak within bounds when we affirm that, owing, as it seems to us, very much to the morbid delicacy of his biographer, we are still left without the means of forming a complete estimate of one of the most interesting men of modern times.

The facts connected with his external history are easily told. He was born in 1792 at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, his father being at the time the vicar of Coln St. Aldwins, a neighbouring parish. Having received at home from his father the elements of a good education, he went in his fifteenth year to Oxford, and competed successfully for a scholarship in Corpus Christi College. From that time to his death his connection with the university continued to be exceedingly intimate. In course of time he took his degree with first-class honours both in classics and mathematics. He formed friendships with Arnold, Coleridge, and others, which affected more or less his whole after-life. And at various periods he held the offices of fellow and tutor of Oriel, examining master, and professor of poetry. He was ordained deacon in 1815, and priest just a year after, but for several years he undertook no regular ministerial work of his own. The precarious health alike of his father and sisters made it seem to him right that he should be as much with them as possible, and he was content to labour in a desultory way, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, but always with Fairford as a centre to fall back upon. The greatest event of his history was reached in the end of 1826, when "The Christian Year" was given to the world. Its value was recognized at once, and it has never lost its hold since. Up to January 1854, 108,000 copies had been issued in forty-three editions; and within nine months of the author's death seven new editions were exhausted, comprising 11,000 copies in all. This great success could not but encourage him to devote more time to literature, and his works came by-and-by to be somewhat numerous. In poetry he published "*Lyra Innocentium*," or Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, their Ways and their Privileges,"—which Sir John Coleridge thinks in some respects superior to "The Christian Year," but the world has not agreed with him in this estimate, and the book is rather neglected. There have also been issued of his, "The Psalter, or Psalms of David in English Verse," and a volume of Miscellaneous Poems. In

prose, his chief works are "The Life of Bishop Wilson," and a treatise "On Eucharistical Adoration." All the others (with the exception of his Latin lectures as professor of poetry) are sermons, or tracts, or articles, many of which might be called ephemeral, but that they have a permanent historical interest in connection with the rise in England of Anglo-Catholicism. The death of Keble's father, at the age of ninety, in 1835, at last broke his connection with Fairford, and he accepted some time after a presentation to the vicarage of Hursley, a parish in the vicinity of Winchester, in which he had previously served for a short time as curate. Here he found his final resting-place. The delicacy of his wife's health and of his own necessitated frequent changes to milder regions, and he occasionally spent long periods at such places as Torquay and Penzance. He travelled, too, now and again, and paid visits to Switzerland and Scotland. But his home was Hursley, and by far the most interesting chapters in his life, to us, are those in which he is exhibited as the earnest and laborious parochial minister. Death came to him very unexpectedly, when he was on one of the many health trips which he had to take for the sake of Mrs. Keble. While he and other friends were watching for her removal, a sudden stroke laid himself low, and he died at Bournemouth on the 29th of March 1866.

It is as a Christian poet that Keble is best known, and that chiefly as the author of "The Christian Year." That book appeared seven years before Puseyism was heard of, and it was a happy circumstance its publication so early. For if the author had delayed issuing it until the time when he became so pronounced an Anglican as to be ready to vindicate a tract so objectionable in every way as "No. 90," there are many chances to one that it would have had a very much stronger flavour of Catholicism than it has, and would in consequence have met with a very much less hearty welcome in evangelical circles. Keble was always a Tory in politics and a High Churchman. Very early he showed a keen animus against Milton because he was a Puritan, and a corresponding preference for others because they were Cavaliers. And "The Christian Year," in its whole construction, reveals the stand-point of the writer. But there are marvelously few sentiments in the book with which Low Churchmen cannot sympathize; and approving itself thus to the Christian heart and conscience everywhere, it is not wonderful that it should have been accepted as a contribution to the literature of the universal Church. About one stanza only has there ever been awakened anything like bitterness of feeling; and we regret extremely that, in the later editions, the version adopted is that which sectarianizes the work. As first issued, one of the verses in the piece, called "Gunpowder Treason" ran thus:—

'O come to our communion feast;
There present, in the heart
Not in the hands, th' eternal Priest
Will his true self impart."

Keble meant to say in the third line was, that is present "not (only) in the hands;" and when attention was called to the inference which was drawn from his language—namely, that it favoured angelical as against the ritualistic view of the Supper—he was accustomed to defend himself using like usages of speech with his own from the press and elsewhere. To all appeals, however, to the words, he turned a deaf ear; and it was only very last, when what he considered to be an unable controversial use was made of the line in question, that he consented to the change, which was after his death by his executors. The stanza now runs:—

"O come to our communion feast;
There present, in the heart
As in the hands, th' eternal Priest
Will his true self impart."

There is certainly no doubt now as to the doctrine in the poem. It is clearly that of Mr. Bennett's. But we must repeat our regret that the correction has been made. With the fuller knowledge possessed of Mr. Keble's sentiments, there was no excuse for our misinterpreting his views on the Eucharist; and for himself, he had all his life-long been content to let the verse stand as he originally wrote it. The negligible effect of the change actually effected is, it makes the line needlessly grate on the feelings of the devoutest of his admirers.

Who who have attempted to read at one sitting a selection of the "Olney Hymns," will readily testify that he does not need the initial letters at the end in order to be able to say which piece is Cowper's and which Keble's. In Newton's hymns the piety is generally more conspicuous than the poetry. In Cowper's there is something wanting a nameless charm, which is like the brightness of a flower. Keble had, in a high degree, that which appears in the hymns of Cowper. There are pieces in "The Christian Year" very much better than these, and in not a few of them there are stanzas which are prosaic and flat. But the work, as a whole, is remarkably even, and on very many pages are lines so exquisitely beautiful that they lay hold at once on the memory and imagination of all who can patiently read them. What, for example, could be more than these?—

"We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farwell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

which has now found a place in every book of devotion in the English tongue,—

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die."

Like all true poets, Keble was keenly susceptible of impressions produced by natural objects, and his pieces everywhere show traces of this. For example,—

"Of the bright things in earth and air,
How little can the heart embrace!
Soft shades and gleaming lights are there—
I know it well, but cannot trace.

"Mine eye unworthy seems to read
One page of Nature's beauteous book;
It lies before me fair outspread—
I only cast a wishful look.

"I cannot paint to Memory's eye
The scene, the glance I dearest love;
Unchanged themselves, in me they die,
Or faint, or false, their shadows prove.

"The distant landscape draws not nigh
For all our gazing; but the soul
That upward looks may still descry
Nearer each day the brightening goal."

The rhythm of the following verse is as beautiful as the thought which it expresses,—

"The scent of water far away
Upon the breeze is flung;
The desert pelican to-day
Securely leaves her young:
Reproving thankless man, who fears
To journey on a few lone years
Where on the sand Thy step appears,
The crown in sight is hung.

And this, it seems to us, is exquisite,—

"What is the heaven we idly dream?
The self-deceiver's dreary theme,
A cloudless sun that softly shines,
Bright maidens and unfailing vines,
The warrior's pride, the hunter's mirth,
Poor fragments all of this low earth:
Such as to sleep would hardly soothe
A soul that once had tasted of immortal truth.

"What is the heaven our God bestows?
No prophet yet, no angel knows;
Was never yet created eye
Could see across Eternity;
Not seraph's wing for ever soaring
Can pass the flight of souls adoring,
That nearer still and nearer grow
To th' unapproached Lord once made for them so low."

We can make room only for two more extracts. The first is the opening verse of a hymn for Good Friday,—

"Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort than an angel's mirth?"

That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn."

The other appears in connection with the text, "Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away."

"My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing thee?
The watchful mother tarries nigh,
Should sleep have closed her infant's eye;
For should he wake and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.
But I am weaker than a child,
And thou art more than mother dear;
Without thee heaven were but a wild.
How can I live without thee here!"

Sir John Coleridge roundly asserts that "The Christian Year" has made Keble "the Sacred Poet of the Nation." It is a big affirmation, and we shall not commit ourselves by absolutely endorsing it. But we cannot hesitate to say that in that collection there are passages which, for purity of thought, and beauty of diction, and elevation of feeling, and true poetic colouring and glow, are unsurpassed in any other volume in the English language. If God sends us our Singers, certainly Keble came with a mission from above.

But there are other lights in which the author of "The Christian Year" must be looked at. He was a parish minister, for one thing; and for another, he played a great part in one of the most momentous movements of the age. As we should like to end this paper with a pleasant impression of the subject of it, we shall notice his work as a controversialist first.

The university system of Oxford and Cambridge makes very inadequate provision for the systematic theological training of candidates for orders. A man who has taken his degree is, *ipso facto*, entitled to apply for ordination, and although he will be examined, of course, to some extent in divinity, he may always get what he asks without being able to show that he has studied theology as he has studied classics. Thus it is quite usual to find in clerical biographies that their subjects have begun to acquaint themselves in earnest with their own proper science after they have been called practically to apply it. There are some indications that this was the case with Keble. When he entered the ministry he was a *scholar* in the academic sense; but he did not, or we are mistaken, know much of those great systems which the learning and piety of generations have conspired to construct; and hence we cannot admit for a moment that he was entitled to speak as he did either of the doctrines of the Evangelicals within his own communion, or of those still more unfortunate individuals who are outside the three "Catholic" Churches altogether. The following definition of Luther's "*Articulus Stantis aut Cadentis Ecclesie*," for example, might have been excusable from a layman's lips, but what can one say for it as delivered by a clergyman of thirty years' standing in the ministry:

"The tradition which goes by the name of Justification by Faith, and which in reality means that one who has sinned and is sorry for it is as if he had not sinned, blights and benumbs one in every limb, in trying to make people aware of their real state." If Keble had been a skilled theologian, as he certainly was an honest one, he would never even incidentally have undertaken the responsibility of uttering so absurd a caricature as that. Nor, we believe, would he have expressed himself as he does regarding his fellow-Christians in Scotland. We shall see immediately how tender he could be with the Papists; but it is clear that Presbyterians were viewed by him with a sort of horror as outer barbarians. "The Kirks," he writes in 1853, when making a tour north of the Border, "the Kirks, and the manner in which they defile and insult the sacred places—for example, Jedburgh Abbey—are even more horrid than I had expected. I would not be in one of them at service time on any consideration. They proclaim aloud, every inch of them, 'Down with the altar.' The true churches, except the ruins, seem few and far between.....As to Melrose, I like it altogether the best of any ruin I ever saw.....I suspect the Presbyterian Teacher there is afraid of the effect of the abbey on people's minds, as he has built up a high wall in his garden to obstruct the view where he could"! All this is spoken quite seriously, and sounds to us somewhat silly. But it just illustrates the state of ignorance in which he was kept by the sort of training under which he was brought up, and the distortion of vision produced by the prejudices of High Churchism. "The Presbyterian Teacher," as he is contemptuously styled, had, we venture to guess, quite other ends to serve in rearing his garden wall than that of shutting out the light of Melrose Abbey; and as for the "Kirks," at which good Mr. Keble shudders as if they were heathen temples, there were certainly some of them into which God had condescended to enter, and in which there had been an abundant gathering of the fruits of the Spirit. It is not unreasonable to test a theory sometimes by looking at the character of its practical issues. Abstractly, it may sound very nice to talk of a Church Authority received from Christ, and transmitted unimpaired from primitive times; but that theory does not look so attractive when one sees it applied. The narrowness which leads a man to unchurch all but the Episcopal denominations, and to pronounce Father Newman a truer minister of God than M'Cheyne, is something so utterly unlike what one would have expected from the Founder of Christianity, and so repulsive in itself, that, however logically perfect the theory may seem to be, we could not possibly accept it on account of the shocking character of its conclusions.

There is indeed, to us, something intensely melancholy in this controversial chapter of Keble's history, and we are heartily glad that we can separate it so entirely from the book which has gained for him so warm a place in so many hearts. It is no mistake

which has made the whole Protestant world claim "The Christian Year" as its own. That book was really written from the heart of Protestantism, and there actually came a time when its author himself became so "Catholic" to sympathize with it. "When I wrote it," he tells Sir John Coleridge, "I did not understand to mention no other points) either the doctrine of repentance or that of the Holy Eucharist—as held, for example, by Bishop Ken—nor that of Justification; and such points as these must surely make a great difference." He is arguing in defence of a new volume of poems which he proposed to publish, and which contained a piece in honour of the Virgin Mary, at which even his High Church biographer stumbled. "Why," he said, "should there be any objection to such a piece in such a work? The new volume is not to be judged by the old. I have advanced beyond it; and the poems of the latter issue may fairly contain what will make that manifest." We admit the validity of his arguments, and we are glad that the question was ever raised; for again we say, it allows us to think of "The Christian Year" as the efflorescence of a mind that had not yet been corrupted by the baleful influence of Tractarianism.

Mr. Keble, as has already been said, was born and bred a High Churchman, and all his surroundings at college contributed to confirm his early impressions. While, therefore, he continued through life to be a devout student of the Word, the idea of "THE CHURCH" always more or less coloured his ecclesiastical horizon. Hence his study of the Fathers—hence his interest in the apostolic succession—and hence his union with others in 1833 in a movement, the object of which was the restoration of the Church of England to its place in the "Catholic" system. The part he played in this last connection was particularly conspicuous. Newman and others expressly declare him to have been the true and primary author of the movement. Certainly he was one of the originators of the celebrated "Tracts for the Times." And it is allowed, on all hands, that there was no man whose counsel was so much sought in those days, or who did more by his advice to shape the issues of the agitation. We have no intention, of course, of detailing the events of the period here; but it may help to vivify our impressions of the mischievous character of the Oxford "Revival," as it was called, if we look at that revival as it is illustrated in the conduct and teachings of one of those who were affected by it. The result in Keble's case was that he came virtually to adopt the leading doctrines of the Church of Rome, and to view that Church with a kindliness which made him appear quite out of place in any Protestant communion. This is putting it strongly; but the statement can be thoroughly established out of his biography.

For example, he taught that the Bible is not our only supreme rule of faith; but that we are bound also to bear the Voice of Tradition, the "*Quod semper, quod ubique, et quod ab omnibus*," of the early Church. His views of the Eucharist we have already noticed; and

here is how he applied these views in his own parish. In an address to the newly confirmed at Hursley, he says: "Let nothing tempt you to lose time about it [the holy communion]; but go directly to your minister, and tell him you wish to be prepared for it, if you have not done so already; for, *depend upon it, that bread is as necessary to your soul's life, as your daily bread is for the life of your body.*" Again, he says elsewhere: "Our one great grievance is the neglect of *Confession*." "Mr. Keble's power of fasting was very great, and for many years his own habit was to take no food on Fridays until evening." "He always received the holy communion fasting." Then, when the "Tracts for the Times" were projected, their chief aim was stated to be "the circulation of primitive notions regarding the apostolical succession," &c.,—notions, it will be remembered, which led naturally to the conclusion that all who are outside the Greek, Latin, and Anglican Churches are given over to the uncovenanted mercies of God.

"I remember," writes Sir John Coleridge, "on occasion of some early secessions to Rome, it was reported to have been said by Dr. Pusey, that however much he regretted it, he could not deny that some were to be anticipated. It was," adds Sir John, somewhat naively, "a sensible remark, if I may be allowed to say so." We venture to re-echo the sentiment. The remark was a sensible one—so sensible as to sound in our ears absolutely trite. Secessions to Rome could not but issue out of the Tractarian movement; and, worse than that, it could not but follow that many would be rendered mischievously disloyal who were restrained from taking the final step. It is almost with a feeling of bitterness that we notice the extent to which Keble was shaken. He loved, his biographer tells us, his own branch as, on the whole, a faithful representative of the primitive Church, but "the more she admitted what he called Puritanical doctrines or practices, the less loyal and dutiful could he be." "I deprecate," he says himself, "the word and the idea of Protestantism." "I suppose it is one's duty," he writes again, "to long for and aim at a kind of neutrality in one's judgment and demeanour towards Rome." "Much of our talk," says his biographer, describing a visit, "was respecting the honour due to the blessed Virgin, which it seemed to me he was desirous of raising as much too high as many among us were for reducing it too low." But a still more significant circumstance is mentioned by Dr. Newman, in the only letter which he contributes to the "Life." A remarkable meeting took place in 1868 between the three friends who had done most to Romanize the Church of England—Keble, Newman, and Pusey. Newman by that time was a Popish priest; and he speaks as if the conversation were somewhat constrained. But towards the end of the interview the subject was introduced of the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, and the following singular and suggestive incident occurred. "Mr. Gladstone's rejection at Oxford was talked of," says Newman, "and I said that I really thought that

had I been still a member of the University, I must have voted against him, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment. On this Keble gave me one of his remarkable looks, so earnest and so sweet, came close to me, and whispered in my ear, (I cannot recollect the exact words, but I took them to be,) 'And is not that just?' It left the impression on my mind that he had no great sympathy with the Establishment in Ireland as an Establishment, and was favourable to the Church of the Irish! The "Church of the Irish" is of course the Ultramontane Church, of which Cardinal Cullen is the chief ruler; and the impression conveyed to Father Newman's mind was that the author of "The Christian Year" had an affectionate interest in that communion, and would have had the national countenance given to it rather than to Protestantism. The attitude assumed here toward what we are accustomed to call the Apostasy, is so different from what seems natural and seemly on the part of one occupying the position of a minister in a Reformed Church, that one thinks with dismay of the extent to which the Bennetts and Mackonochies of the Church of England may fairly shelter themselves under Keble's shadow. Newman passed over to Rome, and his influence came to be exerted in a straightforward way. Keble and Pusey remained within the Church, and have done incalculably greater mischief, by familiarizing the people of England with the idea that Rome is not so black as it is called, and that the Reformation was an extravagance.

It is much the fashion in these days to sneer at "illiberality" and "intolerance," especially when these are displayed towards men who personally have been conscientious and earnest; and certainly there are few in connection with whose life one feels less disposition to speak strongly than of Keble. But it is impossible to be loyal to our common faith without openly lamenting the influence of this good man as a controversialist. It is vain to think we can consistently maintain any kind of neutrality with the Church of Rome. It is an insult to one's common sense to say that its possession of an unbroken line of bishops is to over-ride all other considerations whatsoever—that we are not to allow ourselves to think fatally ill of a system under which the Word of God is shut up, and the person and work of Christ obscured, and the idolatry of the Virgin encouraged and defended—and that it is any want of charity in Protestants to affirm that the man who has helped to reconcile the English people to the Papacy again, has not deserved well of his country. Popery has been a curse to all those lands which it has overshadowed. The Ritualism into which the High Churchism of Keble has effloresced cannot be distinguished from Popery, except in some unimportant particulars. And the great and really acceptable gift of "The Christian Year" can hardly be said to compensate for the legacy of evil which the Oxford "Revival" has left behind.

We turn, however, from this painful subject, to look

in closing at some more pleasant aspects of the biography. No one can wonder at Keble being personally loved by so many, who considers what is told about his private and domestic character. He was "home-loving and affectionate" as a boy; and such he appears to have continued to be all his days. His filial piety was something extraordinary. To be near his father, he abstained from marrying; he refused all ecclesiastical preferment, and undertook only such work as would not take him far from the parental roof. How warmly attached too he was to his sisters may be inferred from his speaking of them as "my wife, Elizabeth," and "my sweetheart, Mary-Anne." And long after his biographer had become a judge, he addresses him in his letters as "My dearest Coleridge."

It is also a most pleasant and instructive picture which is given of him as a parochial minister. To provide churches for his flock, he gave away a very large portion of his annual income; and the diligence, and thoughtfulness, and earnestness, which he displays in promoting the spiritual welfare of his parishioners, make him in these respects a model worthy of the imitation of all pastors, to whatever branch of the Church they may belong. "When he preached, it was with an affectionate, almost plaintive earnestness, which was very moving. His sermons were at all times full of that scriptural knowledge which was a remarkable quality in him as a divine. He was most scrupulous in going to the Sunday school from 9.15 to 10.30 in the morning, and from 2 to 3 in the afternoon. I think it might be truly said that unless he was hindered by illness (which happily occurred very rarely), or by some special call of parochial duty, he never missed it during the thirty years he was at Hursley. Besides this, it was his habit for several years to go to the boys' school every morning soon after 8, and teach the first class until service time at 10, taking them through one part of the Bible after another..... He made a point at all times of the children reading their Bibles in church, and following the lessons; and for some years it was his daily custom to call up some of them after the service, and question them for a few minutes in the two chapters which had been read..... With regard to the visitation of the sick and poor, and those who were in any trouble, his principle and the spirit of his practice may be summed up with exact truth in the words of St. Paul:—*Ourselves your servants, for Jesus' sake.* He used habitually to speak of it as waiting on them; and you could not be any time in the vicarage as a guest without becoming aware how, without the least ostentation, this principle was acted on as a matter of course..... Working by others did not prevent him from occupying himself much in personal visitations; in this he was unwearied, in all weathers, at all hours, and sometimes to the injury of his own health..... In all these ministrations great simplicity and paternal loving-kindness were the characteristics, especially in the administration of the Holy Eucharist to the sick; he would shake hands with all present; and

y neighbours attended, he always thanked them for singing. . . . The characteristic of his ministrations in church or elsewhere was, as might have been expected, which was the animating and pervading spirit of a life—a perfectly simple and sincere sense of his own worthiness, combined with a hearty conviction that the talent he had received, all his strength, all his time, his energies, were consecrated in God's service." His ministry so exercised could not but issue in good results. Although the system with which Keble identi-

fied himself is fitted, as we devoutly believe, to put the Church and its sacraments in the room of Christ and his Word, and thus to throw a mist over the gospel, we have such evidence of his own personal devotion to the Saviour as to warrant the confidence that his pastorate was better than his system, and resulted in the growth of substantial spiritual fruit. In parting from his "Life" then, as we now do, we would gladly forget that he is the founder of Ritualism, and remember him only as the author of "The Christian Year."

IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN," ETC.

FAREWELL TO CANADA.

MY visit to Montreal was very brief but very pleasant. The interest attached to all the institutions of a new and rapidly rising capital, the beauty of walks and drives round and over the Royal Mount, and, above all, the profuse hospitality and the attention of the many friends by whom I was surrounded, made every moment of my stay memorable. I almost felt as if I were leaving it again when I bade adieu to those who accompanied me to the railway station.

As the train moved off, I took my stand on a little platform at the end of the car, to get a view backwards from the entrance of the Victoria Tubular Bridge. It was splendid, and under the full blaze of sunlight. The city is in a series of terraces from the bosom of the St. Lawrence, extending far up the slope of the hill.

Above it are dense masses of dark foliage springing the sides and summit, save where here and there a white villa, or a new church or hospital, appears embosomed in verdure. Montreal makes one feel proud of the enterprise of his countrymen. Anglo-Saxon blood, and Christian faith and zeal, have converted a wilderness into a paradise. There is a grand future before Canada. It bids fair, under the guidance of its own enlightened statesmen, presided over by the genius of Dufferin, to rival its powerful neighbour, and to be the mother country itself.

The Victoria Bridge is a triumph of engineering-skill. It is built at a narrow part of the St. Lawrence, a short distance above the city. Its

length, from shore to shore, is a mile and a quarter; but it is approached at each end by lofty embankments, which make the entire length nearly two miles. Its height, above the summer level of the river, is sixty feet, and the iron tube rests upon twenty-four piers of solid masonry, the stones of which average ten tons weight each. Its cost is said to have been nearly a million and a half sterling. The chief difficulty which the engineer had to meet was the pressure of the ice, which, on breaking up in spring, is borne down the La Chene rapids with tremendous force. From an opening in the central tube, one gets a grand view up and down the St. Lawrence.

The country through which the railway passes southward is flat and uninteresting—a vast expanse of scraggy wood, and wide "clearings," studded with black stumps, extending away to the border of the United States. Here the scenery changes. The railway approaches the end of the beautiful Lake Champlain, whose bright waters are seen through vistas of wooded hills. It was dark when I reached Burlington; and after the fatigue, and dust, and intense heat, I was glad to retire early. The hotel was crowded and noisy, and the state of my bedroom made me heartily wish that tent-life were possible in America.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Throwing open my window in the early morning, Lake Champlain lay before me in all the splendour of its enchanting scenery. The sun's

rays shot slanting across the wooded heights of Burlington, leaving the near side of the lake in deep shadow, but lighting up the opposite shore, and the forest-clad mountains of the Adirondack, with the ruddy glow of morning. The sky was cloudless, the atmosphere transparent as crystal, and the surface of the lake like a mirror.

I took the morning steamer, and we sailed up the lake, past wooded islet and promontory, gray cliff and dark glen, till, reaching a long, rickety wooden pier, I and a dozen others landed, and made our way up a steep bank to a post-house. Here we found a huge lumbering diligence, with four of the most wretched horses I ever saw. We mounted, and set out for Lake George. If the horses were bad, the road was worse. I had seen many a bad road, but for a wheeled conveyance none like this. It was simply a track over hills and through valleys, and that track filled with pits of liquid mud of unknown depth. The conductor accounted for its state by telling us it was just the beginning of the tourist season, and there had not yet been time *to plough it up*. At one place we found the road-plough actually at work, turning the soil into the yawning ruts of the previous season. The place chanced to be an old battle-field, and we saw in passing a number of cannon-balls; fragments of muskets, swords, bayonets, and other relics of war, which the plough had exposed to view. The distance to Lake George was said to be five miles, and this we got over in a little more than two hours, fortunately without any very serious accident.

LAKE GEORGE.

Lake George has been compared by enthusiastic Americans to Lucerne. I confess I could not trace the resemblance, nor could two Swiss gentlemen, who happened to be fellow-travellers on board the little steamer. There are, it is true, some charming bits of hill scenery; but its great attraction is its deep, unbroken solitude. The greater portion is hemmed in by steep hills, covered by forests, apparently untrodden by foot of man. The upper end is less wild; but the islets which stud its surface give greater variety and more picturesque beauty to the scenery. And here some enterprising hotel-keepers have

taken advantage of retirement, cool shade, and genial climate, to convert the shore of a forest-girt lake into one of the most attractive and fashionable summer retreats in the States.

We had a glorious sunset on the lake, and darkness had already set in when we reached the landing-stage of the new hotel of Fort William and Henry. The hotel is a superb building, replete with every luxury, and proportionally expensive. Fortunately the season was only just opening, and there were not above fifty guests in a house capable of accommodating fifteen hundred. To my surprise, I was welcomed by name immediately on entering the grand hall, and I was ushered to a bedroom that would have adorned a palace. I soon discovered the reason of such an imposing reception. The landlord had been my host a few weeks before at the Arlington in Washington; and there, as it seemed, he had been impressed with the attention kindly shown me by men high in office.

Next morning I was up at four, and at five set out in a light chaise for Glens' Falls. Battle-fields were again passed, where, my Vermont coachman informed me, the English were always "whipped." We stopped for a time at a cabaret on the top of a hill, and saw a museum of local curiosities,—old buckles, broken shells, Indian arrow-heads, moccasins and feathers, a veritable scalp, English epaulets and buttons, bow-knives and broad-swords,—all for sale at very low prices, as the Vermonter whispered confidentially in my ear. A pistol bullet was only a dollar!

Driving down through beautiful scenery to Glens' Falls, we were beset by ragged urchins, begging as perseveringly as I ever saw on the road from Brussels to Waterloo. They were the first beggars I had met in America, and they were the last. Near the road were some cabins, wretched as ever graced an Irish bog; and beside one of them a poor old woman, the very picture of misery, was hoeing in a garden without shoe or stocking, her head bare, and her gray hair streaming in elf locks round her shrivelled face and neck. It was a piteous and a strange sight, withal, in a land of plenty.

At Glens' Falls I took my place in a very dirty and very uncomfortable railway-car, amid a

crowd of workmen. They were Vermont men—shrewd, keen, pushing fellows—earning high wages at some new works in Saratoga. They were communicative, moreover, and appeared to have received a fair education for their station in life; but their religious ideas were very wild. One who sat beside me, a youth of about twenty, "Guessed didn't belong any Church in purticklar, but heer'd say father was Methodist!" He had left home at fourteen, had been in Chicago, then in St. Louis, and now thought he would return to the old homestead, at least "for a short spell." That young man was a fair sample of tens of thousands in the Eastern States. They soon weary of parental instruction and restraint. Home ties are far weaker there than with us. The West presents such attractions to the enterprising, and such vast fields of remunerative labour for all, that mere boys are allured from their fathers' care, and thrown upon the world without experience or settled principles. This is one of the great dangers of America. The most energetic of its youth are speeding westward in the race for riches, and it is taxing to the utmost the energies of the Church to follow them with Christian teaching and ordinances. The migration produces, too, a singular effect upon society. It so entirely changes the normal balance of the sexes, that while women are rare as winter swallows in some of the western settlements, they outnumber the men by from twenty to thirty per cent. in New England and New Jersey.

SARATOGA.

The scenery along the line was beautiful. We followed the course of a river, which in places foamed down rapid and cataract, and then meandered noiselessly through the deep shade of wooded glen.

It was nine o'clock when I stepped on the platform in the spacious station of Saratoga; and having a long day before me, I resolved to make the best use of it in exploring the *brunnen* of this queen of American watering-places. They are all situated in a shallow vale, whose banks rise gently into an undulating picturesque tableland, and the most remote of those I visited are nearly four miles apart. The Geyser spring,

discovered only three years ago, is very remarkable. The water rushes up through an artificial boring from a depth of one hundred and forty feet, and sends a jet to a height of thirty feet above the ground. It is a strong saline water, largely impregnated with carbonic acid gas. The High Rock spring in the centre of the villages has been longest known. From time immemorial the Indians called it "the great medicine spring," and held it in high veneration. It takes its name from a conical block of tufa, 3 feet 6 inches high, and 8 feet in diameter at the base, formed during a long course of ages by the mineral water, which rose through a circular aperture in the centre, leaving a deposit when exposed to the air in overflowing. The overflow having stopped many years ago, through leakage in the strata beneath, a pipe was let down to the fountain, and now the healing waters once again rise to the surface.

The chief buildings of Saratoga are hotels, some of which are of enormous size, and furnished in a style of regal luxury. Everything that ingenuity can devise or money purchase, to gratify the caprices and minister to the extravagant tastes of American aristocracy, finds a place in those palace hotels. Fashion is the goddess of Saratoga during the height of the season; and I have been told that gambling is carried to almost as great an extent as at Baden-Baden or Homburg. But be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the moral tone of Saratoga is decidedly bad. It is true I saw proof that religion is not entirely ignored. On the public thoroughfares was a flaring hand-bill, which announced that on a certain evening the theatre would be opened, and a special performance given in aid of the funds of a new church! This of itself is sufficient indication of the state of religious feeling.

THE HUDSON.

Beautiful and gay as the town is, I was glad to escape from Saratoga. I took the evening train for Albany, and on the following morning embarked on one of the steamers that ply on the Hudson between Albany and New York. The scenery of the river is very different from what I had expected. It is just such as one can see on any large river of Europe: villas, hospitals,

farm-steading, villages, and wooded banks. There is nothing grand and nothing specially characteristic of America.

My fellow-passengers formed a far more interesting study than the features of nature. There are few places where a stranger can get a better view of a certain phase of fast life beyond the Atlantic than on board a North-river steamer. America has its dangers as well as its advantages. The very facility of making money has created a reckless luxury that is sapping the foundations of society, especially in the great cities. Mere boys become conscious of independence, throw off the restraint of parents, and rudely sever those sacred home ties which constitute at once the main safeguard and the charm of society in our own land. Released from parental control, they are beset by vice in its most alluring forms wherever they go:—in the monster hotels where most of them live; in the Hudson steamers on which they make their daily or weekly excursions; in Saratoga, where they repair to recruit shattered health, or to drink more deeply yet of the cup of pleasure.

OLD FRIENDS.

I landed at Newburg, crossed the ferry to Fish-kill, and there found General Howland's carriage waiting for me. Half an hour's drive, through delightful rural scenery, brought me to his beautiful park,—the most beautiful I had seen since leaving England. Beacon Hill rises immediately behind it to a height of over 2000 feet; and a range of graceful conical peaks, scarcely less lofty, and wooded to the summit, shut in the view. Away to the south is seen a long reach of the Hudson, winding between the cliffs of West Point, and the bold promontory of Anthony's Nose. The general outline of the landscape reminded me of the Mourne Mountains in Ireland; and the park itself, with its roaring torrent and waterfalls, its old timber and ornamental shrubberies, its blooming parterres, and shaven lawns, was no unworthy representative of far-famed Tollymore.

It was indeed pleasant to renew, in one of Nature's loveliest retreats, a friendship first formed on the hallowed side of Olivet, and cemented on many a holy site in the Holy Land. It was just fourteen years since I parted with

Mr. and Mrs. Howland at the gate of Damascus; yet it seemed like yesterday. Both of them had passed, in the interval, through the horrors of the great American War—the one a volunteer nurse in the hospitals, the other a volunteer officer on many a battle-field; but the buoyancy and the bloom of youth were there as of yore, untouched by Time's defacing finger. The sight of manly grace and female beauty is always cheering; it is especially so when united with refined culture, and chastened by deep-toned piety.

WEST POINT.

On Saturday General Howland kindly took me to West Point, the great military college of the United States. It is on the opposite side of the Hudson, a few miles below Tironda Park. The situation is very fine. It occupies a high terrace, at the commencement of what has been well termed the Highlands of the Hudson. The sides of the terrace are broken precipices of gray rock, springing from the bosom of the river, and having their deep fissures filled with flowering shrubs and creeping plants; while the hills that rise steeply behind are clothed with forests. The college buildings, and residences of professors and students, are grouped in irregular blocks round a large level campus; and the only indications of a military character are a few field-pieces here and there, and the uniform of the cadets. Every department is open to visitors; and there appeared to be no restriction to the fullest inspection. Unfortunately, my visit occurred just at the close of the college term, when the class studies had ceased, and the cadets had either left, or were preparing for departure. I was therefore unable to see for myself the nature of the training given to the officers of the American army. This only I learned, that the status of each cadet is most carefully noted, and his subsequent appointment to the army, and promotion in it, depend, to a large extent, upon the position he takes in the various departments of study at West Point.

The views from West Point up and down the Hudson are grand; and I was not surprised to hear that it forms a favourite resort for the people of New York during the intense heat of summer. Each end of the platform on which the college

stands is occupied by a large hotel, built on the very brow of the cliff. These we found crowded with tourists and temporary residents. The spacious verandahs, the terraced gardens, the rocks, the woods, were all alive with gay groups, enjoying the fresh air and the glorious landscape.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

Sunday at Tironda was to me a day of real rest. It was the quietest I had spent in America—far removed from the din and distraction of great cities, and lapped in the luxurious home of a Christian friend. We talked much of Bible scenes which we had visited together on the sunny shores of Palestine. We talked too of the work of the great Christian Commission, of which my friend George Hay Stuart was the leading spirit; and then we talked of the sick and wounded on the battle-fields and in the hospitals, among whom Mrs. Howland and her sisters had laboured during the entire campaign, and whose sufferings and heroism one of those sisters, Miss Jane Stuart Woolsey, has described in her "Hospital Days," with singular pathos and graphic power.

I attended service in a private chapel in the Park, built by the General for the accommodation of his servants and work-people; and was also present at the Sunday school, where some eighty or a hundred children receive sound Christian instruction. I saw there, as I had seen in other places, what a mighty power for good a Christian gentleman can exercise, not merely in his own household, but over a whole district.

On Monday Mrs. Howland drove me to the little town of Matteawan, half a mile from Tironda, to see the new church and library which her husband was building. The church is a quaint structure, partly Italian and partly Norwegian in style; but it is well adapted to the wants of the people, for it contains church, lecture-hall, and school—all within range of one organ and choir. A few yards from it stands the "Howland Library," erected at the cost of about £5000. It is a beautiful building, fitted up with great taste and architectural effect. It was not quite finished when I visited it. It has since been completed, and contains, as I have learned, about three thousand works in the various departments of literature; special attention having been given

in the selection to books of sound moral and religious character. Improvement of the mind has been aimed at rather than mere amusement.

The Howland Library is one of those munificent gifts now so common in the United States, which show how many true patriots and leal-hearted Christian men that land contains. It was well said by the Rev. Dr. Scudder, in the address given at the opening of this library:—"Rich men in the past have lived too much for self; they have taken consolation in the thought that in their last will and testament they have bequeathed a sum to charity. But why not live and enjoy the fruits of your own beneficence?.....If there is anything that exalts one man above his fellows, it is disinterested benevolence; and we rejoice when we see so many noble men and women in our land making themselves supremely happy by founding colleges, seminaries, and libraries. Not only this, but future generations shall rise to call them blessed!"

DOWN THE HUDSON.

I greatly enjoyed the sail from Newburg to New York. I was reminded of the Rhine, though I missed the grim old castles and trim terraced vineyards. There is much of historic interest along the banks, too, though the history is not old. They were the scene of many a stirring incident during the wars of the Revolution. The place is pointed out, near Tarrytown, where Major André, of the British army, was hanged as a spy; and not far distant may be seen, emboggered in trees, the picturesque cottage in which Washington Irving wrote most of his novels. As we advance, the river expands, and gradually we see, as if rising up out of its capacious bosom, the island of Manhattan, on which stands "the Empire City."

BOSTON.

After a two days' stay in New York, I set out for Boston, taking the steamer through Long Island Sound to Providence, and then the rail. All the world seemed to be flocking to Boston; for the Great Musical Festival had just been opened with the thunder of the cannon chorus. The railway station was so full that it was more than half an hour ere I got to the street, and

then the important question occurred to me—Where shall I find a home? I left my baggage at the station, determining, should I be unable to procure comfortable rooms, to return to Providence. I was fortunate, however, in finding, not only apartments, but friends, in the first hotel I went to.

Boston has more of an English aspect and tone than any city I visited in the United States. One cannot but remark the crooked streets of the older parts, and the spacious and substantial buildings in the new; the bustling quays, and the charming parks and gardens; and, above all, the refined manners and intellectual pursuits of the people. Business and money-making are not the chief end of man in Boston. The superiority of Boston arises in part from the fact that it was one of the earliest settlements of the pilgrim fathers, and in part from the elevating influence of the great University of Harvard.

The educational system of Boston, and indeed of the whole State of Massachusetts, is not surpassed in America. It is wide in its range, and, on the whole, very thorough in its work. The gentlemen who constitute the Board of Education appear to have a full apprehension of the place education should hold in a country, and of the power which, when rightly organized and directed, it is calculated to wield. "Public schools," they say in their Report for last year, "are the great civilizing force of the present age. Freedom without them becomes anarchy, and liberty becomes license.....We see them as the truest index of the intelligence of the people, the surest sign of their progress, and the most certain means of their advancement. Like other institutions of society, the public school had its origin in necessity, and has been developed rather than formed. The past should not limit its progress, for it adapts itself to the multiplied wants and necessities of the day. It should be regarded as an institution of the state, and as a necessary condition of the national life. The idea of its necessity should pervade the public mind, and become a controlling living verity. It should be the nucleus around which should gather all that refines society and beautifies life. The affections of the people should twine around it, and their hopes cling to it. Let all classes learn

that education is the stock that will support whatever the good of society may require to be engrafted upon it, and then labour to improve our schools, as the surest means of promoting all legitimate reforms; and the senseless excitements and wild fanaticisms that so often sweep over the land would cease, and there would be seen a newer intellectual life and a fresher moral beauty."

The members of the Board are also conscious that intellectual training alone is not enough to make good citizens, and prepare for the right discharge of the duties of life. They believe that the heart and conscience must also be instructed. The fundamental principles of morality and religion are therefore made to form part of the state system of education. In proof and illustration, I quote from the Report the following weighty words:—"Is it not desirable that the whole man, in his physical, intellectual, and moral nature, be cultivated—efficiently trained? Why should the moral training of the young be neglected while such earnest attention is bestowed upon the intellect? Is not goodness of heart to be preferred to brilliancy of mind? Is not reliability of character as desirable as progress in study? Is a well-trained intellect more important than a virtuous character? What is the value of mental power without moral principle, patriotism, truthfulness, honesty, and a life of virtue? Should not our youth be trained to what is noble, manly, and right? Under the influence of a moral education, they should be led to live the beautiful life of virtue. Have not our schools been established for the purpose of educating the young for the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of American citizens? What is necessary to a good citizen of the freest and best government on earth? What is necessary for the faithful discharge of these high and solemn duties? Do not the safety, stability, and prosperity of our republican institutions rest upon the intelligence and morality of the people? Do not the interests and destiny of this free nation rest upon the moral character of the people? What, then, is the vast importance of moral instruction to the young? The perfect freedom of our schools from all sectarianism does not exclude the cultivation of the heart and conscience,

reading of the Bible without comment, must be acknowledged the purest and best of moral instruction to which the attention can be directed."

lished upon such a sound basis, super-
by men competent and earnest, and

embracing not merely the ordinary elementary departments, but, in addition, normal, intermediate, and technical instruction, the state system of education in Massachusetts can scarcely fail to achieve those grand results after which its promoters aspire.

WORKS OF DR. JAMES HAMILTON.*

volume is the last of the series. These six volumes, with the Memoir, constituting a seventh, will carry down to generations all that can be conveyed in books, of a singularly bright and beautiful life. You may find a writer of elevated and sanctified spirit, and you may also find one of similar fertility and brilliancy of imagination; but we now any modern example in which both classes of qualities meet in such a high degree in the same person. We see volumes a very precious legacy to the Christian Church, at once for the deep substantial truth of their matter, the strangely beautiful and attractive forms in which the thoughts are conveyed. We submit two extracts—on the characters of Scripture, and on our Children.]

I.

FIRST MAGNITUDES—JOSEPH.

was a burning and a shining light."—JOHN v. 35.

IN a cloudless evening, and about an hour after the sun has set, the stars begin to twinkle one by one, till ten or a dozen may be detected. And an hour or two later, the whole glittering host is marshalled, the first twelve are still pre-eminent. And these brightest are called first magnitudes. They are the foremost to attract the eye, and their fine effulgence will attract the gaze of incurious rustic, or fill the hearts with wonder. These first magnitudes are marks of the firmament. We say that such a star is near Sirius or Arcturus, or that it has the place of the Lyre or Orion. And they are the sparks that kindle scientific ardour; for were the face of heaven besprinkled with starry dust, with evanescent inconspicuous points of light, they would draw no notice. It is the large and brilliant orb which is in the forehead of the evening sky, and which, on a long way round it a loveliness of light—it which catches and detains our earthly vision, and leads into devotion or intelligence some wonderer.

So, looking upon the firmament of Scripture, we see a few characters which outglory all the rest—twelve, or it may be twenty stars, of the first order, burning and shining lights which will not fade away, and which haunt the memory when the eye is closed—brilliant and conspicuous names which are landmarks and points of reference, and which signal and surprises, arresting notice and awaken—signs and seasons which God has set in the history of the world. Enoch, Noah, Job, Abraham, Joseph, Gideon, Samson, Samuel, David, Solomon, Eli-

jah, Isaiah, Daniel, the Baptist, Peter, John, Stephen, Paul—you have nearly named all the first magnitudes in the Bible's older and newer hemispheres. And though there be hundreds more of lesser lights, and though the lustre of these again is annihilated in the daylight which the Sun of Righteousness makes, still these are the overmastering names which our fancy first calls up in looking back on the Bible story, the main foci into which God has condensed the lessons which he would teach us through the persons of our fellow-men. . . .

And if another instance be desired, we might name the patriarch JOSEPH. Viewed on the human side, we have in his memoirs the history of a pious youth, full of brotherly kindness and filial affection, and by his good conduct and great sagacity rising to a station where he was enabled to rescue from ruin his own family, and be the princely benefactor of his unnatural brethren; but viewed on the divine side, we almost lose sight of the pious youth, and see nothing but God's momentary and marvellous providence. Parting at the pit's mouth, we see the Arabs riding off with their young captive; and, regardless of his cries, we see the shepherds, his savage and inhuman brethren, returning to their flocks and resuming their sulky road to Padam-aram, to all appearance parted for ever. The desert wind soon swept out the camel tracks, and next rains new grass sprang where Jacob's sons had grazed their flocks. But, unseen by man, a thread, hitherto single, had split, and had uncoiled from the edges of that pit, too fine for human eye to see or human sense to follow, but strong as the fiat of Omnipotence. From the mouth of that pit the divided thread travels two different ways. The one from Dothan travels up to the vale of Hebron, and enters the tent of an old man with a snowy beard, weeping blinding tears over a bloody mantle which they spread before him, and it travels on through chequered years of weal and woe, during which the old man draws many a heavy sigh; and amidst all their roughness and rivalry, a guilty secret seems to bind his coarse and selfish sons to one another, till by-and-by

* "Sermons and Lectures Selected from the Manuscripts of Dr. James Hamilton, D.D., F.L.S." London: James and Co.

you see a motley caravan taking the southern track, and quitting the empty garners and burnt acres of Palestine, the lean asses and the lank and haggard shepherds limp down to Egypt; and still, as they move on, the fated filament, the mystic clue, spins out from behind their feet. And from the same pit in Dothan the other branch of the unbroken thread follows the Ishmaelites down to On. It enters a palace door; descends to a dungeon; emerges again; darts up towards Pharaoh's throne; and wherever the second chariot in the kingdom rolls, that clue uncoils behind it, till, after years of grandeur, the sumptuous Vizier and the haggard shepherds stand front to front, and the thread which split at Dothan meets again in Pharaoh's palace, and becomes a united line once more. And in such a starting, guided round to such a meeting, we have, not so much a romantic story, as the mind of God revealed. Joseph's career is just predestination made familiar, and the providence of God made palpable. It burns and shines with present Deity; and whilst it says to the sinner, "Be sure your sins will find you out," and tells that what man means for evil God manages for good, it also proclaims,—

"O but the counsel of the Lord
Doth stand for ever sure;
And of his heart the purposes
From age to age endure."

II.

THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK x. 16.

PALMS, and some other trees of tropical countries, are clever at growing upwards. Their trunks are often hollow cylinders, and the effect of a new season is not so much to add an inch to their diameter as a cubit to their stature. A date is dropped into the soil, and presently there comes up a tuft of fronds; and as the little *phoenix* keeps growing, it pushes further and further up into the air this feathery crown, till at last there is a tall slim column with neither branch nor bough, but, at the very summit, a bright flisking canopy, from under which the golden clusters droop downward.

But pines, and oaks, and elms, and nearly all the trees of England, have another way of growing. The acorn is dibbled into the loam, and by-and-by come up two tiny leaflets supported on their little stem. They wither in autumn, but after the winter's rest the little nurrling takes a new fit of growing; but instead of merely thrusting forth new leaves at the summit, all round and all the way up a new layer of soft pulpy fibre is deposited under the bark, whilst, from the axils or buds, branches break out; and so, season after season, every summer making the boughs spread wider and the stem wax stronger, the oak holds on expanding, bush and bole together, till a little congregation could worship in its tent, till a house could be built from its timber.

The oak, the apple, the cedar, and most of the trees in our orchards and forests, are exogens or outgrowers,

enlarged and strengthened by acquisitions on the external surface; so that, if you could only do it deftly enough, you might pull off, one after another, a hundred concentric layers or wooden shells, till you again disclosed the little shrub which left the nursery a hundred years ago.

Now, in the case of the best men—the truest, noblest, greatest—growth is exogenous. Adding fresh fibres to their strength, and new cubits to their stature, they withal are solid, and keep throughout all that they have ever been. And just as in the heart of that veteran of Windsor Forest remains the sapling which saw George the Third a boy, or was looked upon by Gray and Johnson in their prime, so in the case of the more magnificent natures, the true and primal being survives; and whatsoever in the way of knowledge, experience, insight, they may have since acquired, at the core of their goodness, and interior to all things else, in the case of men like Wordsworth, Chalmers, Wilberforce, Mackintosh, you will find the little child.

This is the first essential of success with children: you must have retained, or through grace recovered, this early element—the little child—that freshest, youngest form of yourself, on which have been superinduced all others. If, through worldliness, or pride, or mimicry, you have destroyed it, so that your heart is now hollow, you will have no sympathy with children, you will dislike or despise the little ones. And they will soon find it out. The tap of the woodpecker does not more truly reveal the empty trunk than the pat of the little hand or the glance of the little eye detects the hollow heart; and if he draws away from you as from a thing dead and dreary, be sorry for yourself. You may be rich, you may be learned, you may be pious in practising the rites of religion; but if you have lost all the good things which the little child gathers in its kingdom of heaven—if the sap and substance of these early springs have vanished, and left you dry as summer dust—be sorry for yourself. Scholarship, statesmanship, official station, are too dearly purchased by infanticide—by the destruction of that little child who is not only the true father of the man, but who through life would have been his best companion.

No doubt, the grace of God sometimes gives in the new man a precious equivalent; but those are the richest, rarest, most delightful spirits, where all that was sweet and simple in life's opening is prolonged into life's progress, and where, amid all his thoughtfulness, all his care and sorrow, the veteran keeps the heart of the little child, and has never been cast forth from their communion. Such a one, in warm and genial affinity, has the main requisite for being a "teacher of babes;" and whilst teaching, many will be the lessons which in turn he will learn from them.

In what we say we are thinking of that period when infancy first opens into consciousness, and the young immortal begins to wake to the world's delight and wonder. It is the period of simplicity, before conscience has come to life, before such compound passions as re-

venge or envy are developed, when kindness gives content, but hardly awakens gratitude, when if in grief there is little hope, there is joined with mirth no trembling, for happiness does not yet cast its shadow fear. It is the time when sensations too are simple, when food and warmth are ample well-being; and perceptions are no less direct and unsophisticated, scarcely aspiring to be ideas; in the rich solution of the sense crystallization not commenced, nor the pulp of feeling compressed and dried into that tough fibre which men call matter of fact.

Can you join them? Can you humble yourself as a little child? Can you look through their eyes? Can you listen through their ears? Can you remember how, amidst the soft grass of June, you lay upon your back, and gazed up and up for ever so far into the azure, and thought how pleasant it would be to be an angel, and rest on that pure white cloud? Do you remember how you held close to your ear the conch or other winding shell, and wondered why the ghost of the ocean never grew silent? Can you get down to their level?—entering into the mind of their friends, for to them all things are friendly, and they have no mute companions—to them dogs and daisies, kittens and kingcups, all talk distinctly—even books turned upside down have something to say, and empty chairs get lectures, if they do not give them. Can you join them?—entering into their thoughts, standing on tiptoe to look at the transcendental world, half Olympus, half Alhambra, which, in crystal and silver and mountains of fruitage, spreads upon the table, and which, in kingly, queenly forms, firms its horizon, and then from the awful vision subsiding to every-day life amongst hassocks and toys on the carpet?

For such little children, what is the best thing you can do? By all means protect them; keep them from harm. Though you intend that at last it should be hardy enough, and face a wintry world, at first you take care of your seedling—take it into your greenhouse perchance, and then, when planted finally out, put a fence around it to fend off heedless heels and browsing cattle. So, blessed are those seedlings of eternity which get a good start at first, which open existence where there is no telling of lies, no rough chiding, none of that habitual threatening which begets false and furtive ways. But positively, what is the best lesson for the little ones? Surely something very short; a five minutes' task in an hour of play; a something very easy; a sentence of one thought, a sentence of seven words, will be quite sufficient—"Love one another;" "Our Father who art in heaven;" "Suffer the children to come unto me;" "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me." But quite as much as the instruction, the influence. If milk be the food convenient, *balm* is the congenial atmosphere. Here we see the Saviour surrounded by little children; but we are not told any questions that he asked these infant scholars, nor anything that he bade them repeat, important as is truth: others could do *that*; and it is not so much in lectures or good lessons that our world is

lacking, as in love. Even here, and in Christ's own presence, the air was roughened with the east wind of controversy and remonstrance, when from the rebukes of angry apostles the timid trembling lambs found refuge in the bosom of Jesus; caught up in the arms of the good Shepherd, as he put his hands upon them, and breathed his gentle blessing over them, the calm unspeakable sank into their souls, and with no malice to neutralize it, no unbelief to shut it out, the perfect peace of perfect love had possession of all their minds, and made the moment memorable.

Milk for babes, the food convenient in the plainest porringer, the simplest truth: God is good; God is holy; God is here; God loves you; God hates falsehood, cruelty;—the most familiar lesson of kindness, reverence, civility, any day may give occasion for it, and the text is never far to seek. But do not forget that in life's soft and susceptible outset, quite as important as great truths is gracious influence. There are teachers who drive dogmas into the heads of little children—yes, and of grown people even—in the same way as Jael drove the nail into the head of Sisera, and with much the same result; but the doctrines of God's holy Word are not so many spikes to be hammered into reluctant or unwary heads, but they are seeds to be planted in an honest soil, hidden in the willing heart, and in order that they may spring, they need—what God's own Spirit alone can give sufficiently—the quickening warmth, the softening rain. But in a degree subordinate, the same gracious influence is exerted by the truly spiritual. You who are a Christian parent, you who are a teacher of babes—nurse, foster-mother, grandmother Lois—whosoever you be who have to do with the little ones—perhaps I should say, most chiefly you so little thanked, but oh, how thankworthy!—the Marthas and Marys, the Annas and Phœbes, who, free from other bonds, are the handmaids of the Lord and the servants of the whole Church, and who, with gifts and affections which might have brightened homes of your own, are now doing all that unselfish goodness and gentle ministry can do to brighten others—imitate Jesus. Get into sympathy with him; seek his presence, seek his help. And walking through the world in his company, you will be a balm in the bleakest weather, a benediction in the wildest scene. Even demons which resist long fasting and prayers, at the name of Jesus "fear and fly;" and that dear Name, as sung by infant voices, will to yourselves grow dearer, as the hope is awakened that your voices and theirs may yet unite in the Song of Moses and the Lamb. As, in the Master's spirit, you take into your arms the little ones, his own everlasting arms will encircle them and you; as on the little heart sobbing for its own offence, or for the unkindness of others, you lay your hand and still its tumult, a resistless voice will say within, "Peace, be still;" and as you tell of that "gentle Jesus, meek and mild," he will pity both their and your simplicity, and as in unseen presence he comes again, his blessing will breathe upon you.

Within Iron Walls.

A TALE OF THE LATE SIEGE OF PARIS.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER X.

"LA PATRIE" AND "DAS VATERLAND."

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."—MONTGOMERY.

BUT it is time I came back from Nina and her trouble to other and weightier things. Weightier, certainly, in actual importance, but scarcely claiming a larger space in these pages. In the fortnight that elapsed between the surrender at Sedan and the investment of Paris, one thought—one purpose—occupied the minds of the Parisians, just as at the commencement of the war. One, as then; but how different a one! Then, it was the triumphal entrance of Berlin; now, it was the defence of Paris against a victorious foe.

It was known by all that no obstacle of importance intercepted the path of the Germans in their march thitherwards. A few bridges had been blown up—a few avenues of trees felled and laid across the highroads to obstruct the progress of troops and artillery; but the wisest amongst us smiled at these things—German foresight and skill would render them of little consequence. The forts either surrendered or were passed by; we had no army ready to take the field; and it seemed to be universally acknowledged that the Prussians must be allowed to invest Paris, and all thoughts and energies were turned towards the defence of the capital. The shattered remains of the Army of the Rhine, under Vinoy, was to form a nucleus for a new one—the Army of the Defence. Recruits were daily, hourly swelling its ranks. Large bodies of strong vigorous peasants, chiefly from Brittany, were brought into the city. The decree passed in August—after the disaster at Wörth—calling to arms all unmarried men in Paris from the

ages of twenty-five to thirty-five, was partially put into force, and the National Guard re-organized.

Always a city of soldiers in the days of the Empire, Paris now resounded with the din of arms. Everywhere men were being marshalled, marched, and drilled. Preparations were being made in case the Prussians should succeed in passing the outer line of forts, and attempt carrying the inner fortifications by assault. Baricades were being erected; trees cut down and their stumps sharpened. The ground of the *enceinte* was honeycombed to impede cavalry movements. The roads and avenues leading into the city were thronged with terror-stricken people, fleeing from their homes in the neighbouring villages, bearing their poor possessions in great bundles, under the weight of which they staggered, or following the carts which contained them. The railway stations were crowded with foreigners and wealthy Parisians, hurrying away to avoid the dangers and privations of the siege,—often it was impossible to find means of transport for all requiring them. Continually reports were arriving of the close approach of the invading army, and the people began to grow almost impatient at their delay. Days might pass for weeks in times of suspense such as that. Most of our friends left for their country homes, or for other and distant parts of the country. At first, on my mother's account and Nina's, we thought of doing so ourselves; but as we should have had to have left Uncle Lucien and Victor behind, we decided on remaining.

I had guessed rightly with regard to Victor's

From the time it began to fare ill in French arms, and to promise the fulfilment of those fears of Léon's which he had so bravely repudiated, he had commenced his study of military science, and had been regularly and systematically drilled with some other young men of his acquaintance. His natural quickness and clearness of mind enabled him to master all the difficulties, and on his presenting himself as a candidate for election in one of the Mobile Bataillons, he found no difficulty in passing the examination—which was, indeed, but a trifle at that time of pressure—and in obtaining a lieutenant's commission. Officers who could claim to be such were scarce, and Victor was contented with what most were short of—experience. Uncle Lucien, too, had taken the same course—until then a merely nominal one—he had been held in the National Guards. Augustus, of course, was not thought of by any of us as a candidate for military service; and though the day would come when he was to have taken orders, he did not seem inclined to think of it just then. The minds of all classes were wholly occupied with the pressing topic. Though preparations were being made in every possible way for the defence of the city against investment and assault, even to the ruthless destruction of the beautiful Bois de Boulogne and the demolition of bridges and houses, it appeared as though it were impossible for the minds of the people to take in the reality of our position. Beautiful, imperial Paris!—the star of the world, the id, and queen of civilization,—about to be betrayed, bombed — bombarded — disfigured! The situation was too monstrous. Public opinion rose against it, and compelled the Prussians to retreat before the indignant protest of all Paris. Even ere the armies forming in the north could come to the rescue. So, buoyed up by false hopes, strong in fancied strength and imaginary resources, we waited for the foe. Onwards—slowly, steadily, surely—they came. We heard much of the exploits of the francs-tireurs in harassing and interrupting their march, and from time to time rumours of “glorious Bazaine” having been driven out of Metz, attacked the invad-

ing army in the rear, routed and dispersed it. The tidings of the capitulation of Laon, and the subsequent blowing up of the garrison by the French, was received with mingled feelings: some thought it a heroic, others a dangerous and dastardly, deed. Uncle Lucien was startled and perplexed; but his high sense of honour—of French honour before all other—made his mind recoil from the merest suspicion of treachery, and perhaps that made him more ready to coincide with the general belief that the disastrous explosion was wholly the result of accident.

Dear Uncle Lucien! how sanguine and buoyant he was in those days. With his uniform of commandant of a battalion of the National Guard, he seemed to have donned new youth. By virtue of age, he might have retired from active service; but his heart was in France and her prestige, and he resisted even my mother's tearful entreaties not to expose himself to the dangers and privations for which the weight of more than sixty years unfitted him. He was so strong in heart and hope—so loyal and true in spirit. Perhaps some who read these pages may smile at the simplicity and readiness of his faith in delusive proclamations and vain boasts, which, in the strong light cast upon them by after experience, seem so empty and absurd. But I think dear Uncle Lucien may stand for a typical Frenchman of the good old type—brave, generous, sanguine, high-hearted, with unlimited faith in the superiority of France over all nations, and in Paris as the centre and source of the world's refinement and civilization; therefore credulous as a child in all that concerned their glory, almost utterly incapable of believing anything that tended to their dishonour. That France—misguided, betrayed, and duped—had been led into a struggle for which she was unprepared, he admitted; but that she was about to retrieve gloriously the past disastrous weeks, he fully believed. He believed in the heroic devotion of the gallant defenders of Strasburg and of Metz—in the vast armies that the rising spirit of the nation was collecting in the provinces—in the strong forts and ramparts of Paris—in the National Guards that were to man them—in the brave Breton Mobile regiments—in the re-organized troops of the line—in the heroism and

resolution of the Parisians—in the sympathy and intervention of foreign nations—in General Trochu, his personal friend—in the weakness and disaffection of the united German forces—in everything, in short, but in the ruin, and disgrace, and dismemberment of France.

And there is, to me, at least, something noble and touching in this simple, child-like faith, unreasoning and ignorant though it may be. The German loves the "Fatherland" with an unflinching devotion; the Englishman, the peaceful shores of his sea-girt home; the Italian, the blue skies and myrtle groves of his sunny southern land;—but the feeling of a true Frenchman for France is, I think, different from them all. To him "la Patrie" is not "country" merely, but a goddess—a divinity—an embodiment of all that is high and noble and glorious, sitting throned in regal superiority over all the nations of the earth! And it takes many and hard lessons to dethrone a nation's ideal from the pinnacle it has occupied for ages. That of France has not fallen even yet. Veiled in trappings of woe, stained with blood and tears, shrouded in storm and gloom, it is standing still; and when the sun breaks forth from the mantling clouds of misfortune and suffering that envelop it now, it will shine out as before, only brighter, and with new lustre, gained by patient endurance, indomitable energy, and gallant breasting of the overwhelming tide of disaster and distress.

I, a Frenchwoman, write and speak thus, not because I look forward to vengeance—to the dark day of reckoning to come, of which so many of my countrymen talk even now. Oh! far—far from it. With heart bleeding and bereaved—with home rifled and desolated—how could I think of that? No; but my hope is strong that dear, stricken France may come forth from this terrible furnace purified, refined, strengthened, with less of dross mingling with the true metal. Those amongst us who can judge best think she will. They think the galling of this terrible chain of humiliation and agony was necessary to bring her to a sense of the degeneracy and torpor that had been insensibly stealing over her for years; and when she throws it off, as she will do—not at the

sword's point, but in the strength of chastened wisdom gained in this bitter school—she will rise to a pitch of prosperity and honour to which she has never hitherto attained.

And now I have come to the last days that passed ere the curtain was raised, and the eyes of Europe fascinated on the wonderful drama that was being enacted. Yes, *being* enacted, in this nineteenth century! A great city, full of weak women and helpless children, girt in by an army of men who had left their distant homes desolate that ours might be made desolate too. Bands of men who last year might have grasped hands like brothers, seeking each other's death—not savagely, not cruelly—only as means to an end. And that end—what? The German would have answered, "Für Vaterland;" the Frenchman, "Pour la Patrie." So the Fatherland was filled with widows and orphans; La Patrie with desolation and with graves. That was the end.

It appears to me that I shall better fulfil my purpose of handing down a faithful picture of our lives during the dreary months, from henceforth to be memorable in history as those of the "Siege of Paris," if I cease to write of the past in the light of the present, cease to interpret the echoes of memory with the key of experience—to look back through the clear morning air on the path trodden in the mist and obscurity of night—a night without stars, lurid only with meteor. For to what besides can the bright flashes of vain delusive hopes that alone cheered our gloom be compared? Therefore, from the first bright autumn day, a Sunday, on which we understood that we were indeed shut up—prisoners "within iron walls," walls that to so many were to be a tomb of life, of love, of hope,—I will cease to blend the thoughts and lights of the present with the records and memories of the past, as I have hitherto done. My diary shall speak for itself. At many a vain hope, at many a blind folly, at many an error, many a delusion, my lips will smile mournfully, and my heart wail its "Ichabod;" but it will be real—it will be true. We always judge differently of the past and of the present, of the then and the now. More wisely, more truly, often more kindly,—still differently.

And it is what we felt, and thought, and suffered, and hoped in those days, I wish to record; and not we, only and simply, but we as one household out of the many, one family out of the thousands, of Paris. That there are some over whose thoughtless heads and unchastened hearts those days passed lightly, I know well; that there are some again before whose bitter sufferings and utter desolation our own grows pale, I doubt not. But I think that is well. There are two sides to all life's pictures. Besides, probably, none but those to whom the names of these pages are household words will read my simple story; it is for such only I write it. To other and less interested readers there would be little to attract in its homely details; but we reverently gather a common flower that blossoms on hallowed grave or soil—we treasure a handful of earth or fragment of rough stone brought from old historic spot or shrine—and that is why I know, when these pages grow yellow with age, they will be guarded by careful hands.

Often, to avoid repetition, I shall curtail the records of one day, and sometimes draw upon the stores of memory to fill up the gaps of others, and supply missing links. There are many days against which no entry is made, because hand and head and heart alike failed me. But those were days whose events were not written on sand, but with letters of fire on heart and brain, whose traces are seared in with an ineffaceable stamp—a brand-mark of pain through time, but perchance a halo of glory for eternity. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Not that now, as in the times of my old darkness and blindness, I dare to hope that the sufferings of these poor hearts and bodies in time can, even in the smallest measure, atone for our sin, and fit soul and spirit for eternity. No. "It is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul," and *that alone*. It is the blood that was freely shed on Calvary that "cleanseth from all sin," and *that alone*. Not works of merit, and

prayers, and offerings—not the torturing ordeal of purgatorial flames,—but the "one offering" of the "one Sacrifice," "once" and "for ever" and "for all," is *all my hope, all my trust now*.

But had the old life gone on, had France been free and prosperous still, had the sunlight of my home shone on with undimmed brightness, had no graves been filled in my heart's inmost sanctuary,—might not I, and not I only, but those dearer to me than myself, been content with the old husks still, and been even now "without hope and without God in the world," having for our faith "a lie," and for our hope "strong delusion"? Was it not the helplessness of pain, the intolerable anguish of suspense, the utter desolation of bereavement, the bitter blighting of earthly happiness and affection, that caused us to raise our streaming eyes heavenwards, and opened our ears to the voice of Him who is love, whom we had hitherto known only as Creator and Judge? When the sea is calm, and the sky bright, and the wind favourable, the mariner heeds not that there is no pilot on board; when the path is smooth, and the sunshine bright, and the flowers sweet and fair, the child casts aside his father's proffered hand; when the pulses beat true, and the step is light, and the whole frame vigorous and strong, the physician's bitter draught is spurned. But when the waves of life's sea toss and roar, and the fragile human bark drives helpless through midnight storm and gloom—when the road is rough and stony—when clouds gather, and thorns and briers take the place of flowers—when heart and body and spirit faint and fail with sore sickness,—then is the time for the great Pilot, who is "the way, the truth, and the life," to grasp the helm and whisper, "It is I; be not afraid"—for the Father in heaven to take the outstretched feeble hand, saying, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee"—for the good Physician, who came not to "the whole," who "have no need," but "to them that are sick" and have "need of healing"—to draw near with the cup of living water, the draught springing up into "eternal life." So we have found it.

CHAPTER XI.

IRON WALLS.

"Dark lowers our fate,
And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us."
JOANNA BAILLIE.

September 18.—I awoke this morning with a strange sense of something having happened, or being about to happen—the impression left by Victor's laughing words, called to Nina and me along the corridor last night as we went to our rooms: "Get transformed into heroines during the night, young ladies; you will wake to-morrow in a besieged city, remember." I suppose we spoke and looked very little like it during the conversation he and Uncle Lucien had been holding.

The knowledge that we are at last completely shut in from the outer world, that this vast, beautiful city is really only a great prison-house, that the last line of railway has been cut, and that the meshes of war are firmly twined all round us, is chiefly painful to us in the thought that all hopes of tidings of Léon—if any, indeed, are ever to reach us—must be given up until all is over.

I know I do not feel at all heroic. I am afraid it was wrong of us allowing ourselves to be persuaded to let mamma remain in Paris. She looks so terribly worn and ill. She, at least, has no hope of seeing Léon again. She does not say so; but I can see it. If the city should be attacked by assault, as so many seem to think it will be, the excitement and terror would almost kill her. And if the siege lasts long, I cannot understand how we are to escape many privations. But there, as Victor says, I am always looking on the dark side, and forgetting that there is no reason to be afraid. Paris is not going to be taken; the forts will have to be captured first, and that will be a hard task, though Victor admits that they are imperfectly armed as yet, few guns mounted, and no casemats or bomb-proofs completed. But they will soon be in perfect order, he says. He was impatient when I asked how, as Colonel Labaudière was lamenting, only the other day, the great deficiency in guns and ammunition. And now the lines are all cut, how are we to procure any from without? I wish I could help perplex-

ing myself about these things. But when one hears so many conflicting opinions, it is hard to know what is the truth.

Uncle Lucien says that the state of the forts is wilfully misrepresented in the violent crusade that is going on against the administrators of the Imperial Government—things being exaggerated to make their inefficiency appear more glaring; and that the hard lessons of experience France has lately learned will not be in vain, but almost worth their cost. He has great faith in General Trochu, who is a personal friend and co-patriot, coming like ourselves from Brittany. He is a man of infinite resource, and has repeatedly declared he feels himself equal to the occasion.

After mass this morning we drove along the quays, across the river, and through the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe. It was difficult to realize that a hostile army was within a few miles of us. The golden sunshine lay bright on the scarcely changing trees and brilliant autumn flowers; the beautiful Arc de Triomphe stood out clearly defined in the still, pure air; and beyond it, fair and peaceful against the deep blue sky, rose the wooded heights in which the foe is encamped. No token of their presence reached us. At times, indeed, we heard sounds like distant firing; but the strong north-west wind must have borne them away from us.

The broad promenade of the Champs Elysées was gay as ever with bright dresses and laughing children; the seats were filled with careless loungers enjoying the holiday sunshine; games and amusements were going on as usual. The only perceptible difference was the absence of carriages and fashionable people, and the prevalence of strange, uncouth figures in half-and-half uniforms. Was the siege a dream, the presence of the Prussian host a nightmare fancy? It almost seemed so.

On our way home we met Victor on horseback; but he rode rapidly past us, doffing his cap with a flashing smile and low bow. When I turned from watching him, with light words upon my lips, mamma's face recalled me to a sense of the true meaning of the uniform he wore, which suited his bright face and slight figure so well. Danger—wounds—it might be death! I read them all in mamma's pale face and weary eyes.

In the Place de la Concorde a regiment was "manifesting" before the statue of Strasburg; they had bouquets on the ends of their muskets, and as they passed the statue representing the city whose heroic endurance touches all hearts, they presented arms and shouted, "Vive la France." The head, arms, and pedestal of the figure were covered with bouquets and immortelles. Before we reached home, however, we were alarmed by a great stir and commotion evident in the dense crowds that thronged the streets. Reports that a terrible disaster had occurred ran from lip to lip. Our troops had been driven in, and the Prussians were already at the gates! Uncle Lucien ordered the coachman to drive us rapidly home, while he hastened to one of the ministries to gain information.

The hours of waiting were long and terrible. A note came at last saying, "The misfortune that has befallen us has been greatly exaggerated. Vinoy has been driven out of Châtillon and Lamart; the retreat has been effected in good order; but a panic has seized the people, who persist in believing that all is lost, and that the Prussians are at the gates." Our fears are in measure allayed; but even since Uncle Lucien and Victor (who was witness of the latter part of the action) have returned, we cannot help feeling troubled and terribly anxious. Few will sleep in Paris to-night, for it is really doubtful whether the enemy may not push on their advantage and attack us. Uncle Lucien thinks the forts will keep them off, though he says the confusion and demoralization of the troops, who came in helter-skelter through the Montrouge Gate, must have been seen to be understood. He and Victor are passionately indignant with the cowardice of the Zouave regiments of the line, which caused the disaster by at once taking to flight. But they were all young troops, Victor says, or the very scum of the old army. Uncle Lucien and he are both gone again. Our post must be to watch and pray.

September 19.—With the night has passed our error; the Prussians did not come, and all is as before. This morning Nina and I went to Notre Dame; it was full of Mobs. Altars and shrines were thronged. It was a touching sight—the great, honest, clumsy fellows in their strange at-

tempt at uniform, assembling, of their own free will, to hear the early mass. When we told Victor, he said they were making a pilgrimage through all the churches of Paris. They are devout, simple fellows, and will in a few weeks make splendid soldiers; at present they are simply raw peasants. But the countrymen of the noble Du Guesclin, our own brave ancestor, the men who met the Republican forces, in the time of the First Napoleon, with scythes and pitchforks, and then turned their own weapons upon them, will yet prove their right to their inheritance of fame. Of this Victor is certain. He is proud of his special regiment—men from our own part of Brittany, to many of whom the name of De Laborde is as a password to victory. When I listen to his eager words of confident hope, my spirit rises too. But I cannot shake off a dull weight of depression, a vague presentiment of coming disaster. O Léon, Léon! if I knew thy fate, I could bear the rest! It is the suspense that is so terrible. And how can I best serve him in prayer? I do not know whether to repeat the prayers for the living or for the dead, or if we should not rather be paying for masses for his soul. He may be in purgatory now; he must be in sorrow and suffering, wherever he is. Prisoner or wounded, or in purgatory. *Ora pro nobis, Mater. Ora, ora.*

To-day we distinctly heard the cannon for the first time. Mamma, Nina, and I, were alone when we first caught the sound. Mamma turned pale. Nina hid her face on my shoulder. Even Arnaud grew suddenly still and silent. It brought such a vivid realization of our position to our hearts. Some think the Prussians will attack at once; but Augustine came in and told us it was only the cannon of our own forts we heard, though there was fighting going on round the southern side of the city. We do not know the result.

September 20.—Yesterday's fight was unsuccessful. The Prussians have seized the heights of Châtillon and Meudon. Uncle Lucien says it is a serious misfortune for us, and cannot comprehend why the redoubts there were not finished and occupied long ago. The news has depressed us all except Victor. He insists that Vinoy will retake the position, that the Prussians will not

be able to hold it under the guns of Valérien. I do not know; and I am weary—oh, so weary!—of all this talk of war. Oh, for the dear old times when France was at peace, and her homes unshaded by battle banners! They say the feeling is very strong against peace in the city; but it is felt the siege cannot possibly last long.

Victor is very indignant at the cowardly conduct of some of the troops of the line at Châtillon. They are thoroughly demoralized, the scum of the old line soldiers; and, Léon used to say, one great error in our military administration was the neglect of those troops for the picked regiments. The latter are gone now almost to a man; and if the line soldiers fail us, what can we expect from the Mobiles and National Guard—peasants and citizens? Victor says, much from the former, nothing from the latter; Uncle Lucien says, everything from both. Mamma has looked better to-day; Nina, very pale and sad.

September 21.—I cannot understand Augustine. He appears to shun us all—even mamma—and sits cold and abstracted during any conversation when even strangers are present. What he thinks about our situation I cannot tell. To-day, Paul de Méricourt said to him jestingly, "It is never too late to mend, Augustine; give up the prospective crosier for the 'bâton de maréchal' that every French soldier carries in his knapsack. Now is the time to win it, if ever. France wants soldiers, not priests!"

The words were lightly, carelessly spoken; and though, knowing Paul's infidel tendencies as we do, we all felt meaning lurked in them, Augustine's violent emotion startled us—that is, Nina, mamma, and me. Uncle Lucien is not a keen observer, and Victor was absent. The blood rushed crimson to his brow, his eyes shot fire, then the burning glow faded, leaving his face set and rigid; he made no answer, and in a few moments left the room.

I have never been used to give or receive confidence from Augustine. In spite of his unfailing gentleness and kindness, his thoughtfulness and gravity have always held me comparatively aloof, and since his manner has become so strangely reserved and depressed, I have never dared to break the ice. But now my heart

aches for him, and turns yearningly to him in the great void caused by Léon's loss, for which, I know, he grieves bitterly. But that grief is not all. Perhaps he is going to be a monk. But if so, why should any of Victor's raillery, or such words as Paul de Méricourt's, irritate him? It is a great puzzle.

September 22.—The forests of Meudon, Clamart, and St. Germain have been burned. When will Paris recover from this miserable year? Not even in a lifetime will the traces of it be gone. Those fair woods, and lovely villas, and beautiful gardens, a desolate waste. And the waste places will be more and yet more, alas! for the mirage of coming peace has disappeared. The interview of Jules Favre with Count Bismarck has produced no results; only added bitterness and fresh resolution to the strife.

They met at Ferrières, the beautiful chateau of Baron Rothschild, but the German chancellor refused to grant other terms than such as France, humbled and stricken as she has been, could but scorn to accept—the cessation of Alsace and Lorraine, of the fortresses of Metz, Strasburg, and St. Valérien! And Jules Favre left him with the noble words, to which every true French heart must thrill: "Not one inch of our territory, not one stone of our fortresses." Yes, even women's hearts, sorely as we long for peace, we would not purchase it with the dishonour and dismemberment of our country. Not yet, at least. Why do I write those words? I cannot tell, except that I can never quite silence the undertone of despondency that is ever whispering that the cup of misfortune has not yet been drained.

There has been great excitement in the city to-day—manifestations against peace. Uncle Lucien walked with Nina and me to the Trocadéro. It was crowded with people gazing through glasses at the distant heights, on which it was said Prussian guns were visible, but we could not distinguish them. Uncle Lucien was in great spirits. He thinks it is impossible that the siege should last more than a fortnight at most. A large and well-appointed army is ready, or nearly so, to march from the banks of the Loire to our relief. Our besiegers, caught between two fires, will experience a Sedan reversed

vated. But it is a terrible prospect,—
 rd—more graves—more anguish. Even
 y be too dearly bought for some, per-
 m.

ber 23.—We have not seen Victor to-
 ear there will be many days on which
 ot do so. It is anxious work, though
 cien says, except in case of a general
 s Mobiles will not as yet be brought
 . But then, Uncle Lucien deapises the
 and trusts most in the troops of the
 rench soldier, in spite of all that has
 , is yet his *beau idéal* of valour.

a is certainly better—this clear, bright
 s refreshing after the heavy heat of last
 and as yet she can take her usual walks
 rembourg Gardens, which are not closed
 ublic, though large herds of oxen and
 penned in parts of them. She is really
 and bears up wonderfully against her
 r Léon and anxiety for Victor. One
 ence of the siege already troubles me on
 nt—milk is becoming very scarce, and
 tly very bad, and it is such a staple of
 er. There has already been fixed a
 price for meat. It is dreadful to think
 would be if the siege should be pro-
 r weeks; but it is one comfort that no
 s that possible.

as very anxious to join one of the am-
 but submitted at once to our remon-
 with that dull, apathetic acquiescence
 yields to all our wishes. That passive
 n is so very strange in her, so foreign
 ture and her old ways. I am troubled
 ut her. She is so utterly crushed and
 oes not murmur or complain, or even
 her sorrow; but I think her fair face
 er and more rigid each day. God and
 saints comfort her. I cannot.

ber 24.—There has been a great victory
 Uncle Lucien brought us the tidings.
 sians have been driven out of Ville
 great loss; it is said many thousands
 ars are taken, and a great number of
 The streets leading to the ramparts are
 with eager citizens waiting to see them
 ictor is away, perhaps in action.
 : this morning to see Marie Fournier.

She was in great distress; her husband, a kind,
 easy, worthy man, a good and honest citizen, has
 proved a bad soldier—been arrested for neglect
 of duty. Marie was fearing he would be shot, as
 it is said some soldiers who ran away at Châ-
 tillon will be. I met some of them being
 paraded through the streets with their coats re-
 versed and a placard on their breast inviting all
 good citizens to spit upon the cowards. They
 were soldiers of the line; poor wretches. But
 there is no danger of their fate for Jules, who,
 of course, belongs to the National Guard; and
 Uncle Lucien thinks the capital sentence will
 not be carried out on them even.

September 25.—Victor came home last night.
 It seems the importance of yesterday's fight was
 greatly exaggerated; still it was a success. He
 has heard that the Prussian king has taken up
 his quarters at Versailles, in the glorious palace
 dedicated "*A toutes les gloires de la France*;"
 that he occupies the gorgeous apartments of La
 Grande Monarque, and that the stately saloons
 and galleries echo to the tread of German soldiers.
 Well, it will not be for long. Uncle Lucien says
 there is no doubt that there is great disaffection
 and discontent among the Prussians, and that
 they are nearly starving. It will be impossible,
 he says, to find supplies for them so far from
 home, with hostile armies hanging round their
 rear. To-day the city looked bright and gay as
 of yore.

CHAPTER XII.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

"But how can finite measure infinite?
 Reason! alas, it does not know itself!
 Yet man, vain man, would with this short-lived plummet
 Fathom the vast abyss of heavenly justice."

DRYDEN.

September 26.—I have had a word with
 Augustine. Victor was urging him yesterday to
 join the "*Frères Chrétiens*" under Monseigneur
 Bauer, late confessor to the Empress, now chap-
 lain to the Ambulance de la Presse. Augustine
 replied that there were already too many attached
 to each ambulance; that many had been refused
 daily, and that he would rather give what assistance
 he could independently—his half clerical dress
 would be a passport. The subject dropped then,

but I said afterwards, when he and I were alone, "I think I would rather choose your part, Augustine; it is a nobler mission than to defend your country even—to save the souls of your countrymen. It is a pity you were not a priest now; it must be so blessed to go as such among the wounded and dying with all the blessings of the Church. There must be so much pain that cannot be eased—of spirit and of body—except by her consolation."

He turned round, and, to my horror and amazement, answered in a deep low voice, "I shall never be a priest, Renée!"

Strong surprise deprived me of the power of speech, and just then some one entered the room. Augustine whispered to me when we parted for the night, "Do not repeat what I said to any one, Renée; above all to my mother. One day I will explain."

What can be the reason? The holy office was so completely his own choice, the dream of his boyhood, and the cherished vision of his youth. And it will be such a terrible sin to turn his back on it now, his vocation always seemed so strong. And mamma, how she looks forward to seeing him ministering in his priestly robes at the altar. "If I could see him thus once before I die, Renée, perhaps even receive the body of the Lord from his hands, the strongest wish left me on earth would be fulfilled," she said only yesterday. Words that struck my heart with a shiver of pain, for I felt they rung the death-knell of her own and Léon's life. I hear Nina's step, and must close.

September 27.—Nina came to me last night as I was writing. Something in her agitated look told me of new-born hope, and as she took her place at my knee and looked up into my face, her eyes kindled and her face flushed. "Renée," she said, "I have thought of a plan by which we may get news of Léon."

Then she told me how much she had wished to engage in ambulance work, chiefly for the sake of the chance it gave of meeting with wounded Germans, from whom it might be possible to learn something of Léon's fate. But we opposed it, and she gave it up. And to-night I have found the clue to the passive submission that so characterizes her conduct of late. She

feels that Léon's fate, whatever it may be, and our painful ignorance concerning it, are alike the bitter fruit of her waywardness and sin. God is angry with her, and the bolt that he has hurled at her has smitten us too. But it is all her fault, she thinks, and she has made a solemn vow never to oppose her will to another's again, lest it should draw down further chastisement, not upon herself only, but upon those bound to her by the electric chain of affection, vibrating to all that concerns her. She says, daily, hourly, she fails in keeping this vow; that though to us she appears so broken, so spiritless, her will surges up still in wild impulses of rebellion not only against the little contradictions and oppositions of daily life, but against God even, against his dealing with her, which yet she owns to be so just, and with us. "I would not willingly crush a worm," she said; "yet God stoops to punish one like me. I have deserved it all, I know; but you have not, and mamma."

I tried to reason with her, and show her that we were only fellow-victims with thousands of others of the terrible scourge of war, whose indiscriminate lash falls on all alike—on the tenderest and noblest the heaviest; that we all need chastisement for our sins and shortcomings, and that it is better to suffer it here than beyond the grave.

She only shook her head and said, "It is of no use, Renée; when Uncle Lucien speaks of France being now suffering the righteous judgment of God for the open infidelity and irreligion she has hoisted as a banner since the dreadful days of '92, it all comes home to me. God is holy, and God is righteous; and though we are such puny things, he notices all our ways. I know he is angry with me. I feel it."

I could not comfort her. How can I? I know she already spends too much of her feeble strength in fasting and prayer. Times without number I have found her prostrate before the crucifix in her room. Oh! will this sorrow be a life-long one? Will Léon ever come back to us?

Nina's hope of tidings was based on the possibility of Augustine's meeting with German prisoners and wounded in the various ambulances. It is a very slight one. I must speak to him about it.

Mamma is not so well. Prices of things are already very high; great part of our income is dependent upon the interest of railway stock, in which most of our own and Uncle Lucien's property is invested. I fear, if the siege lasts much longer, we shall be actually short of money. True, there are Uncle Lucien's rents; but we have to pay so exorbitantly for common necessities, still more for the delicacies that are requisite for mamma. Justine is almost frantic each time she goes to market. To-day the stall-keeper told her she must blame Bismarck, not her.

But every one seems to think the Army of the Loire cannot fail to be here in a few days. A carrier-pigeon has brought encouraging news from Tours, to which city the civil government was removed before the commencement of the siege. Uncle Lucien is on duty to-night on the ramparts. He says the National Guards are improving in drill and discipline, the Mobiles becoming good soldiers, and the sailors who man the forts splendid fellows; so there really seems no reason for despondency.

September 28.—Uncle Lucien came home to-day in great spirits. He says 10,000 Prussians are hemmed in in the wood of Ville Juif; that it is evident the German force is weak, and that they dare not attack, as they keep resolutely under cover, and do not reply to the fire of our forts. It is said the Prussian soldiers are very unwilling to carry on the war, and that sentences of friendship and apology addressed to Frenchmen were found on the walls of houses they had evacuated. The papers are full of confidence; they say the people of London have risen *en masse* to compel the Queen of England to come to our help, and that the greatest admiration and sympathy is felt for Paris by foreign nations.

But I do not like the tone of the papers; even Uncle Lucien disapproved of some of the articles, in which Paris was compared to the Christ on the cross, and said to be, like God, immortal. He says it is to such profanity France owes the chastisement under which she is smarting. Under the Bourbon kings each regiment had its chaplain, each soldier could be religious. But all that is changed now. However, they did not seem much better in those days, only everything looks softened through the mists of time.

September 29.—Victor came home this morning full of hope and spirit. He was in the engagement of Ville Juif, but was not hurt. He could not remain long with us, his regiment being stationed outside. He thinks the silence and inactivity of the Prussians a ruse, and says the Government is wrong in not attacking them at once, as they are strengthening their positions daily. He told us that spies are taken almost hourly, and was full of anecdotes of ridiculous blunders that have been made. We have seen several people arrested in the streets ourselves. No one is now to be allowed to pass the gates, under penalty of being shot. We must not be fearful if he does not appear for a day or two, as it will not often be possible for him to leave his post. He has seen and questioned several German prisoners, but fears there is little hope of news of Léon reaching us. His visit was like a breath of fresh air and hope, as it always is; but our hearts are heavy for him, with the dull booming of the fort-guns ever reminding us that death is riding in the air. Dearest mamma's health and spirits are failing; she was very wearied to-day with just crossing the street into the Gardens, and she felt the air sharp and cold.

September 30.—There has been fighting going on to-day, but as yet we do not know the result. We are getting familiarized with the dull heavy boom of the guns, which at times seems to shake the very house, as though they were close at hand, at others is scarcely audible. But my mind has been less occupied with the fighting and Victor than with what Augustine told me this morning. He asked me to come with him into the Luxembourg Gardens, as he wished to speak to me alone. For a time we paced up and down the broad chestnut avenue in silence. Augustine's face was fixed and his eye averted, and I waited for him to begin to speak. At last he turned to me and said in short sharp accents, "Renée, I need not ask if you remember what I said to you the other night. Your eyes have never ceased to question and reprove me since. No; do not begin to excuse yourself,—you have a right to know. I know my conduct has long been a riddle to you. I have only allowed it to be so to save you pain, and—and—my mother. Yet now I do not see how I can do so longer. Renée,

I shall never be a priest. How can I tell my mother that? And yet until I do so I am living a lie! That at any rate I scorn." He paused, as though expecting an answer.

I could only stammer out, "O Augustine! why?—what is this?—what does it mean?"

"Why?" he answered slowly, with calm bitterness. "Because I cannot be the priest of a faith in which I do not believe. What is this? No hasty whim, no light fleeting fancy; but the mature result of long hours of wrestling and doubt, of agony and despair; and it means that two things lie before me—a course of deception and trickery, from which my whole soul revolts, or the bringing down a crowning grief upon my mother's loving devoted heart, beneath which its few remaining beatings will be stilled."

And then he told me the history of the past two years. Did time and space permit I would not fully repeat it here, for the wedge whose point first entered Augustine's soul was but a single expression, a chance word dropped from the careless lips of an ecclesiastic upon whom he had looked as among the sainted ones of the earth. And knowing thus how vast a matter so small a force will move, I will not risk its entrance into other minds by giving it here. Suffice it to say, doubt, fear, disbelief did enter. Not lightly had his reluctant grasp let go the banner of the ancient faith of his fathers. But to a mind like his—meditative, penetrating, reasoning—to question was to analyze, and to analyze was to discover. He saw that the whole fabric upon which the enthusiastic trust of his boyhood and youth had been placed was composed of superstition, and error, and priestcraft. Slowly, reluctantly his hold relaxed, dropped, and the light of human reason failed, as it always must fail, to show him the truth man learns through revelation alone.

Dark and bitter had been the conflict. At first he had regarded his doubts as a temptation, and had striven to avert them by fasting, and penance, and prayer; whole nights he had passed in repeating the prescribed forms of prayer, in invoking the aid and intercession of saints and the Virgin, but all in vain. The thick darkness deepened; he studied the works

of the fathers of the Church, and waded through volumes of theological discussion and inquiry. He found only "muddy waters, darkened lights, broken harmonies." These are his own words. But now he says the mists of superstition, and the trammels of tradition and habit, have been swept from his heart and brain by the clear, steady light of reason, and he doubts no more. He believes nothing—only in a Deity above, a *Creator*—not a ruler, not a judge. The teachings of the Church—the immortality of the soul, purgatory, heaven, hell—he speaks of as myths invented by crafty, designing men for their own selfish end. Oh, it is too dreadful! I cannot write of it—Auguste, Auguste, my poor misguided brother—this is worse even than Léon's loss. For if those beautiful words in his letter were Protestant errors, he was no heretic, but a good and true Catholic. One thing is clear—mamma must not know; it would kill her.

When Augustine had finished speaking, I sat stunned. The Gardens were almost empty, and we had seated ourselves under one of the great chestnut-trees; the ground was strewn with the ripe nuts gleaming ruddy brown through the pearly white lining of their spiky husks, and the sun poured down with golden brilliance through the amber-tinted leaves. I think I shall never see unpicked chestnuts again without a thought of that sorrowful hour.

After a time Augustine put his arm round me and drew me closely to him, murmuring tenderly, "My poor little sister! you must not grieve for this; I would not have distressed you now, but I could keep silence no longer." I burst into tears.

For a time he let me weep; then he said, "You see my difficulty now, Renée. I am no longer the victim of doubts and fears. I am a free man. I do not wish to disturb your faith as long as its chains are of flowers, not of iron as mine were. But I know it will be such a grief to poor mamma. She wrings my heart almost daily by speaking to me as to one whose rightful duty and office it is, before all others, to sympathize with her about things which to her are such holy, solemn, sacred realities; which to me are shadows, vapours, dreams! Renée, how shall I tell her?"

"O Auguste, dear Auguste, you must not tell her; grief for Léon, sorrow for Nina, anxiety for Victor and Uncle Lucien, the dread and strain of our position in a besieged city—for her, weak, frail, suffering as she is—is already enough, too much."

"That is what I think," he replied; "but until she knows, Renée, I must continue to do as I have done hitherto—act a lie."

"Yes; but oh, Augustine, only a little longer, only till the siege is over."

"Will that be a 'little while,' think you, Renée?"

"I hope so. Yes. Every one says so. O Augustine, do you not think so?"

"No, Renée, I do not think so. I see no reason to anticipate a speedy close. I believe the Prussians will continue to preserve their inactive tactics. It is no ruse, no weakness, no cowardice, but a settled plan and purpose. The armies of the provinces exist only in our rulers' minds and the people's fancy. Paris is full of men in uniform, but not of soldiers. And France cannot understand that this is her hour of weakness, and that she has no strength left to compete with the discipline and vigour of united Germany. We are beaten, Renée, worsted in an uneven struggle, and the end must come, but I do not think it will be yet."

"If the siege last long, Augustine," I said, "it will—oh, mamma! mamma!"

Augustine was very tender, very kind, more moved outwardly than I had ever seen him. He sought to comfort me. But I can see he thinks mamma not better—worse. Oh! the darkness, the trouble, the sorrow seems deepening each day. Léon—we know not where—missing, lost to us. Augustine—but this is my own dark secret, for he has promised to keep it such still—an unbeliever, a reprobate. Victor and Uncle Lucien in deadly peril day by day; Nina's young life crushed by sorrow; and mamma dying!

Yes, *dying*; Augustine meant that, I know, and I know he is right. And there is no help, no hope for all this. Prayer ought to help. I suppose it helps some people. It does not me. Heaven is so far off, and there are no saints on earth in these days. And how can I tell that the prayers I offer reach those above? If others

need their help less, they at any rate deserve it more, for I have no faith, no trust, no devotion.

All day the forts have been firing heavily, but we have not yet learned what is transpiring, and my heart has been almost too sick to care.

October 1.—We heard last night that the result of the day's fighting had been very important. Uncle Lucien was in ecstasies of confidence and hope. General Trochu's proclamation scarcely makes so much of it. It appears a sortie was made to discover the strength of the Prussian forces at Châtillon, and to blow up bridges over the Seine. Our troops do not seem to have succeeded in the latter object. They occupied Chevilly, L'Hay, Thiais, and Choisy le Roi, but Prussian reinforcements arrived, and they fell back in good order. The Governor praises the conduct of the soldiers, and calls the day a very honourable one; but the results seem confined to "very severe" losses on our side and on the enemy's. All day the wounded were being brought in. Victor is safe; we have not seen him, but he sent a message to that effect. Augustine has joined the International Ambulance; one of the assistants was struck yesterday by a chance bullet, and he was asked to fill his place. How differently should I have thought of his going, as one almost a priest of the Holy Church, among the sick and suffering, but two short days ago! Now I know, alas! that he can only minister to bodily suffering, and that is so far from being the worst.

Mamma is ill and exhausted this evening. The day was lovely, and I persuaded her to try a few turns in the Gardens. It was too much for her, and I have a heavy foreboding that she will never do so again. But it must be morbid depression, the result of overstrain. I must subdue it.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOD KNOWS AND GOD CARES.

"And Thou dost know
The dumb, dumb grief, the aching woe;
This darkness is too dark for prayer;
But Thou dost know, and Thou wilt care."

HETTY BOWMAN.

October 2.—A thunderbolt has fallen in our midst to-day. Strasburg and Toul have fallen, and with them our hopes, for the time at least.

Everything seems against us. The mass of the people refuse to believe it; but it is too true. Will the terrible fate of Strasburg be ours? For myself I scarcely care, but for mamma and Nina.

Daily we are more and more reminded that we are the denizens of a besieged city. To-day an order has been issued to deliver up all stores of flour to the Government. Meat is already scarce, and only procurable by ticket and long waiting. Prices continue to rise; and a decree has been passed prohibiting the levy of all rents before December. Are we to become beggars, or starve? It seems very like it. My heart is too heavy to write to-day.

October 3.—Augustine's new creed certainly does not make him happy. His face bears still its haggard, troubled look. This morning he looked specially worn and harassed. There were a few wounded Germans brought in yesterday to the Palais de l'Industrie, now the headquarters of the International Ambulance; but there was no news of Léon. I do not expect any. But Nina does,—the sharpened, eager look of expectancy on her pale face goes to my heart.

Mamma was too weak to go out to-day; and this afternoon, when she was resting, and Nina shut up, as she often is, in her own room, I felt as if I could not bear the deep stillness of the empty house, broken only by the distant boom of the fort-guns. So I went out alone, into the Luxembourg Gardens, in the bright, clear air and glorious sunshine, thinking thereby to dispel the heavy weight of gloom that rested on my spirits.

There were many enjoying the beauty of the day in the broad avenues, and I turned into a quiet and less frequented one, where I could weep unseen. Something in the soft, sweet air seemed to have power to melt my pain into tears, and I wept long and bitterly. Then I took out Léon's photograph and the last letter I had received from him,—one of the short, loving notes he sent before the fighting began, my own particular treasure; the last two belong to all, and rarely leave my mother's hands. I always keep mine in a little case in my pocket. When my heart yearns very sorely for him, it is even

something to *touch* what his hands have sent. Is this weak and sentimental? I fear many would say so; but it is true.

As I walked slowly homeward, sad and weary, but relieved by the tears I had shed, I met a lady and a little girl, whom I had often watched with strong interest. That they are English, I think I could have told without having sometimes caught a few words in that language as I passed them; evidently mother and child. The lady is apparently very weak and delicate, and the child supports and guides her feeble steps with a tender solicitude that often brings tears to my eyes. Both are dressed in deep mourning, the lady in widow's weeds. I say the *lady*, though her dress is plain and threadbare; and the child's worn, rusty black frock, scanty and overgrown, tells of great poverty. They are not much alike; the lady has brown hair and soft, sad, dark eyes; and the girl, bright golden locks, falling in loose rich curls over her shoulders, deep blue eyes, and exquisitely fair complexion. Yet it is not the latter's beauty only that attracts me. Indeed, I cannot account for the strange interest which has often made me half decide on speaking to her. I think I should have done so ere this, only that she rarely leaves her mother's side; and the English are such a reserved people, she might resent my doing so. But to-day the fair child rendered me a great service. I had passed them and nearly reached the Garden gates, when I heard light footsteps coming rapidly behind me. I did not turn till a soft touch was laid on my arm, and a sweet voice said in broken French, "Pardon, mademoiselle; I think you have dropped this. I picked it up soon after you passed." It was the little case containing Léon's letter and portrait.

"Yes, it is mine," I said; "thank you very much,—you do not know what a treasure you have saved me."

"I am very glad," she said shyly, and was turning away; but not wishing to lose this opportunity of making friends with her, I continued,—*"It contains the likeness of a dear brother, and the last letter I have had from him."*

The blue eyes were raised to mine with a look

of sweet and ready sympathy. "He is in the war, mademoiselle?"

"We do not know, my child, whether he is living or dead, prisoner or free;" and the tears welled to my eyes again.

The child laid her small hand on mine, with a look of perfect comprehension and sympathy, strange in one so young—she can only be about twelve at most—and said, "That is very hard. But, mademoiselle, *God knows* and *God cares*." Then, as if fearing she had made too free, she murmured something about "Mamma being waiting," and hurried away.

But those words, "God knows and God cares," have rung in my ears ever since. They were spoken with such perfect assurance of truth. Of course I believe God knows everything, for he is omniscient, omnipresent; but the "God knows" of that little English girl meant more than that. It implied the interested, individual, direct knowledge of one who personally cared to know; and her "God cares" was spoken with a simplicity of trust and realization, as of one whose loving solicitude and tender sympathy were beyond all question. Can it be so? Does God "*know*" and "*care*," in the sense she appeared to mean, for us, common, every-day people? How very sweet it would be to think so. I have so much need of some one to know and care for me and mine just now. No doubt my little English friend is a Protestant. And I suppose that good young German in whose arms poor Henri de l'Orme died was a Protestant too. Well, they seem to have very beautiful words and thoughts of God. Can they be so very wrong? At any rate I will not try to rob my heart of the strange, sweet feeling of hope and peace those words give me, "God knows and God cares."

October 4.—No news to-day. Victor and Uncle Lucien have both been home. The latter complains bitterly of the want of subordination and discipline of the National Guard. Having elected their own officers, they obey them or not, as they please; and many of the officers are men of the worst character. Victor is dissatisfied at the inaction of our leaders; says the Germans are strengthening their positions each day; and that though delay will

certainly improve our soldiers, it is more in our besiegers' favour than ours. He says the Mobiles are fast becoming good soldiers; and expects great things from his Bretons, who, however, do not agree well with the other troops. Few of them can understand French. Victor can speak their *patois*, and is a great favourite. He looks well, but much more thoughtful and manly. Poor Arnaud misses him sadly. The siege is a weary time for him. Most of his companions have left the city; but he is not yet tired of playing soldiers. I did not see the little English girl to-day.

October 5.—I told mamma last night of my little friend's words. She smiled that grave, sweet smile that so often lights her dear, worn face now, in spite of all her sorrow, and said, "The dear child is right, Renée. I am sure God does know, and I think he cares. He is good to us. It is our sins that rise up in a great dark barrier between us and him. If he let his own Son die to help us to obtain salvation, he must care. If we were only more faithful, more earnest, more patient. And, Renée," she added after a time, "I believe those words in our dear Léon's letter are his words, and therefore true words. It may be dangerous for us to know them sometimes. It must be, or the priest would not say so—the Holy Church would not forbid them. But they have done me good and not harm. It is sweet to me to think that my darling boy heard them, and that he sent them to us. They have made me understand better that God loves us. They are so tender and so sweet. I cannot but receive them. And they have made me more anxious to please and serve God than I ever was before, and I think at last—at last, he will give me everlasting life. I seem to forget his majesty in his goodness, Renée, except sometimes, when Father Delille comes. Then he makes me afraid. But if it had not been for this, I could not have borne all these sorrows."

This, then, is the secret of the quiet meekness with which she has borne her heavy grief and anxiety. When I have seen her lying with Léon's letter pressed to her heart by her transparent hands, and her soft eyes looking far away, I thought it was only of him she thought; but

it has been of God and him. Her spirit seems so calm and holy. It makes me feel she is too saintly for earth.

October 6.—I have not seen "my little friend," as I call her, either yesterday or to-day. I long to do so, as I shall not now hesitate to address her; and I feel doubly drawn to her by the help and comfort her simple words gave me the other day. Uncle Lucien says General Trochu has announced that he has a plan by which Paris is to be delivered, and that he is only waiting for the right moment to develop it.

Augustine is now constantly at the ambulance in the Palais de l'Industrie. I think he is happier for having unburdened his mind. I hope the solemn presence of suffering, and the awfulness of death, may lead him out of his dreadful error. His unbelief is so different from the infidelity of the many thoughtless and flippant men whom we know to hold similar views. He is so grave, and earnest, and true. It has cost him such bitter suffering; and I do not think it is over yet. He says Léon's last words, the night before he left, are all that he has known of help or hope for months. If he is fully settled in unbelief, why that worn, harassed look of distress and perplexity, not of grief only? It is possible that it is as yet even only a temptation. I must say the more prayers for him, because I alone know his need.

October 7.—To-day was delightfully sunny and balmy; and Uncle Lucien insisted on taking mamma, Nina, and me for a drive round the city—civilians not being allowed to pass the gates. He was anxious we should know how the city looked during the siege, which can scarcely last more than another week now, it is thought. A pigeon has brought a despatch from Tours with excellent news. Bazaine is prospering (I suppose still in Metz, however); two armies have been formed; and throughout the provinces the most resolute and enthusiastic war-spirit prevails.

Had it not been for the prospect of a speedy termination of the siege, our drive would have been sadder than it was; and I think no one thoroughly enjoyed it but Arnaud, who was delighted at the unwonted aspect of everything,

—and perhaps Uncle Lucien, who forgot the disfigurement in his soldiery interest. The Tuileries Gardens an artillery camp, filled with soldiers' tents and fires; the Place de la Concorde crowded with people and soldiers, especially before the statue of Strasburg, still, in spite of the city's fall, the object of the people's admiration, and almost covered with wreaths of immortelles; the Palais de l'Industrie an ambulance; the Cirque de l'Empératrice a barrack; the Arc de Triomphe boarded up in case of bombardment; the Avenue de l'Empératrice barricaded and honeycombed at the sides; the Champs Elysées deserted; crowds gathered at Passy, Point du Jour, and the Trocadéro, watching the firing from the forts; the Champ de Mars a camp; the outer boulevards lined with tents for the soldiers; the squares filled with sheep and oxen, the streets with beggars and itinerant vendors of all kinds, blocking up the footpaths; hotels closed; shops deserted;—all speaking of change; and the unceasing stream of soldiery passing, repassing, marching, drilling, and the hollow roar of the cannon, reminding us of what we were little likely to forget,—the cause of that change. Is it strange that we returned home weary, sorrowful, and depressed? For even if deliverance come soon, it must be through torrents of blood and a hurricane of fire.

But "God knows and God cares." Like the sweet refrain of some heavenly melody, those words are borne to and fro over my spirit's troubled waters, hushing the storm, if not to calm, at least to less violence.

October 8.—Dear mamma has taken cold; she is feverish and ill, and it is so difficult to get the nourishment she needs so much. Not that there is any want as yet, at least to those who have money to buy, but it is sometimes necessary to wait two hours or more at the shop. Poor Justine, it tries her patience sorely; but she will do anything for mamma. The worst is, mamma cannot eat the meat when it does come. The beef is certainly of extraordinary coarseness and flavour; mutton is rarely procurable; and I already begin to look anxiously at our diminishing stock of ready money.

There has been a slight disturbance at the Hôtel de Ville. Large numbers of citizens, chiefly from the Faubourgs, met and clamoured for chassepots and immediate offensive movements. General Trochu appeared, and pacified them; I suppose by means of his plan. Gambetta left in a balloon yesterday for Tours.

October 9.—To-day has been dull and showery. A weight of weariness and depression rests upon us that we cannot shake off. The house is so still; all ordinary interests are suspended. Mamma alone is even and cheerful. Poor Nina's passive meekness has changed for fitful irritability. But no flash of her old brightness or playfulness ever comes to break the monotony of our sorrowful quiet. Sometimes visitors call in; but it is a relief when they leave. My heart always sinks lower after the wild talk and absurd reports they are almost sure to indulge in; for the wisest and the bravest speak differently.

October 10.—The Palace of St. Cloud has been destroyed, fired by our own guns; and people seem rather proud of it than otherwise. Versailles is to follow, if necessary, they say.

To-day it has been difficult to believe the cannonade was only from our own guns, the noise was so great. Mamma is better, but still unable to leave the house. Will she ever leave it again? I have nothing to record to-day. Waiting and watching, hoping and fearing. That is the story of each weary day now. Has the siege not yet lasted a month? Days are weeks in long, slow weariness.

October 11.—To-day Uncle Lucien went with Nina and me to the shrine of St. Geneviève, at the Church of St. Etienne du Mont. She and I have often been there before. Crowds of worshippers surround it daily. Ages have passed since the fierce hosts of the terrible Attila, "the scourge of God," melted away from the walls of Paris before the crook of the holy young shepherdess of Nanterre; from Troyes, before the cross of the blessed St. Loup; from Orléans, before the faithful prayers of the pious St. Agnan. And now other, and scarcely less formidable, invaders overrun the soil of fair France, and beleaguer her proudest cities. Men call them Huns, Goths, Pandours; but no saint stands forth in the

breach, strong in the faith that calls down God's mighty help.

To-day Uncle Lucien actually wept as he spoke of the blasphemous tone of many of the papers that claim to be the voices of the people of Paris. Reviving the dark memories of '92, they call upon the people to use the sacred edifices of religion as the much-needed stabling for our cattle—many have been used by democratic orators—to drive away the priests from hovering round the battlefields, and harassing the last hours of the free sons of Republican France with the exploded myths of an obsolete superstition. One mayor, M. Mottu, has even ordered the crucifixes to be removed from all the ambulances in his arrondissement. These accursed spirits of blasphemy and infidelity are strangling France in their hideous folds, like the deadly Laocoon serpent. How can a country be prosperous and pure that casts aside her faith, her priests, her God. And Augustine, my dearly beloved and honoured brother, ranges himself under their banner. Oh! may all the saints plead for thee, my brother, that thou mayest see thine error ere it be too late!

To-day, while kneeling amidst prostrate and weeping worshippers at St. Geneviève's shrine, pleading with her to intercede for the city she once saved from so terrible a fate, the thought struck me that it was not she, after all, but God that saved it. She went not forth like the glorious Jeanne d'Arc, with sword and mail. But she prayed, and God heard her, and answered by a miracle,—*God knew and God cared.* But then she was a saint. Oh! if God would but hear the cries, wrung like blood-drops from so many tortured hearts in Paris now! But then we are sinners, not saints; and God has no dealings with sinners.

CHAPTER XIV.

MIDNIGHT VIGILS.

"Oh! there lie such depths of woe
In a young blighted spirit! Manhood rears
A haughty brow, and age hath done with tears;
But youth bows down to misery, in amaze
At the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days."

MRS. HEMANS.

October 12.—It is reported to-day that Count Moltke is dead, that the Crown Prince is dying of

fever, that Count Bismarck is anxious to treat, but that the stubborn old king refuses. The Prussians are deserting in large numbers daily, and bring accounts of the greatest disaffection, misery, and hunger prevailing in the Prussian camp. A despatch has been received from Gambetta saying the provinces are rising *en masse*. The troops in Paris are all ready to co-operate with the Loire army, whose arrival is expected daily,—250,000 have already arrived at Rouen. So I suppose the end will be soon. We await it with throbbing, sinking hearts.

October 13.—Alas! I fear all the bright hopes we cherished yesterday are illusions, like so many that have gone before. Victor came home for an hour or two to-day. He and Augustine agree that our position daily becomes more critical. The Prussians are working hard: daily, hourly, fresh links are forged to the iron chain that binds us in. Victor is eager for action. He says it is now or never, and that the armies of the provinces are myths, and trust in the intervention of foreign powers a delusion. The newspaper stories are false, and the Government know them to be so. News of a battle being fought at Châtillon was brought, and Victor hurried away.

October 14.—General Ducrot's reconnaissance was successful yesterday,—100 prisoners were brought in,—but our troops had to retire before the concentrated forces of the enemy, and nothing seems really gained. The same old story. If Léon lives how his heart will ache for us, tossed to and fro at the meeting of the streams of hope and despair. Mamma grows frailer and weaker each day, and Nina is the shadow of her former self. I have not seen my little English friend again. Mamma scarcely leaves her sofa now; still I have gone into the Gardens each day about the hour the mother and child usually walked there, but they never come. Perhaps they have left. I have heard of permission being sought for several foreigners to leave the city, but have not yet heard that they have done so. I cannot understand the deep interest I feel in the stranger child, and the strong longing I feel to meet her once more. Yet it is very unlikely I ever shall.

October 15.—To-day Nina and I went to the Faubourg St. Germain to visit poor Adèle Brandt.

Until yesterday we supposed she had left the city with her husband, young Hermann Brandt, whose German name procured him an order to leave the city in the rage against everything and every one of Teutonic origin that prevailed after Wörth, still more after Sedan. He was not born in Paris, but had resided here from early childhood; his habits, tastes, and associations were French. On the breaking out of the war, no thought of joining the ranks of the Fatherland occurred to him; the penalty of banishment for a term of years, decreed against those who failed to do so, was no punishment to him. But his name and lineage were German, and public opinion obliged him to depart soon after Sedan. He went to England, leaving, we now know, his fair young bride of less than a year behind him.

Adèle Blanchard had been a friend of Nina's and a pet of mine before her marriage. She was but eighteen; an only and idolized child, even her marriage had not separated her from her mother. The young couple had taken up their abode in the old roomy mansion of her parents. When the fatal hour of separation arrived, poor Adèle's girlish heart was rent in twain with the strife of parting—the inevitable severance of one bond or other. Husband or parent must be left. Weak, delicate, timid, soon specially to need a mother's care, she chose the former. The ~~sage~~, it was thought, could not last long; after it she would be able to rejoin her husband, or he return to her. So the young husband went alone to his exile, and the girl-wife remained in her old home. And I fear, when the iron barrier of the German host is at last removed, one mightier and higher, raised by a deadlier foe, will have grown up between those loving hearts. Death! Yes. Bitter self-reproach, and sorrowful longing, and anxious dread, have worn the silver cord of that frail young life so thin that the strain of her coming time of trial can scarcely fail to snap it. And they were so young, so happy!

Day by day we are called upon to track the seared marks of war's fiery footsteps on other hearts and in other homes beside our own. Oh! for a St. Geneviève whose pure outstretched hands and holy upraised eyes might win for us a deliverance and victory other than that for which we wait now—a salvation won from Heaven by

with and prayer, not bought by Earth with blood and death!

October 16.—Another dreary day has dragged its long hours away, and there is yet no change. It almost seems as if the sharp pangs of storm and assault were better than this protracted agony of waiting. Many thought on Friday, the anniversary of Jena, the blow would have been struck by the revengeful foe; but still our forts fire, and no answer comes from the mute batteries on the opposite heights. The people are impatient of attack, but the Government holds back. It is said that a band of Amazons is forming: there seems to me other work for women in these sad days; and there are men enough, but even brave men and true are not necessarily soldiers. The mobiles are reported to have behaved with great boldness and courage the other day at Clamart and Bagneux. I fear there is already great distress among the poor, but steps are being taken by the Government for their relief.

Augustine spent this evening with us. Neither of us has referred to our conversation that day in the Luxembourg—he has not, and I cannot. Gentle and kind as he is, there is in him that kind of reserve that, without conscious effort or intention, repels intrusion into his thoughts and confidence; at least I have always felt it so. With Léon it was so different: I never feared to offer him either confidence or sympathy.

Augustine has seen much sorrow and suffering these last days: some harrowing tales he told me make me ashamed of my own repining and depression; for after all, we have only one missing, and he as yet missing—not, we may at least hope, utterly lost.

Yesterday Colonel Loyd Lindsay arrived from England, bringing the generous gift of £20,000 for the sick and wounded from the noble-hearted British people. Sometimes I think it would be better for Nina, pale and delicate as she is, to be employed as she wished, in tending the sufferers in the ambulances, of which there are several quite near to us. I think it would in measure keep her mind from dwelling with such morbid bitterness on the past, with such sickness of dread on the revelation hid in the dim mists of the future. She seems little fit for such dreadful work, but I am really afraid she will sink under this long-

protracted agony of suspense. But when I spoke of it to mamma, she was so distressed at the thought of her fragile frame being further taxed, that I could not press it. Dear Nina, she seldom, very seldom speaks of Léon; but she sits and listens while mamma and I recall precious memories of his goodness, and tenderness, and wisdom, drinking in every word, like some poor crushed flower the softly-falling evening dew. Oh! it seems as if, could I see her once folded in Léon's protecting arms, my dearest earthly wish would be fulfilled! Yet mamma, Augustine, Victor, all so precious, and so much to be desired for each.

For Uncle Lucien, I think, there is little danger. The National Guards man the ramparts, and until the Prussian fire opens, or an attack is made, that post is one of comparative safety. And if piety and devotion give claim to the special protection of the patron saints of Paris and of France—St. Geneviève and the Blessed Virgin—he may well bear a charmed life. There are few such good Catholics in these degenerate days in the land once proud to bear the title of eldest daughter of the Church.

October 17.—It seems generally acknowledged now that the assault and bombardment which, like the sword of Damocles, hung, or was supposed to hang, over our devoted city each day, and specially each night, will not take place. Either the Prussians have not succeeded in bringing those enormous Krupp guns,—of which so much has been spoken, whose huge bulk and boasted range excited so much interest and attention when they stood in the foremost place so courteously allotted them in our gorgeous exhibition palace,—or they must have yielded to the opinion of Europe, and relinquished so barbarous a plan. It is surely impossible that Paris, the gathering-place of all that is beautiful and refined, could possibly be exposed to the horror and havoc of a bombardment. But we once thought it equally impossible that she would be besieged.

October 18.—It is a month to-day since the siege commenced—only a month! and as yet there seems no prospect of immediate end. I am vexed with myself that I cannot feel more heroic, more patriotic; but I am only a woman, and in a

woman's heart country can scarcely hold the first place. Each day mamma grows frailer, weaker; each day Nina's sad face becomes paler and more worn. And what is the honour of France to me against these?

And will it be to the honour of France, this long weary struggle against overwhelming odds? I sit and listen to the conversation that passes when visitors are here,—almost all gentlemen, their wives and children have been sent away to watering-places or distant parts of the country,—and my head grows giddy with trying to reconcile conflicting opinions. We are an impressionable race, we French, and our spirits rise and fall with every variation in the aspect of things. When I hear men speak of the honour and fame of France,—of the ties that bind us to her, the duty we owe her, the humiliation she has suffered,—my heart bounds high, and I feel as if I could be heroic, and sacrifice everything on the altar of my beloved country. But then others see only folly and the madness of despair in our attitude, at which, the journals tell us, all the world wonders. Others take a middle course, and while sorrowfully admitting the bitter necessity that rests upon us now to continue the strife, mournfully deplore that necessity, and painfully watch for the inevitable end. If only we could know the truth; but we have been so often deceived. Would that the Government would treat us, not as children, to be soothed and quieted by sugar-plums, or treated with gilded pills, but as reasonable men and women.

But perhaps, after all, we do not care to know the truth. Why else do we so readily believe what we wish, even after all our bitter experience? Nothing seems too great for our credibility. Some of the people even believe in a tunnel by which communication is kept up with the city and provisions and herds sent in!

October 19.—This morning, going into Nina's room at an unusually early hour in search of a remedy for Arnaud, who was crying with toothache, I found her stretched senseless on the floor before the little altar she has placed in the recess which she uses as an oratory. The wax tapers she had lighted had burned down to their sockets, and the gray light of the early dawn alone revealed her prostrate figure. I raised her in great

alarm, but the remedies I applied quickly restored her, and having seen her comfortable in her bed, I went back to Arnaud. It was longer before he was quieted, poor little fellow; but at last I went back to Nina. She was still awake, and as I bent anxiously over her she threw her arms round my neck and drew my head down on the pillow beside her, whispering in a low faint voice, "Dear, dear Renée, I am so sorry to have troubled you!"

"My darling! how was it?" I asked. And then she told me what makes me feel more than ever the strong necessity of, as far as possible, diverting her mind from the one dark remembrance and the haunting anxiety that are pressing out her very life. Thoughts of Léon wounded, captive, suffering, grieving over her slight and scorn and unkindness in long hours of weariness and pain, or of a mangled form lying cold under the blood-stained sod of the battle-field so fatal to France, of a spirit wailing in the fiery pangs of purgatory, burn into her heart and brain incessantly; and sometimes of a meeting in which a stern, sorrowful face will turn coldly from one that was once averted from its pleading tenderness in heartless caprice. And she owns that midnight, and often early morning, find her kneeling before that picture of the Mother of Sorrows with the pierced heart, imploring her intercession for Léon, living or dead, and for pardon for her own sinful tempers past and present. We see little of them now, except sometimes in an irritability which we know to be the result of overstrained nerves and heart. But to her morbidly excited imagination every pettish word, every hasty and impatient thought or feeling, seems a deadly sin, capable of bringing down upon her and those with whom her life is bound up heavy blows of the avenging rod. She cannot now bear Victor's irrepressible fun and lightness of heart, only a little less exuberant than of old, and sometimes shows her pain in hasty words and deeds. And she fears God will punish her by taking Victor from us too. This is dreadful. Last night exhausted nature had given way, and she had fainted. Something must be done. But what? My poor, poor Nina! Her spirit is so sensitive, her nature so deep. Surely my fault was little less than hers. This may well be a

life-lesson against yielding to the impatient impulse of angry feeling. Had I not given way to resentful and bitter thoughts that unhappy day, all might have been different now.

October 20.—The event of to-day to us is the news brought by Augustine that a dear friend of Léon's—a German—is lying wounded at the Central Ambulance. He received a severe bayonet thrust at Ville Juif a month ago, and has been ever since in the ambulance, but in a different ward from the one for more recent cases, in which Augustine has been chiefly engaged, and it was not till yesterday that the recognition took place. Augustine chanced to be addressed by name by one of the nurses near the pallet of a young Bavarian to whom he had before spoken several times. When he next turned towards him the latter beckoned to him, and surprised him by asking if he was any relation to the young Count Léon de Laborde, who spent some weeks in Munich little more than a year ago. Explanations followed, and the wounded soldier proved to be the son of a family from which Léon had received the greatest kindness during a short but severe attack of fever when he was in that city. Madame Erhardt had nursed him with motherly care and kindness, and their house had been his home after he had been sufficiently recovered to be removed from the hotel in which he had fallen ill. Karl Erhardt, the second son, and he had formed a warm friendship, which had been kept up by correspondence until the commencement of the war. And now Léon's friend and the son of his kind and gentle nurse was a captive and a sufferer amongst us. Of course, we all felt at once that whatever could be done to discharge the debt of gratitude we owed to him and his, must be done. He is on the convalescent list now, though his sufferings have been severe, and he will probably soon be released on parole. Mamma wishes that he should come here, and we all feel it would be only right, though it may possibly cause us some unpleasantness. So to-morrow, when Uncle Lucien returns from the ramparts, he is to take me to the Palais de l'Industrie and see how matters can be arranged. Poor Nina's wistful eye and changing colour spoke, to me at least, the question she shrank from putting into words. So I asked. No, the

young officer knew nothing of Léon, Augustine said. It was not likely.

October 21.—I went to-day to the Central Ambulance, and saw Karl Erhardt. Other sights I saw too, sights that have left my heart sick and sorrowful. It was my first visit to an ambulance,—it should not have been, with my health and strength, had I been able to leave mamma,—and the pale, crippled, bandaged men moving feebly and painfully about the corridors and staircases, the long rows of beds, from which hollow eyes looked mournfully out of worn, wasted, suffering faces, were of themselves enough. But there was more. There had been fighting at Malmaison, and the wounded were being brought in. Ghastly, blood-stained, groaning figures were being lifted from an ambulance waggon as we entered; the hall was full of them; the broad staircase up which we passed crimsoned with freshly-shed blood; and in one room, covered with cloaks or rugs, rows of still, rigid forms!

Uncle Lucien led me quickly on, and before I could recover the overpowering agitation, I found myself face to face with Léon's friend. That he was such was all I remembered then. I did not think of him as German or foe, only as of one Léon loved, and who returned his warm friendship. At first I could scarcely see; and when the young German took my silently offered hand and said, "This is very kind, Mademoiselle de Laborde, but I fear it is too much for you," I fairly broke down, and burst into tears. Uncle Lucien gave me a seat, and conversed with Lieutenant Erhardt while I recovered my composure.

My uncle was kind and courteous, as no true French gentleman can fail to be; and prepossessed in his favour as we were, it was impossible not to be taken with the frank young soldier. His face was pale, and bore traces of much suffering, but his dark, brilliant eyes were full of life and pleasure, his manner animated and winning. To our proposal that he should take up his quarters with us when he should be able to leave the ambulance, he gave a most cordial and grateful consent. He hoped, he said, to obtain his release by exchange: he had an uncle who held a high position in the Crown Prince's army, who would, he had no doubt, accomplish this when he knew of his captivity. He had fallen far in the French

lines, and thought it most probable that he was supposed to be dead by his comrades.—“So my parents and friends are sorrowing for me, as you and yours are for poor Léon, mademoiselle,” he said, with a dim mist passing over his bright eyes; and with those words our spirits fraternized.

He spoke so tenderly and highly of Léon, but, alas! I can see he thinks there is little chance of his having survived the terrible day of Sedan. He knows his regiment to have been decimated in one of those last desperate charges, and though what was left of it went into Germany, it was without officers. If he obtains his release, he will use every effort to ascertain the truth. He thanked us warmly for our generous kindness when Uncle Lucien, after hearing the doctor had pronounced him sufficiently recovered to leave in two or three days, promised to obtain an authorization billeting him upon us.

I came home more inclined to “individualize” the war than before. This warm-hearted, high-spirited, right-minded young man is one of the host whom we class as “Prussians,” to whatever

nationality they belong; and so was he of whom Léon speaks in that last letter. And we call them Goths and Vandals, Huns and Pandours—brutes and barbarians! The mass does not answer to the sample, certainly, if one-tenth of what we hear of the Prussians—officers even—be true.

October 22.—To-day brought no event, but a short visit from Victor. He thinks we are right about Karl Erhardt, and intended calling to see him and Augustine as he passes on his way back to his post at Neuilly. Dear Victor, our glimpses of his bright young face are brief and few now. The reconnaissance at Malmaison produced no results, as usual; except those I saw—and those, alas! are usual too.

Victor is scarcely tolerant of the name of Ducrot. That general's letter to General Trochu, justifying his evasion at Pont à Mousson, has not satisfied him; nor, I think, any really generous and high-minded person. If the obligation of actual possession of a safe-conduct no longer existed, certainly a moral one remained. And that is, I think, the general feeling. He is not “white-washed” in the eyes of most officers.

Apologetics for the People.

BY DR. R. PATERSON, CHICAGO.

VI.

CAN WE BELIEVE CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES?

“That which was from the beginning, which we have . . . seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you.”—1 JOHN I. 1, 3.



WE have seen that the companions of Jesus wrote the books of the New Testament—that their statements of the existence, worship, morals, and faith of the Christian Church are confirmed by their enemies, and that multitudes of heathens were turned from vice to virtue by the belief of the testimony of these men—they testified that Jesus Christ did many wonderful miracles—died for our sins, and rose again from the dead—that they saw, and heard, and felt his body, and ate, and drank, and conversed with him for forty days after his resurrection—that he ascended up to heaven in their sight—that he sent them to tell the world that he will come again in the clouds of heaven, with his mighty angels, to judge the living and the dead—that he who believes these things and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned. This is their statement. The question is, Can we believe them?

1. The first thing which strikes us in their testimony is, that it stands out utterly different from all other religions. There is nothing in the world like it, not even its counterfeits. The great central fact of Christianity—that Christ died for our sins, and rose again from the dead—stands absolutely alone in the history of religions. The priests of Baal, Brahma, or Jupiter, never dreamed of such a thing. The prophets of Mohammedanism, Mormonism, or Pantheism, have never attempted to imitate it. The great object of all counterfeit Christians is to deny it.

There is no instance in the whole world's history of any other religion ever producing the same effects. We demand any other instance of men, destitute of wealth, arms, power, and learning, converting multitudes of lying, lustful, murdering idolaters, into honest, peaceable, virtuous Christians, simply by prayer and preaching. When the infidel tells us of the rapid spread of

Mohammedanism and Mormonism,—impostures which enlist disciples by promising free license to lust, robbery, and murder, and retain them by the terror of the scymitar and the rifle-ball—which reduce mankind to the most abject servitude, and womankind to the most debasing concubinage—which have turned the fairest regions of the earth to a wilderness, and under whose blighting influence commerce, arts, science, industry, comfort, and the human race itself, have withered away,—he simply insults our common sense, by ignoring the difference between backgoing vice and ongoing virtue; or acknowledges that he knows as little about Mohammedanism as he does about Christianity. The gospel stands alone in its doctrines, singular in its operation, unequalled in its success.

2. The next important point for consideration is, that the Christianity preached by Christ and his apostles is a whole, a single system, which we must either take or leave—believe entirely, or entirely reject as an imposture. There is no middle ground for you to occupy. It is all true, or all false. For instance, you cannot take one of Paul's Epistles, and say, "This is true," and take another of the same man's letters, containing the very same religion, and say, "This is false." If you accept the very briefest of Paul's letters—that to Philemon—containing only thirteen sentences on private business, you accept eleven distinct assertions of the authority, grace, love, and divinity of our Lord. Nor can you say you will accept Peter's letters and reject Paul's: for you will find the very same facts asserted by the one as by the other; and, moreover, Peter endorses "all the Epistles of our beloved brother Paul," as on the same pedestal of authority with the other Scriptures. You cannot say, "I will accept the letters and reject the history," for the letters have no meaning without the history. They are founded upon it, and assume or allege its facts on every page. Were the Gospels lost, we could collect a good account of the birth, teaching, death, resurrection, ascension, and almighty power of the Lord Christ from Paul's Epistles; and these letters are just as confident in alleging the miraculous part of the history as the Gospels themselves. Neither can you gain any advantage by saying, "I accept the Gospels, but reject the letters," for there is not a doctrine of the New Testament which is not taught in the very first of them, the Gospel by Matthew. Further, the Gospels contain the most solemn authentication of the commissions of the apostles, so that whosoever rejects their teaching, brings upon himself guilt equal to that of rejecting Christ himself. "Lo, I am with you alway"—"He that receiveth you, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me"—"Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city."

It is, if possible, more absurd to attempt to dissect

the morality of the gospel from its history, and to say, "We are willing to receive the Christian code of morals as a very excellent rule of life, and to regard Jesus as a rare example of almost superhuman virtue; but we must consider the narrative of supernatural events interwoven with it as mythological,"—that is, false. Which is much the same as to say, "We will be very happy to receive your friend if he will only cut his head off." Of what possible use would the Christian code of morals be without the authority of Christ, the lawgiver? If he possessed no divine authority, what right has he to control your inclination or mine? And if he will never return to inquire whether men obey or disobey his law, who will regard it? Do you suppose the world will be turned upside down, and reformed, by a little good advice? Nay, verily, the world has had trial of that vanity long enough. "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."

Take away the miraculous and supernatural from the gospel history, and there is nothing left for you to accept. There is no natural history nor worldly code of morality in it. It is wholly the history of a supernatural person, and every precept of his morality comes with a divine sanction. Further, you know nothing of either his life or his morality but from the gospel history, and if the record of the miracles which occupy three-fourths of the Gospels be false, what reason have you to give any credit to the remainder? For, as the German commentator, De Wette, well says, "The only means of acquaintance with a history is the narrative we possess concerning it, and beyond that narrative the interpreter cannot go. In these Bible records, the narrative reports to us only a supernatural course of events, which we must either receive or reject. If we reject the narrative, we know nothing at all about the event, and we are not justified in allowing ourselves to invent a natural course of events of which the narrative is totally silent." So, you see, you cannot make a Christ to suit your taste, but must just take the Christ of the gospel, or reject him.

If you reject the testimony of Christ and his apostles as false, and say you cannot believe them in matters of fact, how can you respect their morality? Of all the absurdities of modern infidelity, the respectful language generally used by its advocates in speaking of Christ and his apostles, is the most inconsistent. He claimed to be a divine person, and professed to work miracles. The infidel says he was not a divine person, and wrought no miracles. The consequence is unavoidable—such a pretender is a blasphemous impostor. And yet they speak of him as a "model man," an "exemplar of every virtue." What! an impostor a model man! A blasphemer and liar an exemplar of every virtue! Is that the infidel's notion of virtue? Why, the devils were more consistent in their commendations of his character, "We know thee who thou art, THE HOLY ONE OF GOD."

Let our modern enemies of Christ learn consistency from their ancient allies. We have also learned from our Master to refuse all hypocritical, half-way professions of respect for his character and teachings from those whose business is to prove him a deceiver, and whose object in speaking respectfully of such a one can only be to gain a larger audience, and a readier entrance for their blasphemy among his professed disciples. From every man who professes respect for Christ's character, and for the morality which he and his apostles taught, we demand a straightforward answer to the questions: When he declared himself the Son of God, the Judge of the living and the dead, did he tell the truth, or did he lie? When he promised to attest his divine commission by rising from the dead on the third day, had he any such power, or did he only mean to play a juggling imposture? Is Jesus the Christ the Son of the living God, or a deceiver? There is no middle ground. He that is not with him is against him.

The case is just the same with regard to the witnesses of his miracles, death, and resurrection. They either give a true relation of these things, or they have manufactured a series of falsehoods. How can we believe anything from persons so habituated to lying as the narrators of the mighty works of Jesus must be, if those mighty works were never performed? How can we accept their code of morals, if we refuse to believe them when they speak of matters of fact? Is it possible to respect men as moral teachers, whom we have convicted of forging stories of miracles that never occurred, and confederating together to impose a lying superstition on the world? For this is plainly the very point and centre of the question about the truth of the Bible, and I am anxious you should see it clearly. A fair statement of this question is half the argument. The question then is simply this, Was Jesus really the divine Person he claimed to be, or was he a blasphemous impostor? When the apostles unitedly and solemnly testified that they had seen him after he was risen from the dead, that they ate and drank with him, that their hands had handled his body, that they conversed with him for forty days, and saw him go up to heaven, did they tell the truth, or were they a confederated band of liars? There is no reason for any other supposition. They could not possibly be deceived themselves in the matters they relate. They knew perfectly whether they were true or not. We are not talking about matters of dogma, about which there might be room for difference of opinion, but about matters of fact—about what men say they saw, and heard, and felt—about which no man of common sense could possibly be mistaken. "That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." Such is their language. We must either take it as truth, or reject it as falsehood. It is utter nonsense to talk of the intense subjectivity of the Jewish mind, and the belief of the apostles, that

the Messiah would do wonders when he came, and the powerful impressions produced by the teaching of Jesus on their minds. We are not talking about impressions on their minds, but about impressions produced on their eyes, and ears, and hands. Did these men tell the truth when they told the world that they did eat and drink with Jesus after he rose from the dead, or did they lie? That is the question.

3. It is a hard matter to lie well. A liar has need of a good memory, else he will contradict himself before he writes far. And he needs to be very well posted up in the matters of names, dates, places, manners, and customs, else he will contradict some well-known facts, and so expose his forgery to the world. Therefore writers of forgeries avoid all such things as much as possible; and as surely as they venture on specifications of that sort, they are detected. A man who is conscious of writing a book of falsehoods, does not begin on this wise:—"Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Iturea and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene, Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness." Here, in one sentence, are twenty historical, geographical, political, and genealogical references, every one of which we can confirm by references to secular historians. The enemies of the Lord have utterly failed in their attempts to disprove one out of the hundreds of such statements in the New Testament. The only instance of any *public political event* recorded in the gospel, said not to be confirmed by the fragments of secular history we possess, is Luke's account of a census of the Roman Empire, ordered by Augustus Cæsar. Were it so that Luke stood alone in his mention of this, surely his credit as a historian would be as good for this fact as the credit of Tacitus, when he states matters of which Suetonius makes no mention; or of Pliny, when he relates things not recorded by Tacitus. But we can account for the want of corroborative history in this instance, when we know that all the history of Dion Cassius, from the consulships of Antistius and Balbus to those of Messala and Cinna—that is, for five years before and five years after the birth of Christ—is lost; as also Livy's history of the same period. It is certain that some one did record the fact; for Suidas, in his lexicon upon the word *apographe*, says "that Augustus sent twenty select men into all the provinces of the empire to take a census, both of men and property, and commanded that a just proportion of the latter should be brought into the imperial treasury. And this was the first census."

To object to the gospel history, that everything contained in it of the doings of Christ and his apostles in Judea is not recorded by the historians of Greece and Italy, is much the same as to say that there are a multitude of facts recorded in D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation in Germany," of which Hume and Macaulay

make no mention in their histories of England. How should they—treating of different countries, and, for the most part, of different periods, and writing civil, and not Church history? Does anybody go to Macaulay to look for the history of the Westminster Assembly? or to Bancroft for an account of the Great Revival in New England? Or is the veracity of Baillie or Edwards suspected, because political history does not concern itself much about religion? It is enough, that not a single statement of the gospel history has ever been disproved.

I might give you quotations from the enemies of the Christian faith—from Josephus the Jew, and Celsus and Porphyry, heathen philosophers, and from the Emperor Julian, the apostate, who, having been educated a Christian, became a heathen, and used all his ingenuity to overturn the religion of Christ—expressly admitting the principal miracles recorded in the gospel. But I attach no such importance to the testimony of this class of persons as to suppose that it should be placed, for one moment, on a level with the testimony of the apostles, or that their testimony to the facts of the life and death of Christ needs any confirmation from such witnesses. We have such overwhelming evidence of the sincerity and truth of the witnesses chosen by God to bear testimony to the resurrection of Christ, as we never can have of the credibility of any secular historian whatever.

You will remember that these are the writers whose accounts of the existence, the faith and worship, the numbers and morals of the Christian Church, we have seen so strikingly confirmed by their enemies; and we now inquire, Can we believe the other part of their history to be as true? These are the men who taught the heathen a pure Christian morality, one principal article of which was, "Lie not one to another, seeing ye have put off the old man with his deeds"—"All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone"—and we are to inquire if they themselves lied—lied publicly, lied repeatedly—if the very business of their lives was to propagate falsehood, and if they died with a lie in their right hands. You will remember that we proved conclusively that the belief of the death and resurrection of Jesus did turn immense multitudes of wicked men to a life of virtue; and now we are to inquire if the belief of a lie produced this blessed result; and whether, if so, there be any such thing as truth in the world, or any use in it.

4. Of no other series of events of ancient history do we possess the same number of records by contemporary historians, as of the life, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus. We have four direct systematic memoirs of him by four of his companions; and we have a collection of letters by four others, in which the events of the memoirs are continually referred to. At the mouth of two or three witnesses, any man's property and life will be disposed of in a court of justice; but here we have the testimony of eight eye-witnesses of the facts they relate, and they refer to five hundred other persons—the greater part of whom were then alive—who had also

seen and heard Christ after his resurrection. These eight persons give us their separate and independent statements of those things they deemed worthy of record in the life and death of Christ, and of the sayings and doings of several of his friends and enemies. Now, every person knows that it is impossible to make two crooked boughs tally, or two false witnesses agree. You never saw two lying reports of any considerable number of transactions agree, unless the one was copied from the other.

It is evident that the Gospels were not copied from each other, for they often relate different events; and when they relate the same occurrence, each man relates those parts of it which he saw himself, and which impressed him most. Yet the utmost ingenuity of infidelity has utterly failed to make them contradict each other in any particular. Here are eight witnesses to the truth of the same story, four of whom in their letters make occasional allusions to the facts of the history as being perfectly well known, and therefore needing only to be alluded to; yet these cursory references fit into the history with every mark of truthfulness. Does the history of Matthew, written at Jerusalem, tell us that Jesus took Peter and James and John up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them? Peter, in his letter, written from Babylon, says, "We were eye-witnesses of his majesty.....We were with him in the holy mount" (2 Pet. i. 16, 18). If the history tells how Paul was beaten and cast into prison at Philippi, and his feet made fast in the stocks, and that, nevertheless, he manfully defended his birthright as a Roman citizen, and made the tyrannical magistrates humble themselves and apologize for their illegal conduct,—we find Paul himself, in a letter to a neighbouring Church, appealing to their knowledge of the facts, "that after we had suffered before, and were shamefully entreated, as ye know, at Philippi, we were bold in our God to speak unto you the gospel of God with much contention. For our exhortation was not of deceit, nor of uncleanness, nor in guile.....For neither at any time used we flattering words, as ye know, nor a cloke of covetousness" (1 Thess. ii. 2, 3, 5). Hundreds of such undesigned coincidences may be found in the New Testament, confirming the veracity of the several historians and letter-writers, and giving that impression of the naturalness and truth of the story which can neither be described nor disputed. The reader who desires to prosecute this interesting branch of the evidences of Christianity, will find an ample collection of these coincidences in Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ."

This agreement of independent writers is the more remarkable, as the writers were persons of very various degrees of education, of different professions and ranks of life, born in different countries, and writing from various places in Italy, Greece, Palestine, and Assyria, without any communication with each other. Matthew was an officer of customs in Galilee; Mark, a Hebrew citizen of Jerusalem; Luke, a Greek physician of An-

tioch; James and John owned and sailed a fishing-smack on Lake Tiberias; Jude left his thirty-nine acres of land, worth nine thousand denarii, to be farmed by his children when he went forth to preach the gospel; and college-bred Paul carried his sturdy independence in his breast, and his sail-needles in his pocket, and dictated epistles, and cut out marquees and lug-sails in the tent factory of Aquila, Paul, and Co., at Corinth. Several of his letters were written in a dungeon in Rome; the last of Peter's is dated at Babylon: Matthew's Gospel was penned at Jerusalem; and John's Gospel and Epistles were written at Ephesus. The agreement of eight such witnesses, of such different pursuits, and so scattered over the world, in the relation of the same story, in all its leading particulars, together with their variety of style and manner, and their various relations of minor incidents, yet without a single contradiction, are most convincing proofs that they all tell truth. Nothing but truth could be thus told without contradiction.

The fact that some considerable difficulties and many minor obscurities in these brief though pregnant narratives prevent the combination of eight accounts, so independent in their sources, and various in their style and design and auditors, into a flowing historical novel—a homogeneous mass, rounded and squared to our ideas of mathematical precision—is only an additional proof of their truth to nature, which abhors mathematical as much as truth does rhetorical figures. Like the variety of expression used by American, German, French, and Polish witnesses in our courts of justice—testifying the same facts in their native idioms, though in English words—the apparent discrepancy, but actual harmony, becomes the most decisive test of the absence of any collusion, and, consequently, of the verity of the facts which such various witnesses unite in testifying. Especially will any such apparent discrepancy resolve itself into our own unskilfulness and ignorance, when we remember that the mists of ages, and the drapery of a strange language, and world-wide removal of residence, and the turning of the world upside-down by the progress of Christian civilization, and our consequent ignorance of the thousand little details of every-day life—well known to the writer and his immediate readers—and of the force of expressive idioms, perfectly familiar to them—have rendered us not near so capable of detecting inaccuracies as those contemporary writers and opponents who allowed them—if they existed—to pass unchallenged. Like those antique coins, whose rust-dimmed and abbreviated inscriptions exercise the patience and historic lore of the antiquarian—though neither are needed to declare the precious material—this very rust of antiquity, through which his patience has penetrated, becomes one of the inimitable marks of historic verity. Every year throws some new light on texts difficult to us from our ignorance of those manners, customs, names, and places, which infidel malice and Christian piety have combined to explore; and from the ruins of

Nineveh and the sepulchres of Egypt we receive unlooked-for testimonies to the minute accuracy of the penmen of the Bible.

5. The manner in which the apostles published their testimony to the world bears every mark of truthfulness. Deception and forgery skulk and try to spread themselves at first in holes and corners; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light. Had the apostles been conscious of falsehood, would they have dared to assert that Jesus was risen from the dead in the very streets of the city where he was crucified—in the temple, the most public place of resort of the Jews who saw him crucified—and to the teeth of the very men who put him to death? If conscious of falsehood, would they have dared, before the chief priests, and the council, and all the senate of Israel, to assert that “the God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him”? (Acts v. 30-32). Would Paul, had he been conscious that he was relating falsehood, have dared to appeal to the judge, before whom he was on trial for his life, as one who knew the notoriety of these facts: “For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner”? (Acts xxvi. 26). Would such appeals have been suffered to pass uncontradicted had the statements of the apostles been false?

The boldness of their manner, however, of telling their story is little, compared with the boldness of the design which they had in view in telling it; which was nothing less than to convert the world. Now the idea of proselyting other nations to a new religion was absolutely unknown to the world at that time. The heathens never dreamed of any such thing. They would sometimes add a new god to their old Pantheon, but the idea of turning a nation to the worship of new deities was never before heard of. The Jews were so indignant at the project, that when Paul hinted it to them, they cried, “Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live.” And this new and strange idea, of conquering the world for a crucified man, is taken up by a few private citizens, who resolve to overturn the craft by which priests have their wealth, and to bring the kingdoms of the world to become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Impostors would never have appealed to their power of working miracles as the apostles did; nor could enthusiasts have done so without instant exposure. It is remarkable, that while in addressing those who believed their divine commission, they rarely allude to it (fourteen of the Epistles make no allusion to apostolic miracles), but dwell on a subject of far greater importance—a holy life—they never hesitate to confront a

a, or a schismatical Church at Corinth, or a high priest and Sanhedrim, with this power Ghost. "Tongues," says Paul, "are for a them that believe, but to them that believe is true of all other miracles. This marks a between real miracles and those of pre- have never attempted to establish a new them, or to convert unbelievers hostile to and able to examine them, without im- me- But you never heard of an impostor before the tribunal of his judges and miraculous cure of a well-known public from his mother's womb, whom they had church gate every Sabbath for forty years, the man into court after such a fashion f we this day be examined of the good deed impotent man, by what means he is ; be it known unto you all, and to all the rael, that by the name of Jesus Christ of hom ye crucified, whom God raised from the y him doth this man stand here before you ch an appeal was unanswerable. "Behold- which was healed standing with them, ay nothing against it." Nay, they were acknowledge "that indeed a notable mi- een done by them is manifest to all them in Jerusalem; and we cannot deny it."

l of the miracles of the gospel is a modern the enemy. The scribes and priests, d philosophers, of the first centuries, who t opportunity of proving their falsehood, to do so. The persecutors and apostates, e against the Church knew no bounds, to utter a charge of deception against the hy, then, you ask, did they not all become

Because miracles cannot convert any his will. Christianity is not merely a acles, but the love of Christ and a life of ere are many readers of this paper who urn from their sins if all the dead in e Cemetery should rise to-morrow to warn does not intend to force any man to be- istian. He just gives evidence enough whether you will deal honestly and fairly n soul and your God; and if you are deter- te Christ and his holy religion, you shall a plausible excuse for unbelief: as it is nto them which are disobedient, Christ is a mbling and a rock of offence." These ies of Christ acknowledged the reality of but attributed them to magical power, or stan. The Jews said that he had acquired f miracles by learning to pronounce the ble name of God. Modern infidels deny les save the greatest—the turning of men ins. They cannot deny that—they can- to the power of Satan or of magic, for

they do not believe in either—but they follow as nearly in the footsteps of their fathers as possible, when they tell us that multitudes of men, in every age and in every land, have been turned from falsehood to truth by the belief of a lie, and from vice to virtue by the example of an impostor!

6. But the strongest proof of the truth of the facts of the gospel, is the existence, the labours and sufferings, of the apostles themselves. Nobody denies that such men lived, and preached, and were persecuted on account of their preaching that Jesus died and rose again. Now, if this was a falsehood, what motive had they to tell it? It was very displeasing to their rulers who had crucified Him, and who had every inclination to give them the same treatment. To preach another king, one Jesus, to the Romans, was to bring down the power of the empire upon them. Nothing could be more absurd in the eyes of the Grecian philosophers than to speak of the resurrection of the body. Nor could any plan be devised more certain to arouse the fury of the pagan priesthood, than to denounce the craft by which they had their wealth, and to preach that there are no gods which are made by hands. The most degraded wretch who perishes by the hand of the hangman, is not so contemptible in our eyes, as the crucified malefactor was in the eyes of the Roman people; nor could anything more disagreeable to the Jewish nation be invented, than the declaration that the Gentiles should become partakers of the kingdom of God. What then should induce any man in his senses to provoke such an opposition to a new religion, and to make it so contemptible and disagreeable to those whom he sought to convert, if he were manufacturing a lie to gain power and popularity?

The religion they preached was not adapted to please sensual men. "Our exhortation," says Paul—and every reader of the New Testament knows that he says truth—"Our exhortation was not of deceit, nor of uncleanness, nor of guile." Infidels admit that they preached a pure morality. But it is a long time since men learned the proverb, "Physician heal thyself." "Thou that preacheest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?" It could not, then, be to obtain license for lust that these men preached holiness.

There is only one other conceivable motive which should induce men to confederate together for the propagation of falsehood—the design of making money by it. But their new religion made no provision for any such thing. One of their first acts was to desire the Church to elect deacons who might manage its money matters, and allow them to give themselves wholly to prayer and to the ministry of the word. Twenty-five years after that they could appeal to the world that "even to this present hour we [the apostles] both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and

are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place; and labour, working with our own hands; being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it: we are counted as the filth of the world, and the offscouring of all things to this day." Their book opens with the story of their Master's birth in a stable, with the manger for his cradle; and one of its last pictures is that of his venerable apostle chained in a dungeon, and begging his friend to bring his old cloak from Troas, and to do his diligence to come before winter.

Unpopular, pure, and penniless, if the gospel story were not true, how could it have had preachers? They at least believed it.

The last and most convincing testimony which any man can give to the truth of a statement of fact, is to suffer rather than deny it. Many have wondered why God allowed his dear servants to suffer so much persecution in the first ages of the Church. One principal reason was to give future ages an irresistible proof of the sincerity and faithfulness of the witnesses for Christ. The apostles lived lives of persecution and suffering for the name of Jesus—sufferings which they might have avoided if they had only abstained from preaching any more in this name. But, said they, "We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard." One who had no personal acquaintance with Jesus, and whose first interview with him was while he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, is converted and called to be an apostle; and behold the prospect Jesus presents to him: "I will show him *how great things he must suffer for my name.*" "The Holy Ghost testifieth," says Paul, "that in every city bonds and afflictions abide me. Yet none of these things move me." That at least was a true prophecy. "Seven times," says Clement, "he was in bonds, he was whipped, he was stoned; he preached both in the East and West, leaving behind him the glorious report of his faith, and so having taught the whole world righteousness, and for that end travelled even to the utmost bounds of the West, he at last suffered martyrdom by the command of the governors, and went to his holy place, having become a most eminent pattern of patience to all ages."* Hear his own appeal to those who envied his authority in the

Church: "Are they ministers of Christ? I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness" (2 Cor. xi. 23-27.)

Man can give no higher proof of his veracity than a life such as this, unless it be to seal it with his blood; and this crowning testimony to the truth the apostles gave. Save the aged disciple who, after torments worse than death, survived to address the persecuted Church as "Your companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," they all suffered martyrdom for the truth of the gospel history.

Let me again remind you that the gospel is not a collection of dogmas, but a relation of facts—that these twelve men did not preach the death and resurrection of Jesus, because they had read them in a creed, but because they had seen them with their own eyes—that they lived holy lives of toil, and hardship, and poverty, and suffering, in preaching these facts to the world: and that they died painful and shameful deaths, as martyrs for their truth. You admit these things. Then I demand of you, "What more could either God or man do to convince you of their truthfulness?"

The faithful and true Witness himself has given us this last, undeniable test of veracity. With the certainty of an ignominious death before him, he solemnly swears to the truth of this fact, and dies for it. "And the high priest answered and said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

Unbeliever, are you prepared to meet him there, and prove him a perjured impostor?

THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPEL OF LEVITICUS.

IN TWO PAPERS.

II.



It is now that the Sin-offering comes into view, and only now. (Lev. iv.) Is its postponement accidental—a disarrangement merely, which we are at liberty to correct by transposition? We can

* Wake's Trans. of Clement, Ep. ad Cor. v.

hardly think so. Accepting its position as significant, we must view it as the offering, not of the sinner, but of the saint; not as that which avails to justify, but as that which cleanses anew the conscience of one justified already. Instead of symbolizing a first approach to God, we must

view it as the washing of the feet on the part of one who, having bathed already in the opened fountain, is clean every whit (John iii. 10).

Let us see how far this agrees with the restriction of the offering to sins of ignorance; for that it was specifically for such sins is plain from the law of the offering, the preface to which runs thus—"If a soul shall sin through ignorance against any of the commandments of the Lord, concerning things which ought not to be done, and shall do against any of them," &c. (Lev. iv. 2.) Such is the preamble; and in every one of the illustrative cases that follow, the offering is expressly declared to be for sins committed in ignorance (Lev. iv. 13, 22, 27).

That there should be any limitation whatever in the design of this oblation may well occasion surprise; still more, that the limitation should be to sins of ignorance—an expression in its very terms contradictory, sin being the violation of a law or known rule (Rom. iv. 18). It cannot, therefore, be taken literally. Is it, then, to be understood of sin committed unconsciously; or of sin committed under a mistaken apprehension of the will of God, as in the case of Paul before conversion? (1 Tim. i. 13.) The interpretation must needs be wider, else were the Israelite in evil case. To avail even for the secondary cleansing of God's children, the virtue of the offering must be plenary. What, then, is the explanation? Is it not that we have here the Old Testament form of a New Testament paradox—to wit, that "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin,.....and cannot sin, because he is born of God" (1 John iii. 9). In effect, both the ignorance and the inability mean the same thing; for if by the latter we are to understand that the believer cannot sin wilfully, by the former we must understand that he does not sin knowingly—that is, of forethought or purpose. On the contrary, his sins are the result of infirmity, surprise, or temptation: they are falls, rather than deliberate acts, and take place so unexpectedly, and with such an absence of intention or foreknowledge, as to make them in a sense sins of ignorance. There is thus a certain fitness in the Old Testament designation. For, however flagrant the transgressions of the believer, they are never the defiant acts of the rebel, but the offend-

ings of a child, who, from want of care and watchfulness, stumbles into sin. Not the less culpable, however, are they, but the more, because of the new relation in which he now stands to God, and because often and plainly taught his duty. Nevertheless, being in the hands of a Father, not of a Judge, he is chastened, but not condemned: though visited with the rod, the parental loving-kindness is not taken from him (Ps. lxxxix. 80-83), and the kiss of reconciliation ever follows on repentance.

Such we think to be the interpretation of the term "ignorance" in the Mosaic ritual. While comprehending all the sins of the believer, it is at the same time descriptive of their character. This interpretation is corroborated by the fact that afterwards we find sins of ignorance set in contrast with wilful or presumptuous sin; and this in a manner the most striking. The two classes are placed side by side, as if there were but the two, and no other. The character of each is exhibited, and emphasized by repetition: for the one class, pardon is promised; the other is declared to be unpardonable—a sin unto death. Thus, in God's own words—"If any soul sin through ignorance, then he shall bring a she-goat of the first year, and the priest shall make an atonement for the soul that sinneth ignorantly, when he sinneth by ignorance before the Lord, to make an atonement for him, and it shall be forgiven him." The other offence, and its doom, is then set forth with like solemnity and emphasis: "But"—the transition is direct and immediate—"but the soul that doeth ought presumptuously" (or, as in the margin, "with an high hand"), "the same reproacheth the Lord, and that soul shall be cut off from among his people. Because he hath despised the word of the Lord, and hath broken his commandment, that soul shall utterly be cut off; his iniquity shall be upon him" (Numb. xv. 27, 28, 30, 31).

And, as if to prevent the possibility of doubt or misconception as to the nature of presumptuous sin, there follows immediately (in the very next verse) an illustrative case—that of the man who gathered sticks upon the Sabbath-day. The act of this man has been viewed as trivial—one where the rigour of the penalty was altogether disproportioned to the offence; but here, as in the case

of the primeval sin, it is the motive, not the deed, that must be looked at. Here, as there, the thing done was trivial—anything more trivial can hardly be imagined; and this, no doubt, on very purpose to teach the more impressively that sin is to be estimated, not by the magnitude of the act, but by the feeling in which the act originates. Thus viewed, the transgression of the Sabbath-breaker, so far from being a venial offence, was a wilful, contemptuous insult to God—the *ne plus ultra* of rebellion. For manifestly it was not a sin of appetite; nor was it a sin of passion; neither was it from an urgent necessity; for He who had said to Israel, “Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations on the Sabbath day” (Exod. xxxv. 3), had also, by peculiarity of food and climate, rendered fuel unnecessary. The offence was therefore entirely gratuitous: it was the act of one spurning authority, and bidding defiance to the Divine Majesty—a repetition of the old challenge, “Who is the Lord, that I should obey him?” (Exod. v. 2); or “What is the Almighty, that I should serve him?” (Job xxi. 15). And accordingly the transgressor, because he thus wilfully and with an high hand despised and set at nought the commandment of the Lord, was put to death (Numb. xv. 32–36).

Have we not here again the Old Testament shadow of a truth afterwards plainly declared in the New Testament—a dread and solemn truth—that “there is a sin unto death” (1 John v. 17); a sin unpardonable, because to the very last God continues to be resisted?

Over against this illustration of presumptuous sin, let us place the sin of ignorance as exemplified in the life of a believer. Let us take the case of David. But can sin like his, so grievous, so prolonged, and involving the preconceived sacrifice of life, by any possibility belong to the category of ignorance? It is startling to think so. But is it less startling to be told that the child of God does not and cannot commit sin? Surely if the inability admits of explanation, the ignorance may.

Outwardly, what contrast can be greater than between the case of David and that of the Sabbath-breaker? The sin of the one is a chain of many links; of which lust is the first—the last,

murder: it is an enormity so foul that all men cry out against it. The sin of the other is a solitary act; and that, neither in its own nature immoral, nor in its consequences hurtful to any one.

Inwardly, and in the sight of God, it is far otherwise. While the sin of David is not less, but more heinous than it appears to human eye, that of the Sabbath-breaker is of quite a different type, having a malignancy all its own. For David in heart loves the law of the Lord, and has no forethought of transgressing it; but walking unwarily, his footsteps slide, and in a moment he is precipitated, falling from sin to sin with frightful rapidity. But the Sabbath-breaker scorns the divine law, and tramples it under foot. In the one man a spark has kindled passion; and because not stamped out instantly, there follows the resistless conflagration. In the other, there is no passion, but the coolness of a deliberate purpose. Like the wild vibrations of the magnetic needle when rudely tossed and shaken, the actings of the one are in violent contradiction of his inner nature; but, like the needle too, that nature will reassert its power, and, through the agonies of a terrible repentance, will turn again to God and rest in him when the maddening circumstances cease.* With the other it is not so. He is self-moved, and acts from within. When asserting his independence, and bidding God defiance, he but acts out the enmity of his nature. The cases, so opposite in principle, how different in result! The one offender comes anew to the blood of sprinkling, and is forgiven; the other, by the judgment of God, is cut off, and that without remedy.

In the law of the leper—which is singularly

* “With the defence of David’s backslidings—which he bath himself more keenly scrutinised, more clearly discerned against, and more bitterly lamented, than any of his censures—we do not charge ourselves, because they were in a manner necessary that he might be the full-orbed man which was needed to utter every form of spiritual feeling. But if, when of these acts he became convinced, he be found less true to God and to righteousness, indisposed to repentance and sorrow and anguish, exculpatory of himself, stout-hearted in his courses, a formalist in his penitence, or in any way less worthy of a spiritual man in those than in the rest of his infinite moods, then verily strike him from the canon. . . . But if these penitential psalms discover the soul’s deepest hell of agony, and lay bare the iron ribs of misery whereon the very heart dissolveth,—and if they, expressing the same in words which melt the soul that conceive and bow the head that uttereth them,—then, we say, let us keep these records of the psalmist’s grief and despondency as the most precious of his utterances, and sure to be needed in the case of every man who essayeth to live a spiritual life.”—EDWARD IRVING.

illustrative of this subject—we seem to have yet another of the many Old Testament teachings of New Testament truth. Thus, when the leprosy broke out, “covering all the skin of him that had the plague, from his head to his foot”—making the man a spectacle from which all other men turned aside—he was pronounced clean! (Lev. xiii. 12, 13). But when the disease appeared in the head, though but as a spot, he was pronounced unclean, “utterly unclean;” and as if to mark the malignity of the case, it was added, “his plague was in his head” (Lev. xiii. 42–44).

And what but the very same is the lesson of our Lord’s parable touching the eye? (Matt. vi. 22, 23.) Is it not that, as the ruling principle within a man is light or darkness, so is the man in the sight of God? When evil is held to be good, and good evil,—when intellect and will are perverted, and the very light that should guide has become darkness,—“how great is that darkness!”

But it is not thus with the child of God. *His* sins are never committed with approving consent of the will, but are lapses and aberrations from the law he loves. Though his life be a leprosy and an abhorrence, it is most of all abhorrent to himself; and because he is ever coming back to God through the blood of the Atonement, he is clean in God’s sight, however vile in the eyes of his fellows.

As pointing to the one great Sacrifice, the Sin-offering consisted always of a single victim, and when presented with other oblations, ever had precedence. Its primary and fundamental character was thus indicated.

Most of all was the supremacy of the offering set forth on the great day of annual atonement, when “the high priest entered that mysterious shrine which but one man in each generation, and but once he in each year, was suffered to set his foot in,” and with the blood of the victim sprinkled the mercy-seat seven times, “because of the uncleanness of the children of Israel, and because of their transgressions in all their sins.” The infinite efficacy of the Sacrifice was then made manifest. But it was never less than infinite; for the limitation at other times to sins of ignorance denoted the changed relation of the worshipper and the change in the character of

his transgressions. It showed him as no longer “under the law, but under grace,” and his offendings to be no more the subject of judicial condemnation, but fatherly correction.

It is important to remark that the Sin-offering was not “of a sweet savour unto the Lord.” In this respect it differed from all the offerings going before. It was the setting forth of God’s “strange work”—of what was “strange to the essential benignity of the Divine nature”^{*}—Christ the Holy One “made sin” and “a curse.” It prefigured the crucifixion, when darkness overspread the land—when the earth quaked and the rocks were rent—when the Father’s face was hid, and the voice which before had testified of complacent regard, was silent to the agonizing cry of the Forsaken.

To educate the conscience being one great end of the Mosaic ritual, occasions of ceremonial uncleanness were purposely multiplied; and this in so many ways that the Jew was constantly contracting defilement, often unconsciously. Hence the need of unceasing circumspection and continual review. And is there no meaning in all this for the Christian, surrounded as he too is by things which contaminate? Is not he also amid dangers that appear not—in a world where things innocent and even good are not seldom perverted, and in a way so specious as to draw him unawares into doubtful or wrong compliances? Nor is it, perhaps, till, in the solitude of his chamber, the thoughts and the doings of the day are reviewed in the presence of the Holy One, that he comes to know the guilt that is upon him. The Sin-offering thus speaks of watchfulness and self-examination; while it provides for the daily cleansing of God’s children, on whom, as a holy people, sin must not be allowed to rest.

In closing our remarks upon the Sin-offering, let us quote again the words of Ainsworth: “Whereas by former sacrifices was taught the way of life and peace, now, because ‘there is not a just man upon earth that sinneth not’ (Eccles. vii. 20), but ‘in many things we offend all’ (James iii. 2), the Lord appoints means for cleansing his people from the infirmities, errors, and ignorances they fall into. But ‘if we sin

^{*} Stewart.

wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin' (Heb. x. 26)."

We quote again also from "The Tree of Promise," by the late Mr. Stewart of Cromarty, a work eminently deserving of study: "Beyond doubt, sins of ignorance comprehended far more than merely errors and inadvertencies.....The opposite of sins of ignorance are presumptuous sins—sins of reproach and defiance of the Lord.For presumptuous sin no atonement was provided. The New Testament proceeds on the same principle. Pardonable sins are described as sins of ignorance (1 Peter i. 14; 1 Tim. i. 13)."

5. The Trespass-offering (Lev. v., vi.; Numb. v. 6-8)—the last of the group—appears to have been but a modified and secondary form of the Sin-offering: "As is the sin-offering, so is the trespass-offering, there is one law for them" (Lev. vii. 7). The one law, however, does not hold throughout; yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw the discriminating line between them. But besides sins of ignorance, the Trespass-offering covered wrongs done to a neighbour, and legal pollutions. For such wrongs the fullest compensation was required; but the sacrifice that followed showed that the offence, in its deepest shade of guilt, was against God, for his law was broken, and the heaviest penalty lay there. For this there could be no recompense; nothing could avail but a sacrifice of blood and fire.

If unable to bring even the two turtle-doves or young pigeons prescribed by the law, a small quantity of flour sufficed for the poor man's offering. Of this a handful was burned as "a memorial." "The priest shall burn it on the altar,.....it is a sin-offering,.....and the priest shall make an atonement for him as touching his sin,.....and it shall be forgiven him" (Lev. v. 11-13). Here the term "sin-offering" is applied to what, throughout the chapter, is treated as "trespass-offering;" and in verse sixth the one sacrifice receives both names (Lev. v. 6).

The place of the Trespass-offering in the Christian life may be learned from our Lord's words: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought

against thee, leave there thy gift, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift" (Matt. v. 23, 24). Repentance and its fruits were thus the lessons of the Trespass-offering: repentance towards God, evidenced by sacrifice; and towards man, evidenced by immediate overtures of reconciliation and ample recompense.

We have now completed our attempted delineation of the sacrificial system of Judaism—that marvellous gospel of prophetic symbols delivered to Moses from the mercy-seat.

First of all, and as the foundation of the entire system, we have the atonement, in its fulness and ever-living efficacy, set forth in the continual Burnt-offering. Next, we have faith's appropriation of the great sacrifice, in the Meat-offering. Next again, the sense of reconciliation, in the Peace-offering. And, finally, we have the daily cleansing of the conscience, and the evidences of repentance, set forth in the Sin and the Trespass offerings.

As a system of doctrine, how compact! Objective and subjective, it exhibits the great fact of vicarious propitiation, and the faith that lays hold of it; it exhibits the peace which comes from this faith, and the tenderness of conscience which comes of this peace; in short, we have in it acceptance with God and the peaceful holy life—the life that strives to be without offence, both as regards God and man. All this is in it; and the order in which it is set forth is precisely the order of the Christian experience. It has been ours to trace but the outline: how rich the field within, others have shown.

That the complex and curiously intricate ritual of Judaism should thus, after the lapse of ages, find its fulfilment in Christianity, is proof surely that the one is the counterpart of the other, and that both are divine. "Each fits into, completes, explains each; backward and forward, through both, circulates the life-blood of grace and truth: Christ is all in all."*

We might now stop. But in a time when the fundamental doctrine of the Atonement is so greatly controverted—denied by some and ex-

* Dr. C. J. Vaughan.

away by others—it cannot be unseasonably all attention to the place which it holds in its own teaching. For in Judaism it was not only the central idea. The very word “Atonement” is to be found in Leviticus upwards of twenty times; and how much oftener the *idea*, it is impossible to say, for *that* pervades and runs through the entire book, and indeed the whole dispensation. Nor of the meaning of the word are we left in doubt, for God himself has made it too plain to be mistaken: “The life of the sinner is in the blood, and I have given it to you on the altar, to make an atonement for your sins; for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.” As typical of the life of a day offered in room of his own, blood was red to the Jew, and forbidden for any other use but that of sacrifice. Even blood shed in atonement was behoved to be reverently covered with tokens of the mystery it involved (Lev. 17-18).

It is in views the most impressive of the holiness and man's accountability, were the foundations of the more glorious dispensation to follow. True, in Judaism the solemn expiation set forth the guilt and penalty in a manner so awful that mercy was overruled, and the character of God wore an aspect of extremest rigour. Nevertheless, mercy was crying all the while; and of this mercy, the Atonement was itself the supreme expression, as it did to the coming sacrifice on Calvary (John iii. 16). For although the time did not come for the revelation afterwards made of Jesus, yet, in the Eternal purpose, the Son was slain before the foundation of the world (1 Peter i. 19, 20; Rev. xiii. 18).

If the Jew trembled in the light of a holiness intolerant of sin, the tendency in our day is the opposite extreme—to repose in the love of God as if he were no longer strict to holiness. But if then God was not less holy, neither is he now less just. Yet for the perfection and the immutability of God's character, it is not Judaism only, but the doctrine of Atonement also, that is now ignored; and in the holiness of God, his moral government is denied. Sin is neither viewed forensically, as an offence against the Divine Majesty; nor in

its essential nature, as subversive of the well-being of the universe: but as a vice rather—something which affects only the sinner, and which renders him more an object of pity than of righteous condemnation. Thus, with *many*, the sentimental prevails, to the exclusion of the governmental. But a religion of sentiment can be no substitute for a religion of fact and reality; for “the centre is not reached, nor the rock on which we must build.”

Is it not, then, wise to ponder the lessons of Leviticus? “For the observances of Judaism had no terrestrial origin. They were types, no doubt; but such types as had their archetype in heaven. They spake a language of symbols, indeed; yet not a language borrowed from the human and the earthly, but a language framed by God himself, and put forth by him for the very purpose of expressing the substantial realities of the new dispensation. The sacrifices of the law were but sacrifices in figure. It was the sacrifice of Christ which called them into being, and gave them their significancy. The Jew saw, though in greater darkness, and as through the medium of dawning twilight, the great lineaments of the gospel scheme: the mercy of God in that he forgives; yet a mercy so exercised as to vindicate the honour of his law, the forgiveness being rendered through the ceremonial of a sacrifice prescribed by himself.”

“It is the Atonement which constitutes Christianity the religion of sinners. It is by the charm and the efficacy which lie in the accepted tidings of remission through the blood of an atonement, that the burden of guilt is lifted away from the heart. Atonement is the grand turning-point upon which the transition of the world from its ruin to its recovery is hinged. On the apprehension of it by the sinner is suspended the greatest of all personal revolutions. He is at once translated into a new moral existence. The God whom before he dreaded, he now confides in and loves. He has exchanged the spirit of bondage for the spirit of adoption; and with the emancipated powers of a new-born creature, he runs in the way of new obedience.”*

J. D. B.

THE WALK OF FAITH.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

NO character in the Old Testament impresses me with a higher veneration than the patriarch Abraham. His title of nobility is this: he was "the friend of God." Born and reared in a land of Sabian idolatry, he was converted by the Lord in his own sovereign way, and by means of which we have no knowledge. The first thing we learn of him is the abrupt announcement of God's call to him: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I shall show thee."

Abraham obeys. He asks no questions. No map of the strange country is shown him, and no guide-book is given him. By faith he sets out with his household caravan, and follows whether the heavenly hand conducts him. "He went out, *not knowing whither he went.*"

In this one beautiful line I read the spiritual history of every child of faith. This line reveals the deepest lesson that a human heart can learn, the lesson of obedient trust in God. It describes in one short sentence the *walk of faith*. And what is that? Is it an aimless venture, a haphazard wandering by chance? No; but the exact opposite of this. It is the going in God's way, and not in the way that self most covets. The walk of faith is just walking with my heavenly Father hand in hand, step by step, over smooth places or rough, up hill or down, moment by moment. Believing implicitly that "the steps of every good man are ordered by the Lord," I am to obey his orders. To-day I am to do to-day's work with to-day's strength given to me. To-day's burden I am to carry. My rule of duty is for to-day. The promise of help is for to-day; as my day, so shall my strength be. To-morrow's journey, and to-morrow's toil, and to-morrow's trials, I must leave until to-morrow comes. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it; and be not careful for the morrow. This is faith's first lesson. Suppose that Abraham had lain awake all night worrying over his next day's route, and refused to stir a step in the morning till God gave him a map of the road to Canaan! The Lord would have grown tired of his troublesome charge, and left him to drift back to Ur.

Abraham knows not whither he is going, but he knows that God knows. Two things he is certain of. The first is that the way in which God leads him is the right way; and next that it is a safe way. This is all that you and I can expect to know. The future is an unmapped territory; every step is literally a step into the dark. The future is a "seven-sealed book," and no man can unloose the seals thereof. We discover its contents only as God unlooses the seals, and turns over leaf by leaf, one at a time. Selfishness often aches to peep into the sealed pages. But faith whispers: "No, no;

trust God." And very soon I discover that this too is all for the best. Every joy that is lying in wait for me at some new turn in the road, breaks on me as a sweet surprise. The mercies, like transporting views in mountain travel, are all the more bewitching that they were not spoiled by anticipation. God does not let us "discount his mercies in advance."

As for the trials that await us, it is far better that we cannot foresee them. When a young pair of ardent lovers clasp hands on their wedding-day, under the bright aurora of sanguine hope, it is nought to them that older heads are shaken ominously, and older tongues croak out: "You will have to take the bitter with the sweet." They mean to have no bitter. Why damp their sunshine joys by pointing to a cloud, even though it be "no larger than the hand of a man"? It will be time enough to watch beside the sick-bed, or to weep over the empty crib, when those painful scenes are reached in the journey. Sufficient to the day is the evil—and the joy likewise. To forecast our sorrows would but increase the agony, without increasing the strength to bear it.

How many of life's noblest and holiest enterprises might never be undertaken if all the hardships and defeats and sufferings could be foreseen! Had Simon Peter foreseen the dungeon and the cross before him, perhaps he might not have left his net so promptly to follow Jesus. Could every young student for the ministry be permitted to read his history in advance, I doubt not that many of them would turn away—one to the farm, and another to his merchandise. "Follow me," says the Master. And all the promise he makes is: "Lo, I am with you always." God did not tell Wilberforce that he would be defeated twenty years in Parliament, and be abused at every step, before the final victory of emancipation came. Christ does not reveal to every young convert at the outset all the trials that he must encounter, or the failures he will make. All that he assures us is: "My grace is sufficient for thee;" "To him that overcometh will I give the crown of life." Ought we really to ask anything more?

The whole journey to heaven is a walk of faith. Obedience and trust, is all that God requires of us. Our poor, blind timidity often falters and whimpers: "Lord, how can we know the way?" Our divine Leader replies: "Follow me. I am the Way. I will lead the blind in paths that they have not known. I will make the darkness light before them." Blessed is that soul which has learned to trust and to obey.

The real conflict in life is between choosing our own way, or walking in God's way. The sin of the sinner lies just in this, that he follows the path that seems most pleasant to himself; and the end of it is—hell! Even Christians are often terribly tempted to be wilful

ward. Lot chose his own way, and it led him
a. When he took God's directions, they led
o Zoar, and he was safe. Jonah chose his own
l it sent him overboard into the raging sea.
took God's way, and it led him to Nineveh, on
of love. Peter undertook to look out for him—
he turned liar and coward. Afterward he let
e care of him, and he went to sleep calmly in
to be waked up by a delivering angel. Reader,
not always found the sweetest peace when you
on faith?

ought more. Abraham "knew not whither he
n earth, but he knew he was heaven-bound.
it the city which hath foundations. Toward that

glorious capital of the Great King he bent his steadfast
eye through all his wanderings. So may we march on,
day by day, from duty to duty, from toil to trial; but by-
and-by comes the "eternal weight of glory." That is
enough. Let the storm roar; yonder is the haven.
What though the way be dark, if I can only feel Jesus'
hand in mine, and hear him say: "It is I; fear not, my
child. Where I am thou shalt be also." This divine
voice brings the calm. My beloved is mine, and I am
his.

"So I go on, not knowing; I would not if I might.
I would rather walk with God in the dark, than go alone in the
light;
I would rather walk with him by faith, than walk alone by
sight."

"THE MASTER SAITH, MY TIME IS AT HAND."

MATT. XXVI. 18.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

THY time at hand! O meek devoted One!
There was no murmuring in the calm,
sweet tone
With which thou bad'st thy troubled won-
dering band,
"Master saith, My time is now at hand."—
Thou, speak thus to him whom ye shall meet,
a pitcher homeward through the street,
y guest chamber ready. There shall ye
passover yet once more with me."

at hand! Lord Jesus, who shall say
anguish on thy burdened spirit lay?
awful shadows of the coming hour,
thou alone shouldst cope with Satan's power?
read forebodings of the awful gloom
close round thee under sin's dark doom?
Which would rise that sad, unfathomed cry—
"Alas! My God! Thou hast forsaken! Why?"

at hand! The bitter, bitter close,
of Sorrows! of thy matchless woes.
need, thou holy One, for all thy love,
see return for grace all thought above!
Thy breast, heaven's high eternal throne,
fledst, Lord, and cam'st to seek thine own;
ye received thee not! Soon would they cry,
with him; away, and crucify!"

at hand! Thy wondrous life-work o'er,
thou would tread earth's common ways no more!
the dead would at thy call awake—
need light upon blind eyeballs break—
ye, the sick, the outcast, the defiled—
earn in vain to hear the accents mild
meek human voice, whose gentle word
ing storm-winds and the wild waves heard.

Thy time at hand! O'er Salem's fated towers,
Heavy with doom, the judgment tempest lowers.
Alas for thee, O Zion! for thy time
Of grace but lingers for thy crowning crime;
Soon wilt thou draw down on thy guilty head
His blood, whose tears fell o'er thee as he said,
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! oh, hadst thou known"—
Ah! to the winds he gave that plaintive moan.

Thy time at hand! And, Saviour, thou didst know
All things that would befall thee; all the woe
Of that lone watch which no man shared with thee
In the dark shades of sad Gethsemane,
When from thy breaking heart was wrung the prayer,
"If possible, O Father, spare me—spare!"
Full well thou knewest how bitter was the cup
Which thy pure lips so willingly drank up.

Thy time at hand! When thou shouldst look
around
For help, for comfort, and none would be found;
When out of those who answered to thy call
One would betray thee, one deny thee; all
Leave thee alone; and e'en thy chosen friend
Watch, *but afar off*, to the bitter end;
None stand beside thee when the shuddering day
Should hear from myriad throats, "Away! away!"

Thy time at hand! And oh, 'twas all for us
Thy holy head was bowed with anguish thus;
For us thy sweat bedewed the crimsoned ground—
For us thy hands with shameful cords were bound—
For us thou borest the purple robe of scorn,
The mocking reed, the crown of rending thorn,
The scourge, the cross, and more than all, the hours
When God forsook thee—for thy place was ours.

Thy time at hand! Of which the promise came
Before from Eden, with his sword of flame,
The angel chased our parents, which of old
Patriarchs and prophets hungered to behold,
When the dim visions of the solemn night,
God's great deliverance shadowed to their sight;
Which David sang when inspiration rolled
Christ's awful death-cry o'er his harp of gold.

Thy time at hand! When the adoring gaze
Of angels, filled with wonder and amaze,
Should see that brow, once diademed with light,
Pallid and death-dewed; when the sun, in fright,
Should veil his rays; the mighty rocks should quake,
And the firm earth to her foundations shake;
The graves should open, and hell's dark array,
Crest-fallen, watch the strong man take the prey.

Thy time at hand! When those who looked in
vain
That thou, the lowly One, shouldst rise and reign;
Thy meek brow grace with Israel's olden crown,
And spread from land to land thy wide renown;

Should see with eyes through contrite weeping dim
That sins must first be "made to meet on Him;"
That the true Paschal Lamb was slain at last,
The substance come of types and shadows past.

Thy time at hand! Now, Lord, that time is o'er,
Death hath dominion over thee no more.
High in the glory thou art seated now,
And many crowns are glittering on thy brow.
And now each moment at thy pierced feet
Thou seest the travail of thy soul complete
In the safe folding of the long-lost sheep,
Who, weak and wounded, to thy footstool creep.

Amen, dear Lord! amen, and yet amen!
Thou whose delights were with the sons of men
When most they scorned thee. Who art yet un-
changed
By cold neglect and insult unestranged,
Once more thy time draws nigh. Soft, sweet, and dear,
A whisper falls upon each listening ear;
Hear it, O pilgrims through a desert land!
"The Master saith, My time is now at hand."

OUR FATHER'S LOVE: A STORY OF LONDON STREETS.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

ELFIE had probably never heard the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy;" and if she had, she certainly would not have believed it. She knew how much, or rather how little, she could earn by fair work; knew, too, that some of her companions would laugh at her for trying to be honest; but she did not know how hard the struggle would be until she fairly tried it. It had been easy enough to slip into the habit of pilfering, but it was not so easy to break it off when once it was commenced. Again and again did she wish that she had never taken the first wrong step, never formed the evil habit of taking what was not her own, and sometimes she feared she should never break it off now.

Things grew worse and worse with the two girls as the winter advanced. Often they were without fire and without food, except the market refuse Elfie brought home. Susie had tried again and again to get a place, such as the grocer's, but no one wanted a girl, it seemed, or at least no one wanted her. It must be that everybody believed her to be a thief, she thought; and Elfie thought so too, and that made her so bitter that she said one day, "I won't try to be honest any longer; everybody says I am a thief, and so I may as well be one; it's better to steal than to starve."

"O Elfie, don't say that!" exclaimed Susie. "We haven't starved yet, and we've managed to keep our home too, though we have had to sell some of the things."

Elfie looked round at the almost bare room. "It's no good trying any longer, Susie," she said, "there's such a lot of poor girls in London, God has forgot all about us two."

"No, he has not; I'm sure he has not," said Susie; "he is 'our Father,' and so he can't forget us."

"Well, he don't mean to help us, then," said Elfie. "It's all my fault, I know; I was a thief, and that's why he won't have anything to do with me; I'm too bad, I know."

"You're not, Elfie. Jesus died to save sinners—real sinners like you and me, Elfie. He saved the thief on the cross, and said he should be with him in paradise; and he will save us—save us from our sins, as well as the punishment of them."

But Elfie shook her head. "I can't bear to see you hungry, Susie," she said with a choking sob; "and it's hard to see the potatoes and turnips there in the market, and hear the men say we are a set of little thieves, and sure to help ourselves, and then come away without taking one. You don't know how hard it is."

true enough. Even Susie did not know the need Elsie was daily enduring in her efforts to but that the struggle was a hard one she fully understood, and she said, "Only Jesus knows just how Elsie; but he won't let it be more than you. He will send us some help soon. I'm sure he helps you'll be able to earn a lot of money to-

pay, however, was doomed to disappointment, been so many times before. Elsie came home a few bruised apples and a handful of dried the reward of her day's toil; and Susie made up her mind to speak to the teacher at the school that day. She had often thought of doing this, but just as she should say, as so many others had done, have anything to do with thieves," had made up her mind from telling even her how they were placed. Elsie told her what she meant to do; but all hope had now, and she paid little attention to what was divided the apples and crusts between them, soon eaten her own share; but Susie's remained untouched, and she could not help looking longingly at them.

"I will do this, and pushed them towards her. "You Elsie—I can't," she said.

"Eat!" exclaimed Elsie, to whom such a thing most incredible.

"I'm not hungry, only sick," said Susie. And, sitting up any longer, she laid herself down on the bed and waited a minute or two, and then took the crusts across to her, but Susie took no notice of her entreaties to eat, and at last Elsie grew impatient. She put the apple down, and bent over her with an animated face, and kissed the cold lips. "Oh, look in your eyes, or speak to me!" she said, before she could cry.

There was only a faint moan in response to her and she flew off to knock at the door of one of her lodgers. But the woman was not at home, ran down-stairs and out into the street, taking towards the school as the only place of friendly refuge just as she was turning a corner, panting and out of breath, she ran against the teacher, which brought her to an abrupt standstill.

"Need not be in such a hurry to-night, Elsie; school, you know."

"I forgot this; but for a minute or two she spoke, but looked into the teacher's face. "I remember I told you there was to be a meeting of gentlemen to talk about getting a home for some of you poor children?" said the teacher. "I know," she said; "but do come to see."

"What is the matter with her?" asked the

teacher, but I think she is going to die," and she broke out afresh. At the same moment a man, on his way to the meeting at the Ragged

School, stopped to speak to the teacher, and looked at Elsie. "What is the matter, my child?" he asked.

"Susie's bad, sir, she can't eat the apple I've brought home for her."

"I am going to see what it is," said the teacher. "Susie Sanders is one of our best scholars."

"Where is your mother, my dear?" asked the clergyman.

"Susie's mother is dead, and I ain't got one," said Elsie.

"I think I will come with you, and see about these girls," said the minister; and he and the teacher followed Elsie to Fisher's Lane.

Poor Elsie was in a great fright, for it was quite dark, and they had no candle, and how the visitors were to find their way up-stairs she did not know. At the door she paused, and whispered, "We live at the top of the house, teacher, and we can't afford to buy candles."

The clergyman overheard the whisper, and put his hand into his pocket. "Here's sixpence, child; run and buy a candle, and a box of lucifers."

Elsie darted off, but when she laid the money on the counter at the shop, she saw that instead of a sixpence, the minister had given her a half-sovereign. What riches it seemed to her; how much she could buy with all this money; and instinctively her hand went over it, as it lay on the counter.

A penny candle and a box of matches, she knew, cost three half-pence, and this taken from sixpence would leave fourpence half-penny, and this she resolved to return to the minister, keeping the rest for herself. He had told her it was sixpence, so this theft would never be known; and she took the pile of silver and tied it up in a bit of rag, and hid it in her bosom as soon as she got outside the shop, and then ran back to where the minister and the teacher were waiting. The gentleman took the change, and the teacher lighted the candle and went on up-stairs, followed by Elsie, who seemed suddenly to have forgotten her anxiety for Susie, and lingered behind. In truth, Elsie dreaded to see that white face, with this money hidden in her bosom; and already began to wish she had not kept it, for it made her feel so miserable.

At length the little garret was reached, and there lay Susie, cold and insensible as Elsie had left her, with the dirty dry crusts and bruised apple lying by her side.

The gentleman uttered an exclamation of surprise as he looked round the room, while the teacher went across and raised poor Susie's head, glancing at the dry crusts as she did so. "Poor girl, she seems very ill. What has she had to eat to-day?" she asked, speaking to Elsie, who had flung herself on the floor at Susie's feet.

"Nothing," answered Elsie through her sobs; "she couldn't eat the crusts and apples I got."

"And is that all you have had?" asked the clergyman.

But instead of answering, Elsie buried her head in

the bed-clothes, sobbing, "O Susie, Susie, do open your eyes and speak to me once more, and let me tell you all about this dreadful money; I won't keep it, I hate it," she added passionately tugging at the bosom of her ragged frock, and at last dashing a little bundle to the floor.

The teacher had not paid much attention to what Elfie was saying, for the clergyman was speaking to her, asking what was to be done with Susie, who was evidently suffering from want and privation. The room was bitterly cold, and the first thing to be done was to send Elfie to buy some coals and wood, and then, when the fire was lighted, for some milk and a loaf of bread.

While the teacher was lighting the fire, and the minister cutting some slices of bread from the loaf, Susie slowly opened her eyes and looked round her. Elfie saw the change, and the next moment was kneeling at her side. "O Susie, Susie, I almost forgot; but Jesus saved me from being quite a thief again. As soon as ever I saw you, I remembered what you said, and threw the money down."

"Poor Elfie," said Susie in a whisper; and then becoming conscious of the fire and candle light, and the presence of others in the room, she said in a frightened tone, "What is it, Elfie?"

But Elfie was pushed aside, and the teacher came forward with a little warm milk in a cup, and gave a few spoonfuls to Susie. The first was poured down her throat; but she took the rest eagerly, and then whispered, "More, please."

The minister could not bear to look at that pale, famished face, and turned away to crumble some of the bread into the milk, and urged Elfie to eat some. Elfie, however, could talk of nothing but money, it seemed, and so at length the minister said, "What is this you are talking about—what money have you stolen?"

"O sir, I didn't think about stealing when you sent me for the candle. I promised Susie I never would steal again; but when I saw what a lot of money there was, and you thought it was only sixpence, I took it, and here it is," and Elfie gave him the little pile of silver tied up in a piece of dirty rag.

It was some little time before the clergyman could fully understand the mistake he had made, and how he should make it was then a mystery to him. And by the time this was made somewhat clear to his mind, he was compelled to leave to attend the meeting, for it was very late now, and what he had seen made him more anxious than ever that a refuge should be established for the poor destitute children of this neighbourhood.

The minister had placed the money given back to him by Elfie in the hand of the teacher, to be expended for the benefit of the two girls; and after she had seen them both eat a basin of bread and milk, she questioned them upon their mode of living, and asked why they had never mentioned to her Susie's wish to get a place.

Both girls looked confused, and Susie said, "I was afraid, teacher."

"Afraid!" repeated the teacher.

"Yes, teacher, everybody said Susie was a thief," said Elfie with a little heightened colour. "She didn't deserve to be called a thief," she went on, "but I did; I often used to steal things, but I don't now, for I couldn't bear to think Susie should bear my punishment all for nothing."

"And so this is why you gave the money back to-night?" said the teacher.

Elfie nodded. "I couldn't help it," she said, "when I saw Susie; all she had said about our Father's love, and what the Lord Jesus had suffered to save me from my sins, came back to my mind, and I was obliged to throw the money down."

Susie had only dimly understood what she said before, but it was explained to her now, and likewise that she was not to attempt to go out the next day until her teacher had been to see her again. She was obliged to leave them now, and giving Susie some money to buy food for the next morning, she took her departure.

After she had gone, the two girls sat talking of all that had happened, but it was evident Elfie was greatly bowed down at the thought of her attempt to rob the minister.

"I shall never learn to be honest," she said; "for if I see anything I can take, I want it directly, and I seem to forget everything else."

"But Jesus has helped you to begin, Elfie, and he'll help you to keep on till you quite hate the sin," said Susie.

"I don't really like it now," said Elfie.

"Well, that is something, for you did love it once; you said so," replied Susie quickly. "Jesus has made you dislike it, and he will go on helping you."

"But I am so wicked, I shan't mind about his help if I have to stay here for ever; and it's always so hard to keep honest."

This was just what the minister was saying to some gentlemen as they walked home together. Temptations were so strong, the battle of life so hard, for these poor little street children, that it was no wonder they grew up to be wicked men and women.

When he saw the teacher again, he heard of Susie's wish to learn to be a servant, and all she had told her concerning her mother, and he resolved to befriend her if he could.

It would not be easy to persuade any one to take a girl, without a character, from such a place as Fisher's Lane, he knew; but he thought his wife would do so, and could find her some employment in helping the other servants, and a day or two afterwards Susie heard that she was to go to the minister's house about this. But, to the teacher's surprise, Susie burst into tears, and said, "Please, ma'am, could Elfie go instead of me?"

"Instead of you?" repeated her teacher, "why I thought you wanted to be a servant."

"Yes, teacher, but so does Elfie—and—and I'm afraid Elfie would give up trying, if I was to go away."

don't think Elsie would be able to do the red," said the teacher.

sked disappointed. "I'm very sorry," she I can't leave Elsie."

her had thought, too, it would never do to oor little friendless creature to herself, and here was already a great change effected in ar, she had determined to take charge of her lise could run errands, and go to school with and by-and-by she would learn to do things ouse and make herself useful; and she told s plan now.

"Oh thank you, then, I shall be so glad to have this place," said Susie joyfully, and she went at once to prepare herself for the walk. It was settled that she should go as kitchen-maid, as soon as some decent clothes could be made for her, and at the same time Elsie would take up her abode with the teacher. They would still see each other, for Susie was to attend the Ragged School of an evening, and Elsie promised to go to church every Sunday, that she might sit by her, and hear from the lips of their kind friend truths which they—young as they were—had experienced; and this above all others, "Our Father's" love.

JOHN HOWARD.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHEROW, M.A., CANADA.

IT is just one hundred years ago since John Howard was initiated into his life-work of Prison Reform by his appointment to the office of Sheriff of Bedford. It may not be appropriate to mark the centennial commemoration of that event by tracing briefly the principal incidents and to note the results of his philanthropic

ward's father was a successful London merchant, a Nonconformist, of respectable rank. Having amassed a considerable fortune, he retired to the little village of Cardington in Leicestershire, where the subject of this paper—early in the death of his mother—spent the years of his childhood. The date of his birth is not definitely known, but was probably in the year 1726. He was a weak and sickly child, giving no augury of that character and force of will which he afterwards exhibited.

Howard had good masters, but exhibited no talent. He was early placed in a London counting-house, where, among ledgers and day-books, and bills of lading, he formed that practical acquaintance with business, and acquired those habits, which characterized his after-life. At the age of sixteen he became, by his father's death, the possessor of the whole of his large fortune. But his health was poor, and a change of air and climate became imperative. He therefore frequented the parks and gardens of London for the balmy atmosphere of the south, and Italy. While on the Continent, his simplicity and his high moral principles preserved him from the fashionable vice and folly of the gay Europeans in which he sojourned.

On his return to England, after an absence of two years, he was obliged by his precarious health to live for some time as an invalid at Stoke, Newington. Here he took place which gives an insight into his character. He lodged with a widow, a Mrs. Loidore.

She, too, had been an invalid for years, was in humble circumstances, homely in appearance, and fifty-two years of age. While in her house, Howard became dangerously ill. She tended him like a mother, and nursed the sick stranger back to life. On his recovery he astonished his simple landlady by the offer of his hand, and his heart, his fortune. She refused his rather portentous offer, alleging as reasons her age—more than twice his own—and their disparity in social position. He was urgent: he felt it his duty to marry her, he said; and, having overcome her scruples, marry her he did.

The wedded life of this singularly matched couple—one of calm and quiet joy—lasted only three years, when Howard's grave and gentle spouse, always infirm in health, died. His domestic ties dissolved, his empty heart yearned for employment to fill its vacuity. Action was a habit and necessity of his soul. The fearful earthquake of 1755 had just occurred. The city of Lisbon was shaken to its foundations, and 60,000 of its inhabitants were buried in its ruins. Howard hastened to relieve the distress of the sufferers; but his generous purpose was frustrated. The Seven Years' War was raging. French privateers swept the seas. Howard was captured, and suffered the barbarities inflicted upon prisoners of war in the French dungeons of Brest; and those sufferings he never forgot. The iron of affliction entered his own soul, and made it ever thereafter more sensitive to the sorrows of others. He was released on parole, obtained an exchange, and rested not till he had procured the freedom of all his fellow-prisoners.

In three years Howard married again; and this time the choice of his heart was—in age, rank, person, and character—every way worthy of the good man whose life she was to bless. Mild, amiable, pious, and philanthropic, she ably seconded his benevolent designs. With a spirit answering to his own, during the first weeks of their honeymoon she sold the most of her jewels to establish a fund for the relief of the sick and the destitute. Richer jewels in her husband's eyes, and a

fairer adornment of her character, were her alms-deeds and charities, than any wealth of pearls or diamonds that could bedeck her person, and in the sight of God an ornament of greater price. After seven years of wedded happiness she was snatched away untimely in giving birth to their only child.

The blow fell with appalling force on the bereaved husband. Howard's dream of joy was over. His heart's love, withered at its core, never budded again. His thoughts dwelt often with the past. The anniversary of his Harriet's death was a day of fasting and prayer, and the whispered utterance of her name quickened the pulsings of his heart till it grew still for ever. On her tombstone, in grateful recollection of her virtues, her husband inscribed the touching tribute of praise:—

"She opened her mouth with wisdom;
And in her tongue was the law of kindness."

Howard's health gave way beneath the intensity of his grief. He again sought the balmy air of Italy for its restoration. But the glowing skies, and lovely scenery, and glorious art of that favoured land possessed no longer the absorbing interest they once had. A noble purpose filled his soul and swayed his will as the moon the tides of ocean. A new zeal fired his heart: not the passive contemplation of pathetic dead Christs on canvas, but succouring his living image in the person of suffering humanity was henceforth the purpose of his life. So, on partial restoration to health at Turin, he abandoned his design of wintering in Naples, "As I feared," he writes in his journal, "the misimprovement of a talent spent in mere curiosity, and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure..... Oh! why should vanity and folly, pictures and baubles, or even the stupendous mountains, beautiful hills, or rich valleys, which ere long will be consumed, engross the thoughts of a candidate for an everlasting kingdom! Look up, my soul! How low, how mean, how little is everything but what has a view to that glorious world of light and love!"

The immediate occasion of his entering on his great life-task was, as we have seen, his acceptance of the office of Sheriff of Bedford in the year 1773. He entered upon his duties with energy. To him the shrievalty was no mere matter of gold lace and red plush, of petty pomp and ostentation, but of earnest work. He forthwith began his inspection of Bedford Jail. That old historic prison becomes thus invested with a twofold interest. At its gate, padlocked by the leg, John Bunyan often sold the tags and laces, by making which he won his bread. Yet to his rapt soul its gloomy vaults were glorified by the beatific vision of the New Jerusalem, and there ains from the "Land Beulah" breathed.

The appalling horrors of those hideous cells, which had been thus hallowed with the light of genius, smote the heart of Howard with consternation. It was a revelation of duty to his soul. Here was a mission

worthy of his zeal. To reform the prison system of England, to grapple with its dire evils, to drag to light its dark facts, and to take away from his country the reproach of her infamous treatment of her prisoners,—this was to be henceforth the work of his life.

The Bedford jailer had no fees from the county, but lived by oppressing the prisoners. Howard demanded for him a stated salary. The Bench of Justices, after their wont, asked for precedents. Howard rode into the neighbouring counties in search of them. What he sought he found not, but he found that which filled his soul with grief and indignation—a world of sin, of suffering, and of wrong before unknown. He forthwith burrowed in all the dungeons in England—literally *burrowed*, for many of them were underground, sometimes mere *caverns* in the solid rock, in which human beings were immured for years. No place, however obscure or remote, escaped his inspection; his official position, his munificent charity, and his resolute will everywhere procuring him admission.

Sadder than the wildest horrors of fiction were the awful realities of England's dungeons—the worst in Europe save those of the Inquisition. The condition of the prison-world—a world distinct by itself, with its own peculiar laws and usages, and with a densely crowded population—was simply execrable. It was, in the words of one who has made the subject a special study, "a festering mass of moral and physical corruption." The prisons were very pandemonia—chambers of horrors—whose misery and wickedness recall the dreadful pictures of the regions of eternal gloom in the pages of the Italian poet. They were a world without the pale of the constitution, and their inmates beyond the protection or control of the law. Religion and its rites were banished from a region cut off from civilization, apparently a precinct of hell, and already made over to the government of fiends. The cruelty, and lust, and cursed greed for gold of a brutal jailer, who frequently united the humane profession of hangman to his normal duty of warden, were indulged without restraint. Men had to crouch at a narrow wicket in the door and gasp for breath. The stench was intolerable. There was frequently no straw,* and prisoners had to lay their rheumatic limbs on the damp and cold stone floor. Yet to those who had money the utmost license was allowed. The keepers pandered to the worst vices of those who could bribe their aid.

The inhumanity practised seems incredible. "In the episcopal City of Ely," writes Howard, "the prison was rickety and ruinous, but instead of strengthening the

* In one large prison the allowance for bedding was a guinea a year! The victualling was farmed out to mercenary wretches who lived by starving the victims they were paid to feed. Provision for clothing there was none, and many poor wretches were naked in consequence. Light and air were apparently contraband. Seldom were public fees paid to the wardens: on the contrary, the occupants of that office frequently paid large sums for the privilege of pillage and plunder which it afforded. The wardenship of the Fleet Prison was sold for £5,000.

walls and doors, the cheaper plan was adopted of chaining the prisoners on their backs to the floor, passing over them several bars of iron, and fastening an iron collar studded with spikes round their necks to prevent their escape."

Howard found comparatively few felons in the prisons. The frequent jail deliveries, when the unfortunate wretches were dragged on hurdles to the place of execution, and, amid every indignity, put to death, effectually emptied the cells of the more flagrant criminals. It was found cheaper to hang them than to keep them in prison; and this inhuman policy was publicly advocated by eminent jurists. The poor debtors, who could not be hanged for their misfortunes, were allowed to rot in dungeons. Howard, when he met such, generally paid their debts and set them free. Occasionally, to his great grief, his charity was too late. At Cardiff, a debtor to the exchequer to the amount of £7, languished in prison for ten years, and died just before the liberator came.

The fame of Howard's inquiries spread rapidly. He was summoned before a Parliamentary Committee to give evidence on the state of prisons. His revelations overwhelmed the legislature and the country with surprise. He was called to the bar of the House to receive its formal thanks. As a result of his importunity, an Act was passed for the inspection and reform of prisons. Knowing the inertness of the official mind, Howard resolved to see personally that the Act was put in force. His presence carried light and air, food and raiment, sympathy and consolation to hundreds of dungeons, and life and liberty to many who were unjustly detained.

About this time Howard became a candidate for the parliamentary representation of Bedford. He lost the election, however, by a narrow majority. He was no expert in the electioneering tactics of a hundred years ago. Nevertheless, he was exceedingly chagrined, for he thought that the political rights of nonconformity were compromised in his person; but he thus devoutly records his submission to the decrees of Providence: "I would say, 'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good. He maketh light to arise out of darkness.'" Howard lived to see that light, and to know that God had reserved him for something nobler than the representation of the petty borough of Bedford. His privilege it was to give a voice, whose echo should ring around the world, to the great dumb weltering mass of human wretchedness languishing and dying in a thousand dungeons.

Howard had hitherto confined his philanthropic labours to Great Britain; but this was too limited a range for his sympathies. They could not be confined within the narrow seas, but, like the waters of the ocean, encompassed the earth. A wider horizon of suffering was before him, which he was eager to explore. So he overleaped the barriers of national distinction, and claimed the world as the field of his labours. He started upon a grand tour of the old historic lands of Europe, "not,"

to use the language of Burke—"not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurement of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals nor collate manuscripts;—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

In 1777 Howard published his great work on the "State of Prisons"—a gallery of horrors almost as terrific as Dante's vision of the realms of gloom. In the execution of this work he was so extremely conscientious, that while reading the proof he would sometimes start off on a journey of hundreds of miles, to verify some doubtful fact, or to obtain some fresh information. This *magnum opus*, on which he bestowed such expenditure of toil and money, was at length literally given to the public; for besides presenting copies to the press and to every prominent individual in the kingdom, he ordered the remainder to be sold below the cost of printing and paper.

In 1781, the indefatigable philanthropist started on a new continental tour through Denmark, Norway, Russia, Poland, Sicily, Spain, and Portugal. While on the voyage from Civita Vecchia to Leghorn, an incident occurred which gave a new direction and a fresh impulse to his labours. A storm arose, and their shattered bark was successively driven upon the Tuscan and the African coasts. But everywhere the inhabitants, both Christian and Moslem, refused them permission to land—their fears of the infection of the terrible plague conquering every instinct of humanity in their breasts. This incident made a deep impression on the mind of Howard. Here was a new source of human suffering to be explored, and the misery it caused if possible removed. He was now in the sixtieth year of his age. His health, always infirm, was sore broken. He had already travelled 42,000 miles over Europe—from Lisbon to Moscow, from Stockholm to Naples—in all manner of conveyances—in cumbrous diligence or lumbering drosky, on horseback or on foot. He had sacrificed a life of ease and dignity for the self-denying toil of an apostle or a martyr. He had expended £30,000 on his labours of love. Most men would now have ceased from their toil, and enjoyed in old age their well-earned rest. Not so he. While human suffering could be relieved, and human sorrow assuaged, his philanthropic efforts must know no surcease. He girded up again his loins, and took his pilgrim-staff in hand, and set forth to encounter the perils of disease and death in their most frightful forms.

He went forth alone in his sublime crusade against the dreaded plague, the terror and the scourge of Europe. He knew the danger, and would not suffer even

his faithful servant, the companion of all his former travels, to share it. He explored the lazarets and hospitals of Marseilles, Rome, Naples, Valetta, Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople. He daringly penetrated pest-houses and infected caravanseries. He seemed to bear a charmed life. He braved the fever-demon in his lair, and came forth unscathed. To this result his abstemious diet doubtless contributed. Some dried biscuit and a cup of milk or of cold water was his usual fare.

As the crowning act of his enthusiastic self-sacrifice, Howard resolved to sail in an infected vessel, that he might undergo the strictest quarantine, and leave a record of his experience in case he should not survive, for the benefit of the medical profession in England. The plague was in the vessel. It was also attacked by Barbary pirates. Our hero fought as valiantly as he had encountered danger in the fever-hospital. He endured a living martyrdom of forty days while quarantined in the lazaretto of Venice, parched with fever, racked with pain. But these sufferings were nothing to the pang caused by letters from England, announcing the mental aberration of his son, the result of a life of vicious indulgence. The fever of his body abated, but the barbed sorrow rankled in his heart to his dying day. On his return to England he found his son a raving maniac. Such he lived for ten years longer, and such he died.

Howard found no consolation in the proposition to erect a monument in his honour. He peremptorily declined this act of public homage. His noblest monument was in the grateful hearts of fifty-five poor debtors whom he liberated with the money subscribed.

Though his stricken heart returned ever from all its wanderings to the dear home-scenes of Cardington, he was not permitted there to end his days. Bearing his crushing load of sorrow, the lone old man turned resolutely once more to his great life-work. He designed visiting Russia, Poland, Hungary, Turkey, Egypt, and the Barbary States. But his work was well-nigh done. He seemed to have a presentiment of his death. To a friend he wrote: "You will probably never see me again; but, be that as it may, it is not a matter of serious concern to me whether I lay down my life in Turkey, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere. The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London." Like the word of that dauntless Christian mariner, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, is this, as in the storm and darkness he was heard to cry, "Fear not, shipmen, heaven is as near by water as by land!" Or like the older word of the monk Jerome: "*Et de Hierosolymis et de Britannia æqualiter patet aula cælestis.*"

"Not from Jerusalem alone
The path to heaven ascends;
As near, as sure, as straight the way
That leads to the celestial day,
From furthest climes extends,
Frigid or torrid zone."

From St. Petersburg Howard went to Moscow, where, as if in anticipation of his near departure, he renewed his solemn covenant with God. He was greatly interested in the condition of the Russian conscripts, the mortality among whom was appalling. Their sufferings excited his deepest commiseration. To visit their cantonments, and, if possible, to better their condition, he sailed down the Dneiper to Cherson, a Tartar town near its mouth. Here he was called to visit a young lady ill of an infectious fever. He went,—riding four-and-twenty miles by night through a pitiless winter rain-storm. He caught the infection. He soon felt that his race was run. But death had no terrors to his soul. "It is an event," he said, "to which I always look with cheerfulness; and, be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other. Suffer no pomp," he continued, "to be used at my funeral, nor let any monument be ever made to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Vain request! His name was too indelibly engraven on the heart of the world to be ever erased! In this assured faith, and like the setting sun calmly sinking to rest, John Howard died on the 20th of January 1790.

The tidings of his death caused a thrill of sympathy and sorrow throughout all Europe; but the deepest sympathy and the bitterest sorrow were doubtless in the hearts of the innumerable prisoners whose miseries he had soothed, and whose lives he had blessed. On the base of the statue, erected to his memory in that noble mausoleum of England's glorious dead—St. Paul's Cathedral—is recorded a grateful country's estimation of his worth:—

"IN EVERY PART OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD WHERE
HE TRAVERSED TO REDUCE THE SUM OF HUMAN MISERY,
FROM THE THRONE TO THE DUNGEON, HIS NAME WAS RESPECTED
WITH RESPECT, GRATITUDE, AND ADMIRATION.

HE TROD AN OPEN BUT UNFREQUENTED PATH
TO IMMORTALITY IN THE ARDENT BUT UNINTERMITTED
EXERCISE OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY:
MAY THIS TRIBUTE TO HIS FAME EXCITE AN
EMULATION OF HIS TRULY GLOSTERIOUS
ACHIEVEMENTS."

As we drop a tear over his foreign grave, where, after life's long toil, he sleepeth well, let us gather up the lessons of that life and write them on our hearts for ever. May they lead all who read his story to acts of beneficence and self-sacrifice for others, and to an imitation, in spirit at least, of that life by which he glorified humanity!

Howard's highest praise is that he was a sincere and humble Christian. No less potent principle than the constraining love of Christ could have led him to forsake ease and fortune, to toil on alone and in obscurity, to encounter prejudice, misconception, and opposition, and to espouse danger and death. No self-seeker was he.

Self-abnegation and self-forgetfulness were the characteristics of his life.

Although a man of grave and earnest disposition, there was nothing austere in his piety. The brave are always tender. His thoughtful love for little children was evinced by the invariable hamper of foreign toys that accompanied his return from his many wanderings to England. He had a shrewd; practical method, too, in his inspection of prisons. His eagerness was incomprehensible to the jailer mind, as he accurately measured the length, breadth, and height of the cells, examined the quality of the rations, and drew forth a pair of scales from his pocket to ascertain if the quantity tallied with the regulation allowance.

Howard was no sycophant of the great. The sturdy Puritan bated not a jot of his dignity before monarchs. His outspoken honesty and vehement indignation at wrong bent not to the complacent etiquette prescribed for courtly circles. Yet his society was sought, and not always successfully, by the chief potentates of Europe. He declined to dine with the Grand Duke Leopold because it would detain him three hours on his journey; but, on another occasion, he accepted the hospitality of the Empress Maria Theresa. To avoid public notice he entered St. Petersburg disguised and on foot, but he was discovered and invited by the Empress Catharine to visit the Court. He refused, on the ground that his mission was to the dungeons of the prisoner and the abodes of wretchedness, not to the houses of the great, nor to the palace of the Czarina.

At the urgent request of Pius VI. he visited the Vatican. As he was about leaving, the venerable Pontiff laid his hands upon his head, saying, "You English care nothing for these things, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm." And thus the Puritan heretic received the Papal benediction.

While residing at Vienna, in small lodgings in a by-street, he received a summons from the palace to visit the Emperor Francis Joseph II. "Can I do any good by going?" he asked. Being assured that he could, he went. Seldom do monarchs hear such pungent truths and such stern counsels, as while the friend of the captive and the oppressed pleaded their cause in the presence of their sovereign.

The magnetic influence of his strong will was strikingly evinced in his quelling a mutiny in the Savoy prison. The rioters, two hundred strong, had broken loose, killed their keepers, and defied the authorities. Howard, unarmed and alone, entered the prison, heard their grievances, calmed their fury, and led them back to their cells.

And Howard's influence ceased not with his life. Of him, as of every noble worker in God's world, is it true that, being dead, he yet speaketh. The taunt conveyed in the heartless sneer of Carlyle, that he abated the jail-fever, but caused the far worse benevolent-platform fever, now raging, is his highest glory. It was his to show the most illustrious example, since the time of the apostles,

of that "passionate charity which dives into the darkest recesses of misery and vice," to dispel their gloom, and carry joy and gladness in its train.

A few practical reflections press upon us ere we close. First: How great are the obligations of the world to Christianity! In classic times, as now in heathen lands, philanthropy was an unknown word, and charity at best a mere capricious fancy. Misanthropy was the universal creed. Not the gospel of forgiveness, but the law of revenge, was everywhere preached and faithfully practised. The life of Howard was but the outward expression, the visible incarnation of the spirit of Christianity. It was his strong sense of responsibility to God, and trust in his providence, that nerved his soul for his unceasing toils, and cheered him in all his wanderings.

Again: What good can be accomplished by a single earnest worker! Every prisoner in Europe, from his own day to the present, has felt the benefit of his self-denying labours. He has smitten galling fetters from their limbs, and banished torture from the penal code. He has admitted light and air to their gloomy cells, and has brought the more glorious light and joy of the gospel to their darker and more gloomy hearts. He has raised the culprit from a condition of abject misery, and rescued him from the treatment of a beast. He has abridged the sum of human suffering, mitigated the rigour of the criminal code, and, as experience has shown, lessened the amount of crime.

We may learn, too, that much personal toil and self-denial is the necessary and inevitable condition of a life of beneficence. It is for evermore a truth of widest meaning, "He that would save others, himself he cannot save." He that would walk in the footsteps of the Divine philanthropist, who gave himself a ransom for many, must deny himself, take up his cross, and follow in the same thorny path of pain and trial. But it is also true that he who would save his life by ease, or sloth, or indifference to the sufferings of his fellow-men, shall lose it—ignobly, basely, shamefully lose it. And whosoever will lose his life, will sacrifice ease, and comfort, and enjoyment, for the welfare of his fellow-men, shall gloriously and for ever save it.

Active beneficence, moreover, is a consolation in affliction, and an antidote to morbid grief. Howard underwent a dreadful baptism of suffering before he was prepared for his life-work. His own body must first languish in prison, his own heart must first be wrung with anguish before he could sufficiently sympathize with the sufferings of others. His blameless life and Christian character did not save him from sorest trial and heart-breaking bereavement. But in the effort to relieve and benefit others, his own grief was lightened, his own soul was blessed.

Howard exemplified in his life the spirit of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. He fulfilled that Scripture, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." His

reward is on high. As a dream when one awaketh will be the memory of all his toil and travail, as from the Lord he loved he receives the crown, and hears the blessed

commendation, "I was an hungered, and thou gavest me meat: I was thirsty, and thou gavest me drink: I was sick, and in prison, and thou visitedst me."

The Children's Treasury.

LESSONS FROM LIFE—FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.

VII.

IT IS TRUTH THAT SAVES.



IN tracing these lessons for the benefit of my younger readers, my occupation, I find, is very like that of the geologists. The crust of the earth into which the geologists dig in search of fossils, and the memory into which I dive for past facts and feelings, are as like each other as any two things can be. The one is material, and the other mental; but there the diversity ceases. In all other points the two spheres and the two operations are precisely the same.

Let us pause a moment and take note of this interesting analogy. The episode will impart some measure of variety to our speculations. The two spheres are similar, in that the more ancient forms and facts are generally better preserved than the more recent. In the strata of the earth, the plants and animals that have been extinct for ages are, as a general rule, much more completely preserved than specimens of a later age. While every bone and muscle of the creatures that walked the earth or swam the sea before man came upon the scene can be seen entire, the creatures that have lately passed away have left no trace behind.

This is similar to our experience in the faculty of memory. Those who have lived long find that the events which happened in their youth can be much more perfectly recalled than those which are only a few years old. Accordingly, for my own part, when I sally forth to search the records of memory, as the geologist goes, hammer in hand, to the hills or quarries, I prefer to go down to the more ancient specimens. Those that have lain longest in their bed are best kept. The type of those pages that were printed first is larger and clearer; accordingly, I like best to read my lesson from the beginning of the book.

Long, long ago I had occasion to attend a large social meeting in a manufacturing village on the evening of the New Year's Day. It was a feast prepared for the working-people in the interests of sobriety, at a period when such evening parties were not so common as they are now. The hall was brightly illuminated and decorated; the provisions good and abundant; the speeches

and songs were instructive and exhilarating; and the company, old and young, male and female, were full of happiness. As I had a walk of three or four miles before me, I retired some time before the assembly broke up. After leaving the hall, I experienced some difficulty in steering my way past the separate and irregularly placed structures connected with a large calico-printing establishment. The night was not very dark; but as my eyes had accommodated themselves to a glare of gas within the hall, the effect of the change was equivalent to darkness, as far as I was concerned. I got upon a straight dry path at last, but it was very rough, and caused me frequent stumbles. Casting about for some smoother footing, I observed that a low grassy wall or ridge, about eighteen inches in height, ran along one side of the path, separating it, as I supposed, from a broader and better road. On the other side of this diminutive ridge indeed the way seemed very inviting: it was level and smooth, and in the dim starlight almost glittering in its smoothness. Why should I stumble on a rough place while a pleasant path lay invitingly near me? Without further thought, I made a hearty leap over the grassy ridge on my right, and instead of standing on a beaten footpath, as I expected, I found myself up to the neck in water.

It was a reservoir for the use of the factory. Its shining surface in the defective light had deceived me. I scrambled out again, shook myself like a Newfoundland dog, and trudged homeward, a cooler and a wiser man. At the price of a cold ducking, I bought a little wisdom that night, and it has turned out a good investment. It is nearly forty years ago, and I have not once leaped into a sheet of water with my clothes on since.*

* It may not be amiss to give here a parallel case from more recent experience, that out of the mouth of two witnesses the lesson may be better confirmed.

A boy from the country was invited to spend some days with a family who occupied a fine villa in the outskirts of Edinburgh. The drawing-room of the house is on the ground-floor, and the windows look out on a lawn studded with flower-plots. The stranger, standing in the drawing-room alone, suddenly observed some of his companions on the lawn, and made a bound to join them. The windows were filled with very large pieces of plate-

Such is the fossil dug up from the lower strata of a human memory, and is it of any use now that we have got it? Can we obtain from it any lesson that may repay us for our labour?

We may. This simple fact, rightly applied, might demolish a good deal of the philosophy that is fashionable in some quarters at the present day. It is a fond conceit of certain speculative minds, that it matters not to a man what his belief may be, provided he be sincere. Now, if this be a wrong principle, it is of importance to expose it, for a good many people entertain it. They don't like doctrines such as the Bible lays down. They don't like to be told that their acceptance with God and their salvation depend on certain doctrines being received and professed. They say we can't help our belief, and if we be sincere in holding it, we shall not be punished for it, even although it should turn out to be mistaken.

One fact is stronger than ten thousand fancies. On that cold winter night long ago, I, for one, learned that a man suffers from an erroneous opinion, although he hold it sincerely. I was most completely sincere in my opinion that I should obtain a much more pleasant path on the other side of the grassy ridge; but my sincerity did not protect me from a ducking. If the water had been deeper, and I unable to swim, my sincerity would not have kept me from drowning. One thing would have kept me right. If, distrusting appearances, in the absence of guiding light, I had knelt down, and stretched my hand over, and touched the supposed smooth hard footpath, I should have discovered that it was water, and would not have leaped into it. My opinion—the result, in that case, of honest, painstaking inquiry—would have been a correct opinion, and the soundness of

my belief would have done for me what my sincerity in error could by no means do: it would have saved me from punishment.

So, you see, we are reading a useful lesson from the fossil fact found in the lower folds of memory. In my case there was an erroneous judgment; it was sincere, and yet I was punished for it. The judgment was erroneous, because it was rashly formed without due inquiry. I did not examine the circumstances; I did not *feel* my way. I made a leap in the dark, and I paid for it. It was a small thing indeed; but in this life we are constantly exercised in small things, that in these we may discover dangers, and learn to walk wisely in great things. The same material law that controls a drop, controls also the ocean. The Creator of all things does not apply one law to a small quantity, and a different law to a large quantity. In the same manner, his moral law is one, and ranges over all. If I rashly and through prejudice or indolence form an erroneous judgment on a small matter, I suffer for it. What right have I to think that the rule of Divine Providence will be reversed when it deals with great matters?

If, through some dimness in the eyes of the soul, caused by looking too long and too intently on the hot garish glare of worldly pleasures and profits, a man miss the way of life, made known in the gospel, and plunge over the lip of life with a lie in his right hand, what right has he to expect that it will be well with him on the other side?

No. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "Seek, and ye shall find." "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." "I am the light of the world." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

SONG OF THE CHURCH-BELL.

Suggested by a paragraph in an Edinburgh newspaper, which mentioned that the old bell of Earlstoun Church bears on its crown the inscription—"Soli Deo Gloria. Jan Burgerhys me facit 1609." "Glory be to God alone. John Burgerhys made me, 1609." The information is added that John Burgerhys was a Dutchman, and a celebrated bell-founder.



HIGH up in the old church tower,
With its turrets gray and hoar,
I swing to and fro,
Flinging sounds of weal and woe,
Out o'er hill and dale,
Meadow sweet, and dusky vale;
Pealing forth to high and low,
Words of weight which well I know—
"Glory be to God alone."

Though thus high aloft I hang,
And my glad deep anthems clang,

Once far underground,
Buried deep in gloom profound,
Hid from light of day,
'Mid "stones of darkness" low I lay;
Silence reigning all around;
Yet e'en silence has a sound—
"Glory be to God alone."

Then hard, troublous days went by,
Moulding me for life on high.
First when dug as ore,
Many heavy blows I bore,

stems, so perfect that he thought the space was vacant. Judging, by the absence of all visible lines or wrinkles, that nothing harder than pure atmospheric air intervened between him and his play-fellows, he made a great leap to join them. The glass was broken to shivers, and the boy was severely wounded. Had one of the

fragments gone a little deeper, or struck on another spot, he would have been killed. His sincere belief that no resisting medium stood before him, did not in any measure shield him from the consequences of his mistake. He acted on a false judgment, and suffered accordingly.

Fiery ordeals too
Purged my dross ere I rung true.
Strokes of hammers, cuttings sore,
Till as crown of all I wore,
"Glory be to God alone."

Johann Burgerhys was he
Who from darkness set me free;
That no longer dumb,
But where God's great name is sung
I my part might take,
And with thrilling notes awake
Echoes, that repeat afar,
Under sunshine, under star,
"Glory be to God alone."

Each new year I greeting ring,
As its birth I welcome in;
Calling all who hear,
As they enter on the year,
Well their ways to try;
Lest the Lord should pass them by
In that day when he'll confess
His own before his Father's face.
"Glory be to God alone."

Week by week I send abroad
Summons to the house of God—
To the place of prayer,
Where each soul may cast his care
At the Saviour's feet;
Where all contrite sinners meet
Tender words that bid them live,

And as blood-bought souls still give
"Glory to God alone."

Merry peals I ring by times,
Clashing out quick marriage-chimes
For the wedded pair,
Who have pledged their troth to share
Weal and woe together,
As their God to them shall measure,
Trusting him to guide their way
To the home where still they'll say,
"Glory be to God alone."

But sad tones I sometimes need,
When the dead I forth must speed
To the silent bourn
Whence no traveller can return;
And the mourners go
Weeping through the churchyard slow,
Bearing to his narrow bed
Him they loved.—Still be it said,
"Glory be to God alone."

Thus while here aloft I ring
Glory to the world's great King,
Ye who dwell below
Hearken to my whispers low,
As they die away
In echoes faint, and softly say,
Serve the Lord while time is given,
His service makes on earth a heaven—
"Glory be to God alone."

R. W.

THE LITTLE HERO.

CAN a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage, and a good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero.

Here is an example of true heroism. A little drummer-boy, who had become a great favourite with the officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. But he declined, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the captain. "You have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse. I insist upon it." But still the boy stood firm, and held fast to his integrity.

The captain then turned to the major and said, "Our little drummer-boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey the captain's orders, and have always tried to do duty as a soldier faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, because I know it will do me an injury."

"Then," said the major, in a stern tone of voice in order to test his sincerity, "I command you take a drink; and you know it is death to disobey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eye on the face of the officer, said, "Sir, my father died a drunkard; when I entered the army, I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your order, sir; but I would rather suffer anything than drink rum, because I know it will do me an injury. I am not that boy a hero?"

The officers approved the conduct of that noble little hero, and told him, that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them their regard and protection.



Within From Walls.
A TALE OF THE LATE SIEGE OF PARIS.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER XV.

FRIENDSHIP.

"Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of faithful friend."—POLLOCK.

October 23.

KARL ERHARDT is to come to us this evening after dusk, lest any annoyance should be caused him by the people. The effects of the siege are becoming daily more palpable and distressing. The very poor are now rationed, and are probably as well off as ever; but it is the respectable middle class that suffers most. So many trades are at a stand-still, and many sources of income entirely cut off. It is a comfort that winter is approaching. That, every one says, must bring peace. Oh! that it may come without more blood!

October 24.—Karl Erhardt arrived last night; the shaking of the cab had exhausted him, and he retired at once to his room. To-day, mamma could not leave hers on account of severe headache, so I have been occupied with her, and seen little of our guest. Nina and he seem good friends already. I am thankful for anything that may rouse her out of her utter and morbid melancholy.

October 25.—Yesterday, in consideration for our guest, Uncle Lucien did not as usual bring in one or two brother officers on his return from night duty on the ramparts. Something to this effect having been said before Lieutenant Erhardt to-day, he begged his presence might be no restraint. "You may trust me," he said smiling. And I am sure we can, and do. His warm

affection for Léon, and interest in all that concerns him, draw out our hearts towards him. When I entered the dining-room this morning, I found Arnaud had surrendered at discretion. He was perched on the arm of Lieutenant Erhardt's chair, listening with intense eagerness to some story he was telling him. He had declared he would not speak to, or sit down with, the "wicked Prussian," and yesterday, with the pertinacity of a spoiled child, he kept to his purpose. To-day all was changed. He hung about our guest until we feared he might be troublesome, but, poor child, his life has been such a dull one of late that any change is welcome. And Lieutenant Erhardt says it is so pleasant to share family life once more. It has taken off the feeling of strangeness and awkwardness to hear him speak of his home, his parents, his sisters and brothers; names last heard by us from beloved lips upon which the dust of death is too probably lying now.

I think Lieutenant Erhardt understands about Nina. He treats her with a tender, grave reverence, differing widely from his manner to the rest of us. Perhaps there is one mourning over his unknown fate—even as she is over Léon's. Certainly, the similarity of his position and that which Léon may be occupying, if—oh! that dreadful if linked with every thought of him—if indeed he escaped death that fatal day, a stranger and captive in a hostile land, draws

our hearts towards Karl Erhardt with irresistible attraction.

It is difficult to think of him except as "Karl," after hearing so much of him from Léon. Poor Uncle Lucien! many of his acquaintances have looked rather coldly upon him to-day for sheltering one of the hated race. Some even suggest that he may be a spy! Well, I suppose adversity is suspicious. No news to-day.

October 26.—This evening, when mamma went to rest, she gave me Léon's cherished letter, saying: "Karl Erhardt might like to read this, Renée; will you take it to him? It will please him to find his friend had not turned against his countrymen." So I took it down.

I found the young German alone in the library. As I entered he hastily replaced a miniature, upon which he was gazing, in his breast, and the dark eyes he raised to mine were very sad. "My mother sent you this," I said. "It is our Léon's last letter. To us it is a priceless treasure. You loved him too, and she thought you might like to read it."

"Indeed I should. Thank you very much," he answered earnestly; and I left him.

Half-an-hour afterwards he came to me in the drawing-room, still holding Léon's letter in his hand. "Mademoiselle Renée," he said, "I cannot thank you enough for letting me see this letter." I do not think he noticed Nina; she was sitting in a window, half hidden by one of the heavy curtains.

"It is very precious to us," I replied, and then I went on to speak of Henri de l'Orme.

He waited till I had finished, and then said abruptly: "Léon gave no name elsewhere, mademoiselle, did he, to the German officer whom he met on the battle-field?"

"No," I said, "we never heard again; he had his card, but he does not give the name, which of course we should not have known."

"Will mademoiselle think me very fanciful if I tell her I feel persuaded that he was no other than my own dearest friend, my more than brother?"

"Indeed," I said; "may I ask why?"

"Because the deed, the spirit, the words were alike his. There are many brave hearts and true, many pure lives and holy, in the German

armies, mademoiselle; but none like his. You will see. That card will bear the name of Conrad von Edelstein!"

"If I ever see it," I replied sadly. "But tell me more of your friend. It would be strange should it be the same."

"Not strange that Conrad von Edelstein should be found by the battle death-pillow of friend or foe; soothing, as far as human tenderness and care can soothe, the last dread agony, and speaking holy words of grace and truth, capable, as your brother testifies, of bringing 'life and peace' to the departing spirit, even at the eleventh hour. When weary men flung themselves down on a soldier's hard pillow to rest after the exhausting toil of battle or march, Conrad was ever seeking, like One greater than he, to be 'about his Father's business.' When special comrades or friends were down, we all sought them on the blood-stained field, but he sought the dying. Frenchman or German was all one to him. For he went with the name of Jesus on his lips, with the glad tidings of salvation unto the uttermost, finished, completed, available even for the acceptance of dying hands at the dark portals of the grave: Foremost and bravest in the fight, firmest and truest in march and camp, gentlest and tenderest in sorrow and death, Conrad's picture is recognizable among a thousand." His voice grew husky and failed. Then he continued: "You must pardon my enthusiasm for my friend. You would understand it if you could know half what he is. And again I say it was he, and no other, your brother met. By the work he did, and the way it was done, by the words he spoke, by the strange power of drawing out love and sympathy, in answer to his own, from other hearts, it was he. You will see!"

I sighed, for my hope for Léon has grown very, very faint. But perhaps Karl thought rather of the knowledge reaching me through him and his friend when they should meet again.

"But would not Léon have met your friend in Munich?" I said.

"No; I regretted that much at the time. The Von Edelsteins were absent at their country-seat. I would have liked my two friends to have met. I felt sure Léon would have loved Conrad."

"Where is your friend now?" I asked.

"Ah! where?" he answered. "That is hard to tell, mademoiselle. He left with a detachment of troops for Metz after Sedan; but I believe afterwards went south to join Von Werder. That is all I know. Sometimes I think the grain is so ripe it must be soon garnered. For his mother's sake, and his sister's, as well as my own, I trust he is safe."

"He has a mother and sister then?"

"Yes; a widowed mother and an only sister, to whom he is all such a son and brother should be!" His face flushed, and, after a slight hesitation, he added: "Conrad and I are brothers in heart now, Mademoiselle Renée, but if God spares us through the war, we shall be brothers in reality. That is Thekla von Edelstein," he added, "my Thekla," and placed the photograph he had been looking at in the library in my hand.

It was of a fair young girl, with sweet, arch face, large soft hazel eyes, rosy pouting lips, and rich masses of waving light-brown hair drawn back from a broad white forehead. It was a face one could not look at without deep interest. "She is very lovely, very sweet looking," I said at last. "Is she at all like her brother?"

"Yes," he replied; "the hair and brow are the same in both, but Conrad's eyes are blue, his features more regularly cut, and his ordinary expression one of calm, earnest thought, except when lighted by a smile of wonderful brightness and sweetness, that flashes like a sunbeam over his whole face. It is strange he should have left Germany heart-whole, at four-and-twenty, is it not?" he added more lightly. I smiled. "You think I am painting in *couleur de rose*," he said, laughing, as he returned his miniature to its place; "but indeed it is not so. Conrad is all I have described him."

"And Thekla?"

"Ah! I will not trust myself to speak of her!" he admitted gaily; but there was a mist gathering in the dark eyes, that he walked to a window to conceal, and the conversation ended.

Mamma was much interested in what I told her, and this evening he spoke more of his friend, who certainly holds only the second place in his heart. He has two brothers—Otto and

Wilhelm—in the army, and one, Fritz, an army surgeon. So his mother and two sisters have a fourfold anxiety. His father is an invalid. I cannot help hoping he will regain his freedom soon, though it will make him an enemy once more. But we have too much sympathy with the loving hearts in that German home, hungering now, like our own, for tidings that cannot come, to think of that; and his position will be a trying one as his strength returns. It is scarcely safe for a German uniform to be shown in the streets, at least if its wearer be alone.

Last night mamma inadvertently called him by his name, and apologized for doing so, saying it was so familiar to us from Léon's lips. "If you would only call me so, all of you," he said very earnestly, "for Léon's sake. It is so long since I have heard my own name." It was not possible to refuse a request so pathetically urged, and mamma at least promised to do so.

October 27.—We have now another source of anxiety. The government has asked for 40,000 volunteers of the National Guards. To our surprise and shame only 7000 have responded to the appeal, and of course Uncle Lucien is of the number. So his post will no longer be on the ramparts, but at the head of one of the "marching battalions" intended for active service. The Prussians have been seen fixing siege guns in position, and their troops are being massed on the southern side of the city, so perhaps an attack is imminent.

There is a rising spirit of discontent with General Trochu. People say he talks, but does not act. Uncle Lucien has great confidence in him. The conversation is less free since Karl Erhardt has been here. And I can scarcely help smiling sometimes at the covert efforts made to impress him with a sense of our heroism and approaching triumph, and of the wretched state of his countrymen without. As he has been in Paris since one of the first days of the siege, he knows very little of their present position, and says less, except when questioned. Victor came home for an hour this afternoon, and, with his usual frankness, spoke freely of our position. Karl's answer saddened me. He spoke with such good sense and moderation, so different from the hollow bombast of which one grows so

weary. Yet I can see he does not think it at all impossible that the Germans will hold their ground even through the winter. But that they should fail and we conquer, ultimately, he does. His words carried conviction to me, and even Victor seemed to contest them less vehemently than he would once have done.

We parted from Victor with aching hearts to-night. It is probable that an engagement will take place to-morrow. One thing struck me forcibly in the course of the conversation. The German seemed to have a far better knowledge of the environs of Paris and the road-chart of France than the Frenchman. I had heard this commented upon before. Our enemies say our national vanity is only equalled by our national ignorance. I am afraid there is some truth in this. We have been too self-satisfied, and other nations have passed us in the race.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOPE.

"Hope unyielding to despair,
Springs for ever fresh and fair;
Earth's sereneest prospects fly,
Hope's enchantments never die."

J. MONTGOMERY.

October 28.—This morning, as we were sitting at an earlier breakfast than usual, before Uncle Lucien's departure, Colonel Labaudière entered, and, without speaking, placed a copy of *Le Combat* in my uncle's hand, pointing to an article headed "Treason of Marshal Bazaine," and bordered deeply with black.

"It is not true, sir!" my uncle said fiercely.

And such it appears is the case. A proclamation has been issued by government denying the reported fall of Metz, and the mob were with difficulty prevented from sacking the office of the offending paper. But some are doubtful. Karl Erhardt says it probably is true; that the city must be at an extremity ere this.

This has been an anxious day. Much firing from the forts, and great agitation in the city. Late this evening sounds of shouting, and the excited cries of people in the street, told us something had happened, and Louis went to inquire. It is said we have had a great success, that the Prussians have been driven back, and

that our troops still occupy the position gained. Victory is no less dangerous to life and limb than defeat, and yet insensibly it affects our spirits, and makes us less fearful for the fate of our beloved ones, of whom we have of course not heard as yet.

Augustine looked in for a few minutes only to-day. The headquarters of the International Ambulance are to be moved to-morrow to the Grand Hotel, on account of the unfitness of the former building for the purpose. This will be better for Augustine. I hope he will come home for a little rest sometimes; he looks terribly haggard and worn.

At Nina's request I asked Karl, with whom we have become quite at home, whether he and his friend were Protestants. The earnest, solemn tone in which he alluded the other day to sacred names, so different from that usual to young men, made us feel he probably shared his friend's sentiments on those subjects. Nina has been haunted with the fear that Léon may have died a heretic. Poor child, what horrors her morbid fancy conjures up. But if it were this Conrad von Edelstein, she said, whose words had had such an effect upon him, he was a Bavarian, and the Bavarians are good Catholics. So I asked Karl. "Yes," he said, "the Von Edelsteins have been Protestants since the days of the Reformation."

"And you?"

The blood rushed to his brow as he replied, "My family are of the national faith; but I, I am a Christian."

"A Christian? Do you mean a Catholic?"

"No, mademoiselle, not as you understand it. I am what is called a Protestant; that is, I rest all my trust for salvation on the work of Christ alone, and protest against the false teaching of the Church of Rome. At least, that is what I ought to do; but I have failed miserably."

I looked at him with surprised interest. He evidently spoke with much effort. As he was silent, I said: "I do not quite understand what the Protestants do think and believe; only I have always been told that they were very wrong—beyond the pale of salvation. But the words Léon quotes in his letter are good words; they have been very precious and helpful to my

mother, just as two short sentences spoken by a little stranger English child have been to me, in these last sad weeks. Yet we have been troubled lest Léon should have been led into heresy,—anything that the Holy Church forbids.”

“Mademoiselle,” he answered, “you need not fear. Those words are the words of the Lord Jesus himself; and he is the One who is ‘the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ What he has once spoken, he cannot deny. No one can go wrong by resting upon his word.”

“But the priests of the Church alone can properly understand that word,” I said; “we cannot judge of it for ourselves.”

“Mademoiselle Renée, try it,” he said earnestly. “God has given it for all. I cannot speak of these things,” he continued. “If Conrad were here he would make all clear; because he ever lives in the light of his Father’s smile. But I—it is different.”

“Any Protestants I have known have not seemed to think much of God’s word, or of God,” I said; “there must be something different in your friend’s religion.”

“Something different, indeed,” he said; “for the difference is that between life and death, the shell and the kernel, the false and the true. I think there are three kinds of Protestants, perhaps I should rather say Christians,—those to whom their faith is an hereditary belief, a dead letter, nothing more; those who, like Peter, love their Master, and follow him ‘afar off,’ like myself; and those who, with the beloved apostle, lie on his bosom, drink in of his Spirit, and tread closely in his footsteps. Of such is Conrad.”

October 29.—Still no news from Victor or Uncle Lucien. The troops are outside yet. Great numbers of wounded are being brought in. Mamma looks sadly worn and anxious; it is curious that she should have a “Prussian” officer for a comforter. But Karl’s sympathy, kindness, and knowledge of military affairs makes him well fitted for the office. He is almost well again, and it must be hard for him to be pent in here; but he does not show the feeling. He seemed surprised when he heard it was Le Bourget that had been occupied by our troops. “Why, they cannot hold it!” he exclaimed.

“Our—I beg your pardon—the Saxon batteries must command it entirely. And of what use can it be?” I always notice he avoids the word “our,” with reference to the German troops or positions, always prefixing their nationality, in consideration of our feelings. His words made my spirits sink. Can it be that this “victory” is to end, like the rest, in a harvest only of wounds and death?

October 30.—Uncle Lucien and Victor have not returned. The suspense is trying mamma terribly; but there is no greater cause for alarm than usual, as we know the troops have not re-entered the city, and Colonel Labaudière called this morning to tell mamma that Uncle Lucien and Victor were both safe when the engagement had nearly terminated. He had heard this from a wounded man of the former’s corps. It would have been difficult to bear up through this day without these hopeful tidings and Karl’s pleasant conversation.

It seems his friend Conrad first made him think of his soul. He does not speak much about religion; I wish he did. The Protestants seem to feel sure that their sins are forgiven, and that those words of the Lord Jesus do mean what they say,—that just believing what he says, and in what he has done on the cross, is all that he requires of us. It is very beautiful, but it cannot be right; it is too easy, so mamma thinks. It is only one side, she says, and one-sided truth is error. I wish Karl had his Bible. It could surely be no harm to read it just a little; but then it would be German, and we could not do so. He speaks French very fluently.

October 31.—Victor has been wounded,—only slightly, thank God!—and he will remain at home a few days. A ball passed through the flesh of the right arm, in the battle of last evening, when our troops were driven out of Le Bourget,—for they have been driven out, and all is as it was before. The disappointment will be very great, such extravagant stories had been set afloat as usual. The Prussians returned to Le Bourget by night, and surprised the Mobs who occupied it. Some fought bravely, others fled. But Victor says the blame rests with the bad management of the Government, through which the men were left without food

and ammunition, and not properly supported. Uncle Lucien was unhurt. I think both he and Victor are discouraged and disgusted,—the former with citizen, the latter with peasant, soldiers. It was late this evening when they reached home. They say there is great excitement in the city, and that we are on the verge of a revolution. Uncle Lucien has gone to the Hôtel de Ville; but Victor has been with much difficulty persuaded to go to bed, instead of accompanying him. Mamma's pale beseeching face was the one argument he could not resist. All Paris will watch to-night; would that I could add—and pray. But people's spirits seem so light. Yet anarchy within and the foe without would be fearful.

November 1.—Thank God! all internal danger is over. Within the last twenty-four hours the Government of the Defence has been imprisoned, deposed, released, and restored. General Trochu and his colleagues were pent up in the Hôtel de Ville the greater part of last night; but somehow—it is scarcely known how—all is right again, the Government reinstated, and no blood shed. Of course, the city is still in a ferment. The *générale* was beaten during the night, and the streets filled with troops. But Uncle Lucien thinks the danger is past.

Part of the agitation seems to have been caused by the supposition that peace was about to be made. M. Thiers has been permitted to enter Paris through the Prussian lines, at the request of the Czar; and the wildest reports are current as to his success at the foreign courts to which he has journeyed, in the vain hope of enlisting aid for France. For the hope was vain, Uncle Lucien says. But he has gone back to Versailles to-day, to conclude an *honourable* armistice, or peace, if possible. Will he succeed? The veriest hairbreadth of hope raises our hearts.

It is so delightful to have Victor at home once more. He is pale from loss of blood; but Dr. Vaud assures us his wound signifies nothing; and as it is impossible for him to use his arm, we shall keep him with us some days. A friend of his, Ernest Baroche, met with a glorious death at Le Bourget. Glorious, yet melancholy and depressing. In the vain at-

tempt to induce his panic-stricken men to charge, he advanced absolutely alone against a Prussian column, and fell pierced with many bullets, far on in the Prussian lines. Karl and Victor fraternized at once.

November 2.—To-day was the “*Jour des Morts*.” Our dead lie far away, many on distant battlefields, others in the family resting-place in Bretagne; but friends are lying in the various cemeteries of Paris; and there were graves in Père la Chaise, on which we wished to place the usual wreaths of affectionate remembrance. So we went there, all but mamma, and Karl, of course.

It might have been supposed that when the present was so full of thrilling interest, the past might be forgotten: but it was not so. Many of the tombs of the great and of the family chapels were unvisited and empty, for their owners were away; but the lowlier graves were thronged with an almost unusual crowd of mourning friends. Ah! the tears that fell over mounds on which the grass of years was waving, the prayers raised apparently over the graves of long buried hopes, were often not for those who slept quietly beneath them, but for other sleepers, over whose red, untimely graves the stars alone keep watch, the clouds alone rain tears. Is Léon's of such? Solemn masses were offered at the churches for the souls of those who have died for France this year. We attended several; but to me there was something ghastly and oppressive in the thought of linking Léon's name with theirs, faint as is my hope of his being spared to us.

All seems quiet in the city, though a *Plebiscitum* is being taken—Yes or No—for the Government; and a general impression prevails that an honourable peace is about to be concluded. Karl Erhardt looked grave and thoughtful while we spoke of the masses for the dead. I have been told Protestants think it a sin to pray for theirs. What an unhappy belief that must be. It is the one consolation left us when our beloved are gone.

November 3.—To-day we have been quite merry. Even Nina has been rather less sad. Karl and Victor, both little more than boys, for the former is not twenty-two, have been full of

mirth and fun; and the house has echoed once more to light steps and gay laughter. It is worth while, Victor says, to be wounded, to be at home once more; and at present nothing is going on. There seems a tacit truce, for the forts are scarcely firing, and there is little doubt peace is at hand. Only one cloud rests on our gladness. Will peace restore our Léon? But our hearts have been so weighed down of late, it is a relief to give way to the reaction, and be cheerful once more.

November 4.—Another pleasant day. The papers quite assume that the armistice will certainly be arranged; but I noticed Karl's colour rise, and an involuntary curl of contempt on his lips, as he read some of them. Even we, accustomed to the bombastic tone of the Parisian press, cannot but feel the absurdity of the light in which it views things. We might be the undisputed and triumphant conquerors, the Germans the humble suers for peace; and I can see that Karl does not think it by any means so settled a thing as we do, that Count Bismarck will grant us terms to which the people will accede. For the working-classes are against peace; for them the siege is a long holiday. Yesterday there was a demonstration of women against it. They marched down the Rue du Temple with the ominous red flag flying. But the great mass of citizens are in favour of an honourable one.

Karl was talking long with mamma to-day. I think it was about religion, for mamma had Léon's letter in her hand, and they seemed so earnest and solemn. At dinner some one casually spoke of a large number of foreigners having been allowed to leave the city last week, and I observed that in all probability the little English girl that had so interested me had gone too. In the course of the evening I alluded to this again to Karl, and told him of the incident in the Luxembourg Gardens. "Those words, '*God knows and God cares,*' have influenced me strangely," I said; "but perhaps it was less the words themselves, than the way in which they were spoken, with such strong, calm, perfect certainty and simplicity of comprehension and realization,—I cannot describe it."

"But I can understand it," he answered. "They were not words only, it was the embodi-

ment in language of a truth known and believed, or rather of a God loved and trusted. That child was one of the Lord's little ones, I feel sure, Mademoiselle Renée; doubtless his messenger to you. Take the comfort of these words; they were meant for you, and they are true." As I did not answer, he continued: "I wish Conrad were here to tell you of these things, Mademoiselle Renée, and your dear mother, too. He would make all plain to you."

"But," I said, "you think with him, do you not? You are of the same faith."

He paused before replying, then answered gravely: "I do not know how to explain myself to you. Yes; we believe the same truths, indeed. We have the same faith, the same Saviour, the same life. But while I have been content with receiving the gift of free pardon and full salvation through the blood of Christ, and have only followed afar off, letting the duties and affections and ambitions of this world fill my heart, Conrad has followed fully, giving himself, his heart, his life entirely up to Him who loved us all—yes, *all*, Mademoiselle Renée—and who gave himself for our sins. So, while my tongue is fettered and my lips dumb, out of the abundance of a heart full of Christ Conrad's mouth speaks, and his life no less. That is the difference. Do you understand me, mademoiselle?"

"Hardly," I said. "Yet I think I see glimpses of your meaning—you are not so good as he."

"Far from it. But, Mademoiselle Renée, God's word says, 'To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted unto him for righteousness.' God's salvation is free as the air we breathe. Unworthy and faithless as I am, I believe—I know my sins are forgiven—that I have eternal life in Jesus!"

Victor's gay voice broke in here, and he said no more. Can all this be true? I have been talking to mamma about it. If God says salvation is for him that "*worketh not*," why have men, and women too, done such hard, hard things to obtain it? Mamma seems to receive help and comfort from his words, even while she fears to receive them entirely. But I am bewildered. All is so different and strange.

November 5.—This evening Victor insisted on Nina and me accompanying him to the Opera. It would cheer us up, he said, and Nina was being moped to death. At first she resisted, but afterwards acquiesced in that painfully passive manner I now understand so well. For the last fortnight the theatres have been gradually re-opening; but the thought of going to any place of amusement was inexpressibly repugnant. However, to please Victor, we went. I think Karl thought it wrong to do so on Sunday; but I have seen many Protestants do the same in Paris. I suppose they were the "dead" ones.

The entertainment was an ordeal to me; but how much more to Nina! During the playing of an *andante* in a Beethoven symphony, which had a most thrilling effect on the audience, she lost her self-control and grasped Victor's arm, crying, "Take me away, take me away; I cannot bear it." So we left at once. I think her nerves are specially overwrought, now that the end for which we long so fervently is coming. And the dim lights, and intense pathetic mournfulness of the music, overpowered many less sensitive and less tried. Victor acknowledges that his intention of taking us to the *Comédie Française* must be relinquished. It was terrible to me to think of amusements and acting, however modified and restricted, going on under the same roof with agony and death. For the crush-room and other parts of the theatres have been converted into ambulances.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNCONSCIOUS HEROISM.

"There are homesteads which have witnessed deeds
That battle-fields, with all their bannered pomp,
Have little to compare with. Life's great play
May, so it have an actor great enough,
Be well performed upon a humble stage."

WESTLAND MARSTON.

November 6.—Back again to the old hopelessness and pain. Our high, fond hopes have once more been dashed to the ground. The Prussian chancellor refuses an armistice, except on such terms as France cannot accept. I scarcely care to ask what they are; the disappointment is so exceeding bitter.

We have lost Karl Erhardt. To-day he imprudently left the house with three other German

officers who are on parole in the city. They went to a café in one of the Boulevards, where it is said they were grossly insulted. A great disturbance ensued, and the four officers have been taken to La Roquette for safety. Uncle Lucien and Victor are much annoyed, considering it a breach of French honour. We miss Karl's pleasant ways and bright handsome face very much. We had become really attached to him. But Uncle Lucien thinks he will be more likely to obtain his liberty now, as an exchange will probably be effected.

Our hearts are very heavy to-night, and Victor leaves us again the day after to-morrow. I think we feel something like prisoners into whose close, dark dungeon-cell a ray of distant sunshine, a breath of free, flower-scented air, have been admitted for one brief moment, and then shut out again, leaving a deeper sense of the weight of unutterable gloom that seems to close thicker, heavier, deadlier around, after that passing gleam of light and hope. Nothing remains to us now, they say, but war, war "*à outrance*." God help us and France! It is impossible not to feel bitter, swelling resentment against the cruel, remorseless foe whose iron grip is tightening round our country's heart-strings.

November 7.—Victor's last day at home has passed. Early to-morrow morning he leaves for his post outside the city. His wound is far from healed; but now all prospect of an armistice is gone, he is anxious to be back once more at the head of his brave Bretons. A great sortie is anticipated soon; the army has been reorganized, and great preparations made. My heart grows faint within me when I think of more fighting, and what it may bring to us. For it can scarcely be aught but waste of blood and life—more anguish and more graves. Even Victor, our bright, sanguine, high-hearted Victor, with his passionate love for France, with his enthusiastic devotion to her honour, with his spirit of brave hopefulness, despairs of success in the contest growing each day more frightfully uneven. Yes, *despairs*. He did not use that word, but he feels it. And not he only, but most of our bravest and wisest and most experienced leaders.

I have written of Victor's gaiety, of the sunshine and mirth his bright presence has diffused

our darkened home these last few days; we written truth. Heavy and long must reassure that could crush the gladness out many and joyous temperament. But at have noticed a look of grave, troubled strange to see on his young, fair face— for which neither the pain of his or the heroic death of his gallant friend, led question as to Léon's fate, casts there.

not of grief only, but of care. And to when all the rest had retired, and I re- or a parting chat with him in the empty room, I discovered its cause. It is morning, and I must not linger to detail passed. But he told me of the slow fading glorious hopes of vengeance and vic- the gradual rending of the rainbow-hued elusive trust and hope which had hidden from his eyes, of the dreary waking dream that the France of the present glorious France of the past. And if he us—he so young and full of youth's trust and soaring hopes—how stern, able must be the truth to those who h for themselves the balance in which hangs.

are not our soldiers numerous and I asked. And he replied that they were s, and for the most part brave, but unfit to cope with the marvellous dis- f the German army. The picture he that of our own was distressing. The

Guard, he said, were brave, honest the most part, but they were simply in uniform, zealous to defend their and homes, but unused to privation, ignorant of manœuvres, and, therefore, useless as a fighting force. The soldiers ne were either young, raw troops, or realized scum of the old armies. The were brave, sturdy fellows, patient and , but inexperienced and ignorant. The f many regiments were as untaught as a. And with all three branches there same fault,—want of discipline, of trust ther and in their officers. Some regi- ould always fight well, others fly panic- at the first shell, leaving their gallant ; unsupported. Then retreat became

necessary for all, lest they should be surrounded and captured by the wary foe. And the whole system of fighting has been changed. Our troops, raw and inexperienced as they are, are yet Frenchmen. The old dash and spirit is in them still,— to rush on the advancing foe, to charge at the bayonet's point, they are ready as of old; but to stand still in a deadly hail of fire poured on them by a distant and unseen enemy, that they cannot do. And this, Victor said, more perhaps even than anything else, lay at the root of all our disasters.

This and much more he told me, and then I asked, "What then remains to us, Victor?"

"War!" he replied with melancholy yet kindling eyes. "*Guerre à outrance*. Our insolent and triumphant foes are determined to make us drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs. But few of us will be left to drain that bitter draught. If we cannot save France, we can at least die for her."

"But the armies of the provinces?"

"Probably exist only in our minds," he said; "and if they do so in reality, in what can they differ from our own?"

"And Europe?"

"Will leave France to her fate, coldly gathering up her skirts lest they should be sprinkled with her life-blood. The days of chivalry are past, Renée. Right is with the mighty now."

"Then there is no hope?"

"Only in God!" he replied solemnly. And to-morrow he will go back, perhaps, as he said, only to die for France. Oh, can God know, can God care, while these things are?

November 8.—Victor has gone, and the hush that has settled down upon the house reminds me of that which rested on it after Léon went away. I remember this with a shuddering chill of dread. Can it be an evil omen? No; it would be weak and superstitious to think so. But these are days in which the heart melts, and one's own shadow startles. It is the natural reaction of the past week, in which Victor and Karl Erhardt's presence, and the bright hopes of peace, filled heart and home with sunshine—sunshine crossed with clouds, indeed, but sunshine still.

The parting between mamma and Victor was

very lingering and tender. He sees her so sadly changed, he says, each time he comes home. Alas, alas! I know only too well that Count Bismarck's refusal to grant an armistice except on his own cruel and unjust terms, has signed her death-warrant. For we can live well enough on the strange, coarse food Justine prepares with so much skill, and about which we ask no questions; but the articles of diet of which an invalid stands in need are scarcely procurable even for money. And nothing remains to us but to watch the lamp of that precious life burn slowly away. My heart feels bursting with passionate hatred and resentment against the cruel Germans. And yet we all loved Karl Erhardt.

I am glad that Nina will have something to distract her thoughts now. This afternoon we were in the drawing-room, and I was watching her sorrowfully at her usual employment, that of making lint or clothing for the wounded. It is an occupation that employs the fingers and leaves the mind and heart undistracted; and as I marked the listless movements of the small hands, the abstracted look of the worn, sorrowful face, I resolved something must, should be done to give her a fresh channel of work that might take her out of the old groove. And just then Madame Ricordier was announced. She came to beg me and Nina to join a society, of which she was the head, for visiting the many poor in our immediate district, discovering the most urgent cases, distributing food and soup at the *cantine*, and also assisting in the new ambulance just placed in the large open space near the Luxembourg. The workers were few for the need, she said.

I explained how mamma and Nina's health had been the cause of our inaction and apparent indifference, upon which mamma at once said she would gladly spare us for some hours each day, and would be thankful to be able by so small a sacrifice to help the general need. The look of relief on the strained, anxious face Nina had turned toward us showed us how welcome was the prospect to her. I do not like the thought of leaving mamma at all now, and said so; but she and Madame Ricordier overruled my objections the more easily, when the latter stated that I should be free to choose my own time and op-

portunity, and to withdraw altogether in case of need. So to-morrow we begin.

November 9.—Nina has had her one great wish gratified. She is to tend the sufferers in the Luxembourg ambulance from eight to eight each day. Mamma fears it will be too much for her strength, but sees with me that anything is better than the constant brooding over her bitter sorrow, which there is nothing in the quiet home-stillness to dispel. I am to visit the poor, and help to distribute the soup at the *cantine*. What I have seen to-day of meek endurance and patient suffering, under cold and hunger and pain of mind and body, in the poor homes I have entered, makes me blush for the repining spirit I have fostered lately. In scarcely one did I not hear some sad story told with uncomplaining meekness—of bread-winners lost—of homes destroyed—of hearts made desolate."

Augustine tried to see Karl Erhardt yesterday, but was not permitted to do so. Uncle Lucien knows the governor of La Roquette, and will probably be admitted. I cannot think of Karl as one of the pitiless host who seem so sternly bent on our utter destruction.

November 10.—Adèle Brandt is dead. To-day they will lay her to rest with her little babe on her breast. Poor Hermann! His heart will be as bitter as ours against his countrymen. They profess to regret our sufferings, and yet with remorseless hand close up every door of escape. Peace, Peace! is the nation's wail; and because she will not bow her neck to the chain, and sign her own everlasting dishonour, they coldly reject her outstretched hand. Oh, if the bitter groans and sighs of oppressed and breaking hearts go up to God's eternal throne, will they not fall with a blight curses could never cause, upon the heads of our cruel foes! But do they? Does God care? Am I, like Augustine, learning to doubt God himself? Is he on our enemy's side? Karl Erhardt, and that friend of his whom he loves so deeply, seem to feel sure he is with them. And I am very sure he is not with us—with me. My heart is filled with blackness and misery. There seems no help in heaven or in earth for France or for us.

Uncle Lucien saw Karl to-day. The exchange has been agreed on, and he and his companions will

the German lines to-morrow. He sent careful messages to us, and has promised every endeavour to find out Léon's fate. to be able to let us know the result of it, as the Government has been making respecting other missing officers.

her 10.—I have nothing to write of to-grieves me to leave mamma alone; but to spare me is all that she can do to help work; she is too feeble now to do much work even—for everything but prayer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

"A death-like sleep—
A gentle wafting to immortal life."

MILTON.

11.—Strange things have happened. This morning I was later than usual in coming, and great part of the sad pale-faced assembled before the soup *cantine* over by Madame Ricordier had shut the doorway was still blocked. I going to a side-door by which I had the enter, when through a break in the doorway I caught the gleam of golden hair, thrilled with a sudden possibility. In the second a child's figure emerged from the women and children, and I recognized a friend of the Luxembourg Gardens. Her frock and hat were rustier and shabbier than mine, and the rich masses of sunny hair I parted painfully with them and with the paleness of the sweet sad face. She did not speak, and, turning towards the empty doorway which I have spoken, sat down on the floor, buried her face for a moment in her trembling hands, then raised it with a look of mingled agony to the calm, cloudless blue sky, holding her hands in an attitude of mute prayer, no sound, no cry issuing from her red lips.

It was terrible to see such anguish in one so young, as if I would not disturb her devotions, I waited till she should move. It was but a few minutes; yet in that time her face had changed, the stony look of despair passed from her soft eyes, and an expression of beauty took its place. Infinitely sad and

sorrowful indeed was the look that met mine at last, but full of a strange peace. The tears came to my eyes as I took the small cold hands in mine. "My child," I said, "you seem in great trouble. Will you tell me what it is, and let me give you what help I can?"

For a moment she looked up in my face, her own working and quivering, then burst into a passion of weeping. Passing my arm round her, I led her into the passage, which was fortunately empty, and, folding the poor little convulsed figure to my heart, let her weep till the pent-up agony had spent itself, speaking only a few soothing words. She soon recovered herself, and her first words were, "I must go to mamma; oh! mamma!" and then the tears broke forth afresh.

By degrees I gathered that her mamma was ill, very, very ill, and had been since the last day I saw her; that they had no friends in Paris; that the enormous prices of the siege had rapidly exhausted their slender resources; and that now they were absolutely starving—being foreigners they were not entitled to rations. By the sale of her mother's jewels, and pledging various articles at the Mont de Piété, they had existed till now; but now everything was gone. And that morning the timid delicate child had for the first time ventured out to ask assistance at the public *cantine*. Despair had lent her courage, her mother was so frightfully exhausted, and no other resource remained to them. But she had been sent away empty, because a foreigner and a stranger. She had turned quickly away at the first rebuff, or on explanation she would certainly have been helped, even against rules. Stung to the quick, faint with despair, not knowing where to turn, she had sunk down on that doorstep. "But then I remembered that the Lord Jesus had said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' so I looked up to him, and asked him to send some one to help me. And I felt him whisper to my heart, 'Fear not; I am with thee; I will help thee.' And I knew he would. Then I looked up and saw you, mademoiselle."

So she finished her simple story. She had spoken with sobbing breath and in broken French, and I had some difficulty in understanding all she said. But the last sentences were uttered slowly and clearly, and brought back to me the

old words, "God knows and God cares," and Karl Erhardt's remarks about them and her. A feeling of awe stole over me as I said: "Your prayer was heard, my child. God has sent me to help you. You must let me do what I can. I will get you some soup for your mamma first; then, if you will tell me your name and address, I will come to see her. You will like to hasten home at once, and I have some papers to give in."

"Thank you," she said. "Oh! I have been away so long; I must have waited two hours at least before I could get in." Then she gratefully gave me her address and name, and hurried away. The former was that of a street near our own; the latter, Lilian Grey. Through all these weeks she has been close to us, but I have not been allowed to know it till to-day. Can it be that God has deigned to use me as an instrument in answering her prayer? The thought is sweet, but very solemn. Lilian does not doubt it, and she knows better than I. Oh! to know God as she does!

But my story is not half written. There seemed scant sympathy, I thought, among the ladies on Madame Ricordier's staff, as she calls it, when I told them Lilian's story, only suppressing her concluding words; I could not repeat those. But to them it was only the one out of the many. Such things are every-day occurrences now, alas! And they of course felt nothing of the strange attraction I had experienced towards the gentle English child. Her nation is in no favour with ours now. Our friend in prosperity, England reviles us in our adversity, and holds out her hand to our triumphant and cruel foe. So people say. I know not if it be true.

Having given in my reports to madame, and been furnished by a general subscription with a few necessities for the sick foreigner, I hurried to the house in which she lodged. The old *concierge* shook her head ominously when I asked for the English lady, but I scarcely listened to the words she poured out with the usual volubility of her class, as she accompanied me to the top of the stone staircase; and was glad when she left me, after directing me to go up the steep narrow wooden steps leading to the

attic, and bidding me knock at the first door on the left. What an abode for an English lady! for that she was such it was impossible to doubt, from the grace and refinement of her child's manner.

At my light tap Lilian quietly opened the door, with a faint smile on her little, pale face. "Hush!" she whispered, "mamma is asleep. I found her so when I returned. It will do her so much good; her cough has not let her sleep for many nights. Look at her; does she not sleep quietly?"

I went up to the wretched bed, almost the only furniture in the miserable room, and looked at the calm wasted face on the coarse pillow. Yes, she slept quietly and well, for it was the sleep that knows no waking, that will be broken only by the trumpet-peal of the resurrection morning. And to me it fell to tell the orphan this!

With a strong effort I repressed the cry that rose to my lips, and bent low over the dead to conceal my agitation from the living. But when at length I turned my face to Lilian, it told her all. Child as she is in years, early sorrow and care have made her a woman in heart and wisdom. She but looked once from my agitated face to the peaceful countenance of her dead mother. And then arose in that poor attic chamber an exceeding bitter cry—a cry that pierced the azure sky and rang through the shining vaults of heaven till it reached the throne of God himself. Of this I am sure. There are some things of which one cannot write—for which human language has no words. I have felt this before; never so much so as to-day. For surely God's presence, God's comfort, was with that desolate orphan child—felt, owned, rested in.

At first, indeed, she seemed stunned by the blow, so sudden and so terrible. Her wailing cries to her mother to come back, only for a moment, to speak to her only once more—then the agonizing realization that she was gone, gone for ever without one farewell word or look, and that she had died *alone*, pierced my heart. She had fallen on her knees beside the bed, not weeping, only heaving long tearless sobs; and I stood by, feeling, as at such times we must all feel,

utter helplessness in the presence of the dread queror of all our love and hopes.

What time passed thus I cannot tell; my faltering lips vainly sought for words—none would come; and I thought with shuddering sadness of a spirit that had just gone from the body of one, and had passed alone through the awful mazes of the mysterious world beyond. Alone, and fearfully alone! unabsolved by priestly lips, anointed by holy oil, unprovided with the support of the last holy mystery.

At length Lilian raised her head and said, though in answer to my thoughts, "Alone!"

She was not alone. How could I think

Jesus was with her, and now she is with me." And then the tears came. She let me press her in my arms and pillow her golden head on my own heaving bosom, while she wept freely—wept till the fountains were exhausted, and she lay still and silent. Meanwhile, I had been thinking what was to be done. At the child and her mother had no friends in Paris, I knew; and I believe I was glad of it, in a sense. But the short November day would not begin to close in; there was no possibility of laying the poor body in its last resting-place that day—and even had there been, I knew such a thing would be strange, and probably repugnant, Lilian, used to the customs of her own country.

I must in any case take her home with me, and then arrangements could be made for a funeral ceremony on the morrow. But when, anxiously and tenderly, I spoke of this to Lilian, her agony of distress at the idea of leaving what remained to her of her mother, was beyond control. I told her my own dear mother was ill, and would be needing me, that I could not remain with her. But nothing could turn her from her purpose. She was not afraid, she said; the Lord Jesus would be with her. He had taken her mother to himself, and he knew how hard it was for her. He was so sorry; oh, so sorry, for her! And he would care for her through the dark, lonely night. But she could not leave mamma alone, though it was not her mamma she knew—only the body in which she had dwelt till she could not leave it. It was impossible to resist her impassioned pleading, and I resolved to go home and take counsel with mamma. It

was only a few minutes' walk to our house, and having first made Lilian take some food, I left her.

To my great relief I found Augustine at home, and he readily undertook to do all that was to be done for the dead. And mamma insisted on my returning at once to the poor little orphan, and remaining the night with her, if I found it impossible to induce her to come home with me. Nina would take my place with her, she said.

Both mamma and Augustine were deeply touched by the sorrowful story I told them; and I could not help saying to the latter, as he left me within the *porte cochère* of the house in which Lilian lived: "Dear Augustine! if you had seen what I have to-day, you would no longer doubt the truth of God and the Church!"

"I, too, have seen much these last terrible weeks, Renée," he said; "but a lost faith will not return at will."

"Do you, then, will it back again? Auguste, my own dear brother, tell me. It will lift a weight from my heart," I cried, clinging to him.

"It may be so, Renée," he answered bitterly; "but when the peace of a soul or of a nation is in the hands of a triumphant foe, what can the will do? We, at least, ought to be able to answer that question now;" and, with a hasty but tender adieu, he left me. Tears of thankfulness rushed to my eyes, for I felt then—I feel now—that my dear, thoughtful brother is not really a reprobate. One day he will return penitent to the welcoming arms of his merciful Mother, our holy and adorable Church.

I had not been an hour away, but the light of the short wintry day was fading when I once more stood in the garret-chamber. A feeling of awe and dread seized me as I ascended the staircase, already in darkness, and thought of the tender, timid child keeping watch alone in the solemn death-stillness. I dreaded, I know not what, as I raised the latch of the door with trembling hand.

Lilian was seated on the low stool by the bed, probably her usual place at her mother's side; a book lay open by her, in which she had evidently been reading till the light failed; but then her head rested beside it on the bed. She rose as I entered, and, before I could speak, put her arms

we have been altogether mistaken in our thoughts of him.

November 14.—Lilian has been a little less depressed to-day—more inclined to move and talk. Arnaud, who was at first afraid of the pale, sad little stranger, has been very determined to make friends, and has succeeded. She says little; but she has a grave, thoughtful way of watching faces, as if she were studying the life-story linked with each. Her gaze rests longest upon Nina and Augustine, as though in their worn faces she read the saddest and deepest records, and the sorest need of sympathy. To my mother she is reverent and tender; and to-day she said to me,—

"Dear Mademoiselle Renée, I think Jesus is calling your mother too."

"I know it, Lilian—I know it," I moaned. "But if only this dreadful siege were over, she might recover even yet, with fresh air and nourishing food."

"But Jesus has called her, mademoiselle. She told me that, long ago, he said to her, 'Come unto me;' and that at first she did not know whether it was his voice that called. But one in her heart kept answering, 'I come, I come.' And he will in no wise cast out. So she is his, mademoiselle, though she seems hardly to know it. And when he takes her to himself, you will not wish her back. Jesus said, before he went away, when his disciples were weeping and sorrowful, 'If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go to my Father.' And it is joy to know that our dear ones are safe with Jesus; that all their pain and grief and care are ended for ever. I would not have mamma back if I could, though I miss her so sadly!" And the tears that had gathered as she spoke, fell; the first large drops of a heavy shower, that lasted long.

Dear child, her heart and hopes seem indeed above, where all her dear ones are. Her mother, father, and two little brothers have all been swept away in little more than a year! Her mother belonged to one of the oldest and proudest families in England. Her own mother died when she was very young; her father married again; more children were born; and her stately home, far from being a happy one, was cheered only by occasional tokens of her father's love. But

that father was a proud man; and when the lonely, neglected girl met with one round whom her heart's trailing tendrils fastened with an intensity of affection known only to such repressed, unappreciated natures, he sternly forbade their union, because the object of her love was poor, and of a birth inferior to her own. In an evil hour they sinned: the bride left her father's house unsanctioned and unblessed; and from that day, influenced probably by his wife, who bore no love to her step-daughter, her father refused to see her face again. From this one great error Mrs. Grey ever traced all the chastening and sorrow that fell upon her after-life. It had been one of struggling poverty, but full of love and domestic happiness, shaded only by the memory that these were won by disobedience. Little more than a year ago, Lilian's father died suddenly of a terrible fever, which carried off also her two young brothers, and she and her mother found themselves destitute. They left their country home—the pretty parsonage-house, in which Lilian had been born—and the three graves in the shady village churchyard, and went, after watching and waiting vainly for a reply to the letter in which the widow had pleaded once more for her father's pardon and help in her bitter bereavement and destitution, to London, where Mrs. Grey hoped to support her child and herself by her talents in music and drawing. There she met a lady—a friend of her early days—by whom she was induced to come to Paris, where the latter resided. For a time all went on well; but the war broke out, and many families left. Then came the siege. Mrs. Grey's friend hurried away panic-stricken, without a thought of her poor friend, to whose trials failing health was then added. Like many others, the latter had lingered till it was too late to leave. More I need not write. Health broken, employment gone—the rest followed naturally. Such was Lilian's story, told with the strange mixture of childish simplicity and womanly comprehension that is so noticeable in all her ways and words.

November 15.—To-day glad news has reached us. The Prussians have been driven out of Orléans, with enormous loss of men and cannon, and the pursuit is continuing. The fabulous victory of Hautes-Bruyères is fresh in my memory,

but there seems no doubt that this is true. Uncle Lucien is full of confidence. Orléans taken five days ago—the Army of the Loire may even now be at the Prussian rear!

It is taken as a good omen that victory should first declare itself at Orléans—the city of the heroic Jeanne d'Arc. The people seem animated with the wildest confidence. It is reported that Amiens is also taken; that Kératry's army has joined that of the Loire; that people have even heard the thunder of distant artillery by putting their ears to the ground. Is this all true? or is it only that the people wish it, and therefore believe it? We have been so often deceived. But even Augustine believes this. It is time, for the misery is very great, and the amount of disease appalling. There are thought to be 100,000 people from the outlying villages in the city. Poor unfortunates! What will their homes be when they return to them! I almost thought hope was dead within me, but to-day it has flashed up bright and strong. One cannot despair when every one is sanguine. What would Victor say if he were home, I wonder!

November 16.—I can now answer the question with which I finished last night. To-day Victor's bright face flashed in upon us, for one of those brief visits he occasionally contrives to snatch. He seemed to share to the full the general confidence and hope; and when I seized an opportunity to whisper, "Victor, is this true? do you believe it?" he answered, smilingly, "Yes—with reservations!" But over his face swept that shadow again. It passed quickly, like a cloudlet from the sun on a showery spring day. Yet it rests on my heart still.

He was, like every one else, deeply attracted and touched by our sweet Lilian. It is not that she is really beautiful. Her face is not cast in the classic mould of her mother's, her features are irregular, and the sweet, expressive mouth too large for symmetry. No, it is not her beauty. Nor is it the golden wealth of her sunny hair, the delicate fairness of her complexion, the deep blue of her thoughtful eyes. It is something deeper, higher, stronger than all these—a something every one feels, yet fails to comprehend. She is shy of speaking before strangers, or to more than one of us at a time, on account of her

broken French. When deeply interested, she forgets her timidity; but except to those who understand a little English, with which she often unconsciously links her phrases, it is not easy to follow her entirely. I can do this; and with Nina she was talking earnestly to-night in her own tongue, which Nina speaks fluently, having more than once in her early girlhood spent many months with her mother's friends in Ireland and London. I am truly thankful to find her interested in anything; and there was a look of the deepest interest on the pale face, usually so fixed and blank, as she listened to Lilian to-night.

November 17.—How true it is that little things at hand absorb us more than great ones at a distance—the fall of a house in the next street more than an earthquake's crash in a far-off land. Thus it is that above the thrilling shouts of late-won victory, the din of war and battle, the strife of conflicting hopes and fears, the plaints of twenty stricken homes to which I listened but this morning,—rise the soft, low tones of a sweet child's voice. In the city strong excitement swells every heart; eager crowds throng the Boulevards, the Mairies, all the centres of intelligence. The victories won already, and the blow to be struck by the brave defenders of Paris in conjunction with their gallant deliverers beyond the Prussian ranks, and to fall in sure, if tardy, retribution on the daring and insolent foe, are the themes of every tongue. Deliverance is, then, at hand at last! But to be purchased at what a cost, if won at all! Perhaps it is because my heart shrinks from these torturing questionings, that I turn the more willingly to write of little Lilian, and the holy words of hope and peace that fall so simply and sweetly from her lips, like music from a free bird's throat.

Last night we spoke much of Léon—mamma and I—as we sat all together in her dressing-room. Fuel is becoming so dear and scarce, we have agreed to give up the large drawing-room for the present. Mamma and I talked, and Arnaud, Nina, and Lilian listened. And to-day, when the latter and I were together alone, while mamma slept, I recurred to the subject, and spoke of the service she had rendered me by restoring his precious letter, and then I showed her his

last one. She read it through, slowly, carefully; and then, laying it and her head upon my lap, burst into a flood of tears. But she looked up at once at my anxious inquiry as to what had grieved her.

"Oh! dear Mademoiselle Renée, it is only that I am glad, so very glad, Monsieur Leon knew the Lord Jesus!"

"I do not know, Lilian," I said. "He was very good; but, you know, we do not think quite as you Protestants do!"

"Protestants!" she said, with a perplexed look. But in an instant her brow cleared, and she continued: "I do not know much about the difference, mademoiselle. Only I know that the dear Lord Jesus loves all poor, helpless sinners—Protestants, or Catholics, or heathens; that he died for them all; that now he is stretching out his hands to them all alike, from his throne above, pleading with them to come to him and be saved. And he never sends any away when, at last, they do come to him. M. Léon heard his voice, mademoiselle, speaking in his Word; and he believed what that voice said,—I am sure he did. So whatever has happened to him, Jesus is with him, or he is with Jesus. Perhaps he has seen mamma now."

Is she right, this simple child? Oh, that I could think so!

Presently she said: "Does Mademoiselle Nina love Jesus?"

"My child," I said, "she does not know much about him—we none of us do, except, indeed, mamma. Will you try and comfort her, Lilian? She has a great sorrow."

"I know it," she answered, with that grave, quiet, comprehensive look of hers; "and Jesus can heal great sorrows as well as save great sinners."

I am sure Nina has never spoken of her grief. I am equally sure Lilian has fathomed it, and its cause—and Augustine's too. At least, from what she said of him, I think he must inadvertently have admitted his unbelief to her.

"Will you pray for him, Lilian?" I asked.

"Oh yes; I know Jesus will deliver him. He is stronger than Satan; and M. Augustine is weary of Satan's heavy chains."

Prayer to Lilian seems simply to mean "tell-

ing Jesus." She speaks of the Lord as of a friend loving and tender and true, and ever near to hear and answer—to hear and answer himself—to hear and answer her!

And I have faith in her simple faith. It is sweet to me to think her pure, artless prayers are going up daily—for Victor, for Uncle Lucien, for mamma, and for us all, and for our dear lost Léon. It is a happy disbelief—this denial of purgatory. She knows nothing of it, and I would not cast a shadow on her happy trust that her beloved ones are even now, as she seems so assured, at once and for ever "with Jesus."

CHAPTER XX.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

H. BOWEN.

November 18.—This evening Uncle Lucien came home with a severe cold, caught by exposure at the outpost at which his battalion is now stationed. He took the remedies Dr. Vaud prescribed, and went early to bed, hoping to ward off worse effects, and be ready for the anticipated sortie, of which all minds are so full.

Professor Latour came, as the day was closing in, to fulfil a promise of taking Nina and me to see a balloon start. Nina was at the ambulance, and I knew she would be far too worried on her return for anything but rest. But the professor would take no denial from me. He said it was probably the last that would start with passengers, as the siege would certainly be raised in a week, or in a fortnight at the very utmost. Postal balloons are sent off almost daily; or rather nightly, as the Prussians fire upon them by day. So I went, much against my will.

It was a strange thing to drive through the dark, gloomy streets, dimly lighted by petroleum lamps; and remember that it was Paris, the brilliant, glittering city of light and gaiety. And a strange sight awaited us at the Orleans station, near which the balloon was to be let

off,—the great yellow monster, rolling uneasily about, the breathless quiet of the assembled crowd, the deep stillness of the dark, misty night, broken only by the distant boom of cannon, the strange hues cast upon the pale, anxious faces of the two passengers and those of the men engaged in putting in the precious letters and despatches, upon which so much depended. Then the thrill which shuddered through our frames when the cords were cut, and the balloon bounded free—staggering—rising—falling again, then mounting once more, vanishing from the strained gaze of the pale upturned faces; and when the last farewells of our parting friends came floating down—faint—fainter—fainter still, from the thick gloom in which they had disappeared above us. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and I am not quite sure that I am not glad that I witnessed it, though the waiting had been long and tedious.

The drive homewards through the long succession of streets, darker and more silent than when we went, was very dreary. It was late when I reached home at last; but my mother had not gone to rest. On entering her dressing-room, I found her on her sofa, against which Armand rested, fast asleep. In her low chair beside her, with Lilian's head on her knee, sat Nina, reading in low, earnest tones from Lilian's Bible. The quiet opening of the door did not disturb them, and for a few moments I stood and listened. They were wonderful words—words of love and peace and pleading tenderness. Some of them linger in my memory still, like sweet strains of some masterpiece of melody:—

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."
(Léon's words.)

"Because I live, ye shall live also."

"Peace I give unto you—*my* peace."

And, more than all these—"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" The plaintive, beseeching love expressed in them goes to my heart. But all were so sweet.

Tears were rolling quietly down my mother's pale, wasted cheeks; but they were not sorrowful ones. A look of rest and peace beamed

softly from Lilian's blue eyes. An expression of startled interest, of wonder, of awe, rested on Nina's sad young face. When she ceased reading, I went forward. Lilian was the first to speak. "Mademoiselle Nina has been reading dear mamma's favourite chapter for Madame de Laborda. She always loved it so much; because, you know, they are the Lord Jesus' very own words, and almost the last he spoke before he died."

No, I did not know. He died for me, I suppose. He has known me all my life; but I certainly have not known him. And surely the heart that once prompted such words must be the same still. For he is God, and God cannot change. We spoke little last night; our minds were too full of the new sweet thoughts and feelings aroused by Nina's reading.

November 19.—My society work must stand over for the present. Uncle Lucien's cold has proved itself to be a sharp attack of bronchitis; so I have my hands full at home. Indeed, I never felt quite satisfied that I was right in going out to seek work; there is so much to do. Justine and Louis are a host in themselves, certainly; but so much of Justine's time is lost in waiting at the butcher's and other shops, that she requires some help: not in the cooking; with that she resolutely declines interference. We guess the reason, and feel it to be well, now that our household is no larger. We never filled Marie's place; Antoine is in the National Guard; and Blanchette hurried to her country home in terror of the approaching Prussians. Poor girl! perhaps she has fared no better there. Uncle Lucien's illness is not serious, and I think his anxiety to recover speedily makes him more tractable. I have had much time for thought as I sat in his room to-day. He has been feverish and drowsy, and little disposed to talk. But my thoughts have been a confused tangle, and I cannot detach the mingling threads. Nina was reading again to-night; but I could not leave Uncle Lucien.

November 20.—To-day Uncle Lucien is decidedly better; but Dr. Vaud forbids his return to his duties before the end of the week. He was quite able and willing to talk to-day. He thinks the tide has decidedly turned in our

favour, and that the end of our troubles is at hand. The end of our troubles! O Léon, Léon! will that end bring us to your grave only? Perhaps not even to that.

Uncle Lucien still preserves his trust unshaken in General Trochu's plan, which I have heard so keenly ridiculed. He is a brave, honest man, and true-hearted soldier, Uncle Lucien says, and knows what he has to contend with. He is seasoning his young troops, and gradually accustoming them to fire—or rather has been. The decisive moment is at hand. These thoughts shut out those awakened the other night. I can think of nothing connectedly; every thought and feeling seem swallowed up in one engrossing hope—deliverance at hand. When I read these pages over, when these anxious, sorrowful days are past, how I shall smile at the inconsistencies, and contradictions, and swayings with the tide of popular opinion, which they record. But now I *must* hope; for deliverance to Paris means new life to mamma; unless, indeed,—but I will not doubt, I will hope.

November 21.—A change has come over Nina; the marble-like immobility of her face has changed for a strange expression of yearning and unrest. It is not anxiety, it is not hope, but something wholly new. Dear Uncle Lucien, like most healthy people, makes a most exacting invalid, and I have seen little of her since his illness, or, indeed, before. Silence has grown up between us—not the silence of distrust or reserve, oh no—but we know each other now. And long ago we have exhausted all the words we have for our one great hope and fear; so, when she returns at night, she generally lays her tired head on my shoulder, and slips her hand in mine, and heart answers to heart in silence.

One thing I notice, she is constantly reading Lilian's Bible,—last night in her room, this morning before she left for the trying work of which she speaks so little. Since the night I found her fainting on the floor, I have always gone to her to see her safely in bed—the last thing I do. Darling Nina! will the old light and life ever come back to her fair, faded face? Would that she might learn Lilian's happy faith and trust!

November 22.—How wonderfully one day's

experience answers the question and fills up the blanks of that which went before, adding bit by bit to the intricate mosaic pattern of every life-story. Light and life have come into Nina's face—not the old, indeed, but a purer light, a better life. For the old was of earth; the new is of heaven.

When I went, rather later than usual, to say good-night to her, to my surprise and alarm I found her still dressed, kneeling beside her bed, and weeping. But when, after waiting a few moments, I laid my hand on her bowed head, and softly spoke her name, she raised her dear face, bathed with tears, and quivering with strong emotion, through which a strange, sweet smile struggled; then rose, and throwing herself on my breast, murmured brokenly, "O Renée, dearest, it is gone, it is gone—all gone!"

"What is gone, my darling?" I asked, half frightened by her manner.

"My burden! my sin! the sting from my sorrow!" her voice failed, and her warm tears fell like rain. I drew her down beside me on the bed, and let her weep on.

But presently she continued, in a low clear voice: "Yes; He has taken it all away. For my burden, he has given me rest; for my sin, pardon and peace; for my sorrow, the healing balm of his love. O Renée, when I first read those tender words of his, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' I thought they were not for such as I; for if I were weary and heavy laden, it was with the burden and the punishment which my wilfulness and wickedness had brought on me. And my heart was full of despair, and bitterness, and rebellion. For such as I, there could be no pity, no help from One so pure, so holy, so just, so high as the Lord Christ. And then I questioned if they were the words of One whose justice was so stern, so searching, so severe, as to reach a poor erring girl like me. That it was his hand that smote me, I never doubted. Then dark thoughts arose that perhaps Léon had been turned aside by a false hope, and for his sake I laboured hard to win the favour of the Holy Virgin and the saints. I fasted, and prayed, and emptied my jewel-case upon their altars, to gain their intercession for him—living or dead.

help, no light came to me. Renée, what I felt these weary months I can never tell. And I saw no hope or help in earth or for need like mine. Then Lilian came. Her lips I heard first of a Saviour who was not for saints—for the sick, not for the whole. In her Bible I found him. O

such a Saviour! I read how he went to the poor, and the sick, and the sorrowful, the sinful, touching the leper, the defiled, and—never once turning away from the sinner or the vilest. I read how he died on the terrible cross,—of which we have spoken so much and understood so little,—for us—for me, he loved me and gave himself for me. If there is on earth he was ever stretching out his hand and saying, 'Come, come unto me,' so near his throne above, he is stretching out still; he is not changed; he never can grow old; and he is love, all love. So to-night

I have laid myself at his pierced feet—myself and my burden—and he has taken both. And though my sorrow remains, its sting is gone. For, O Renée, in his love and tender pity he sent that young soldier to speak his word to Léon, and I know it was not in vain! In his hands I can leave even Léon now."

Wonderful was the look of perfect peace that rested on her sweet face, as I last saw it in the pale moonlight, when I had extinguished the candle. How different from the one it bore that terrible night on which we were first assured that Léon had been lost at Sedan! Shall I doubt, shall I question, because the fountain from whence this blessing has come to Nina is one on which the priestly seal of prohibition is set? I cannot. I can only bow my head and say, "O God, I thank thee, for the work is thine!"

HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF WURTEMBERG.

"Ye are the salt of the earth."—MATT. v. 13.

THE subject of the present sketch was that same Duchess of Würtemberg who was the friend of Dr. Barth of Calw, and whose most opportune help, as mentioned in the life of his life, rescued him from the pecuniary embarrassment to which his liberal hospitality had brought him. It was the occasion of his telling the children of the day school how he knew by his own experience that a Christian can by prayer obtain every needed aid and blessing.

The life of Henrietta of Würtemberg belongs essentially to that revival of evangelical religion in Germany in the early part of this century, when the sore troubles of the "Fatherland" were made the means in God's hand leading to an earnest turning of many from the paths of profanity, and infidelity so associated with the French Revolution, to the old paths of faith, and trust in God who by his rod was calling on them to return; to give up the pride of their philosophy, falsely so called, and to bow low before Him whose cross alone could give them peace and salvation.

Henrietta was the daughter of Prince Karl of Nassau-Weilburg, by his wife, Caroline of Orange; and was born on the 1 April 1780, in the Castle of Boland. She had three brothers and four sisters. Her mother was taken from her in the first year of her life, and at eight years she lost her father also.

Her eldest brother, Friedrich Wilhelm, did his best to supply the place of father and mother to his young

sisters, and devoted much of his time to their instruction. He himself taught them many branches of learning, especially history, which was a favourite and most interesting study to the intelligent mind of Henrietta.

The period of history in which she herself lived and moved was too painfully interesting not to have a strong effect on her young mind. The storms of the French Revolution sent their echoes through every country of Europe, and moved even the most callous. The awful deeds of the Reign of Terror, and the murders of the king and royal family of France, sank so deeply into the heart of the young girl, and made such a strong impression there of repulsion towards France and the French people, that she never during all her life could quite overcome this repugnance. She never could bring herself to visit Paris, which was always associated in her mind with the nameless horrors which had caused such shuddering dread in the days of her youth.

As the waves of revolution and commotion spread outwards from France, the ducal family no longer felt safe at Boland, and removed to Baireuth, where Henrietta's education was completed. Here, too, when she was only seventeen, she became the second wife of Duke Ludwig, second son of the reigning Duke of Würtemberg, Friedrich Eugene, who was also Governor-General of the Prussian provinces of Anspach and Baireuth. Duke Ludwig was himself in the Prussian military service, in which he rose to the rank of field-marshal.

Henrietta was married at the Hermitage Castle of

Baireuth on 28th January 1797. She was then in the full bloom of youth, and is described as very beautiful, of a tall commanding figure, with bright blue eyes, and a high arched forehead, which bespoke the vigorous intellect of which she was the possessor. Her beauty and wit fitted her to shine among the most brilliant of the princesses of Europe; but she had other charms which drew all hearts to her. Her gentle countenance, and hearty and simple though dignified manners, were a true index to the warm benevolent heart which beat within.

Her position as wife of Duke Ludwig was not always an easy one. She was fully convinced of the duty of wifely subjection, and determined to carry it out into practice, but to one of her eager and earnest nature it was not a very light task to be obedient to the husband she had married. He was of strong will, and accustomed to military life and military discipline, and expected to rule in his house as in his regiment. But the young wife diligently set about to conform herself to her new circumstances, both when pleasant and when the reverse.

Henrietta's education had been a very complete one as regards everything needed for this life, and she had gone through the usual course of instruction in religious knowledge preparatory to confirmation, but there was nothing in the religion she had been taught to help her in temptation and difficulty.

The great and powerful, but far distant, God of the Rationalistic theology of those days was not one to whom she could go with every trouble.

Of a Saviour for lost sinners, of the pure gospel as a power of God unto salvation for all that believe in Christ, of her own inherent depravity, and the need of the new birth, there was no mention in all that she had been taught. She had learned music, and drawing, and languages; was well read in literature, both native and foreign; had a good knowledge of natural history, and had been well trained in every kind of womanly handiwork; she had even learned something of medicine; and all these things she found most useful in after-life: but of the one thing needful she as yet was profoundly ignorant.

But the work which man had neglected God himself took in hand, and by the sharp discipline of life led her, through the teaching of his Spirit, to look within, and, finding but chaos there, to look for light and guidance to the Word of God. To her warm patriotic heart the distresses brought by the wars that followed the French Revolution were deeply felt, and her private life too had many a cross; and thus she was led to seek for some higher and more satisfying good than this earth can afford, and found it at the foot of the cross. There she found the peace which passeth all understanding; there in humble penitence she laid her sins on the Sin-bearer; and there too she received strength to go on her way rejoicing in the Lord, and shedding joy on all with whom she came in contact. Thus she became, as was said of her, "a true princess within and without."

When Henrietta had been three years married, she accompanied her husband to Russia. The reigning emperor, Paul, had married Duke Ludwig's sister, and now made his brother-in-law Governor of Riga.

While resident there, Henrietta had five children,—four princesses and one son. The climate was a trying one for her; and in 1804 she had a very severe illness, brought on by fatigue and anxiety, as well as cold, which she caught while attending on her boy in a serious sickness. To save her life, a change of climate seemed quite necessary, and Henrietta went on a journey into Nassau with some of her family. She found great benefit from drinking the waters at Ems.

In the autumn of 1806 the whole family removed from Riga permanently. Duke Ludwig being made Field-Marshal of the Württemberg Cavalry, and Commander of the Royal Guard, Henrietta was again settled in her native land. These were sad days then: war, and rumours of wars, were on all hands. Napoleon in his victorious course was bringing one German state after another humbled to his feet, while the land was stripped of its young men that the ranks of his armies might be filled; and the fields were left uncultivated, and pestilence and famine decimated the remaining inhabitants. After the battle of Jena, where Württemberg troops had been compelled to fight with Napoleon against their natural allies, Henrietta, at the Congress of Erfurt, became personally acquainted with the great Emperor. But she was too true a German in feeling to have any favour for the conqueror who had devastated so much of the German Fatherland; and her old prejudice against everything French was proof against the blandishments of the idol of the French nation, who appears to have been attracted by the bright, intelligent, and beautiful German princess, and to have done his best to make himself agreeable to her.

The war between France and Russia was the cause of sore trial to our Henrietta. Her husband, though intimately allied with the Russian imperial family, was, as a member of the "Rheinbund," obliged to take part with Napoleon against Russia. But Henrietta's strength of character, uprightness, and noble-mindedness brought her successfully through these most trying circumstances, and gained the esteem of all with whom she came in contact—even of her brother-in-law Friedrich, now King of Württemberg, though he was a man by no means easy to satisfy, or always pleasant to get on with. In 1811 he gave up to her, as a family residence, the castle of the old ducal city of Kirchheim in Teck.

This abode was a very attractive one to her, both from the beauty of the neighbourhood and from its historical associations, and she did much to adorn it during her long residence there. She took possession of the castle at the very time when Napoleon was preparing for his decisive conflict with Russia. The year 1812 was a most trying one to the Duchess Henrietta. Her long residence at Riga, and the intimate and affectionate

relations in which she had lived with the Russian imperial family, had made her thoroughly Russian in her interests, and Napoleon's invasion of that land was the cause of many an earnest prayer arising from her heart to Him who doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and amid the inhabitants of the earth. Her clear vision saw, that if Russia succumbed before Napoleon, all hope for Europe was gone; and earnest were her entreaties to the God of battles that the torrent of conquest might be stemmed before all was engulfed that she loved most dearly. As thus one day she lay on her knees before God in fervent prayer, she was disturbed by her physician in ordinary rushing into the room in the greatest state of excitement, exclaiming, "Your Highness! Moscow is in flames; Russia is saved!" "What!" she answered, "has Heaven heard my prayer so speedily?"

Russia was indeed saved, and the tide of conquest turned, though many a sad day of suffering still remained for Europe under the effect of the bloody wars of that scourge of God, Napoleon Buonaparte.

On 20th September 1817, Duke Ludwig died, and Henrietta began her forty years of widowhood, during which she, as a widow indeed, lived for God; and while doing her utmost to bring up her children in his fear, at the same time was ever ready to comfort those that mourn with the comfort wherewith she herself had been comforted. The year 1817 was one of mingled joy and sorrow to her, for a few months before her husband's death she had the happiness of seeing her daughter Amalie married, 24th April, to Duke Joseph of Sachsen Altenburg. Two years after this her eldest daughter, Maria, was married to the Archduke Palatine of Hungary, Joseph. She was a worthy daughter of a noble mother; the godly training she had received from Duchess Henrietta bore good fruits in her life, and she became in Hungary the ever ready helper and defender of the poor down-trodden Protestants, as our Scotch missionaries there found to their great advantage in sore time of need.

The young birds, as they were fledged in the old ducal castle of Kirchheim, were too attractive for it to be possible to their mother to keep them long with her, and one after another rapidly left the parent nest. On April 15th, 1820, the third daughter, Pauline, became the second wife of King William of Würtemberg. The mother's blessing which she took with her seemed to bring happiness in its train.

For one hundred and twenty-five years it had never happened that a reigning Prince of Würtemberg had had an heir born to him, but the evil spell that had hung over the house seemed broken by the advent of Henrietta's fair daughter, and on 6th March 1823 King William rejoiced in the birth of a prince. The happy event was by Henrietta made an occasion of bringing joy to many hearts as well as her own, for, in remembrance of it, and as proof of her gratitude to God, she

founded a rescue home for poor and orphan children, the "Paulinen Pflege," which still remains and flourishes.

This foundation was the first in a long train of institutions and works of love with which she occupied her time and thoughts, and on which she spent her means. From her earliest years the duchess had been noted for her benevolence of heart and gentleness of sympathy; but when, under the teaching of God's Spirit, she was led to the cross of Christ as a sinner needing mercy, a new power and life came into her heart; henceforth she felt herself not her own, but, being bought with a price, she was his who had redeemed her with his blood, and her earnest desire was to live for him, and serve him in his people on earth.

The love which had been poured into her heart welled forth in look and word and deed on all around her, so that even those who knew but little of her could not but take notice of it. Take an instance of this. The duchess several times visited Meran, in the Tyrol, for the sake of her health. A few years since a Tyrolean peasant, who was pouring out the whey for the invalids who frequent Meran, heard that one of those whom she was serving was from Würtemberg. She immediately made eager inquiries about the duchess, saying, with a face beaming with pleasure, "That is a lady who lets the love of God be seen shining out of her very eyes!" Would that there were more of such Christians, of whom all must take knowledge, both that they have been with Jesus, and that they have drunk in his loving Spirit!

The duchess was one of those who show that a human soul, by a decided conversion to Christ, loses nothing that before appeared true and beautiful in it, but rather has everything that was attractive in it brightened and heightened under the shining of God's image reflected in the sanctified soul.

Henrietta's benevolence was for all; her especial love was for those who served the same Lord as herself. She kept up a constant and intimate intercourse with all the most eminent evangelical clergy and laity of the land, such as Daus, Bahmaier, Moser, Albert Knapp, Dr. Beck, Barth, Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, and others. With and through them she did her very utmost to aid in the salvation of souls at home and abroad. Thus, after the conversion of the duchess, the ducal court became a gathering-place for the servants of God, and a source from which the living waters that had sprung up there flowed forth on all sides, both secretly and openly. Eternity alone will declare all the good which she was the means of doing.

On October 16th, 1830, Henrietta saw her youngest daughter married to William, Margrave of Baden. She, as the youngest, and longest left with her mother, had perhaps been the closest to the heart of the duchess; she too was now gone forth. Her only son, too, Alexander, was, by his position as general in the Austrian army, much away from her; but she could rejoice in the

joy of all her children, and his happy marriage with the Countess von Hohenstein brought her much joy. Each grandchild as it arrived was welcomed by the hearty thanksgivings of its godly grandmother; she lived to see sixteen grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

But loving as was her interest in the continually widening circle of family relationship, not less open was her heart and hand for all her brethren in Christ, and for mankind in general. She was an "example to the rich" and "a mother to the poor" as few have ever been, and thousands yet bear her in loving remembrance.

The town of Kirchheim was by her enriched with many most admirable institutions. In 1838 she established a large infant-school; in 1840 she founded the "Wilhelm's Hospital" for the sick poor. It remains a permanent monument to the duchess, and, under the care of the Christian deaconesses, many a poor soul there has received healing of worse maladies than any that can oppress the body.

Many of the visitors at the Castle of Kirchheim, attracted and incited by the duchess's example, were led to follow in her steps; and thus the "Elizabethen Stiftung," for the benefit of poor and honest servants, was begun by King George of Hanover. In years of scarcity the duchess always had a soup-kitchen under her own superintendence, from which food was daily distributed to hundreds; and firewood was also given to those who otherwise would have suffered much from the severity of the weather.

In all her works of charity great prudence and wisdom were manifested. She was not content with casting forth her help with a lavish and thoughtless expenditure. Her desire was to give only to those who really were proper objects for charity—not to encourage the lazy and idle to depend on others. For this purpose, that she might get true and constant information as to the real wants of widows, orphans, the sick, and the forsaken, she put herself in regular communication with a circle of ladies, who, by their own observation, could say where her help was needed. She also founded a regular Sick Society—"Krankenverein"—for the visiting and succouring of those in poverty and sickness. Through the members of this society, both in town and country, she sent food, money, beds, easy-chairs, firewood, &c., to many a poor, sick, and suffering one. Old and infirm women she helped by getting them to spin yarn for her; then she had the thread woven by poor people into coarse linen, of which she distributed great quantities, as it was needed in the different benevolent institutions of Württemberg. She got poor shoemakers to make her stores of shoes, which she had always ready for giving away. No class seemed forgotten by her. Journeymen mechanics on their "wanderjahr" were thought of; expensive surgical appliances were provided for those who could not procure them for themselves; suits of baby-linen were constantly sent to trustworthy

nurses in all parts of the country for the use of poor mothers, to whom they were a help in their time of need. No form of distress or suffering, bodily or mental, that she could in any way relieve, was neglected by her during her forty-six years of diligent service at Kirchheim. In order to be able to spend liberally for others, she saved in every way in her own personal expenditure. She lived in the simplest way, often making her evening meal—which in Germany after the early dinner is an important meal—of bread and milk alone. When Albert Knapp once sent her a cup as an offering of affection, she cogitated as to what worthy use she could put it to, then wrote to him: "Now it is settled. I will drink my favourite chocolate from it, which I drink but seldom, because—fie, what a shame!—because I am too avaricious. Now, on account of the cup, I will drink it oftener." Her avariciousness was in reality sparing on her own simple luxuries, in order to be generous to the wants of others.

After 1840, partly, perhaps, because of the corpulence which grew on her, and which made much moving about difficult to her, she did not leave Kirchheim nearly as often as before, when she had constantly, sometimes in Stuttgart and Karlsruhe, sometimes in Altenburg and Ofen, visited her children and grandchildren. But if she visited them less frequently, the interchange of letters became all the more constant. She kept a record of her daily life for them. It was a very simple, regular life; and her mornings, after her early rising, devotions, and breakfast were over, were always spent in letter-writing till mid-day. In the latter years of her life, the correspondence she kept up was very large. Sometimes she wrote as many as from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred letters yearly. They were not often as short as one which she dictated once, when gout in her hand would not allow her to use a pen:—

"Come! One word from your mouth is better than folios of writing.—Yours ever in truth,

"THE OLD LADY AT KIRCHHEIM"

The quiet old castle of Kirchheim was a constant place of pilgrimage for her family—a true sanctuary of constant motherly love and grateful filial affection. Its quiet corridors and bright gardens many a time rang with the merry voices of her grandchildren, who would strive together for the joy of covering her hands and face with their warm kisses. And to numbers beyond the circle of her immediate relationship the castle of Kirchheim was a place of refreshing for both body and mind. Her bright intellect, her clear and sound judgment and deep knowledge of mankind, as well as her many-sided knowledge and rich experience of life, made her counsel often sought in matters both public and private. All were attracted by her agreeable manners and brilliant powers in conversation; and even those who were not themselves the servants of Christ were obliged to admire the way in which all her great gifts of mind and heart, of position and influence, were consecrated to the service of the Lord whom she loved and served. There was but

me verdict in all who surrounded her, and had intercourse with her, as to her many gifts of wisdom and experience; while they delighted to dwell on her gentleness and simplicity, on the uncommon mildness and earnestness of her character, but above all, on the unwearying love with which she bore on her heart in prayer, not only all the members of her numerous family, but all the children of her God. As regarded self-denial and self-devotion, she was an example well worthy of imitation. She seemed utterly regardless of her own convenience and comfort when, by sacrifice of them, she could do good to others. To the faults of others she was most lenient, while she made the most inexorable demands on herself. She was ever ready to forget her own high position in order to enter into the feelings and wants of her servants and dependants, and of the poor around her, whose cottages she was in the constant habit of visiting, until age and infirmities made it impossible. The perseverance and unwearyingness of her charity fully corresponded to the greatness of her powers and gifts, and to the quickness of observation with which she detected the need almost before it could be expressed. Her manner of giving, too, added greatly to the value of her gifts. Her loving calculation as to how the good could be most suitably and most pleasantly done, with the most delicate regard to the feelings of the recipient, the joy in the happiness of others, the tender sympathy for their griefs, the gentle, thoughtful, inventive love with which she seasoned her gifts, were all learned in the school of the Saviour. She had special regard too for his charge that the left hand should not know what the right hand does. Once when a confidential servant reminded her of what she had already done for a particular case, as a reason for doing less in the present instance, the noble lady answered jokingly, "Has the left hand not forgotten yet what the right hand did?" and another time she rebuked the well-meant words that would have restrained her liberality: "Thou greedy miser, thou!" She received expressions of thanks almost unwillingly. She wished those whom she helped to direct all their thanksgivings to Him from whom she had received all, and to whom she felt responsible to use all she had for the service of others and for his glory. On the other hand, gratitude was one of her own strongest characteristics; and every little service and act of love was received from those who waited on her with an amount of gratitude, and rewarded with a liberality, that often quite put them to the blush. Those of her servants who were one with her in the faith felt themselves regarded as friends and sisters more than as dependants. She addressed them with the familiar and affectionate "thou," which speaks so much to a German heart when coming from one in her position. How thankfully she received and returned their love may be seen by an extract from a letter which she wrote to a worthy Christian who had been in her service, on the occasion of her marriage:—"On this decisive day, which God from all eternity ordained as for me a day of sorrow,

but which leads thee, my dear and chosen friend, also through the sorrow of parting, to a happy and honourable alliance, I would thank thee for all thou hast been and ever—yes, ever—will continue to be to me. May the Lord pour out on thy head, with richest abundance, the fulness of his grace, and bless thee for thy child-like love! Ah, I give thee a mother's love in return! The Lord, the mighty King, the unspeakably loving High Priest, bless you both! He whose love is everlasting, whose goodness endureth for ever!"

When this same friend at a later time appeared to have some doubt as to whether the duchess loved her still, she wrote again:—"If I have written one word which could give thee the idea that I love thee less, the Evil One must have changed my words as they came from my pencil. Each word of love from thee is balsam to me. Tell me right soon that thou believest that thou hast the old place of love in my heart. Ah! how could I cease to love thee? I love thee, it is true; is it not? Say, Yes."

Through earnest, agonizing strivings this noble woman had entered through the strait gate, and walked steadfastly in the narrow way. By daily diligent study of God's Word, and fervent prayer, she lived in close fellowship with Christ by faith; and the good tree thus rooted and grounded brought forth the good fruit of abundant loving service. Knowing by her own experience how sore is the Christian conflict with evil within and temptation without, she was mild in her judgment of others, though clear and true in her views of right and wrong. She was not easily deceived with spurious professions of godliness—religious talk that was meant only to please her; and every kind of dissimulation, and hypocrisy, were especially hateful to her, and pretty certain of being detected. She very quickly discovered the difference between pious babble and true godly converse; and was not less keen in distinguishing between mere temporary excitement of feeling under religious but passing impressions, and the simple, calm, deeply-founded piety of the heart taught of God.

Many a time her doubts were roused as to some loudly-talking professor of religion long before others had any suspicion of the genuineness of the pretender to piety. What she aimed at herself, she also desired to see in others—firm rectitude in conduct, and thorough truth in word and manner. No wonder if all who felt truth and love indispensable to them were thoroughly and quickly at home with her who was true to the very core, and found themselves, by intercourse with her, elevated above this world and its passing interests, and introduced into the very atmosphere of the unseen and eternal. Many a time did the chaplain, to whose counsels she listened with true Christian humility, feel that in her society he was himself receiving new life and energy for running his Christian race.

On the other hand, all who had anything to conceal had but too good reason to fear the detection of their double-mindedness, and felt far from comfortable in the

society of one whose clear straightforwardness was a continual rebuke to them, and whose unflinching uprightness in word and manner would never sacrifice truth to courtesy.

But where there were want and misery, no amount of previous bad conduct could prevent her from coming to the aid of the wretched sinner; and great was her happiness when her kind efforts were, through God's blessing, made a means of saving soul and body alike. This was her high aim in all she did; and for this purpose she was constant in her endeavours to disseminate good books, tracts, and, above all, the Word of God, whose living power she had herself so powerfully experienced.

On her seventieth birth-day she made a present of a Bible to each one of all the tradespeople with whom she had had any dealings during her thirty-nine years of residence in Kirchheim. She took a profound interest in the efforts of missionary societies both home and foreign. All the most eminent missionaries were known to her, either personally, or through the Missionary Records, which she read diligently. She delighted in their visits; and thus Kirchheim saw many a famous missionary in the pulpit of its house of God. The duchess was a most regular attender both at church and at all the mission-feasts. There, in spite of all inconveniences, she would sit contentedly for hours together in the midst of the crowds of countrywomen, enjoying all she heard, and hanging with eyes and ears on the lips of the earnest messengers and champions of the Lord.

But we must not omit to mention one characteristic of her piety, which made it especially attractive even to those who were not in all things at one with her; that was, that her Christianity was as happy as it was hearty. Love had in her cast out that fear that hath torment. Grace had not destroyed, but sanctified and transfigured, the naturally bright and fearless geniality of her disposition; so that, along with the most deep Christian earnestness, she displayed the most winning cheerfulness of soul, even to her latest years. Pain and suffering could never quench her bright spirit. The best beloved of all her servants was one whose warm Christian piety had not a trace of gloom in it. When she had been for some time in the service of the duchess, who had been watching her closely, the duchess said to her one day: "I was anxious about thee at first, but I see now thou art no gloomy whining pietist." The duchess herself was possessed of a strong sense of humour, and could make a playful jest with the young and happy-hearted, as well as discuss the most grave and earnest matters with those who were like-minded with her. She led the meetings of the Society for the Sick and Poor in the most pleasant and sociable manner; while in large assemblies she had both the self-forgetfulness and the tact needed to speak the right word at the right moment and to the right person, and so to make all feel at ease and at home with her.

Along with her natural gift of wit, she possessed a great power of mimicry; but she herself looked on this

power as a very dangerous gift, and latterly she did her utmost to repress her tendency in this direction, thinking it wrong to use her power of imitating others in such a way as rendered them ludicrous.

On state occasions, such as royal birth-days, when large assemblies were gathered to celebrate the day, she was particularly careful to lead the conversation in a right strain, lest, amid the numerous guests, there should be any who should forget, under the influence and excitement of the feast, what was becoming and right, due to her princely dignity, and fitting among earnest Christians.

Her merry humour sometimes was called to her aid in awkward circumstances, to free herself and others from embarrassment. Once she had ordered something to be made for her, and being herself very rapid in work, she waited with some slight impatience for the tardy execution of the commission. The fact was, the person had not succeeded in the work; and when at last the duchess sent to her house for the article which had been ordered, the message was brought back that the woman was then busy with her second attempt. But, alas! this too was unsuccessful; and in despair of succeeding, she went to the castle, in the deepest distress at her failure, expecting to have to appear before the impatient and angry duchess, and to tell her of her second failure. But instead of being angry with her, the duchess received her kindly, and said, laughingly: "Oh, I have been drawing your portrait meantime;" and held up before her the merry caricature, which showed the woman herself, with a face of most comical delectfulness, clasping her hands together over her head, in an attitude of utter desperation at her failure. With even the poorest, to whom any commission had been given that they had not executed properly, the duchess would always be the comforter, saying: "The directions must have been given precisely enough; we must see and give more exact orders, and then perhaps to-morrow you will succeed better." These are small matters to write about, but they belong to the little things that either embitter or sweeten daily life to a degree we are scarcely ready enough to take into account, and are of the all things in which a Christian may, by thoughtfulness and self-denial, make his light to shine before men, and live to the glory of his heavenly Father. It is given to but few to do great deeds for Christ; but every believer may, by sweetened tempers and small deeds of self-denial and kindness, evidence the power of the love of Christ in his own heart, and draw others to desire to be like him, instead of by moroseness and selfishness repelling them from the Christianity which he professes, and which gets credited with his unpleasantness, with which in fact it has nothing to do.

To the free, large mind of Duchess Henrietta, no human interest was foreign, no details insignificant. As she took the most lively interest in large schemes for the spiritual and temporal good of others, so also she worked diligently with her own hands for missions,

and charitable institutions of all kinds. Even in her later years, the severe suffering which she endured from gout in her hands could not keep her from such occupations. She laboured at sewing and knitting for the poor, and sat many an hour at the spinning-wheel, which she learned to use when well advanced in years. She delighted in making garments for the poor, of the coarse cloth that was woven from the thread of her own spinning; and it was a great privation to her when her swelled fingers could no longer hold a needle. Even then, she still endeavoured, by knitting and crochet, to continue, at the expense of much pain to herself, that labour for others without which it seemed as if she could not live.

The duchess took much interest in all efforts for improving both manufactures and agriculture, and was a great friend to all the Exhibitions that were got up in the country on a small scale, in imitation of the world-wide gatherings of London, Paris, &c. She gave prizes to encourage industry and skill in agriculture, gardening, &c. Her love of her "dear peasantry" made her watchful over all their interests, and sympathetic in all their trials and anxieties. If in some critical time of the year the prospects of the harvest of garden, and field, and vineyard were threatened by an unexpected frost, she would get up many times in the night to look anxiously at the thermometer, the thought of the privations that might be in store for her people making sleep impossible to her. At other times, when all was beautiful and prosperous in field and vineyard, she would write in deep gratitude: "We are not worthy of thy grace, of thy compassion, my Lord and my God! Amen." Though so highly honoured among men, before God she felt herself nothing but a "poor sinner," that only lived by grace, and had nothing of her own wherein to glory. She knew both what it had cost the Lord to redeem her, and what discipline had been needed to bring her to God, and to enable her to crucify self and live in and for Christ; and she saw that imperfection and sin yet clave to all her doings, and longed after the full redemption from "the body of this leath." She put praise from her, feeling it but a temptation to self-love—a temptation which the strongest should not think little of, and which the weak should greatly fear. It was on the foundation of this deep humility and lowly penitence in the sight of God that here arose in this noble lady a simplicity and gracious gentleness to all, which was most attractive. She could not bear to see people cringe before her. When a North German school-official, one time, after making many most lowly reverences in approaching her, continued in the course of conversation to bring in every moment, "your Royal Highness," her patience fairly broke down, and she exclaimed, "Do speak to me just as you do to other people!" In her eyes, no man was mean; and when a letter came to her subscribed, "Ihre geringe Schwester," or "Freundin"—("Your low, or mean, sister or friend")—she would exclaim, "How! mean,

low! There is no man mean for whom the Lord has gone to his death." In church, she would not sit apart in the raised princely chair, but chose her seat below among the ordinary countrywomen. Thus she went on, growing in grace and in the divine life. Trials were not wanting for her furtherance in the Christian life. The death of her daughter Amalie, in 1848, was felt deeply by the duchess, as well as the stormy revolutionary spirit of that year, though personally it affected her but little—her house was too much established in the love of God and of the people, to be lightly moved. Again, in 1856, the death of her daughter Maria touched her deeply; besides many other sorrows which she endured either in herself or by sympathy with others.

Her own health caused her much bodily suffering. For many years she could only write with a pencil, from the swollen state of her fingers, in which she suffered acute pain. In 1853 a stroke of apoplexy endangered her life; but she recovered wonderfully, to labour more diligently than ever in all good things, as far as her strength would permit. In the winter of 1856 she was again prostrated by inflammation of the chest. The doctor despaired of her recovery, and she herself made ready for death; but in answer to the many earnest prayers of those who loved her in town and country, she was spared to them for another year. It was a year in which she seemed ever to hear a voice saying, "The time is short," sounding in her ears, and roused all her failing energies to work for her Lord while he still lengthened her day of labour.

To her coming end she looked forward with a calm, cheerful hope, which only an entire trust in Christ and his finished work can give. Towards the autumn of her last year on earth, the remains of the illness of the previous winter made her very weak and suffering, but still she would not give way to self-indulgence. Not all her weakness, and cough, and other ailments, could keep her from attending church, difficult as the swelling of her feet made the mounting into her carriage. But at last one Sunday, in spite of all her efforts and the ready help of her attendants, she found herself obliged to return to her room, owning that it was impossible for her to bear the drive to church; and for the moment she felt deeply cast down at the deprivation. It was, however, but for the moment; she saw a Father's hand in suffering as in prosperity, and had learned to bless him for everything he sent.

On Christmas-eve she would not allow any amount of weakness and pain to keep her from personally distributing her gifts as usual; she felt it was for the last time, and gave each friend and dependant some token of love with her own hand, rejoicing once more to celebrate that day which was so sacred to her in remembrance of God's "unspeakable gift" to man, when the Son of his love took our nature on him, and was born at Bethlehem. On New Year's Day she was able to leave her bed, and was cheerful and happy as ever. She even began to hope that by getting a more commodious car-

riage from Vienna, she might again be able to go to her dear church.

But it was not to be. God was about to remove her from the assembly of God's people on earth, where she had so often felt her Lord's presence with those met in his name, to his immediate presence "with him in paradise."

In the evening, she could not conceal how greatly she was suffering. Her grand-daughters, who were staying at the castle, took their evening meal with her; but she ate nothing and spoke little. After a loving "good-night," she remained, as usual, for some time engaged in prayer. Then she allowed herself to be undressed in almost unbroken silence, instead of the pleasant words which she usually had ready for her attendants. With difficulty she uttered the apostolic benediction—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all"—and then was laid in bed, and fell asleep. Awakening soon, she took some medicine, and fell asleep again; but her countenance had so changed, that her attendants became alarmed, and sent in haste for her relatives. Her daughter Pauline, and her grand-daughter the Princess Frederica, came at once from Stuttgart, and arrived early in the morning, but too late to receive

another smile from her whose loving looks had brought so much happiness into their lives. She closed her eyes on all earthly things an hour after midnight. The news of her illness spread rapidly through the town and country, and many earnest prayers went up for "our duchess," the "mother of the poor;" but they could no longer keep her back from the reward which was awaiting her in the presence of the Lord she loved. At his last visit to her, the chaplain had read the last chapter of Revelation at her request; she had heard the Saviour's words, "Behold, I come quickly," and was ready to rise up and go out to meet him, when he came to take her home to himself. Great was the grief for her loss. The great town church of Kirchheim could not contain the sorrowing crowd who came to hear the funeral address on January 6th. As the funeral procession passed from place to place, innumerable crowds followed, till at 8 p.m. she was laid to rest in the royal vault of the cathedral at Stuttgart. The motto of her seal was, "In the Lord alone is there consolation and strength." Trusting in that strength, and comforted by that consolation, she went through the joys and sorrows of life, and now rests in hope of a joyful resurrection, in that day when "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout; and the dead in Christ shall rise first."

R. W.

ONE LIFE.



NE life to live—one only life,
'Mid earthly joys or earthly strife;
But ever in an onward race,
Often, alas! in idle chase

Of something never found,

Are spent the precious wasted hours,
Are spent the mind's God-given powers,
Are spent the treasures of the heart
On idols tricked by human art,

As year by year goes round.

Look back—look back! how like a dream,
A thing borne swiftly down the stream,
The story of your bygone days,
A landscape seen through shadowy haze,

A mirage of the sea.

As thought picks up the broken threads,
And year on year successive treads,
Be wise—be wise, nor linger more,
Your ship is tending to the shore,

The rocks are on your lee.

Up, up, and gird thee for the fight,
Heed not the false ensnaring light
That shimmering creeps o'er treacherous fen
To lure thee to some giant's den,

Where chains await thy feet
In guise of pleasure, fame, or gold,
Glittering temptations manifold,
To blind the eyes, unnerve the hand,
And cheat thee of the "better land"—

The bitter seeming sweet.

On, on, the lamp is flickering now;
It may be furrows mark thy brow;
It may with thee be early day,
And distant seem life's evening ray,—

Yet, onward—slumber not.

Fill up the time, or short or long,
With earnest work or cheerful song;
One life—your life, no other can
Fill up its lines or work its plan,
Or bear its checkered lot.

One life to live—one death to die—
And then—one long eternity!
One life—oh, live that life to God,
Walk in the steps the flock has trod,
Throughout the narrow way.
Jesus, the blessed Shepherd leads,
With bread of life his people feeds;

Go, follow him, take up thy cross ;
 For him count other gain but loss,
 And serve him night and day.
 You have a post, a watch to keep,—
 Betray it not,—he dares not sleep
 Who trims the lonely lighthouse lamp,
 Or guards the fortress or the camp

From footstep of the foe.
 Live for the present, work to-day ;
 Its duties cannot brook delay,
 To-morrow will not do : the chime
 Rings out the knell of passing time ;
 We reap but as we sow.

MARGARET MACKAY.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN," ETC.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

THE crowd, the glare, and the intense heat made me glad to escape from Boston. On Saturday evening I took the train to Andover, twenty miles distant. The change was delightful. The solemn seclusion of the college grounds, the shade of the venerable trees, and the cool upland breezes, seemed like another world. The station of the village of Andover stands in a broad valley, while the college buildings occupy a plateau a mile or so distant. Between them, with picturesque irregularity, are scattered cottages, houses, villas, and schools, all embowered in foliage, and encompassed by trim gardens and well-kept lawns.

I drove to the College Hotel, secured comfortable rooms, and made arrangements for a few days' complete rest. In the evening I called upon Professor Egbert Smyth, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Princeton. His extreme kindness upset my plans, for he insisted upon an immediate transfer of self, bag and baggage, to his hospitable mansion.

My arrival at Andover was opportune. It enabled me to see just what I wanted to see. The sixty-fourth annual "commencement" of the Theological Seminary was to be held during the succeeding week, when I would have an opportunity of judging the results and hearing the whole plan of training. "Commencement," is a technical American name for the annual public exercises at the close of the college terms.

On Sunday we had a special sermon in the chapel addressed to the "graduating class"—that is, the class of students who had just com-

pleted their theological studies. It was earnest, instructive, and affectionate, and appeared to make a deep impression upon the young men. After service I walked through the little cemetery, and saw the tombs of President Porter, Moses Stuart, and other distinguished professors of Andover. There, too, beside them lay the dust of students who had died during their college career, and of a few who had fallen on the battle-field during the late war. Their fellow-students have erected chaste and beautiful monuments to their memory. The inscriptions are very touching. It struck me that there is an appropriateness in each college having its own cemetery, where the ashes of its illustrious dead may make its precincts holy ground, and where the record of their names may recall the memory of their learning and genius, and stimulate the alumni to follow in their footsteps. It gives a completeness to the institution, separating it, as it were, from the rest of the world, and surrounding it with its own noble and venerated traditions.

On Monday and Tuesday I was present at the public class examinations, which are conducted orally, chiefly by the professor of each class, but in presence of the board of visitors and such others, including ladies, as choose to attend. The examinations may extend to any part of the course of study pursued during the year. They appeared to me to be on the whole thorough and searching, and I was particularly struck with the fulness of some of the answers. They embraced, in fact, a condensed exposition of an important doctrine, or discussion of a controverted point in theology.

Thursday, June 27th, was the special anniversary of the seminary, and the exercises of the day were conducted in a large hall before a crowded audience. We had eight orations from selected members of the graduating class, intended to illustrate the four great departments of theological study — critical, philosophical, historical, and pastoral. Between the orations we had music, and at the end the class joined in singing a closing hymn, the last verse of which was signally appropriate :—

" Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

The diplomas were afterwards given to the young men ; and in the evening the professors, students, and visitors dined together.

Andover Theological Seminary was founded in 1807, and is open to Protestants of all denominations who can pass a prescribed examination, and who are members of some Church. But all candidates for admission "are required to express their purpose to complete, at some place, three full years of theological study, unless prevented by some unforeseen and unavoidable necessity." Each year is divided into three terms; the first commencing on the first of September, and the last closing about the end of June. The Faculty very wisely give it as an earnest recommendation, "that students so arrange their plans that the whole of every term shall be devoted exclusively to their duties in the seminary. Experience has proved that the labour of teaching, and of other similar avocations, during term-time, is an evil. Students are advised to avoid it. Even the vacations should not be unnecessarily spent in exhausting pursuits."

In addition to the regular course of instruction under the ordinary professors of the seminary, special courses of lectures are delivered by eminent clergymen, on the following and other subjects: Foreign and Home Missions, Popular Infidelity, Intellectual Philosophy, and Egyptology.

All the lectures and courses of instruction, regular as well as special, are free. Free chambers are also provided for students ; and the only

expenses incurred by young men who receive their theological training at Andover are for the use of the library, the care of their chambers, and the heating and lighting of the class-rooms and chapel, amounting altogether to about £2 a year. And, besides, the trustees have built and furnished an excellent club-house, where those who desire it can obtain their board at cost price. The average cost, I was informed, is about three dollars and a half a week, or £25 for the collegiate year. There is, moreover, a special fund connected with the seminary, from which deserving students of limited means are paid sums not exceeding one hundred dollars a year each. And I was much pleased to learn that there is at Andover a society of ladies, whose special duty it is to watch over the comforts of the young men, to tend them during illness, and to provide for them, free of all expense, such nursing, food, medicine, and medical attendance as may be requisite.

It seems to me that Andover might almost be regarded as a model Theological College. In comprehensiveness of plan and thoroughness of organization it is nearly complete. Its position in the midst of charming rural scenery, removed from the din, temptations, and distractions of a city, and yet within an hour of Boston and Harvard, is admirably adapted for theological study. By the wise liberality of Christian people, its students are freed from worldly care, and furnished gratuitously with every requisite and stimulus to thorough theological culture. They are thus made to feel that the Church has an interest in them beyond the mere training of their minds, that she looks upon them as her children, whom she is bound to watch and foster with tender parental solicitude. She releases them from the wearing toil of teaching, and from harassing anxiety about temporal support, which press so heavily upon many a theological student in this country. And then the young candidates, thus nurtured and tended, can give to her, as they ought to do, their undivided energies, and the whole powers of their minds. The Church is a great gainer in the end. The higher the qualifications of her ministers the greater will be their success, and upon that success depends, under God, the Church's progress. It is always a false,

and it may prove a fatal policy for a Church to neglect her students, or in any way to ignore their just claims upon her consideration. She ought to remember that every candidate for the office of the holy ministry dedicates himself—time, talents, influence; in a word, all he has and all he is—to the service of God and the Church. He passes through the long and toilsome years of preliminary training at his own expense. He comes up to the divinity hall with his degree. He there enters upon a course of at least three years' special study, the sole object of which is to equip him fully for the Church's service. True, from a divine stand-point, he is only doing his duty, and great will be his reward in heaven; but viewed from a human stand-point, his is one of the noblest acts of self-denial and self-sacrifice of which man is capable. The Protestant Churches of Britain do not seem sufficiently to realize these truths; hence the neglect of their students, and the deficiency of preparation; and, as a necessary consequence, the lamentable failures we so often witness in the Christian ministry. No Church can expect a properly trained ministry, unless she provide the means of thorough training, and exercise such oversight as will secure its being thorough. Like Andover, our Theological Colleges should be so endowed and equipped by the Churches to which they belong as to give education of the highest kind free to every candidate for the ministry. It is a sad and humiliating spectacle when the ministry of the Church of our blessed Lord is sought after either, on the one hand, by men of rank, because it is an honourable profession, and may form the pathway to ecclesiastical lordship; or, on the other, by humble yet earnest men, who have to struggle into it through depressing difficulties, and who, from defective education, are unable to meet on terms of equality men of high culture, and are unable to cope with the philosophical scepticism of the present age.

Andover has attained, and has deserved, success. Among those who have occupied its professorial chairs, it can number Moses Stuart, Edward Robinson, and E. A. Park. From its halls it has sent forth such divines as Gardner Spring, and Leonard Bacon, and Francis Wayland, and James Marsh, and Rufus Anderson.

And it has been instrumental in training some of the greatest missionaries the world has seen. From it proceeded Judson of Burmah, Fisk and Parsons of Palestine, Smith and Dwight, the pioneers of the Turkish mission, Van Lennop of Asia Minor, and Perkins of Persia. Andover has thus left the mark of its high intellectual culture upon the literature of Christendom; and with a courage and an enthusiasm that have never been surpassed, its alumni have shed the light of gospel truth in some of the darkest nations of the world.

Passing the beautiful new library one day with Professor Smith, I was struck with its name, Brechin Hall. "How came you to have such a name at Andover?" I inquired. Its story was soon told. Two brothers, natives of Brechin in Scotland, settled near the seminary, amassed a fortune, and built this library, giving it the name of their birth-place. All honour to John and Peter Smith! They have not forgotten in their adopted country the noble traditions of their native land. They have developed in their Western home that love of Christian education which has raised Scotland to the first rank among the nations of the world.

THE "COMMENCEMENT" AT HARVARD.

The University of Harvard is located in Cambridge, which is now a suburb of Boston, and about four miles distant from the centre of the city. I gladly availed myself of the invitation of kind friends to visit it during the commencement week, which may be called the university carnival. Most of what I saw was entirely new to me, and presented a phase of college-life strange as it was new. I shall try to describe the scenes just as I saw them.

Friday, the 21st of June, was "class-day;" that is, the day on which the members of the graduating class made their last public appearance in the university. The performance began by a long procession of professors and students to the college chapel, led by a brass band playing a very lively air. In the chapel we had a prayer by the chaplain, which nobody heard; then a piece of music by the band; then an oration from the class orator; then an original poem by the class poet, which seemed intended

to show that fun and literature hold about equal places in the university curriculum; and, finally, an original ode, of which the first verse is as follows:—

"Yet once more, Alma Mater, as round the fair years,
O'er whose brows the glad garlands are pressed,
With speech, song, and prayer, at the portal appears
The band whom thy bounty hath blessed;
And with fetters of flowers, and Beauty's bright glance,
Would the fast-fleeing hours detain,
While Memory's fairies, in swift airy dance,
All the past to the present enchain."

Leaving the chapel, I was taken away to the students' "spreads." "Spread," it seems, being the American name for banquet. The first I was ushered into was in a spacious marquee, where the tables were covered with all the luxuries which luxurious Boston could furnish, wine alone excepted. Crowds of ladies and gentlemen, in full dress, were there, revelling in iced drinks, the choicest fruits of the season, and—city gossip. I was told that it was etiquette to go in succession to all the spreads to which I had received special invitations, so I had little time to lose. One other I must try to describe. It was in a large hall, gorgeously decorated with banners, inscriptions, and festoons of flowers. The brilliant assembly of ladies collected in it led me to form a very high estimate indeed of the beauty and refined taste of the belles of New England. In that grand centre of attraction I found, as was natural, the President of Harvard and many of the professors. I had the honour of being introduced to the greatest of American poets, Longfellow. While engaged in conversation with him and a group of others, a train of black servants entered the hall, cleared away the tables from the centre, and ranged the chairs and refreshments along one end. This done, a band in the balcony suddenly struck up a spirited air, and in a moment, as if Titania had waved her magic wand over the solemn halls of Harvard, a score of couples were whirling round in the mazes of a waltz! To me this was an entirely new phase of university life. For a time I almost doubted the evidence of my senses. But it was a reality; and I had just time to say to the president, in passing from this fairy scene to another, "If we could only arrange to make our college terms conclude in this fashion, we would speedily attract to

our halls half the gentlemen and all the ladies of Ireland."

The afternoon exercises appeared as if produced by another wave of the magic wand. A retired square in the college grounds was surrounded by tiers of wooden benches in the form of an amphitheatre. In the centre of the arena was a tree—"the tree of liberty," I heard it called—its trunk bound round by a wreath of flowers at the height of about nine feet from the ground. At five o'clock every seat was occupied, though the sun beamed upon the assembly, and the thermometer stood at 98° in the shade. There could not have been less than five thousand people present, a majority being ladies. We heard a band play "Hail, Columbia!" and immediately afterwards a procession of students marched into the arena—not, however, the gaily dressed gentlemen of the morning. The oldest and shabbiest coats available were now the order of the day, and the hats were such as might have graced so many scarecrows. They sat down on the grass in four groups, indulging in lively sallies of wit and badinage. One gentleman in a tall white hat, supposed to represent Mr. Greely, was an object of considerable merriment; and the hat, after being tried on many heads, in no very gentle manner, was eventually driven from group to group like a foot-ball. When all had assembled, the marshal, who was arrayed in full dress and white kid gloves, raised his silver baton, and the students sprang to their feet. He called for three cheers each for college, president, professors, and chaplain. The last were very faintly given; but when he called for "Three times three for the graduating class of 1872," the walls of Harvard rang again. The marshal next gave his orders as follows:—"Let the juniors form a ring round the arena, join hands, and, at the word of command, circulate rapidly from right to left. Let the second class form a ring outside the juniors, join hands, and, at the same word of command, circulate from left to right. Let the third class form a third ring, join hands, and circulate from right to left. And let the seniors form a fourth ring, and circulate from left to right." They obeyed. "And now," he cried, "are you ready?" A cheer was the response. "Then, away!"—and away

they went, the four concentric rings rushing in opposite directions, with shouts, and peals of laughter. Another command was given, the rings broke up, and the whole body of students rushed forward pell-mell to the tree. The grand struggle now was for the flowers. They climbed on and over each other. A dozen strong hands rasped the wreath; but in a moment each successful hand was encircled by a dozen others trying to wrest away the trophy. They swayed and fro; they leaped; they yelled; they roared. For a time it was as exciting and wild a scene as I ever witnessed. Fortunately it did not last long. Some were driven back; some limped off crestfallen; some tried in vain, as they retreated cautiously, to hide awkward ornaments in various parts of their costume; some, with proud look, held their flowers overhead, signals of victory. Thus ended the afternoon exhibition.

There was now an interval of two hours for rest and refreshment. When I returned to the college I found the *campus* brilliantly illuminated. Walls, windows, trees, and barricades were hung with Chinese lanterns of every hue. Admission was exclusively by ticket. The crowd was immense; and the evening costumes looked gorgeous in that fairy light, and amid the green foliage. Dancing soon commenced on every grass-plot, and round every tree. It was like a scene from "*Midsummer-Night's Dream*." It was kept up till a late hour: and so closed class-day at Harvard!

Wednesday, the 26th, was the annual commencement. It was dull when compared with class-day, though it would have been considered brilliant in any university in this country. It opened with a full-dress assemblage in the chapel, where the degrees were conferred amid much pomp and ceremony. The first to stand up and receive his degree of Doctor of Laws was Ulysses Simpson Grant, President of the United States. The day closed with a banquet, at which the President of the College and President Grant sat side by side, surrounded by some three hundred of the *élite* of the statesmen and scholars of the United States, and a goodly number of representative men from Europe. This was at once a noble and a hopeful spectacle. The

rulers of a great country there united to honour and foster one of those institutions which so largely contribute to make a country great.

The "graduating class" forms a distinctive feature of American colleges, worthy, as I think, of commendation and imitation. It exists in them all, theological as well as literary. It is, as I have said, the name given to that band of students who, having completed their course, are about to bid adieu to college and college life, and go forth to their several spheres of duty in the Church and the world. Friendships have been formed in the lecture hall; young men have struggled side by side, for years it may be, in honourable rivalry; they have learned, amid their struggles, the noble lessons of mutual respect, forbearance, and, when needful, generous help; they feel, moreover, the deep debt they owe to the college in which they have enjoyed so many opportunities of intellectual and moral culture, and to the professors who have instructed them with so much assiduity, and watched over their welfare with such tender care. And now, ere they leave—ere they separate—they wish, as much as possible, to deepen those feelings, and strengthen all those ties. They therefore form themselves into "a class," distinct from others. They have a separate existence and individuality, as it were, assigned to them in the college calendar. They unite as a little brotherhood to watch over each other's history and struggles, and to rejoice in each other's successes. Wherever they meet in after-years—in the walks of mercantile life, in the courts of the Church, in the Senate of the land—they meet as banded brothers. This has a salutary, it has an ennobling, effect upon them all. Each feels that the eyes of the others are upon him. When one attains to eminence, another, in a far humbler sphere, will yet say with pride, "Yes, he is of my graduating class." And at stated periods, on the recurrence of a decade, or on some great college festival, the class, as a class, will come up again to the dear old *Alma Mater*, and rally round her like loyal sons, prepared to the utmost of their power, their influence, and their means, to promote her welfare.

LONGMEADOW.

On Friday, the 28th of June, I reached the station of Springfield, Massachusetts, was welcomed by W. G. Medlicott, Esq., to whom I had letters of introduction, and was driven off under a blazing sun to his charming residence at Longmeadow, four miles distant. I shall never forget Longmeadow. I had often heard of an earthly paradise, but I never saw a spot which seemed to me so very nearly to realize all my ideas of an earthly paradise as Longmeadow.

It was one of the earliest settlements of the Pilgrim Fathers; and its old homesteads are still occupied by their lineal descendants, who have not forgotten the glorious traditions of their ancestors. They retain, as a community, that simplicity of life and manners, and that heightened moral purity, which characterized the very best Puritan age. To these they have superadded the culture of this nineteenth century.

The village of Longmeadow is in the richest part of the Connecticut valley. It occupies a terrace overlooking a long tract of meadow-land (hence its name) which skirts the left bank of the river. The houses are detached, each built upon its own original narrow plot; and they are ranged on either side of a street 200 feet wide. In the centre of the village, and of the street, stands the church. It is a beautiful arrangement, worthy of the Puritans—the church, visible to all eyes, the most conspicuous edifice in the whole settlement, alike the emblem and the centre of unity, light, and life. The street is shaded with rows of magnificent old elms; and, with the exception of a narrow avenue on each side, is covered with grass, and kept with the neatness of an English lawn. Most of the houses are ornate villas, with rustic porches and shady verandahs; while the grounds and flower-plots round them are laid out with exquisite taste. There is no public-house in Longmeadow, and there never was one; there are no poor; and there is no appearance, so far as I could see, of slovenly neglect or reckless waste. The repose is something wonderful, especially in the evening, when the hum of the children's games is at an end, and the stars peep through the foliage of the

great elms, and the fire-flies dance round their stems. The curfew bell tolls regularly at nine o'clock; social parties break up; wanderers turn homeward; households assemble; and the evening hymn is heard stealing softly through the silence.

And Longmeadow, with its sweet repose and old-world ways, is yet no retreat of intellectual stagnation. It numbers among its inhabitants men of the highest mental culture; and the library of my friend, Mr. Medlicott, would of itself give celebrity even to a seat of learning. It was with no little surprise I found there, in a retired New England village, and in the house of a merchant, one of the choicest private collections extant of Early English and Anglo-Saxon literature. I absolutely revelled in that library. I regretted then, and I have regretted still more since, when studying the romantic history of our English Bible, that I could not devote more time to an inspection of the rare treasures it contains.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

Mr. Medlicott was so kind as to accompany me to Amherst College, which occupies a magnificent site some twelve or fourteen miles from Springfield, and in the midst of one of the most picturesque regions in the United States. The town itself is small; but its great educational advantages, its select literary society, and the cheapness of living, are attracting to it large numbers of families. It is besides a centre of missionary life; and I was rejoiced to meet there, during my brief visit, a number of old friends from various parts of Western Asia.

The following sentences, which I extract from the Catalogue of 1872, show something of what Amherst is doing to supply pastors and missionaries, so much wanted in America:—"The college has a fund of sixty-five thousand dollars, the income of which is appropriated to aid young men who are preparing for the Christian ministry. Meritorious students of this class can receive each a scholarship of sixty dollars annually. The same class of students usually obtain from the American Education Society not less than one hundred dollars annually." I observe, too, from the Catalogue, that though the college is only half a century old, its graduating classes have

already founded eleven scholarships. This shows at once their devotion to *Alma Mater*, and their desire to promote learning.

YALE.

Among American universities Yale ranks next to Harvard; and at the present moment it is not one whit behind its great rival in intellectual life and in the efficiency of its professorial staff. President Woolsey, a man of world-wide fame, resigned his high position at its head two years ago, and has been succeeded by Noah Porter, the first of American metaphysicians. The college was founded in the first year of last century; but its divinity hall only dates from 1823. Within the last few years very important changes have taken place both in its government and course of study—changes which have given a mighty stimulus to its progress. Nominally connected with the Congregational body, and mainly endowed by its members, the college is freely opened to all sects and classes. It is governed by a corporation consisting of the president and eighteen fellows or trustees, who have the power of appointing professors and managing all funds. Until last year the governor, lieutenant-governor, and six senior senators of the State of Connecticut were, *ex officio*, members of the corporation, so that the political element was largely represented in the governing body. This was long felt to be a grievance, and was denounced in no measured terms by the students and graduates. At length the powerful voice of President Woolsey was raised against it, and the General Assembly of the State agreed to withdraw their six senators from the corporation, on condition that the graduates should henceforth have the right of electing six from their own number in their stead. As soon as this important change passed into law, the graduates, to express their high satisfaction, resolved “to raise at once an untrammelled fund of half a million dollars, which should be placed at the disposal of the corporation for any purposes connected with the university.” This was sufficient proof, if proof were needed, that the graduates of a university should always have a large share in its management.

The heat was intense when I arrived in New-haven toward the end of June. Day or night

there was no abatement, the thermometer ranging from 90° to 100°; and what with the glare of the streets, and the dust, and the stuffy rooms of the hotel, I never suffered so much from heat even in Syria or Egypt. It was an agreeable change when Professor Bacon took me away to his hospitable home, under the shade of the elms; and it was made all the more agreeable, as years before I had had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Bacon, then Miss Woolsey, away on the sunny shores of Palestine. To them I owe it that the last few days of my visit to America were among the happiest.

The buildings of Yale are now in the very centre of Newhaven; but still the avenues of noble elms that surround them give a rural aspect to the college. There is nothing imposing about the buildings; and, indeed, this is true of nearly all the older American colleges. Architectural effect has not been studied. Huge square “blocks” have been erected, whenever needed, or whenever funds came in, without regard to any general plan, and without the least attempt at uniformity. One cannot distinguish a college hall from a store, except perhaps that it is a little more gloomy in aspect. This is a sad defect; for there can be no doubt that stately architecture has a refining and ennobling influence upon the youthful mind.

Yale has fully shared in those munificent benefactions which have of late been bestowed so plentifully upon the seats of learning in the United States. Farnam Hall, containing accommodation for ninety students, and Durfee Hall, with chambers for eighty, have been built within the last two years, each by a single individual. The new “Sheffield Scientific School” has received donations amounting to 125,000 dollars. Professor Salisbury has presented to the college his splendid Oriental library, of some four thousand volumes, including many manuscripts; and he has given, besides, a sum of 5000 dollars to purchase additional books, and an endowment of 600 dollars a year. In the theological department a new hall has just been built at a cost of nearly 200,000 dollars. In connection with it Mr. Marquand has erected a beautiful chapel; while Mr. Troubridge has founded a select theological library for the use of the students, as a

memorial of his son, who died when about to enter Yale.

These are only a few of the larger donations to Yale. The American people are now becoming thoroughly alive to the necessity of providing liberally for the higher mental culture of youth. And here as elsewhere, in the States, the paramount claims of theological education are acknowledged. It is given free. And not satisfied with even this measure of liberality, the faculty, in stating the "needs of the University of Yale," writes as follows:—"Funds for the assistance of students, which are necessary in colleges, are indispensable in theological seminaries, for the reason that theological students ordinarily need such aid, and because it is seldom possible to accumulate property in the exercise of their profession. As the nation educates its military officers at West Point, it is now, as heretofore, the custom of the Church to contribute largely to the education of its ministers. To endow the seminary in this respect as other leading institutions of a similar character are endowed, and as the prospective increase in the number of students requires, will call for an additional fund of 75,000 dollars."

CLOSING REMARKS ON AMERICAN COLLEGES.

In closing my brief notes on Yale, and those other American Colleges which I had the privilege of visiting, I have to express my heartfelt wish that they may continue to prosper. They deserve prosperity, and the thoughtful American people know it. It is true, none of the universities of the United States will compare in grand traditions, profound scholarships, and thorough training, with Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin; yet they are, perhaps, just as well adapted for the wants of a new and rapidly rising country. Few men there can afford to devote their lives to mere learning. Everything takes, and must for generations to come continue to take, a practical turn. Another thing struck me: the term college is employed in the States in a much wider sense than with us, except, perhaps, among the Wesleyans, who are now using the word as it is used in America. An official list published by the Commissioner of Education contains the names and general statis-

tics of no less than 337 colleges, and nearly 100 theological seminaries. The great majority of these are mere schools. Some of the universities, even, which have the power of granting degrees, are small and feeble institutions. Their number is too great for efficiency. But still, we must not judge America in this respect as we would judge a European nation. We must consider the immense extent of its territory, the astonishing increase of its population, and the rapid growth of new States and cities. These make the establishment of new colleges a necessity, in order to overtake the educational wants of the people. At first they must be small, and the curriculum limited; but, small though they be, they are centres of culture, civilization, and power. It is, in my opinion, a grand mistake to attempt to concentrate the whole university system of a country. Our aim should be to extend culture; and this can only be done effectually by spreading colleges over the land. Give to each college independence in the investigation of truth. Let it, under proper inspection, work its own way, and develop its own line of thought and branches of scientific research. Thus, and I believe thus only, will a class of men be produced whose names will shed lustre upon the nation's history, and whose discoveries will benefit mankind.

The receipt of a telegram from New York compelled me to bid a hasty adieu to my kind friends at Newhaven on the evening of the 5th of July, and on the 6th I sailed for England.

I have now given in a series of papers, of which this is the last, my impressions of what I saw of Christian life and work in America. I know they are only fragmentary, and I am fully conscious they are very imperfect. Still, I indulge the hope that they may not be altogether unprofitable. I have shown that the same blood flows in the veins of our two nations, and that we are brethren. I have shown that the founders of the Western Republic carried with them, from this, their island-home, those principles which have made their country great and free. I have shown that the strong desire for the education of the people which has so long characterized the rulers of England, has been inherited by the rulers of the United States, and is being developed there

with an energy and an enthusiasm which bid fair even to outstrip ourselves. I have shown that the Bible, upon which the throne of our beloved Queen rests, and which is the true charter of her people's liberties, lies also at the foundation of the American Constitution, and is enshrined in the hearts of the noblest of America's sons. England and America are one—one in blood, one in tongue, one in aim, one in faith. Their ships sail together on every sea; their merchants meet in

every mart of commerce; their missionaries labour together in every clime and country. Union, therefore, tends to mutual strength. These two mighty empires, besides, are gradually but steadily stretching out their arms round the earth. Only let them work harmoniously in days to come, and by and through them a mighty instrumentality will work, nobly and effectively, for the enlightenment, the liberties, and the salvation of mankind.

THE RELATION BETWEEN DOCTRINE AND LIFE.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—ROM. xii. 1.

BY THE EDITOR.



OUR object in this paper is to feel for the connection between Christian doctrine and Christian life. The link which unites doctrine and duty in the Christian system is neither an imaginary line nor an iron rod: it is like the Word of God, "both quick (living) and powerful." It is like the great artery that joins the heart to the members in a living body—both the channel of life and the bond of union. If that link is severed in the animal, the life departs; there remains neither heart nor members. So in the Christian system, if doctrine and duty are not united, both are dead; there remains neither the sound creed nor the holy life.

Here then we shall find a *logical argument and a practical lesson*. Inquirers should know the truth on this point, and believers should practise it.

A common street cry of the day is, Give us plenty of charity, but none of your dogmas: in other words, Give us plenty of sweet fruit, but don't bother us with your hidden mysteries about roots and engrafting. For our part, we join heartily in the cry for more fruit; but we are not content to tie oranges with tape on dead branches lighted with small tapers, and dance round them on a winter evening. This may serve to amuse children; but we are grown men, and life is earnest. We too desire plenty of good fruit, and therefore we busy ourselves in making the tree good, and then cherish its roots with all our means and all our might.

In the transition from the eleventh to the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, the knot is tied that binds together doctrine and duty in a human life. Speaking generally, with the eleventh chapter the apostle concludes his exposition of doctrines; and with the twelfth he begins his inculcation of duties. At the beginning of his great treatise he plunged into the deep things of God, and at xi. 33 he emerges from his exploration with a passionate cry of adoring wonder at what he has seen and heard—"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" After relieving his overcharged spirit with that grand anthem which constitutes the close of the doctrinal section, he addresses himself (xii. 1) to the business of directing and stimulating an obedient and holy life in believers, and this theme he prosecutes to the close. At the point of contact between the doctrinal and practical divisions of his treatise he defines and exhibits the relations established in the laws of the Eternal between the gifts which flow from God to men, and the service rendered by men to God. Hitherto he has been opening the treasures of the kingdom, and permitting the divine goodness to flow freely into the lap of the needy; but here is the turning-point: henceforth he will urge that tribute should stream upward, like a column of incense, from man to God.

Who hath first given to God, and it shall be given to him again? None. No man first gives to God, and then gets back equivalent. But

though no man gives first to God, all renewed men give to him second—that is, the disciples of Christ, having gotten all from God first and free, then and thereby are constrained to render back to him themselves and all that they possess. This apostle knows human nature too well to expect that men will render fit service to God first and spontaneously. He puts the matter on another footing. He expects that the mercy of God, first freely poured out, will press until it press out, and press up, whatever the little vessel of a redeemed man contains, in thank-offerings to the giving God.

Here is a leaden pipe concealed under the plaster stretching perpendicularly from the bottom to the top of the house. What is the use of it? It is placed there as a channel through which water for the supply of the family may flow up to a cistern on the roof. "Water flow up?—Don't mock us. That would be contrary to its nature. Water flows down, not up. How should it change its nature when it gets into your pipe?" Place your ear near the wall, and listen; what do you hear? "I hear water rushing." In what direction? "Upward." Precisely; water left to itself outside of the pipe, flows down; but water left to itself inside, flows up. "Why?" Because there it is pressed by the water that flows from the fountain on the mountain's side. It is the weight of water flowing down that forces this water to flow up.

It is thus that living sacrifices, holy and acceptable, ascend from a human life to God, when that life is in Christ. When a human soul is within the well-ordered covenant, it is constrained, by the pressure of divine mercy flowing through Christ, to rise in responsive love.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye yield yourselves," &c. The word "therefore" is the link of connection between doctrine and life. Here it unites the *product* to the *power*. The whole epistle consists of two parts, united together by this word. The first portion is occupied with truth revealed, and the second with obedience rendered; and the truth is in point of fact the force which generates the obedience.

Much mischief is done in the world by a wanton or ignorant divorce of this divinely united pair.

There are two errors, equal and opposite. Those who teach high doctrine, and wink at slippery practice in themselves and others, fall into a pit on the right hand; those who preach up all the charities, and ignore or denounce the truth and the faith that grasps it, fall into a pit on the left. Let not one man say, I have roots, and another, I have fruits. If you have roots, let us see what fruit they bear; if you would have fruits, cherish the roots whereon they grow.

Beginning his course of practical lessons with the twelfth chapter, this rigidly logical author binds the motive firmly to the act, and the act to the motive. He tells us what we ought to do, and what will induce us to do it. For power to propel his heavy train, he depends on "the mercies of God," as these have been set forth in the preceding portion of the treatise; and the train which by this power he expects to propel is, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice," &c.

The mercies of God constitute the motive force. A consecrated life is the expected result.

Consider carefully now the power employed in constant view of the effect which it is expected to produce. "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God." Up to this point the epistle is occupied with the enunciation, elucidation, and defence of doctrine. The writer started with the set purpose of directing and stimulating human life in the way of holiness and love; yet he expends the greater part of his time and strength in the exposition of abstract dogma. Paul has made no mistake here. Although his aim was to get human hearts and lives filled with love to God and man, he devotes his attention first to truth revealed.

This is a scientific operator; he knows what he is about. He is especially skilful in adapting means to ends. To provide the water-power may be a much more lengthened and laborious process than to set the mill agoing; but without the reservoir and its impounded supply, the mill would never go round at all. Paul goes forward with a firm step and a straight course towards his aim in a sanctified and useful human life; but he takes every step on the assumption that a devoted and charitable life cannot be obtained, unless the person and work of Christ be made

clear to the understanding and accepted with the heart. Hence the time he has occupied and the pains he has bestowed in exhibiting and commending at the outset—a complete theology.

A class of men is springing and pressing to the front in our day, who laud charity at the expense of truth. The truth, exterior to the human mind, which God has presented in his Word, they ignore as unnecessary rather than denounce as false. Doctrine, as truth fixed and independent, they seem to think a hindrance rather than a help towards their expected millennium of charity. In their view, a man may indeed become a model of goodness although he believe sincerely all the doctrines of the gospel; but he may reach that blessed state as quickly and as well, although he believe none of them. Their creed is that a man may attain the one grand object of life—practical goodness—equally well, with or without belief in the Christian system. That there may be no mistake in the transmission of their opinion, they take care to illustrate it by notable examples. John Bunyan who received all the doctrines of the gospel, and Spinoza who rejected them all, attain equally to the odour of sanctity in this modern church of charity. This representation is publicly made by men who profess the faith, and hold the preferments, and draw the emoluments of the Established Church in England.

In order to elevate love, they depress faith. For our convenience, they have compressed the essence of their system into a phrase that is compact and portable,—“A grain of charity is worth a ton of dogma.” The maxim is well constructed, and its meaning is by no means obscure. If it were true, I should have no fault to find with it. But, as I have seen a mechanic, after the rule applied to his work gave unequivocal decision in its favour, turning the rule round, and trying it the other way, lest some mistake should occur; so in the important matter before us, it may be of use to express the same maxim in another form, lest any fallacy should be left lurking unobserved in its folds; thus: “A small stream flowing on the ground is worth acres of clouds careering in the sky.” In this form the maxim is arrant nonsense; but the two forms express an identical meaning, like the

opposite terms of an algebraic equation. Wanting clouds above us, there could be no streams, great or small, flowing at our feet; so, wanting dogma, that is, doctrine revealed by God and received by man, there could be no charity. They scorn dogma, and laud charity; that is, they vilify the clouds, and sing pæans to running streams.

There is an aspect of childishness in the methods at present in fashion for undermining evangelical faith. When I was a little child I thought the clouds were accumulations of smoke from the chimneys. I also thought that, while the barren atmosphere above our heads was filled with stacks of dry thick smoke, the earth beneath our feet was rich and beneficent, seeing that from its bowels spring up all the waters that feed the rivers and fill the sea. Foolish child! The clouds are the storehouses in which the water is laid up, ready to be poured on the earth. From these treasures the wells obtain all their supply. We have streams on the ground, because we have clouds in the sky. As the clouds create the rivers, the love of Christ exhibited in the gospel causes streams of charity to circulate in human life. The Bible teaches this, and history proves it. “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” This is a dogma; and before that dogma came, how much charity was in the world?

Our latest reformers, I suppose, came easily by their discoveries. I am not aware that they have passed through any preparatory agonies, like those which Luther endured at Erfurth. Your philosophic regenerator of the world dispenses with a long search and a hard battle. When he brings forward for my acceptance his savoury dish, like poor old blind Isaac, when his slippery son presented the forged venison, I am disposed to ask, “How hast thou found it so quickly, my son?” Ah, it is easy for those who have never been deeply exercised about sin to denounce dogma and cry up charity in its stead; but whence shall I obtain charity if I abjure truth? “Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.” The apostle John got his charity from the bosom of the Master whereon he lay. Where do the modern apostles

obtain theirs? How can you move the world if you have nothing but the world to lean your lever on?

The Scriptures present the case of a man who was as free of dogma as the most advanced Secularist could desire, and who was notwithstanding woefully lacking in charity. "What is truth?" said Pilate; and he did not wait for an answer, for he had made up his mind that no answer could be given. Pilate was not burdened with a ton, with even an ounce, of dogma, yet he crucified Christ—crucified Christ, believing and confessing him innocent—that he might save his own skin, endangered by the accusations of the Jewish priests at the Court of Rome.

Those who, in this age, lead the crusade against dogma, are forward to profess utmost reverence for the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. But he did not despise dogma. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Nothing more completely and abstractly dogmatical can be found in all the creeds of the Church than that short and fervid exclamation of Peter in answer to the Master's articulate demand for a confession of his faith upon the point. And how did the Master receive it? He not only acquiesced in the doctrine and the expression of it by his servant, but, departing in some measure from his usual habit of calm, unimpassioned speech, he broke into an elevated and exultant commendation, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Let men keep congenial company, and let things be called by their right names. Either doctrine,—truth revealed by God and accepted by man,—either doctrine is decisive and fundamental for the salvation of sinners and the regeneration of the world, or Jesus Christ was a weakling. You must make your choice. The divinity of Christ, as confessed by Peter, is a dogma; for that dogma Jesus witnessed; for that dogma Jesus died. For it was because he made himself the Son of God that the Jewish priesthood hunted him down. Did he give his life for a dogma that is divine and necessary to the salvation of sinners, or did he fling his life away by a mistake? Men must make their choice. Those who are not for Christ are against him.

If you do not receive Jesus Christ as God your Redeemer, you cannot have him as the beautiful example of a perfect humanity. He claimed to be divine, and died in support of the claim. Therefore, if he be not the true God, he must be a false man. Thus the Holy Spirit in the Scripture has presciently rendered it impossible for modern Secularists to reject the great dogma of the gospel, and yet retain the life of Jesus as the highest pattern of human character. Both or none: Christ cannot be so divided.

The word "therefore," destitute of any moral character in itself, and deriving all its importance from the things which it unites, is like the steel point set on a strong foundation, which constitutes the fulcrum of the balance. To one extremity of the beam is fixed, by a long plummet line, a consecrated benevolent human life; but that life itself lies unseen in the dark at the bottom of a deep well, a possibility only as yet, and not an actual entity. No human arm has power to bring it up and set it in motion—power to bring it into being. Here is a skilful engineer, who has undertaken the task. What is he doing? We expected that he would stand at the well's mouth, and draw with all his might by the depending line, in the hope of drawing up that precious Charity from the deep. But no; he is busy at the opposite extremity of the beam. He is making fast to it some immense weight. Who is he, and what is the burden that he is zealously tying to the beam; and what does he expect to get by his pains? The operator, diminutive in bodily presence but mighty in spirit, is the Apostle of the Gentiles; the weight that he is making fast to the beam is nothing less than *the mercies of God* as they are exhibited in Christ,—all the love of God; nay, God himself, who is love. He has fastened it now, and he stands back—does not put a hand to the work in its second stage. What follows? They come! they come! the deeds of Charity—they ascend like clouds to the sky, at once an incense rising up to heaven, and a mighty stream of beneficence rolling along its channel on the surface of the earth, and converting the desert into a garden.

Ask those great lovers who have done and suffered most for men,—who have taken up their abode in dungeons in order to soothe the spirits

the wants of the wretched inmates,—braved pestilential climates to Christ—civilize the long degraded negro; ask band of flesh-and-blood angels who, by themselves, have sought to heal the humanity, what motive urged them on them up; they will answer with a voice from many waters, *The love of Christ* *th us*. Those who have done most of y that has told on the ills of life do not do not say, that this fruit grows as well strines or no doctrines, as on the truth pel. They tell us that the force which into the field and kept them there was of God in Christ, pardoning their sin, g them as children. They are bought ice, and therefore they glorify God in

scheme of doctrine set forth in half of the epistle, we behold the where the power is stored; and in the verses of the second section the engineer sluice, so that the whole force of the waters may flow out on human life, it onward in active benevolence. Let ry of God's goodness, in the unspeak- bear down upon our hearts, as the a river bears down upon a mill-wheel, accumulating weight overcome the in- earthly mind, and the interlacing ents of a pleasure-seeking society, so e life spinning round in an endless circle to abate the sins and sorrows of the

mercies of God being the power that the product, the product so sent con- ro distinct yet vitally connected parts, d body in the natural life. These are: in Spirit to God our Saviour, and sub- indness to Man our brother.

stituents of a true devotion are, a living nd a reasonable service. Whatever is in sacrifice to God is rendered whole. eology is in a high degree typical, but ce to the Old Testament Institutions, ly understood. The distinguishing : the New Testament sacrifice are, that offerer's own body, not the body of a ; and that it is presented not dead but

living. It is not a carcass laid on the altar to be burned; it is a life devoted to God. Love is the fire that consumes the sacrifice; and in this case, too, the fire came down from heaven. The body is specially demanded as an offering: the body is for the Lord. It bears the mark of his hand. We are fearfully and wonderfully made.

Stand in awe and sin not: give not that which is holy unto the dogs. Your body is another Bible: read it with reverence. Its precepts, like those of the Decalogue, are written by the finger of God. Show me, not a penny, but a man,—for this is the only coin which the great King will accept as tribute: whose image and super- scription hath he? God's. Render therefore unto God the thing that is God's.

As the sacrifice is living the service is reason- able,—rational. It is not the arbitrary though loving command addressed by a father to his infant son,—burn the fat upon the altar,—that he may be trained to habits of unquestioning obedi- ence; it is rather the work prescribed by the father to an adult son,—a work which the son understands, and a purpose in which he intelli- gently acquiesces. The burning of incense, practised in the Romish community for ages, and now resumed by those who should have known better, is not a reasonable service. It is a going back from the attainments of the gospel to the beggarly elements of a past dispensation.

The second constituent of Christian duty is reciprocal justice and kindness between man and man, like the harmony and helpfulness which the Creator has established between the several mem- bers of a living body. Mark how the hand comes to the defence of the eye in its weakness; and how the eye with its sight, and from its elevated position, keeps watch for the welfare of the lowly, blind, but laborious and useful foot. The mutual helpfulness of these members is abso- lutely perfect. Such should be the charity be- tween brother and brother of God's family on earth; such it shall be when all the sons and daughters are assembled in the many mansions of the heavenly home. In the remaining portion of the epistle, Paul labours with all his might to stimulate practical charity,—in one place reduc- ing the whole law to one precept, to one word,— Love. After devoting so much attention to the

roots, he will not neglect to gather the fruit. After so much care in obtaining the power, he looks sharply to the product, lest it should turn out that he had laboured in vain.

We must look well to our helm as we traverse this ocean of life, where we can feel no bottom and see no shore—we must handle well our helm, lest we miss our harbour-home. Such seems to be the counsel given for the guidance of life to those who count that all religion and all duty lie in subjective care and diligence, while they ignore, as unattainable or useless, all objective revealed truth. But careful management of the helm, though necessary, is not enough on our voyage. By it alone we cannot bring our ship safe to land. We must look to the lights in heaven. The seaman does not look to the stars *instead* of handling his helm. This would be as great folly as to handle his helm vigorously and never look to the stars. Not this one or that one, to the neglect of the other. Both; and each in its own place: the stars, to show us the path in which we ought to go; and the helm, to keep us in the path which the stars have shown to be right. Not turn to the contemplation of dogma, instead of labouring in the works of charity; but looking to the truth as the light which shows us the way of life, and walking in that way with all diligence.

It is interesting to notice how the spiritual instincts of the Lord's immediate followers led them in the right way, at a time when their intellectual comprehension of the gospel was very defective. On one occasion the Master taught the twelve a lesson on this subject—charity—which seemed to them very hard. The point in hand was the forgiving of injuries, and how far it could or should be carried. "Master," they inquired, "how often shall a man sin against me and I forgive him? Seven times?" That, they thought, was as great a stretch of loving forbearance with a neighbour as could reasonably be required of any man. But what is the word of the Lord in this case? "I say not unto thee till seven times, but until seventy times seven." That is, he refused to set any limit to the charity of his disciples. Charity in his Church must be like the atmosphere wrapped round the world—no mountain-top can pierce through it to touch an-

other element beyond. Charity shall surround life so high and so deep, that all life shall float in it always, as the globe of earth in the circumfluent air. The poor men were taken aback by this great demand. It cut their breath. They had been educated in a narrow school, and could not at first take in the conception of a love that should know no other limit than the life and capacity of the lover. But on recovering from their first surprise, and becoming aware of their own shortcoming, a true instinct directed them to the Source of supply. Then the disciples said unto the Lord, "Increase our *faith*." Faith! Oh, ye simple Galileans, it is not in faith that ye come short; it is in charity! How foolish, at such a moment, to give chase to the ignis-fatuus of *dogma*, when it is *life* that you need—more of love in your life! If our secular philosophers had been there, such would have been their patronizing reproof of those simple, unlettered fishermen. But the fishermen, taught of the Spirit, possessed a sounder philosophy as well as a truer religion than their modern reprovers. I could imagine that Peter, in such circumstances, would have stood up as spokesman for the whole college, and made short work with the logic of the Secularists. Although blind, like old Jacob, to objects outside, like him, Peter was endowed with an inner light. When Joseph brought his two sons to the patriarch for his blessing, he led them forward so that the elder should stand opposite the right hand of his grandfather, and the younger opposite the left. But Jacob crossed his hands in bestowing the blessing, so as to lay the right hand on the head of the younger child. When Joseph interfered to correct what he supposed to be a mistake, his father persisted in his own plan, saying, "I know it, my son; I know it." He guided his hands wittingly. So would the simple but courageous fisherman answer the philosophic Joseph of our day—"I know it, my son; I know it." He guided his lips wittingly when, in lack of charity, he prayed for faith: for faith is the only efficient of charity. He would fain yield himself a living sacrifice for behoof of his fellows; but if he is ever impelled forward in this arduous course, he will be impelled, as Paul teaches, by the mercies of God. The instincts of the new creature in Peter taught

him that if he should ever *do* more in forgiving love for his neighbours, he must *get* more through faith from his Lord.

A miller, while he watches the operations of his mill, observes that the machinery is moving slower and slower, and that at last it stands altogether still. On searching for the cause, he discovers that some small hard pebbles have insinuated themselves between the millstones, first impeding the celerity of their motion, and then stopping it altogether. What will the miller do? Put in his hand, and try to remove the obstruction? No; he is not such a fool. He goes quietly to a corner of the mill, and touches a simple wooden lever that protrudes at that spot through the wall. What is the miller doing there? He is letting on more water: impelled by more weight of water, the millstones easily overcome the obstacle, and go forward on their course. The demand of unlimited forgiving was the obstacle that stuck on the heart of those poor Galileans, and brought its beating to a stand; and they wisely applied for a greater gush of the impelling power—more faith. When the circulation of the spiritual life was impeded by that hard ingredient, they gasped for a widening of the channel through which the mercies of God flow from the covenant to the needy. More faith meant getting more of forgiving grace from God to their own souls; and they knew that when the vessel was full, it would flow over. The best of the argument, as well as of the sentiment, remains with the fishermen.

It is now time, however, that we should turn to the other side, and gather there a very needful lesson for Christians ere we close. We have been showing that it is faith accepting the mercies of God that produces a devout and charitable life; but what shall we say of those who have faith, or seem to have it, and yet lack charity?

Here, a very interesting question springs. Want of faith, it is granted, among evangelical Christians, is followed by want of goodness; as a blighting of the root destroys the stem and branches of the tree. But does the converse also hold good? Will a languid life weaken faith, and an entire cessation of Christian

activity make shipwreck of the faith? As a metaphysical speculation, we do not touch this question; but on its practical side a useful warning may be given. Of all trees it may be said, destroy the root, and the stem will wither; but you cannot predicate of all trees that the destruction of the stem in turn destroys the root. Many trees, when cut down to the ground, retain life and grow great again. But some species—pines, for example—die outright when the main stem is severed. Here lies a sharp reproof for all who bear Christ's name. True it is, that your faith in Christ is the root which sustains the tree of your active life, and ensures its fruitfulness; but true it is, also, that, like the pines, if from any cause the life cease to act, the faith, or what seemed faith, will rot away under ground. It was in this manner that Hymenæus and Alexander fell away. They first lost the good conscience; then and therefore they made shipwreck of the faith. They gave way in the sphere of duty, and then dogma melted away from their hearts. (1 Tim. i. 19.) The stem of the tree was cut off or withered, and the root rotted in the ground.

Thus, as the roots nourish the tree, and the growth of the tree in turn keeps the roots living, so is it with the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord that he may be glorified! While faith, by drawing from the fulness of Christ, makes a fruitful life; reciprocally, the exercise of all the charities mightily increases even the faith from which they sprang.

While, on one side, the necessity of the day is to maintain the faith as the fountain and root of practical goodness in the life; on the other side, especially for all within the Church, the necessity of the day is to lead and exhibit a life corresponding to the faith it grows upon. Here it is safe to join full cry with the Secularists—more charity,—charity in its largest sense, a self-sacrificing, brother-saving love, that counts nothing alien which belongs to man, and spares nothing to make the world purer and happier. A pure, holy, loving, active, effective life,—this is the first, and the second, and the third requisite for the regeneration of the world. It is quite true that those who bear Christ's name fail to walk in his steps; and to this defect it is

owing that so little of the desert has yet been converted into a garden. It is life—it is love—it is living sacrifices that are wanted; this is the cure for the sores of humanity; but how shall we get that life of mighty doing and suffering charity, which we confess is lacking, and which, if we had it, would flow like a stream over the world and heal its barrenness? How and where shall we obtain this heaven-born charity?

Enter into thy closet, and shut the door, and seek it there. Seek, and ye shall find. Copy, literally, the simple request of the amazed disciples. Say unto the Lord, Increase our faith.

That means, that your very soul should open to Christ, and accept him as all your salvation. It is not to have a faith printed in your creed-book about one Jesus; it is to clasp him to your heart as your Redeemer, your Friend, your Por-

tion. It is to taste and see that he is good, and to bear about with you the dying of the Lord Jesus. This will be a force sufficient to impel all your life forward, so as to please God and benefit your brother. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice."

Ultimately, we must look to the sovereign Lord God for a baptism of the Spirit, greater than that of the Pentecost, to produce a revival that will usher in the glory of the latter day; but mediately and instrumentally that revival will come through the MERCIES OF GOD, manifested to the world in the incarnation and sacrifice of the eternal Son, accepted, realized, and felt, in new and greatly increased intensity by the members of the Christian Church.

Songs in the Night.

II.

DE PROFUNDIS.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice."



HE night is dark, and strong the waves that roll

With gloomy surge around my stricken soul;

The world estranged hears not my sore complaints,
Save thou, O Lord, thy servant's soul that faints!

The floods are deep, and long has been the night;
Through all its watches I have prayed for light,—
The faintest streak amidst the troubled air,
To pierce the gloom and tell me thou art there!

Thine arm has brought me down unto the dust:
Oh, quicken in thy strength my fainting trust;
And, though amid my night I cannot see,
Take not thy faithful eyes, O Lord, from me!

When fades my life, and fainter grows my breath,
Stretch forth thine hand that stronger is than death;
And when my saddened eyes are dimmed with tears,
Give then thy love, eternal as thy years!

O Lord, thou knowest when to lift me up,
And from my lips remove this bitter cup;
But while I drink, give thou that strength to me
That was the Christ's in dark Gethsemane!

I cry not 'midst my grief for death nor life,
But be thou near me in my mortal strife,
And let me feel my faith in thy strong hand
Amid the gloom of this lone border land!

Amidst thy wrath thy mercy has been sweet
That led me in my sorrow to thy feet:
Without the cross I thought to win the crown,
But in thy wondrous love thou broughtst me down!

My drooping faith now flutters with weak wing,
Give strength anew that I may mount and sing,—
In thy great love my supplication hear,
And through my struggling silence be thou near!

There is no light, O Lord of love, around,
Where thou hast struck my spirit to the ground;
Come forth in brightness at my anguished cry,
And write some rainbow-promise on the sky!

Cast me not off amid thy dealings dark,
But wake to flame the low and fainting spark:
The bruised reed, O Lord, do thou not break,—
Restore my soul, for thy great mercy's sake!

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND IN THE TIMES OF OUR LORD.

BY THE REV. JOHN GIBB.

THE interest which is felt at present in all that promises to shed clearer light upon the land and the century in which the Christian religion had its origin, is an age scarcely in harmony with its prevailings. Captivated and almost intoxicated as the wonderful and beautiful discoveries of science, and busied with enterprises which appeared fabulous to former generations, it arising that there should be a disposition to consign to forgetfulness and neglect many which were diligently pursued in days when there was abundant leisure, and had less to engage them. But it cannot be said that this manifested itself by diminishing the interest of many centuries have felt in all that concerns Palestine, especially during that period events took place from which it derives its life and associations. Still, as in the days of crusader, crowds of men and women find in the Holy Land to gaze on Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, on Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee is discovery, or the promise of discovery, more ardently hailed by the public, than when the Holy Land to the explorer has something new regarding the holy city. Nor is the interest in the early history of Christianity. The three nations which lead the van of enlightenment vie with one another in the labour which they bestow upon the scanty Christian antiquity. The press teems with books intended to elucidate details, and clear up; as well as with popular works, whose lively description to bring the whole scenes before men's minds. Now what is the result of all this pains bestowed by a busy age on the country and period? We cannot wonder why generation the devout Christian should earnest in these subjects; and that among the keeping souls, in whom love to Christ is feeling, there should be many who can truly see only foreign land which they have any use upon, ere they go hence, is that in which he lived his earthly life. It is less easy, however, to comprehend the eager interest manifested in the Holy Land, and in the early history of the faith, by those who scarcely, if at all, share the same sentiments. A part of this interest is evidently of a hostile character. It is a widely acknowledged principle of modern history that in order to understand aright the ideas and thoughts either of men or of nations, we

must make ourselves acquainted with those who went before them, and whose moral and intellectual heirs they are, as well as with the surroundings, mental, moral, and physical, amid which they live. Many modern thinkers have conceived the idea, that by applying this principle to Christianity, and by carefully investigating the soil on which our faith first made its appearance, and the surroundings of its Founder and his first apostles, they shall be able to reduce to ordinary laws all that at present appears mysterious, and it will thus be no longer needful to believe that a Son of man from heaven once walked this earth. Not all those, however, who, without the devout Christian spirit, investigate Christian history and antiquities, are animated by a spirit consciously hostile. The candid student of history can scarcely fail, as he reads, to feel, with Schiller, that Christianity may be fairly regarded as the most important fact in the history of mankind. Its wonderful past history, its wonderful living influence, are phenomena, which the historian and the philosopher have to account for; and even those who are not prepared to accord to it the dignity of a divine origin, are often constrained to admit that some explanation is needed, other than sceptical criticism has yet been able to furnish, of those mysterious histories of Bethlehem, Calvary, and Olivet, with their unearthly elevation and soul-awing power. Hence men linger about the places and times which excite their wonder, sometimes desiring that they could dispel all the mystery, and believe it to be superstition, at other times almost wishing that they could say, "The Lord is risen indeed."

We do not think that any historical or archaeological studies will ever make Christ to a less extent than he is at present,—a lonely, unique personage, in the history of the world. Travel and travellers' tales may make us familiar with the fields which he trod, with the mountains on which he prayed, and with the lake on which he sailed in the fisherman's boat. The learning of the historian and of the antiquarian may bring before us the ways and manners of his age, the religious practices, and the opinions of his contemporaries; but all will not bring us very much nearer to an understanding of the Lord. One of the first Hebrew scholars in Europe has said truly and strikingly on this subject:—"For thirty years I have been engaged studying the history and literature of that people amid which Jesus arose, and the conviction has been deepened upon my mind, that what Jesus was, and what he has been to the world, cannot be understood or explained from the circumstances of his times or of his life. Let the circumstances of the times and the condition of his country be brought out

ever so clearly, he still moves through the temporal scene a form of mystery; and his image, in incomparable majesty, towers above all the figures which surround him." Although we believe that no knowledge of his time will enable us to penetrate the mystery of the person of Jesus of Nazareth, we are far from regarding it as a lost labour to endeavour to realize as vividly as possible that historical scene on which the earthly life of the Son of God was passed. The very circumstance that he took so little part in some of the most absorbing interests of his time, and pointed men away from them to another kingdom, has always appeared to us most instructive. Some one has said that a great man never moves apart from the spirit of his age and nation, for human greatness consists in giving high and worthy expression, in word or deed, to the spirit of one's age; but the more we acquaint ourselves with the spirit of the age in which Jesus lived, the more do we perceive that he moved systematically apart from it: for he came to earth to give to mankind another Spirit, and to establish a kingdom as unlike that which the Pharisee longed for, as that which the Roman ruled.

The political and intellectual condition of Palestine at the time of Christ has been often described. It is less easy to gain an idea of the social life of the humbler classes in Galilee and Judea at this period, and yet it is the most interesting part of the subject. It was among these humbler classes that He who was known by his contemporaries as the carpenter, and the "carpenter's son," passed his life. From among them he chose his disciples; and they formed the audiences who heard him gladly. If any intelligible picture can be given of their life and manners at this period, we shall have a better idea of the platform on which our Lord moved, than if we knew all that was said in the councils of doctors, or transacted in the palaces of governors and tetrarchs. The industry of scholars has collected from contemporary, or nearly contemporary, sources many details of humble life in Palestine at this momentous epoch; and we shall endeavour, in as brief a space as possible, to depict the scenes.

At the time of our Lord the land of Palestine was more thickly peopled than it is easy for the traveller to realize who visits it in its present desolation. "The land of Israel," says a Jewish proverb, "is not without reason compared to the skin of the gazelle: for when it is inhabited it extends itself like the skin of the gazelle; but when it is not inhabited, it shrinks like the gazelle's skin." At the time of our Lord the gazelle's skin was extended. Of Galilee, Josephus says that no part was uninhabited, and that it was covered with villages, the smallest of which contained fifteen thousand inhabitants; and in another place he mentions no less than two hundred and four towns and villages of Galilee. The southern portion of Palestine was scarcely less densely peopled than the northern. This teeming population had to live by their own industry. The dwellers in the

Holy Land were not a conquering people like the Romans, who lived upon the gains of others, and whose labour was performed by slaves. In Palestine it was needful that a man should work; and owing, probably, to the comparative absence of slavery, work was held in honour. "Love work," said a Jewish teacher who lived a short time before the birth of Christ. "Great is work," said another, "for it honours its master." That no work, however humble, is shameful, and that the only shame is idleness, are familiar maxims of Jewish wisdom. There lived, we are told, in Jerusalem, in the time of Jesus, a certain man named Simeon, skilful in his trade, which was that of digging wells and ditches. On one occasion this man went to Rabbi Jochanan, the son of Zaocai, a doctor renowned for his learning, and said to him, "I am as great a man as you are." "How so?" said the rabbi. "Because," replied Simeon, "I no less than you supply the needs of the public. When one comes to you and inquires after the pure drinking-water prescribed by you, you say to him, drink from that well, for the water is pure and cool; or when a woman asks you for good water, that she may bathe, you point to this or that cistern, the water of which will take away her uncleanness." A parable from the Talmud will also illustrate the high estimate in which labour was held among the Jews. "When the Holy One—blessed be his name!—was passing sentence upon Adam after his fall, and when Adam heard the words, 'Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee,' tears ran down his cheeks, and he exclaimed, O Lord of the world, shall I and the ass eat out of one crib? But when God added, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' Adam was satisfied." From these quiet sayings we can gather, that at this early period the Jewish people had accepted that doctrine of the dignity of labour with which we are so familiar, but which was all but unknown to the ancient world, and which Christian Europe was so long in learning.

While, however, labour was thus held generally in honour, among the Jews, as among every people, there were some descriptions of labour which stood higher in the estimation of the public than others, and against certain occupations there existed popular prejudice. Among the vocations disliked or despised were those of the tanner and the miner; and so strong was the feeling against them, that a wife was considered justified in separating from her husband for no other reason than that he plied one of those filthy trades. This dislike to occupations which involved uncleanness, arose in some measure, doubtless, from the education which the Jews had received in cleanliness from the purification system of the Mosaic law, by which they were made peculiarly sensitive to any kind of defilement. "The world," says a Jewish proverb, "can want neither the tanner nor the perfumer; but fortunate is the perfumer, unfortunate the tanner." But even the vocation of the perfumer was not without its drawbacks. Any

business which, like it, led him who carried it on to have much intercourse with women, was regarded as dangerous to morals. Such occupations were those of the goldsmith, the wool-carder, the dealer in spices, the hairdresser, and such like. A wise man, it was often said, would not educate his son to these trades, for it was placing him in the midst of danger. To this Eastern prejudice, which secludes woman from the society of man, our Lord gave no heed. His disciples were surprised that he talked with the woman at the well of Samaria; and no doubt, on other occasions, they wondered that he should disregard the law of the wise rabbis regarding intercourse with women. But women were destined to occupy a place of honour and of service in his Church, which would not have been possible had not Oriental restrictions been laid aside. The pious women who followed Jesus, and ministered to him of their substance, were succeeded by the deaconesses of the ancient Church; and a relationship grew up between the sexes in the Christian community, which was as far removed from the jealous seclusion of Oriental manners, as from the license which this seclusion too often only concealed.

Some occupations were in disrepute among the Jews from accidental causes, simply because those who carried them on had, in some way, won an evil reputation among their fellow-countrymen. "The ass-driver," says a proverb, "is generally godless; the camel-driver generally honest; the sailor pious; the best among the physicians is ripe for hell; the most honest among the butchers is a companion of Amalek." The public sentiment was not, however, altogether consistent; for we find again the ass-driver, the camel-driver, the shepherd, and the shopkeeper all put into the category of rapacious persons. A class of workmen who must have been very numerous in the time of Jesus, and who appear to have been in good repute, were those whose work had to do with building. For many years previously all workmen connected with the building trade had enjoyed good times. With Herod the Great the rearing of large and magnificent edifices was a passion. Cæsarea, with its harbour, its palaces, and its Greek theatre, must have given employment to thousands of workmen for many years. When Herod made known his intention of pulling down the Temple, and rebuilding it with greater magnificence, the Jews feared that this half-heathen king, with Greek tastes, intended to do away with the Temple of Jehovah altogether, and that his promise to rebuild it was only a blind to cover his real purpose. But these suspicions were unfounded. Herod was in earnest in his purpose to build a magnificent temple to God, whatever may have been the motives with which he was actuated; and eighteen thousand workmen found employment in rearing the structure for which the disciples claimed the admiration of Jesus, and which, as we also learn from the New Testament, was thirty and six years in building. Not only the mason and the carpenter, but the worker in gold, in silver, and in brass,

as well as other workmen, were busy in Jerusalem during all those years. The descendants of Herod, who ruled over various parts of Palestine, inherited his taste for building; and they erected many noble buildings, and adorned in various ways the cities in their dominions. Archelaus, Philip, Herod-Antipas, and Herod-Agrippa, —all left memorials behind them, in splendid cities, either built from the foundation, or so enlarged and beautified as to render the change of name, which was generally required, not altogether unreasonable. The immediate effect of all this building throughout the land was to make work plentiful, and to give satisfaction to the labouring population; but the nature of many of the edifices erected by the Herods was such as to create serious social discord in Palestine. Herod the Great and his descendants were bent upon introducing into their dominions the amusements no less than the arts of Greece and Rome. A theatre, and an amphitheatre for gladiatorial shows, had been built by Herod the Great in Jerusalem; and Herod-Agrippa spent enormous sums in erecting the same buildings, as well as baths, in Berytus, and in adorning that city with colonnades and statues. We cannot wonder that strict Jews regarded such buildings, and the amusements connected with them, with horror and indignation. A controversy sprung up, in which religious zeal, combined with patriotic feeling, animated one portion of the nation; while others took the part of the Herods, because they were pleased to see Israel looking more like the nations around them. This controversy was still going on in the days of our Lord's ministry, and it is certainly remarkable that he never took any part in it. He probably abstained because, if he had done so, he might have given a false impression to men of his mission and of their own condition. He certainly would not have given his approval to the worldly-minded party, who rejoiced in Greek games and heathen license, and desired to make Israel as one of the Gentile nations; but almost as wide was the gulf which divided him from the self-righteous zealot, whose zeal for the ancient law made him proud towards God, and cruel towards man. "I thank thee, Lord," said one such zealot, "that thou hast placed my lot among those who visit the house of instruction, and not among those who linger in the corners of the streets. I rise up early, and they rise up early; but I apply myself to the words of the law, they to vain things. I work, and they work; but I work to receive a reward, they work to receive none. I run, and they run; I run towards life eternal, they towards the abyss." The man who spoke in such a strain was probably as far from the kingdom of God as the street-lounger whom he despised, and the worldly Sadducee who rejoiced in the theatres and the games of the Herods. Our Lord stood apart from both parties that he might speak to both the words of truth, and call them to that righteousness which exceeded that of the scribes and Pharisees no less than that of the frequenter of the theatres and the games.

In a country so thickly peopled as Palestine was in the days of our Lord, the occupation of many of the people consisted in supplying to others the necessities or luxuries of life. In Jerusalem especially, which was the great centre of the land, and to which people crowded in vast numbers at certain seasons of the year, this was a common and fruitful source of livelihood. We often feel desirous to have a picture before us of the aspect presented by the streets of Jerusalem during those memorable days when they were visited by Jesus. An eminent scholar, from whose pages we have already borrowed many of the facts and quotations of this article, has drawn a picture of a June day in Jerusalem as it appeared in the latter years of the reign of Herod the Great. Although in one sense a fancy picture, it is founded upon such accurate research that we may regard it as giving a tolerably accurate view of the manners and places which it describes. We shall transfer a part of it to our pages.

"In one of the years of the last decade, before the birth of Christ, according to our reckoning, the whole of Palestine and of Syria was thrown into excitement about the issue of a terrible tragedy. Mariamne, the best loved and noblest wife of Herod, descended from the royal Maccabean house, had already fallen a victim to the dark suspicions of her husband. It had now been brought about, by means of intrigues, that the two sons of the murdered Mariamne—Alexander and Aristobulus—who were the darlings of the people, had fallen under the suspicions of the tyrant as engaged in a plot against his life. By means of intimidation, he had obtained their condemnation without a hearing by a tribunal in Berytus. All the world was now asking whether it was possible that a father would command the execution of his own sons—sons, too, so noble, and assuredly innocent. It is in this time of anxious expectation that we place ourselves, and endeavour to describe a day in Jerusalem.

"It is a working day of the month Sivan, answering to our June. The starry night of the cloudless heaven has given place to the early but long morning twilight. The two detachments of the Temple watch, with torches in their hands, have met one another at the place where the meat-offerings are baked, and have shouted to one another that everything is in readiness. The priests who have been able to spend this night in sleep, have now arisen, and after washing themselves, have put on their official garments. In the freestone chamber, of which one half formed the place of meeting of the Sanhedrim, are arrangements already made for the coming day. The brasen laver, which has stood filled with water during the night, is now drawn forth, and the priests wash in it their hands and feet. Then the first morning summons for the town below is sounded. Priests blow their trumpets, and their tones in the morning quiet are heard alike in the upper and in the lower, in the old and in the new, town.

"The Levites now, at the word of command, given by

the Captain of the Guard of the Gates, open all the gates of the Temple. The preparations for the morning service—the central point of which is the daily offering of the lamb—now begin. The altar of burnt-offering is cleansed; the faggots of wood, piled upon the glowing coals, kindle gradually; the musicians fetch their instruments, and take them out of their cases; the watch is dismissed; and the Levites and priests, who had been on duty the previous day, are discharged. All this takes place by the light of the torches.

"In the meantime the captain watches for the break of day. Some priests, by his orders, ascend the pinnacles of the Temple. When day has so far dawned that Hebron can be discerned among the mountains on the south-east, the priests on the height shout, 'It is light as far as Hebron;' and immediately the cry resounds, 'Priests to your service, Levites to your posts, people to your positions.' The last call referred to weekly-changed representatives of the people, who assisted at the sacrifice, and passed the night in the Temple.

"In the meantime all is life in the town and around it. In the citadel of Antonia military signals resounded. Under the cedars of the Mount of Olives the stalls of Beth-Hini are opened. In the Temple street, which runs from the citadel place to the western wall of the Temple, we see cattle-dealers and changers of money hastening to the bazaar in the Court of the Heathen, that they may be there before the visitors to the Temple. But also those who have to do with the morning service issue from the Upper Town, through the Xistus Gate, from the New Town, through the Market Gate, and by other ways, to the ascent of the Temple mountain. Specially crowded is the bridge which connects the Xistus terrace with the Temple district. Here and there one remains standing for a little and looks to the left towards the splendid theatre, or on the other side towards the Tyropeum, or Cheesemakers' Ravine, in order to breathe the fresh country air which comes from the dairies of the farms below.

"But all do not go up to the Temple to morning prayer. There are hundreds of synagogues in Jerusalem. Two fine gentlemen, who are dressed in Greek fashion, and are talking Greek to one another, go towards the synagogue of the Alexandrians. That honest citizen, who carries under his arm his prayer-mantle and tefillin, goes to the synagogue of the coppersmiths, where he pays for his place; while that lady, whose hair bears traces of the art of the hairdresser, and who carries a bouquet of roses, does not mean to hide her costly toilette in the place behind the rails, where the women sit in the synagogue, but is moving with tripping step towards the Temple mount, in order to show herself there in the court of the women. Those going to prayer thus scatter in all conceivable directions; most bear a thoughtful expression; and when two walk together in conversation, they do it with a half-guilty look. A dignified old man with a long beard and white locks mutters to himself as he passes the theatre, 'I thank thee, my God

father, that thou hast given me my lot among
o frequent the house of instruction and the
e, and not among those who find their pleasure
eatre and the circus.' His wife, who walks
h him, or rather a step behind him, murmurs
Amen;' and looking with tears towards the
f Mariamne, says in a whisper, 'Thou hast
; well for thee that thou livest no more, noble
e.'

sun has now risen, and the hour of prayer, dur-
h the offering is made in the Temple, has
That Pharisee yonder, who has allowed him-
surprised in the street by the time of prayer,
arrests his steps, and places the phylacteries
ead and arms. The labourer who finds him-
he fruit-tree with his basket, ceases gather-
fruit, and offers his morning prayer in a
temple amid the branches. Everywhere is
fered. After the morning service, and before
an end in the Temple and in the synagogues,
ses the stir of varied life in the great market
ie New Town. We must not, however, think
arket as a square, with a town-hall: the town-
erusalem stood on the terrace of the Xistus;
et was a long broad street, such as we call in
uan towns the 'Long Row,' or the 'Broad
On both sides are ranged shops, and booths, and
ne pastry, made of wheat from Ephraim, about
cksters are higgling, who intend to sell it at a
the more remote parts of the town; cakes
igs and raisins, which that poor little girl there
o eagerly; all sorts of fishes from the Lake of
which excite the curiosity of those young stu-
o are going to the school of Simeon, the son of
; ornaments of all kinds, room-decorations,
false teeth with fastenings of gold and silver
to be had here. Here one calls his grape-
iere another recommends his Egyptian lentils
first quality, a third has cummin cheap, and
e pepper-mill. Where the spaces are free from
orkmen, the nature of whose work allows it,
de the streets their workshop, and are working
ntly that they will not lift their heads even
lhel or some other learned scribe passes them.
hoemaker joins the upper leather to the sandal
re a tailor is giving beautiful fringes to a splen-
r garment; there a smith forms the handle of
from Syrian iron. In the less crowded and
ded side lanes, as in the lanes of the butchers
wool-carders, work is still more largely carried
ie open street; even flax is scutched in the

market becomes more lively. From all sides of
s buyers and sellers, as well as strollers, come.
ner under the Market Gate, and where the
neet which come from the North Gate and
of the Women's Tower, stand the labourers
r for hire; one is now engaged to work at flax,

but the master says to him, 'Bread and pease, you
shall have nothing more to eat from me.' There, at
the Market Gate, right in the middle of the town, stands
the knowing group of ass-drivers, who have had the
good fortune to be chosen to transport the bedstead and
other articles of furniture, with the indispensable flutes,
for an approaching marriage in Bethany. Here is a knot
of men, through which one can scarcely pass without
hearing some offensive remark. A grave man, with a
meditative and somewhat pained expression, passes
them. 'That gentleman,' says one of the ass-drivers,
'must have had a bad dream; I wonder to which of
the twenty-four dream-interpreters he is going?' A
surgeon passes through the throng. 'Good morning,
Mr. Surgeon,' says one to him; 'how does the busi-
ness get on?' 'A hundred blood-lettings for a penny,'
is the reply. A portly scribe, with a copper coun-
tenance, pushes an old woman out of his path not very
gently. 'Old man, old man,' she screams scornfully,
'how red thou art; either thou art a wine-bibber, or a
pawnbroker, or a swine-feeder.'

"The sun of Sivan becomes ever more burning hot.
The crowds disappear from both markets. We also are
thirsty, and somewhat hungry besides. What shall we
drink? Median or Babylonian beer, or Egyptian zithoe,
or native cider? In the lane of the wool-carders we
have observed a large pitcher standing before a house,
and exposed to the sun. There is wine in it; for the
sun will cause the wine to ferment. We enter and
ask, in order to increase our knowledge of the land,
while satisfying our hunger, whether we can obtain a
dish of locusts either roasted with meal or honey, or
pickled. But how full the place is, and what a hubbub!
Before the host has time to answer our question in the
affirmative, a coppersmith, whom we know by his
leather apron, raising his wine-cup to his lips, shouted
to us, 'Fools, to eat without drinking destroys the
blood.' A soldier came towards us and said, 'The sirs
appear learned men;' and when he had said so, he and
the coppersmith joined their cups, and shouted until
our ears tingled, 'This glass to the health of the gen-
tlemen and their scholars.' 'Ass!' shouted a third;
'what do you know of the learned?' Two quieter per-
sonages, who were playing in a corner a game corres-
ponding to our backgammon, offer us a place beside
them, which we accept. The noise becomes more and
more frantic as time goes on. One can observe, as an
effect of the despotic government, that even this rabble
is divided into Herodians and liberty men. 'How goes
it with Aleph and Aleph?' asks one, meaning Alex-
ander and Aristobulus. 'Dog,' says his neighbour,
'silence is best spice.'

"It is now about three o'clock in the afternoon. A
crowd of people, composed especially of the young,
comes running from the direction of the North Gate, and
another crowd runs towards the same direction. People
ask from the houses what is astir. A *biccurim*-train, is

the reply, has arrived at the North Gate. The *biccurim* are the first-fruits of the land, which are consecrated to God, and have to be brought to the Temple. The land was divided into twenty-four districts; and at a fixed time those who desired to bring the first-fruits to Jerusalem, came together in the chief town of the district, where, without retiring to rest, they spent the night on the streets, in order to be prepared to march in the early morning, when the voice of the captain was heard, saying, 'Arise, let us go up to Zion—to the house of the Lord our God!' Such a procession had halted before the North Gate, in order that its arrival might be made known in the Temple, and that they might put the first-fruits in order, and form a crown of the most beautiful among them. Already the delegates of the Temple are meeting them,—the representatives of the priests and Levites on duty, and the keepers of the treasures of the Temple,—and already one hears in the distance the joyous notes of the flutes. A better interruption of the mood in which Jerusalem is at present could not be conceived. The Israelitish national feeling, cowed by tyranny, rises again in sympathy with this spectacle, and we feel that it answers better to the mind of the people than the stage-play, the Greek music of the theatre, the gladiatorial combats or wild-beast conflicts of the amphitheatre, which Herod has given to Jerusalem. Those who come from the vicinity bear in their golden, silver, or willow baskets, fresh figs, and, although it is only the end of June, also grapes; those who come from a distance bring dried figs and other fruits, and on the baskets hang doves with bound wings, destined for offerings. An ox, which is the common thank-offering for all, forms the head of the procession. Its horns are adorned with gold, and on its head it bears a crown of olive twigs. When the procession, amid the sound of flutes, arrives at the Temple mountain, every one takes his basket upon his shoulder. When they come to the court of the men, the Levites sing to the sound of music, saying, in the words of the psalm, "I praise thee, Lord, that thou hast heard me, and sufferest not my foes to triumph over me." The doves hanging upon the baskets are taken to the altar of burnt-offering, and the other gifts which they bring they give to the priests, repeating, as they do so, the words prescribed in the Book of Deuteronomy.* All this takes place at the hour of evening service. A great multitude of men, women, and children have assembled at the Temple, and crowd around the strangers as they pass out. Some find lodgment with relatives and friends, and the others are entertained by the people of the town.†

The scene thus depicted, with we believe as great approach to accuracy as is possible at this distance of time, belongs to a period somewhat earlier than the

ministry of our Lord; but Jerusalem had not changed greatly from what it was in the days of Herod the Great, when Jesus visited it. The same scenes were to be observed in its streets; nor had the political parties and social controversies which divided the people greatly altered, although a foreign governor had supplanted the king whose foreign tastes and sympathies had been so distasteful to the true Israelites. It is certainly remarkable, as we have said already, that Jesus should here so consistently have avoided taking any part in the political and social controversy going on around him. The admirer of Greek buildings, and the frequenter of Greek and Roman games, could not, certainly, claim him as an advocate; but the stern denouncer of all these things, and the praiser of the olden times, could with as little truth regard Jesus as his partizan. No word ever dropped from his lips which would entitle us to say that Jesus regarded Roman rule as a usurpation, or that the introduction of Greek civilization and amusements was likely to destroy the faith and morality of the people. In the apparent unconcernedness with which our Lord looked upon the life of his nation in its political aspects, his conduct forms a marked contrast to that of the ancient prophets, who were constantly delivering messages from Jehovah to his people regarding wars, alliances, and all great national concerns. But when Jesus lived the time was gone by when it was any longer possible to save Israel as a nation; and his mission was not to reform Israel, but to form a new Israel—to establish a new kingdom, in which Jew and Gentile might be safe and blessed, although Jerusalem was trodden down and the sanctuary of God a desolation. There was a numerous class of men in Palestine in the time of Jesus to whom we have scarcely as yet alluded. We mean the learned class, the doctors of the law. One cannot read the New Testament without noticing that there were in all parts of Palestine a number of men who were reputed learned, and who were looked up to by the people for this reason. The learned men of Palestine at this period did not give their whole time to their books. Many of them at least were engaged in the labours of ordinary life. They were students of the law and teachers of it, but they were also masons or carpenters, bakers or shoemakers. This union of study with manual labour had its origin in the first instance in necessity, as the presents which the doctor of the law received from his disciples would not have sufficed for his support; but there were those among the learned men who defended it upon the highest grounds, and maintained that labour was a great safeguard to the learned man, and that it preserved him from vanity and sin. Every scholar, they maintained, ought to have as occupation by which he might earn his bread, in addition to his labour in the law, which ought to be a labour of love. There were some learned men, it is true, who regarded with disfavour the union of study with labour, and maintained that it prevented justice being done to either. "How can a man," says one of the opponents

* Deut. xxvi. 2, 3.

† Handwerkerleben Zur Zeit Jesu. Ein Beitrag Zur Neutestamentlichen Zeitgeschichte, von Franz Delitzsch, Erlangen. 1868.

of manual labour for the student, "who ploughs, or a man who sows or reaps, while he is doing so, occupy himself with the law in obedience to the command, 'This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night'? No; let Israel only truly fulfil the law of God, and the lower duties which at present fall upon them will devolve upon others, as Isaiah says, 'Strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your ploughmen and your vine-dressers.'" The learned men of Palestine do not seem to have been preserved from caste pride by their humble occupations, and the connection into which these occupations must have brought them with the people. Indeed, they appear rather to have been peculiarly distinguished by this evil quality. Their learning was probably not of very profound or original character. They did not, in Palestine at least, study to any extent the writers of Greece and Rome; and as they appear to have acquired their knowledge of

the law and of the opinion of men upon it, not by independent study, but by sitting at the feet of some doctor of the law, their learning was more an echo of traditional opinions than independent knowledge. But if scientific acuteness and clearness of thought were absent, there was abundance of party zeal; and the sects into which they were divided fought their battles with the weapons with which such combats are generally carried on. Our limits forbid our attempting to give any description at present of the various opinions and controversies which divided their schools. Like the political parties, some stood nearer in sentiment to the ancient law, while others were tinged with the thoughts of the Gentile nations. But Jesus did not find his disciples among the learned adherents of any sect, but among the fishermen of the Lake of Galilee, a class proverbially ignorant and simple, but therefore the better fitted to be the vessels to receive the new revelation.

Apologetics for the People.

BY DR. R. PATERSON, CHICAGO.

VII.

INFIDELITY AMONG THE STARS.

PART I.

"A little or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline a man's mind to Atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."—BACON.



WHEN sceptics, who are determined not to believe in the Bible, find the historical evidences of its genuineness, authority, and inspiration, impregnable against the assaults of criticism, they turn their attention to some other mode of attack, and of late years have selected their weapons from the physical sciences. The argument thus raised is, that the Bible cannot be the word of God, because it asserts facts contrary to the teachings of science. Of this warfare Voltaire may be considered the leader, in his celebrated attack on the chemical processes recorded in Scripture; in which he exposed himself to the ridicule of all the chemists and metallurgists in Europe, by denying the possibility of dissolving the golden calf: the solution of gold being actually found in every gilder's shop in Paris, and known even to coiners and forgers for hundreds of years before he made this notable discovery. The result was ominous.

The whole circle of the sciences has been ransacked for such arguments, and especially has every new discovery been hailed by sceptics as an ally to their cause, until further acquaintance has demonstrated that the stranger, too, was in alliance with religion. Thus, when Geology began to upheave his Titanic form, he was eagerly greeted as a being undoubtedly not of celestial, but rather of subterranean, or even infernal origin, and

so willing to employ his gigantic powers in the assault upon Heaven, and able to overwhelm the Bible and the Church under the ruins of former worlds. But now that sceptics have discovered the proofs he gives of the presence of the Almighty on this world of ours, they are getting shy of his acquaintance, and are cultivating the society of some new and juvenile visitors from the chambers of animal magnetism and biology. The same scene will doubtless be acted over again; and these infantile strangers, when able to give distinct utterance to the facts of their developed consciousness, will bear testimony to the truth of God.

Such objections to the Bible are very rarely brought forward by truly scientific men. It is a phenomenon, like the advent of a great comet, to find a man profoundly versed in any science attack the Bible. Your third or fourth-rate men of learning attain distinction in this field. An anti-Bible writer or lecturer always has been promoted to that high eminence from the school-room, or the editorial sanctum of an unsuccessful newspaper; or his patients have not sufficiently appreciated his physic, or he has failed in getting a patent-right for his wonderful perpetual motion, or possibly he has enlarged his practical knowledge of science in the laboratory of some western college, and had his head turned by being asked to hear the mathematical

recitations during the sickness of some professor. But to hear of men like Galileo, Kepler, Boyle, Newton, and Leibnitz, or of Lyell, Mantell, Herschell, Agassiz, Hitchcock, Balbo, Nichol, or Rosse, heading an attack upon Christianity, would be an unprecedented phenomenon. Such men are profoundly impressed with the thorough agreement between the facts of nature rightly observed, and the declarations of the Bible rightly interpreted.

Nevertheless, the other class being both the most numerous and the most noisy, make up by perseverance for their deficiency of information, and counterbalance their ignorance by their assurance. Such writers, assuming that they have outstripped all the philosophers of former days, will tell you how foolishly David and Kepler, and Bacon and Newton, and Herschell dreamed of the heavens declaring the glory of the Lord, and the firmament showing his handiwork; "while at the present time, and for minds properly familiarized with true astronomical philosophy, the heavens display no other powers than those of natural laws, and no other glory than that of Hipparchus, of Kepler, of Newton, and of all who have helped to discover them." Theology belongs only to the infancy of the human intellect; metaphysical philosophy is the amusement of youth; but the full-grown man has learned to relinquish both religion and reason, and comes to the "positive state of science, in which the human mind, acknowledging the impossibility of obtaining absolute knowledge, abandons the search after the origin and destination of the universe, and the knowledge of the secret causes of phenomena." The crown of modern science is ultimately to be placed upon the brow of Atheism; but long before that eagerly-desired achievement, the old Bible theology is to be buried beyond the possibility of a resurrection, under mountains of natural laws and monuments of scientific discovery. These assertions, confidently made, and perseveringly reiterated in the ears of ungodly men ignorant of the facts, of impetuous youths eager to throw off the restraints of religion, of Christians weak in the faith, and even poured into the unsuspecting mind of childhood, produce the most painful, and often fatal results; and it becomes the imperative duty of the bishops of the Church of Christ not to allow them to pass unchallenged, but to convince the gainsayers, and stop the mouths of these unruly and vain talkers; or, if that be not possible, to make their folly manifest to all men. The weapons for such a service are well tried and abundant, and the difficulty lies only in making a proper selection.

At first view, the extinction of religion by science seems very unlikely. It is as unlikely that anything that an infidel says about religion should be true, as that a blind man should describe the sun correctly. Did you ever know one who could quote three verses of Scripture correctly, or even read a chapter accurately and attentively with the book before him? I shall show you presently that learned infidels make the grossest

blunders respecting the plainest Scripture records of scientific facts. It is very unlikely that infidels, who lay no claim to prophetic inspiration, should make any predictions about religion more reliable than those they have been telling so abundantly for two hundred years past respecting the immediate overthrow of Christianity and the Bible; which, nevertheless, has been going on conquering new kingdoms every year, its missionaries outstripping scientific ardour in exploring the mysteries of African geography, honourably receiving the prizes which the infidel Volney instituted for philological proficiency, and printing Bibles from Voltaire's printing-press. And it is very unlikely that these physical sciences, so long worshippers in the temple of God, should now become impious: as unlikely as that John Angel James, or D'Aubigne, or Buchanan, or Hodge, or Barnes should now, in their old days, renounce the Bible and blaspheme God. What! astronomy, and geology, and zoology, and botany, and ethnography, that were suckled at the breast of the Bible, raise their hands against the mother that bore them! Incredible! These young sciences made an early profession of religion; taught Sabbath schools in the days of Job, Zophar, and Elihu; wrote sacred poetry, and were licensed to preach in the days of Solomon; poured forth prophetic raptures in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah; wrote volumes on the politics of Christianity in Babylon, and painted glorious visions of the victories of the Lamb of God, and dazzling views of the landscapes of paradise restored, in Patmos; employed the gigantic intellect of Newton, the elegant pen of Paley, the eloquence of Chalmers, Herschell's heaven-piercing eye, and Miller's muscular arm, to guard the outer courts of the sanctuary, while they sung sublime anthems to the music of David's harp within;—and have they now, after such a life of devotion, relinquished all these sublimities and beatitudes, taken lodgings in the sty, and renounced their faith in God, and hope of heaven, for the infidel maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"? God forbid!

No rational man will be easily convinced of the truth of such an unlikely accusation. Least of all will he believe it, on the say-so of men of whom he knows little, save that they are not much acquainted with either religion or the sciences. I, for one, mean to inquire for the truth from reliable informants. The object of this and the following papers is to interrogate these physical sciences themselves whether they are really becoming sceptical of the being of the living God, and hostile to Holy Scripture; or whether they have lately given any utterances which would give occasion to such a suspicion. I do not propose, of course, to attempt giving an outline of astronomy, geology, zoology, ethnography, &c., in the limits of this or subsequent papers; but confining our attention to astronomy, I shall assume that my readers are possessed of such a knowledge of the principles of that science as our common schools afford every intelligent youth—or, should their early

education be defective in this respect, I entreat them to do themselves the justice, and enjoy the high gratification, of perusing some of the lucid and interesting popular works on the subject to be found in every bookstore, or in our public libraries—and proceed to select from the vast mass of modern discoveries those which have a bearing upon the question, *Is the progress of astronomical discovery hostile or favourable to natural and revealed religion?*

The progress of astronomical science has swept away the alleged facts on which all systems of Atheism have been based.

1. *It has refuted the fundamental dogma of Atheism, that the universe is infinite, and therefore self-existent.* The assertion is confidently made by Atheists and Pantheists, that the universe has no boundaries; not merely none which we can see, but that it actually fills all immensity: suns succeeding suns, and firmament clustering beyond firmament, throughout infinite space.

It is indispensable for the Atheist not only to assert, but to prove this to be the fact, if he would convince himself or any other person that the universe had no Creator, but exists by the necessity of its own nature; for that which exists by the necessity of its own nature must exist in all time and in every place. No reason can be given why self-existent suns, planets, and moons should exist in any one portion of space, and not exist in any other similar portion of space. For if such a reason could be given, that reason must show a cause for their existence in the one place and their non-existence in another; and that cause must have existed before the universe, and must have been a cause sufficient to produce the effect. This sufficient cause includes ability to produce, wisdom to arrange, and force to put in motion all the powers of the universe—qualities which reside only in an intelligent being. This is the cause which the Bible asserts when it says, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and which Atheists deny when they assert that "the universe is eternal and infinite."

Now, this fundamental article of the creed of infidels is utterly incapable of proof. If the fact were really so, they never could prove it. They acknowledge no revelation from an infinite understanding, but found their belief on the knowledge of a number of finite and ignorant beings. Before they are competent to pronounce upon the extent of the universe, they must explore it thoroughly; which, when they shall have done, they will have demonstrated that it has boundaries, seeing they have discovered them; but if they have not thoroughly explored the universe, they cannot say that it is infinite, because they do not know. The very utmost, then, which could possibly be asserted on the matter would be, not that the universe has no boundaries, but that man has never reached them. As in the case of ocean soundings, if we cannot find bottom, we are not therefore to conclude that there is none, but

that our line is not long enough, or our lead not heavy enough, to reach it.

For it were a logical absurdity to say that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts—that any number of finite parts could compose an infinite universe. Each sun or planet is a finite object, and any possible number of them can be counted in a sufficient time. It is impossible that any number can be infinite; for we are not using the word infinite here in the loose sense in which it is used by mathematicians when they speak of an infinite series—that is, a series which, though it has no end, has a beginning; but in the strict sense of something having neither beginning nor end. A beginning of the universe, either in space or time, is the very thing the Atheist denies.

While reason thus enables us to show this dogma of the infinity of the universe to be theoretically improbable, and logically irrational, science has lately taken a more decisive step, and demonstrated it to be actually false. The universe has boundaries, and we have seen them. The proof is simple, and easily demonstrable, since the discovery that nebulae are clusters of stars. That broad band of luminous cloud which stretches across the heaven, called the Milky Way, consists of millions of stars, so small and distant that we cannot see the individual stars, and so numerous that we cannot help seeing the light of the mass: just as you see the outline of the forest at a distance, but are unable to distinguish the individual trees. Besides this mass of stars to which our solar system belongs, there are thousands of smaller similar clouds in various parts of the heavens which have successively been shown to consist of multitudes of stars. But all around these star-clouds the clear blue sky is discovered by the naked eye.

Now it is easy to perceive that if all the regions of infinite space were filled either with self-luminous suns, or planets capable of reflecting light, or comets of gaseous consistency, at such distances as the Milky Way or any other star-cloud demonstrates to be safe and practicable, we should see no blue sky at all, but the whole vault of heaven would present that whitish light resulting from the mingling of the rays of multitudes of stars, planets, and comets, which the Milky Way does actually exhibit. No matter how small or how distant these stars, *if they were only infinitely numerous* it is impossible that there could be any point in the heavens unilluminated by their rays, even although the stars themselves were invisible to our eyes, or even to our telescopes. The whole heaven would be one vast Milky Way.

Though the telescope discovers multitudes of stars where the naked eye sees none, yet they are, in far the greater number of instances, "*seen projected on a perfectly dark heaven, without any appearance of intermixed nebulousity.*"* And even through the Milky Way and the other nebulae the telescope penetrates

* Herschell's "Outlines," ch. xvii, sec. 887.

through "*intervals absolutely dark, and completely void of any star of the smallest telescopic magnitude.*"* It may assist us to understand the full import of this declaration to remember that Lord Rosse's large telescope clearly defines any object on the moon's surface as large as the Custom House. Its power of penetrating space surpasses our power of imagination, but is represented by saying, that light, which flashes from San Francisco to London quicker than you can close your eye and open it again, requires *millions of years* to travel to our earth from the most distant star-cloud discoverable by this telescope.† If a galaxy like this of ours existed anywhere within this amazing distance, that telescope would discover its existence. It has, in fact, augmented the universe visible to us 125,000,000 times, and thus made us feel that not merely this world, which constitutes our earthly all, and yon glorious sun which shines upon it, but all the host of heaven's suns, and planets, and moons, and firmaments which our unaided eyes behold, are but as a handful of the sand of the ocean shore compared with the immensity of the universe. But ever, and along with this, it has shown us the ocean as well as the shore, and revealed boundless regions of darkness and solitude stretching around and far away beyond these islands of existence. The telescope, then, enlarges and confirms our views of the extent of the unoccupied portions of space.

If there were only one dark point of the heavens no larger than the apparent magnitude of the smallest star, this one unoccupied space would sufficiently disprove the infinity of the universe, inasmuch as there would be a portion of space of boundless length, and of a diameter not less than the diameter of the earth's orbit—say 190,000,000 miles—in which stars might exist, as they do in its borders, but yet do not. But the argument becomes utterly overwhelming when the attempt is made to calculate the proportion of space occupied by the stars to that left unoccupied. Whether we take Herschell's computation, that the nebulae cover one 270th part of the superficies of the visible heaven,‡ or Struve's supposition of the existence of a star subtending no measurable angle, in every part of the visible sky as large as the surface of the moon, the vast disproportion of the universe to the space in which it is placed forces itself upon our notice. For, upon the largest of these computations, the proportion of existence to empty space is mathematically proved to be not greater than as the cube of 1 to the cube of 269; that is to say, there is room for 19,395,109 such universes as this of ours in that small part of infinite space open to the view of Herschell's telescopes. But when we come to consider the vastness of these regions of darkness, over which no light has travelled for twenty millions of years, and remember also that astronomers have looked

clear through the nebulae, and find that they bear no more cubical proportion to the infinite darkness behind them than the sparks of a chimney do to the extent of the sky against which they seem projected; so far from imagining the universe to be infinite, we stand confounded at its relative insignificance, and are convinced that it bears no more proportion to infinite space than a fishing-boat does to the Atlantic Ocean.

There is no possible evasion of this great fact by any contradictory hypothesis. It cannot be objected "that stars may exist at infinite distances, whose light has not yet reached the limits of our universe." If they do, they did not exist from eternity, for there is no possible distance over which light could not have travelled during eternal duration. But their eternal existence is the very thing which the Atheist is concerned to prove. Grant that infinite space is filled with worlds *which had a beginning*, and their necessary existence instantly falls, and we are compelled to seek for a cause of their beginning of existence; that is to say, a Creator.

Nor will it answer the purpose to say, "that, for anything we know to the contrary, these dark regions may be filled with dark stars."

If the fact were so, it is equally fatal to the dogma of self-existence. Some stars shine; others are dark. Why so? Wherefore this difference? Variety is an effect, and demands a prior cause. Were there only two stars in the sky, or two substances on the earth, and those unlike in any particular, that plurality and that variety would prove that they could not be infinite or self-existent, but dependent upon some cause for their existence and their various forms.

But we do know many things contrary to the notion that the dark regions of infinite space may be full of dark stars. Light is not the only indication of the presence of a star. The attraction of gravity, which is wholly independent of light, is a proof quite as certain and satisfactory to the astronomer. The presence of stars and planets too faint to be discovered by the naked eye, and of one, the planet Neptune,* as far distant from the planet disturbed by its attraction as the earth is from the sun, was ascertained, and its place pointed out to a degree, by Adams and Leverrier, *before it was seen*. If the dark interplanetary spaces, then, were full of dark attracting bodies, the perturbations of the other planets would discover their existence. So the presence of some invisible stars at much greater distances from their visible associates has been discovered by Bessel,† and it is quite possible that a dark firmament may yet be discovered, containing as great a number of dark stars as we now behold of luminaries: another group of islets in the ocean of infinite space. But the very facts which will prove their existence will disprove their infinity; for we can know their presence only by their perturbation of the proper motions of the

* "Cosmos," III., 197.

† "Architecture of the Heavens," 9th ed., p. 180.

‡ "Cosmos," IV., 292.

* Nicholl's "Contemplations on the Solar System," xxx.

† "Cosmos," III., 253.

visible stars ; but if infinite space were full of dark bodies, the visible stars would have no room to move at all. It is easily demonstrable, that if infinite space were filled with dark stars, the equilibrium and coherence of our galaxy, and of all other clusters of stars, would be destroyed. The existence of nebulae and clusters, and the revolutions of the binary stars, are conclusive proof that the dark parts of infinite space are not full of dark attracting bodies.

Nor can the Atheist here raise his usual argument from unknown facts, and say that, "far beyond the range of our most powerful telescopes, a boundless expanse of firmaments may exist." It concerns not our present argument whether such exist or not. Whatsoever discoveries may be made to eternity, of firmaments, ten thousand times ten thousand times larger than we now behold, *they can never bear the smallest proportion to the infinite space in which they exist.* Beyond these islets will extend gulfs and oceans immeasurable. Our argument, however, has no concern with the unknown possible, but with the actual fact—visible to the naked eye, and confirmed by the telescope—that there is a portion of space in which millions of universes such as this might exist with safety, yet they do not. Worlds, therefore, do not exist by the necessity of their own nature, wherever there is room for them, but must have had some pre-existent, external, and supernatural cause of their existence in this place and not in other places. This implies choice—will—God.

The physical refutation of the self-existence of the universe is completed by the discovery, that all the orbs of heaven, as well as the earth, are in motion, and that an orderly and regulated motion.* The fact need not be illustrated, for it is not denied. The consequence is inevitable. That which is self-existent must be unchangeable : for change is an effect, and demands a cause ; and the cause must exist before the effect, and produce it. Whatsoever is changeable, then, is a product of a prior cause, and so not self-existent. But the universe is changeable, for it is in motion, which is a change of place : therefore the universe is not self-existent, but the product of a prior cause.

No mechanical law is a sufficient cause for this motion. To allege that a power of orderly, regulated motion—and there is no other sort of motion in heaven or earth—is an inherent property of matter, is simply to insult our common sense, and overturn the foundation of all reason. For we have no knowledge of matter, and can have none, more certain than we have of the constitution of our own minds, which requires us to trace up every change among material objects to the *energy and will of a person* capable of planning and effecting the change. To refer us to the law of gravity, is not to give us a *cause* for the motions of the heavenly bodies, but only a *name* ; for law is only a *rule of action*. We demand a lawgiver—an agent—a *force*, capable of producing

effects. When the law of projectile makes a cannon-ball, and projects it, we will believe that the law of gravity made the worlds, and moves them.

"Descending within the mind's interior chambers, I find no conviction so sure of the existence of an external world, as is my belief in the reality of *power*—of something that sustains succession, and causes order. Again, then, whence this idea, and what is it ? What this attribute with which I endow material laws, and raise them into *forces* ? Now, in my apprehension, the strictest scrutiny cannot obtain for these inquiries any reply save one : we *primarily* connect the idea of *power* with no change or movement, except an act or determination of the *FREE WILL* ; but from such acts, that idea is inseparable. If, therefore, in order to explain the progress of material things, we require the agency of *efficient causes*, is not this a direct and solemn recognition—through all form and transiency—of the necessity of an *ever-present creative power* : a power requisite and necessary to uphold—to renew the universe every moment—or, rather, to prolong creation by the persistence of the creative act ? And, in very truth, startling though it be, such is the only and ultimate scientific idea of the Divine Omnipresence. Law is not even the Almighty's minister ; the order of the material world, however close and firm, is not merely the Almighty's ordinance. The *forces*, if so we name them, which express that order, are not powers which he has evolved from the silences, and to whose guardianship he has committed all things, so that he himself might repose. No ! above, below, around, *there is God* : there his universal presence, speaking to finite creatures, in finite forms, a language which only the living heart can understand. In the rain and the sunshine ; in the soft zephyrs ; in the cloud, the torrent, and the thunder ; in the bursting blossom, and the fading branch ; in the revolving season, and the rolling star,—there is the Infinite Essence, and the mystic development of His *WILL*."†

2. *Scientific Astronomy inexorably demolishes the Atheistic scheme for the arrangement of the Solar System by accident, commonly known as Buffon's cosmogony.*

"Buffon supposes that the force of a comet falling obliquely on the sun has projected to a distance a torrent of the matter of which it is composed, as a stone thrown into a basin causes the water which it contains to splash out. This torrent of matter, in a state of fusion, has broken into several parts, which have been arrested at different distances from the sun, according to their density, or the impetus they received. They then united in spheres, by the effect of motion of rotation, and condensing by cold, have become opaque and solid planets and satellites."†

This formation of worlds by accident, it is true, gave no reason for the form of their orbits, for their rotation

* Herschell's "Outlines," ch. xvi.

* Nicholl's "Architecture of the Heavens," 2d ed., 272.

† Pontecoulant in "System of the World," p. 70.

on their axes, in one direction, and that, too, the direction of their motion; nor for several other matters, of which infidels make little account, but about which plain men like to ask, namely: Where did the sun come from? What melted it down into a fluid state, fit to be splashed about? Where did the comet come from? And who threw it with so correct an aim through infinite space as exactly to hit the sun in an *oblique direction*? Creation, it seems, was nearly missed, after all. This chaotic theory never gained much respect from men of science, though its simplicity speedily opened its way among the vulgar, and it has ever been a favourite with the most ignorant class of infidels, numbering thousands of warm advocates, even at the present day.

It was thought to be very much corroborated by the discovery of the asteroids, and their supposed formation by the explosion of a larger body. There is a certain proportion observed in the distances of the orbits of the planets from each other—a breadth of gauge, as it were, on the celestial railroad. But there was the breadth of a track between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter on which no train ran, and this vacancy excited the curiosity of astronomers. In the first seven years of this century, three very small planets were discovered, running near this track; and Dr. Olbers, the discoverer of Pallas, finding that they were nearly in the same track, and sometimes crossed each other, and that they were diminutively small—bearing about the same proportion to a regular planet which a hand-car does to a freight train—imagined that they were formed by the explosion of a large planet: that the boiler of the large locomotive had burst, the fragments had all lighted upon the track again, in the shape of hand-cars, and the hand-cars had magnanimously resolved to keep running, and do the business of the line; and that, as there must have been material enough in the original planet to make some thousands of them, more would be discovered by watching two depots, at the crossings of the tracks, in the constellations Virgo and the Whale, where they must all pass. In fact, he did himself find another, very near one of these nodes; and quite lately, thirty-eight others have been found; and astronomers now expect to hear of one or two more every year. At first sight, his theory seemed strengthened by every new discovery. It is true, reflecting men could not help wondering at such a marvellously regular explosion as would produce beautiful little orderly planets, going so regularly and curiously too, and all by accident. They never heard of the blowing up of a palace producing cottages, or the explosion of a steamboat throwing off the hurricane deck in the shape of whaleboats, or the bursting of a locomotive producing model engines or even hand-cars. However, as the theory removed God out of sight, it was generally accepted, and freely used by infidels, to show that the world had no need of a Creator.

But astronomers saw, that as each new asteroid had a track of its own, and ran to a different terminus, and

the roads in which they ran were of different gauges and grades—one little asteroid, Pallas, running up and down a track inclined 35 degrees, just as speedily as the others—every new discovery increased the difficulty of accounting for their origin by explosion. But the discovery of the planet Hygeia, at a vast distance from the others, utterly overturned the explosion theory. Loomis says:—

“The difficulties in the way of our regarding these small planets as fragments of a single body, were well-nigh insuperable before the discovery of Hygeia. This last discovery has probably given the death-blow to the theory of Olbers. The orbit of Hygeia completely incloses the orbits of several of the asteroids, its perihelion distance—that is, its least distance from the sun—exceeding the aphelion—or greatest distance—of Flora by *twenty-five millions of miles*. No change of position of the orbits could, therefore, bring these orbits to a coincidence.”*

The matter has been finally settled by the greatest of modern mathematicians, Leverrier, who has subjected the eccentricities, distances, and inclinations of the orbits of the asteroids to a mathematical investigation, the result of which is as follows:—

“In the present state of things, these eccentricities and these inclinations are totally incompatible with Olber’s hypothesis, which supposed that the small planets—some of which were discovered even in his day—were produced from the wreck of a larger star, which had exploded. The forces necessary to launch the fragments of a given body in such different routes (whose existence we should be obliged to suppose), would be of such an improbable intensity, that the most limited mathematical knowledge could not but see its absurdity.” He concludes the memoir by advancing four propositions, “which for ever annihilate Olber’s hypothesis.”†

The Buffonian theory, thus deprived of the only apparently analogous fact by which it was supported, was restored to its birthplace in the regions of foggy hypothesis. But science, indignant that such nonsense should ever have dared to assume her livery, will not allow it to linger even among the shades. Those irregular world-breaking comets, which, while their density was unknown, formed such convenient sledge-hammers for the atheist’s world-factory, have been literally dissipated into smoke by powerful telescopes. In fact, a respectable wreath of smoke is quite a substantial being compared with the densest of the comets.

“The smallest comets, such as are visible only in telescopes, or with difficulty by the naked eye, and which are by far the most numerous, offer very frequently no appearance of a tail, and appear only as round or somewhat oval vaporous masses, more dense towards the centre, where, however, they appear to have no distinct nucleus, or anything which seems

* “Progress of Astronomy,” 70.

† Memoir to the French Academy, by M. Leverrier; from “The Annual of Scientific Discovery,” for 1855, p. 376.

entitled to be considered a solid body. Stars of the smallest magnitude remain distinctly visible, though covered by what appears to be the densest portion of their surface; although the same stars would be completely obliterated by a moderate fog extending only a few yards from the surface of the earth. And since it is an observed fact, that even those larger comets, which have presented the appearance of a nucleus, have yet exhibited no phases, though we cannot doubt that they shine by the reflected solar light, it follows that even these can only be regarded *as great masses of thin vapour*, susceptible of being penetrated through their whole substance by the sunbeams, and reflecting them alike from their interior parts and from their surfaces.

Nor will any one regard this explanation as forced, or feel disposed to resort to a phosphorescent quality in the comet itself to account for the phenomena in question, when we consider (what will hereafter be shown) the enormous magnitude of the space thus illuminated, and the extremely small mass which there is ground to attribute to these bodies. It will then be evident that the most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere, and seem at sunset to be drenched in light, and to glow throughout their whole depth, as if in actual ignition, without any shadow or dark side, *must be looked upon as dense and massy bodies, compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet.*"*

MORAL TRUTHS OF CHRISTIANITY.*

[The third and last volume of a series, at once learned and popular, eminently suited to the times, and fitted to be of great use in this country as well as in Germany. The author gives the best defence of Christianity by exhibiting its essential wisdom and good,—by showing how it is the source of all that is effectual for the healing of the nations.]

I.

CHRISTIANITY IN NATIONAL LIFE.

IT is an unmistakable fact that God is leading our nation to a new era. After the supremacy of Spain in the sixteenth century, and that of France in the succeeding centuries, the German era seems to be dawning upon the European world. But great as may be the political greatness and importance of the nation, its future will only be happy and blessed if it makes Christianity the firm foundation-stone of its new imperial edifice. We rejoice, and we have a right to rejoice, that the German name has so speedily become honourable among all nations. Hitherto we had been esteemed only as diligent labourers, as good material for the life-culture of other nations; when one morning the world awoke, and found to its surprise that Germany was the first among the nations. There is a national pride which is justifiable, and for this we have ample reason. There is, moreover, a national Pharisaism, and we are not without temptation thereto. When we look back, we cannot but acknowledge that it was God's mercy, and not our own wisdom and soldiership, which so led our armies from victory to victory, that we were like unto them that dream; that it was God's mercy which gave us that German Empire which we had so long vainly dreamt of and longed for. Let us, then, as we look forwards, acknowledge also that nothing but faith in God, and in his revelation in Christ, can lay a firm foundation for the edifice of our national future. The wisest policy, the truest patriotism, is to prepare a place for Christianity in our nation, and in our national life. The

natural sources of a nation's life, even of the most highly-gifted nation, dry up at last, as we are taught by the history of the ancient world. Christianity, however, is the perennial fountain of a moral life, in which even the most debased of nations may ever be refreshed and renovated. This is a fact which our nation has repeatedly experienced, and the experience of the past is the best instruction for the future.

II.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.

THE Church question is now the order of the day, and the interest felt in Church matters is widely diffused. I will not now stop to inquire into the motives of this interest, and its consequent value; I speak only of the fact. But when, by reason of this interest taken in Church matters, the question is to arrive at a decision, by what standard must Church matters be judged and decided? The Protestant principle is, that in such questions the last appeal must be to *holy Scripture*. To it are we above all referred; it is to be the divine mirror for ourselves and for the Church. For this purpose does our Church put the Scriptures into our hand, that we may dive into them, read them, live in them. And it is the glory of the Protestant that he has free access to them, and that no authority may block up his way to them. And they deserve this. We read much. But holy Scripture deserves beyond all other books to be read. What a marvellous book it is! How stupendous and wondrous an edifice, from its foundations laid with the huge and solid blocks, so to speak, of the account of the beginning of all things and of the origin of the people of God, up to its lofty spire, towering above the limits

* From "Apologetic Lectures on the Moral Truths of Christianity. Delivered in Leipzig in the Winter of 1872 by Chr. Ernst Luthardt, Doctor and Professor of Theology. Translated from the German by Sophia Taylor." Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

* Herschell's "Outlines of Astronomy," p. 553, ed. of 1853.

of earth, and reaching into that eternal world of which the Revelation of St. John gives us a distant glimpse!

We tread on holy ground when we enter this wondrous structure of holy Scripture. And the voices which resound through its courts are sacred voices from another world; nay, the voice of God himself addresses us, not merely as the Lawgiver and Judge, but as the Father seeking for his children. When we enter here, we must first of all silence whatever opinions and prejudices we may entertain or bring with us, surrender ourselves unreservedly to the impression which God's Word makes upon us, and let it do its work upon our souls. This is the main point. Human scholarship may be needful to give us access to the full understanding of holy Scripture; but then, having entered, we must leave all human knowledge without, and simply hearken. Scripture was given to us by God, not to be an object of learned investigation, not to enlarge our historical or philological knowledge; it does indeed do us service in these matters; but its ultimate aim is a religious one, and our proper attitude towards it must also be a religious one. The first essential in the Christian life is prayer, and the second is love to holy Scripture and living in it.

It may be truly said that there never was a time in which Scripture was so widely diffused as in our own. Care is taken that it shall be in the hands of all. But it may also be said that since the press made Scripture the common property of Christians, there never was a time in which it was, on the whole, so little read and known, and so foreign to the masses of Christendom, as the present. To be well grounded in Scripture was formerly the boast and the acquirement of many. How few can be called so now! Much time and pains are devoted to religious questions; much interest taken, it may be, in matters of Church government; much conflict perhaps waged for the advancement of the Church; but that which should have the first place is passed by, and very little attention is paid to the Bible. And yet it is the Protestant principle that in all matters, religious and ecclesiastical, the decision rests with holy Scripture. And apart from this, is there a work in the German language of which we have more reason to be proud than Luther's translation of the Bible? What have we not as a nation possessed in our Bible? It has ever furnished the best and purest nutriment of our intellectual life. Hence have we derived our poetry and our practical wisdom—here have we found gladness in labour, even solace in suffering. Nor let it be forgotten that there is nothing so calculated to form a bond of union between the different classes and grades of our population, nothing which can make our national spirit so healthy, and in the best sense so popular, as holy Scripture. A French scholar, Rosseau St. Hilaire, published, in the French language, some few years since, a collection of Alsatian proverbs and tales. In the midst of his learned labours he met with these productions of the German mind in Alsace, and was so struck with

their simplicity and poetical beauty that he left off for a season his "History of Spain," upon which he was then engaged, to translate these little tales, and thus to introduce them among his own people. He preceded these "Tractates d'Alsace" by a preface, in which he speaks of the difference between the French and German mind, and of the influence of the Bible upon the national spirit and literature of a people. "There is in the German mind a strangely charming mixture of the naïve and the sublime, of the childlike and the profound, resulting from the honest nature of this primitive people, who have kept closer to nature than we have done, and are endowed with an indestructible youth, which defies the lapse of ages. If there are in the world two types of mind so oppositely constituted that they can never understand each other, they are the French and German. One always ironical, ready to jest at itself and others; the other sincere even to childishness (*enfantillage*), indignant at jesting which is contrary to its nature, and ready to take offence when it feels itself misunderstood. I have travelled much, both in north and south, and there is one fact which I have everywhere met with. Wherever the Bible is not made the foundation-stone of education, of society, and of every form of life, there is no literature for children or for the people. Look at Spain, Italy, and even France—in a word, at every country in which the Bible is not read: nowhere is there any reading for the child or the labourer. In Germany and England, on the contrary, there exists a Christian children's and popular literature, in which, as in a mirror, the national spirit is clearly reflected." In these words does a Frenchman tell us the secret of our strength and of the soundness of our national life. The Bible in the family, the Bible in the school, the Bible in the Church, is the good old German and Protestant custom.

III.

FRIENDSHIP AND SOCIABILITY.

FRIENDSHIP played a great part in the ancient world, and was of great importance in both a political and scientific sense. Spartan legislation made the friendship of the man with the growing youth the foundation of political virtue; the man was to inspire the youth with the spirit of the political constitution. In battle, friends stood by and protected each other, as Socrates and Alcibiades in the battle of Potidea; the friends Epaminondas and Pelopidas were associated in the work of aggrandizing their country; and the sacred band of Thebans was an association of friends. Art, moreover, whether plastic or poetic, delighted to do honour to the alliances of friends, from the friendships of Achilles and Patroclus, of Orestes and Pylades, down to that of the tyrannicides Harmodius and Aristogiton. It was, too, with the purpose of being a thorough Greek, that Alexander entered into the bonds of friendship with Hephæstion. If friendships were generally commenced

upon the arena of the gymnasia, their importance extended not merely to personal and political life, but formed also the basis of scientific studies and schools of philosophy. It was a tie of friendship which united the Pythagoreans to each other, and attracted the disciples of Socrates to their beloved master. Hence it is no marvel that not only poets and artists did honour to friendship, but that philosophers made it the subject of their investigations. Aristotle devotes to it no less than two of his ten books on Ethics; and he who is elsewhere so calm, cold, and sparse in words, rises almost to poetic lights and warmth of feeling when he speaks of friendship.

What, then, let us ask, was it that gave such importance to friendship in the ancient world? It was assuredly perceived that morality must be the basis even of political action. But what force was to impart strength to morality? Nothing for such a purpose was known but law. Even Aristotle knew no other means of moral education than the law of the State. But it is obvious that, while law can determine and regulate the external conduct, it is powerless to impart the inward spirit of morality. The letter killeth; the spirit alone giveth life. Antiquity had, however, no other and higher moral power. Its religion was a summary of external precepts, and knew nothing of personal self-surrender to God. To us the family is the sphere of the highest and dearest of human associations. In the ancient world, marriage was too much regarded from the point of view furnished by the interest of the State; and in Athens it was rather a sensuous than a moral fellowship. It did not then offer the personal satisfaction and moral elevation which we seek in it. Hence, friendship took the place of the wanting moral power. One friend was to be in the eyes of another the realization of the moral ideal, and to furnish him with that inward spiritual impulse which the law was powerless to produce.

This view of friendship, however, exacted more of it than it was able to afford. It was a pleasant delusion, indeed, but only a delusion.

Reproach has often been cast upon Christianity for lacking that high appreciation of friendship which prevailed in the ancient world. With the revival of humanism at the time of Petrarch was revived also the analogy of ancient friendship; and during the decadence of Christianity in the last, and the subsequent romantic period in the present century, the worship of friendship was renewed. Christianity and holy Scripture are, however, quite as well acquainted with friendship as the non-Christian world. The friendship of David and Jonathan is equal in poetic tenderness and fervour to any mentioned among the ancients; and what was it but a tie of friendship that subsisted between the earliest disciples of Christ? It was by friends that the new epoch of the Christian era was introduced; and the history of the Church presents us with many examples of friends, whose affection became a mutual incentive in

the service of the Master to whom they had devoted their lives. It is, however, true that friendship does not occupy in the Christian the exclusive position it possessed in the ancient world. It is no longer all in all; it is but one member in the organism of moral life, one ray of the moral sun. That sun itself, which rose with Christ, is love—Christian love to the brethren, and general love to man, with its whole circle of Christian virtues. To this highest of all virtues, friendship is subordinate. But what it seems to lose in importance it gains in inward worth by the consecration it receives from the Christian spirit.

Friendship in the abstract is independent of Christianity, for it is a relation natural to man. Internal affinity of natural qualities and feelings brings together the like-minded and like-disposed. It is at the time of life when the properties of heart and mind develop, that we seek in another the supply of that which is lacking in ourselves by combining with kindred souls. Youth is the time for forming friendships. Later years, when peculiarities become settled and confirmed, make us more conscious of difference than of affinity in others. It is but rarely that the man of mature age enjoys the happiness of obtaining a friend in the true sense of the word. The period of youthful development is the time for friendship. For even though in later life, not only their outward lot, but their inward opinions, whether political or religious, may more or less sever youthful friends, the ties of memory and of former connection will still remain, even between those now parted.

Friendship seeks in another merely himself. It is not the profit which may accrue to our own nature, to our mental development or wealth, which we must seek in friendship. Such a friendship, in which one man regards another merely as a means for the attainment of his own ends, be they ever so intellectual, is but selfishness. It is inward communion of heart that we seek, and this it is that friends cherish by that personal intercourse in which each devotes himself to the other, and finds mutual pleasure in the other's affection.

Friendship is based, indeed, upon natural properties; but it is itself a moral relation, and cannot, therefore, exist without exercising a moral agency. That is no true friendship which would not venture upon or endure moral exhortation and reproof. It is on this account that no friendship can be durable which does not rest upon an agreement of moral sentiments. The latter decades of the former, and the first decades of the present century, exhibit a series of friendships, especially in the various literary circles of the period, which were of a merely æsthetic nature.

The terms in which these friends speak of and to each other are often of a very excessive kind; but a perusal of their respective correspondences forces upon us the conviction that there is a lack of heartfelt earnestness in this superabundant worship of friendship. And this is borne out by facts; for in many instances it has happened that these friends have become indifferent,

or even hostile. Friendship is durable only when it is based upon common moral and religious sentiments. I cannot be the friend of him who rejects and despises my Lord and Saviour. Christianity does not, indeed, make friends, but it is the spiritual force which binds their inmost hearts together. And it is true of friendship, as of every other human relation, that it finds its highest truth in Christianity.

Friendship exists only between the few, but we have intercourse with the many; and even those who are far removed from ourselves in intellectual respects must not be objects of indifference. Man must show a kindly feeling to, and find pleasure in, his fellow-man; for from all flows forth that varied wealth of human nature which God has displayed before us, that we should rejoice in and enjoy it. Thus are formed those various relations of a slighter kind which must be cherished. The form of this manifold and freer intercourse is *sociability*. This purely human relation of social intercourse extends beyond the limits of business, association, and friendship.

It is true that business and friendship will ever form the central points round which this wider circle of society will gather; for we must not seek acquaintances arbitrarily, but take them as they arise from the manifold contact into which we come with our fellows. But what we seek in another with whom we enter into social relations is not the business associate nor the friend, but the man himself; for his fellow-man is to be regarded with indifference by none, but to be to him an object of affection and delight. God has implanted certain natural gifts in every man, and these each must offer to and rejoice over in another. It is this unreserved and mutual interchange of giving and receiving that forms the charm of social intercourse. We do not frequent society to learn, or in some way to profit by it; we frequent it for its own sake. And it is just this that forms its value and importance. It brings men together, arouses their mutual interest and good-will, and obliges them to exercise that self-control which opposes their natural faults, and thus removes all that might interrupt or destroy social intercourse. By thus disposing every one to show his better side to others, it generates that healthy atmosphere of social life which reacts with salutary and moralizing effect upon each individual. It is this that imparts to society that refreshing influence which sheds itself over the dusty hours of labour, like the refreshing dew that falls upon the thirsty flowers.

Christianity, you will, however, say, has not much to do with such sociability; and it must be admitted that companionship is a human want even in a Christian. Not religious subjects and spiritual songs alone should constitute the matter of intercourse, even of Christians. The abundant variety of natural life, and the sphere of intellectual interests, as well as the hidden depths of the soul, must furnish such matter. But for this very reason, social intercourse, like all else, is placed under

moral law, and must receive therefrom its measure, and its precepts of modesty, truth, and love. Social intercourse is not work, but enjoyment; and enjoyment is recreation from work. It is this which must determine its measure, and that of the various pleasures and enjoyments that may be connected with it. These are all lawful, so far as they furnish the recreation needed by work, and thus subserve, instead of hinder, the business of our calling.

Every enjoyment has its sensuous side, and sensuousness of every kind has its dangers. You all know how great are these dangers, and how numerous are the offences of ordinary society; for there is a refined as well as a coarse sensuality, and the former is often more infectious than the latter.

In social intercourse each should show his best side to others. This involves the danger of untruthfulness. We try to appear better or more amiable than we really are. There are untruths of external appearance as well as of word. The temptation to untruthfulness dodges our every step in daily intercourse. I know well that there is in our language a multitude of expressions which are worth far less than they seem; it is a depreciated currency. We cannot dispense with these expressions of courtesy, if we mean to have any intercourse at all with others. We are obliged to speak of esteem and devotion when, perhaps, little or none exists. But there is a tacit understanding with respect to such phrases. Every one knows what they mean, and no one attributes to them a higher meaning, though even in such matters there is a certain moral tact which will know how to preserve moderation and avoid extremes. Our words, however, become really untrue when we give others occasion to attribute more meaning to them than is really intended. Our social intercourse is full of courtesies and flatteries, which are purposely designed to be taken in a fuller sense than the heart of the speaker feels, and therefore to deceive those to whom they are addressed. This is contrary to the moral law of truth, and a Christian must not be misled into treading the path of such conventional falsehood.

Sociability is the expression of that general good-will which man should show to his fellow; and grievously as others are sinned against by unloving words even in social intercourse, it still conduces, or at least should conduce, to arouse and cherish mutual interest and good-will. Such good-will, however, as is shown by sociability, is not worth much, unless it is more deeply rooted in that love which beholds in another not the natural amiability or interesting mental qualities he may possess, but an immortal soul created by God and redeemed by Christ. We soon feel the difference between a merely external and transitory interest, and that deeper heart-interest which desires our real good; and we experience but too often how acquaintanceships of many years' standing are exchanged for complete indifference, when they have no deeper foundation than merely sensible or intellectual enjoyment. Here, too, it is the religious

l moral basis of the inner-life which bestows its higher th upon even this outmost circumference of natural life. A life of action requires the pauses of recreation. y of one kind or other is the most usual form of reation, whether our minds find pleasant exercise in various forms of playful conversation, in wit or nour, or we employ the intervals of labour in the ny forms of gymnastic exercises; whether the young use themselves with the easy and harmonious move-nts of the body in the dance, or the old seek repose their weary minds in easy and alluring games of nce. All this seems of a nature so indifferent, as withdraw altogether from moral estimation. And

yet it may be a widely different moral substance with which these varying forms are filled. I may betake myself to a certain recreation in a moral spirit, and seek therein invigoration for renewed exertion, or I may seek and find in it food for my immoral inclinations. In fact, nothing a man does is morally indifferent; but every act, down to the most seemingly indifferent, down to eating and drinking, and to the very fashion of our garments, has a moral importance and value bestowed upon it by the spirit and intention which we put into it. And not unfrequently will the practised eye detect the inward character manifested in these most external of matters.

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

FOUNDED UPON FACT.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."—Ps. I. 15.

CHAPTER I.

SW-E-E-P—sw-e-e-p!" cried a young and weak voice before the gate of a large house in Southampton, one bitter morning in January. The second cry was owed by a violent fit of coughing.

"O Ned," said the little sweep, in a plaintive voice, his brother, "why do people tell us to come at five o'clock, and then keep us a-waitin' like this in the l?"

"Don't know, Charlie boy. 'Cause they're lazy, most ly, and don't want to leave their snug beds! Here, shout next, while you pull the bell."

arrying out his intention, Ned shouted with so much er, that he startled the occupants of the front rooms.

"Bother those sweeps," was the irritable exclamation Mr. Westmore to his wife; "why does not Mary wer their first ring?"

efore any reply came, however, from his drowsy tner, he had turned over, and was again fast asleep. an adjoining room lay Flora, a little girl of about ten rs, the only child of Mr. Westmore. Startled by l's shout, she too for a moment yielded to impatience eing thus awakened; but in another instant impa-ice gave way to sorrow, for she caught the sound of rlie's cough.

"Oh, what a cough that poor sweep has! If I am l in this snug bed, what must he feel to be out in the l now, with such a dreadful cough! I do wish Mary lld go and let them in."

As Flora uttered this wish half aloud, Mary slowly cended the stairs, and unlocking the door, loudly re-ved the sweeps for their impatience, before she pro-eded to the gate in order to admit them, quite forgetful he fact that she had kept them waiting an unreason-e time. Ah, Selfishness ruled in the heart of Mary this moment, as much as in that of her master when

he vented his impatience on his wife, heedless of the suffering ones outside. Perhaps master and maid were selfish alike from want of thought. None the less were they guilty of sin; and surely God, who notes the fall of a sparrow, marked the careless treatment of his two suffering ones on this morning. Let us not judge others, however, but see to it that we err not in like manner. Flora listened, and when she felt sure that they had been admitted, she comforted herself with the idea that the poor boy with the sad cough would be better now, and turned over to sleep again, and to dream of what she would do for the sick chimney-sweep.

At breakfast on this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Westmore were surprised by the request of their little daughter that she might go to visit the little sweep.

"What for, my darling?" said her mother.

"O mother, he has such a fearful cough, just like"—and, lowering her voice to a whisper, Flora repeated, "just like dear Fred's was."

Mrs. Westmore for a moment was silenced by the mention of her boy's name, for he had not been dead twelve months; but recovering her composure, she said presently: "Well, dear, and what do you want to do if I give you permission to go?"

"Why, mamma, take him things to make him better."

"So you shall, my darling, when you have finished your morning lessons with Miss Prescott. She shall show you the way."

"Do you know him then, mamma?" said Flora, scarcely able to sit still for joy.

"Yes, dear; he is the child of Widow Astlake. When younger, she worked for me; but for some time I have lost sight of her. Mary tells me that she has only two sons, both of whom are sweeps."

"Then I may go and see them! Oh, thank you,

dear, dear mamma." And with a kiss to both of her parents, Flora left the room.

"What strange fancy is this!" said Mr. Westmore to his wife. "Smitten by a chimney-sweep, is it?"

"Well, dear," was the laughing reply, "I remember well when, as a child, it was the custom (a cruel custom, by the way) for children to climb the chimneys, that a little boy of seven years was sent to sweep those in our house. My little heart was full of pity for the poor child. I followed him into one room, and when I thought no one was looking, I went up to him, seized his little sooty hand, kissed him on the cheek, and then gave him a penny. How delighted the little fellow looked! But it appeared afterwards that there had been an amused observer of the whole scene, and for a long time I had to bear being laughed at, I can assure you. Not that this troubled me; for had I not comforted the ill-used, hard-worked orphan boy, with my childish sympathy in the gift of that penny and kiss?"

"No wonder, then, that Flora has inherited your predilections, my dear," was Mr. Westmore's reply. "But," added he, on leaving the room, "I do hope, if you grant her request, that Miss Prescott will have judgment enough not to take Flora into harm's way—beware of infection, mind!"

Leaving the home of Flora for a while, let us follow the steps of the two sweeps, as they wend their way back to their sorry breakfast.

"O Ned, how hard things seem in the cold weather, don't they?"

"Yes, Charlie; hard enough, most times; but I shouldn't care half as much if you would only get rid of your cough, it does remind me so of poor father—that's harder than all to me!" And, as he spoke, Ned wrapped round his brother his own larger though well-worn overcoat.

Another fit of coughing prevented Charlie from speaking; then, as it ceased, he threw his arm round his brother, and said: "'Tis the soot, I believe, does it; it is always worse when I come out of a morning to sweep a chimney."

"Yes," replied Ned, "I daresay; but the cold has most to do with it, I think. Things do seem hard." And the young man drew a long sigh, and walked on in silence.

In a few moments they reached the alley in which they lived with their widowed mother. Close as this alley was, her room was beautifully clean and airy, in spite of poverty. The room was small, upon the ground-floor, with a window scarcely large enough to admit any light, while it admitted wind and rain; and together with the door, half off its hinges, created a constant draught. Still, in spite of all, this room was "home" to Ned and Charlie, and they entered it with pleasure on this morning. A few embers only smouldered in the little grate. In a corner of the room was the bed of Widow Astlake, hidden by a curtain, which divided the room into two parts—the second half being the sleeping-

place of her two sons. What made this room home? What was it which, on this cold morning (when all in the outer world was dark and drear), made both boys brighten, and summoned so suddenly to their face a cheerful smile? It was *their mother*. There she sat, clean in all her poverty, before a table spread to the best of her ability, with bread, herrings, and tea made from the leaves given her by some servant, at a house where she charred. Yes, there she sat, the picture of cleanliness, her eyes filled with patient thankfulness for the meal—eyes that kindled afresh with love, as they gazed on her beloved boys. Having first washed their hands from the soot, Ned and Charlie sat down to their frugal fare—fare carrying, however, more blessing to them than the luxurious food spread in the homes of many of the great and rich, because *blessed* by the grace repeated from thankful, humble, and believing hearts.

"Mother dear," said Charlie, after having told her how they were kept waiting at the big house, with the scolding they both got from the servant—"mother dear, why is all so unjust, dark, and cruel—why must we suffer day after day, while others have more than they want?"

"O Charlie dear, don't talk so! Hasn't God given us enough as yet?"

"Yes, mother; but if you had seen the big house we went to this morning. They have all that they can want there; and yet it was there the servant was so sharp and cruel in manner to us. No wonder I grumble. She was sharp because we *woke her too soon*; and yet we went at the right time, as she said. Ned took all so quiet; he did. I'm right proud of him, that I am; for I should have said some angry words, only his *ray* stopped me."

"I'm glad it did, Charlie; we only lose by being *made* angry, and displease God."

"But, mother dear, you call him a prayer-hearer God, and tell me often that he says, 'Call upon Me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver you.' Well, we have gone on asking and calling for help every day since poor father died, yet we are no better off—if anything, we are worse. Now, if he hears prayer, why is it so?"

"Because he thinks best, Charlie. Oh, do not talk of the great God in such a tone as that, my child. You are more tired than usual, and that nasty cough pains you surely, or you would think differently. God is a hearer and an answerer of prayer; even *now* he is listening to us, and will answer, though the answer may not come in our way. Remember, we must not look upon prayer as a power by which we may bend God to our will, or as an instrument by which we may drive him, as it were, to do our bidding, or to give us our desire and want. No; prayer is not these, but the *blessed way to God*, opened by the blood of Jesus; by which way man may go, draw nigh to, and speak with his Maker, tell him his need—leaving him who is all wisdom, love, power, to give or refuse the request, just as he thinks best. Depend upon it, Charlie, you and I

re lesson to learn yet, which God will teach us, perhaps by *denial*. Let us, however, still ill trust. But now it is time for Ned to go to re must stop talking, therefore. I wish you, to remain at home to-day to help me. With gh you must not go out again into the cold. I don't think you must help with the chimneys l it be gone."

Widow Astlake said grace, and began to move ants of the meal. Ned took his cap and went le Charlie only too willingly obeyed his mother, lown to think by the fireside.

CHAPTER II.

's thoughts were soon scattered, however, by : of his mother at work. He could not rest thus. se and began to help her in tidying the room; filled the empty wood-basket, and assisted in g their scanty dinner. This done, his mother : to rest well while she went to do a "hand's- : she termed it, for a neighbour. Charlie could , though nearly twelve years of age: this was a l to himself. Indeed, it was his one burden, more heavy because he bore it in silence, well that his mother could not afford to send him to Neither could she nor Ned teach him, as their our was such that at the close they were too any mental effort of the kind. Before his ad become so bad, he had been in the habit of g a Sunday school. There, however, the boys taught to read, so that all he had learned was in ing to memory texts of Scripture, hymns, and rks of his teacher. Valuable as this knowledge was but head-knowledge after all. As yet the God had not brought Charlie to the knowledge as his own Saviour—his own Friend. As yet g heart was not given to Him—but to Self. trial of not being able to read for himself, with other burdens, seemed to him greater than he ar. Life—short as his had been—was bitter to d he had early learned to *doubt* his mother's Pondering now as he sat by the fire over the oken by his mother at the breakfast-table, try- nderstand them—to make them square with his as of things—the morning passed rapidly away. before noon, he was startled by a knock at the d still more startled when, in answer to his in," a lady with a little girl about his own age Quickly rising, Charlie tried to make a bow, shyly offered them a chair.

is Mrs. Astlake's room, is it not?" said the

ma'am."

you are her son, I suppose?"

ma'am."

l, then, this little girl has brought you some

things. She heard you cough so badly this morning, that she could not rest until she had brought some things to ease it, and cure it, if possible."

Opening his eyes in wonder, Charlie said: "I never saw her, ma'am; how could she know anything about it?"

"When you came to our house this morning, I heard you," said Flora, blushing. "I am afraid Mary did not let you in quickly," she continued.

"No, miss; and she was right cross 'cause we came so soon; but it was the time she bid us come," was Charlie's truthful answer.

"I am sorry for that," said Miss Prescott; "but we are all apt to lose our temper sometimes, and I dare say Mary would feel sorry now for having spoken so sharply. Come, Flora, open the basket." The ready fingers soon obeyed, and drew forth some cold chicken, rolls, jelly, with a pot of black-currant jam. "These are all for you, Charlie. I hope you will enjoy them. And this is a packet of lozenges for use when your cough troubles you."

Astonishment made the poor boy silent for a few moments, then he tried to find words with which to thank his young friend, but could not get beyond, "Oh, thank you kindly, miss; won't mother be right glad—"

"Can you read?" asked Miss Prescott.

"No, ma'am," was the sorrowful reply, while poor Charlie coloured with shame.

"How is that?"

"Mother can't afford to send me to school, and my cough's been so bad this winter I couldn't go even to Sunday school."

"Would you like to learn at home?"

"Deed and I should, ma'am."

"Well, then, perhaps some way will open before you, by which your desire to read may yet be gratified. Now we must go. Good-bye, and tell your mother that Mrs. Westmore sent these gifts, and will try to come herself shortly."

After his visitors had departed, Charlie looked at his gifts, covered them with a cloth, and longed for his mother's return. Very soon the widow made her appearance at the door.

"O mother, guess what's happened while you have been away?"

"I'm sure I can't guess, my boy; something good, I should say, from your look."

"Well, look here, mother; guess what's under that cloth?"

"I can't, dear; has any one been here?"

"Seems like it, mother; don't it? Look!" and uncovering the goods, Charlie displayed them to his mother's wondering gaze.

"O Charlie, whoever gave you these?"

"A little lady who heard me cough this morning while standing at the big house." As he said these words, a sudden thought struck the boy. "Mother, and I thought it hard to be kept waiting, yet if I hadn't been,

the little lady wouldn't have heard me cough, and I shouldn't have had these nice things, so it was good after all. O mother—"

"Ah, my boy, it was best. You *see* it now. May you learn to *believe* in future that all is best, because God orders all, without waiting to see it so; but now our first duty is to thank God for these good things, for they are his." And kneeling down, the poor widow poured out her heart in simple words of thanks before the Lord, and prayed that she and her children might learn to trust him more firmly in future.

Rising from their knees, Charlie turned to his mother and said, "I think God hears your prayers now."

What a happy meal was that! Nor was Ned forgotten, though absent. A good piece of chicken and bread was put by for him in the cupboard, by the loving hands of his mother, for his evening meal.

"Did my pet find her sweep?" was the question of Mr. Westmore that evening when sitting by the fire after tea, with Flora on a stool at his feet.

"Oh yes, papa; and he is such a nice clean boy—his face is *not at all black* at home."

"I suppose he washed the soot off then in expectation of your visit?"

"Now, papa, you are joking. You know he did not know that I was going."

"Very well, dear; and how did he receive you?"

"He was shy, but nice, and thanked me, looking so pleased at the good things sent by mamma. His cough is dreadfully bad, though."

"Poor boy! What is his age?"

"I think he is as old as I; but we did not ask. We found him all alone, sitting by the fire in a very small room, with very little in it. I am sure they must be very, very poor."

"Does he go to school?"

"No, papa; and that is what I want to talk to you about. Do you know that I have a capital plan in my head?"

"Do I know, Flora? How can I till you tell me?" said Mr. Westmore, smiling at his little daughter's eagerness.

"Now, papa, be serious, please, and listen to me, for it is quite serious, I can tell you."

"Well, then, little woman, go on, and let me hear all that you have to say, for I am all attention."

"That is a good papa! Well, I am going to ask Uncle Sanar to help him, and to let him go to school without paying, because he is too poor to pay."

"But, Flora, kind as Uncle Sanar is, I do not think that it would be right to ask all that of him. Suppose, instead," added Mr. Westmore, seeing Flora's look of

disappointment—"suppose you ask him to visit Charlie, inviting him to the Sunday school by way of beginning; and then, if his mother can spare him during the week, I will pay the school fee for one year's attendance at the National School, till we see what the boy is made of."

"Oh, thank you, dear papa. I thought my plan capital, but yours is ever so much better. Now, I must say 'good-night.'"

"Good-night, darling; do not dream of your sweep."

"Perhaps I shall," said Flora, kissing her father as he bent over her with a look of fond affection. Then, bounding from the room, she hastened to the nursery in search of her mother.

"Hush, pet, baby is asleep!" whispered Mrs. Westmore.

Flora stepped quietly up to her mamma, threw her arms around her neck, and whispered, "Good news, mamma. Papa has promised to send Charlie to school for a whole year!"

Mrs. Westmore gazed on her little girl, whose eyes were beaming with joy at that moment,—with unselfish joy, too,—for she was rejoicing in the good that was coming to another. Drawing her closely to her, she said with all the sympathy that Flora could desire, "I am truly glad, my darling, for I very much regret having lost sight of Widow Astlake for so long a time."

"May I go to Uncle Sanar to-morrow?"

"Yes, after lessons."

"Thank you, mamma. I know he will help, because he is so kind; and I hope he will teach him too, because he is so clever, and can make children understand so easily. How simple all he says on Sunday is! Why, I can make out all his meaning when he preaches, so perhaps he will teach Charlie to love the Lord Jesus. O mamma, think of that!"

"Let us hope so, dear. But what makes you think that uncle can do this, and why do you wish it so much?"

"Because uncle has taught *me* to love Him," said Flora, bending low, and speaking softly.

"Good-night, darling; now go," said Mrs. Westmore, kissing her, while her own eyes filled with tears. She had no answer to make to this remark of her child, so took refuge in dismissing her to bed; but as the door closed upon Flora, the heart's cry of her mother was this: "Oh, that I too knew, and loved, that name! Oh, would that I loved my child's Saviour!" But she did not ask the Giver of all good gifts to teach her to know and love Jesus, so, for the present, she went on her way wishing, but only wishing, to be better: sick at heart whenever she thought of the difference between herself and her child.

(To be concluded next month.)





ON PILGRIMAGES—THEIR PRINCIPLE, HISTORY, AND USES.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLLIE, LL.D.

FIRST, we shall state the value of Pilgrimages. They are not mere labours of love, or purely works of spiritual æsthetics. They are the offspring of a religion which teaches the devotee in every act to have an eye to the main chance. Pilgrimages bear a certain price in the market of the Church, or, to make use of language more strictly canonical, in the market of heaven. They are paid for in indulgences—a coin struck nowhere save in the Vatican mint, and which bears on the one side the tiara and keys, and on the obverse a finely executed and very vivid representation of purgatory. An indulgence is an indulgence for what? The shorthand explanation which Protestants usually give of this technical phrase is that it is an indulgence to sin. Romanists strongly object to this way of putting it. They maintain that this definition is not accurate; that, in short, it is a malicious falsification of what the Pope does when he grants an indulgence. He does not, say they, give a remission of *sin*; he gives a remission of *punishment*. There are not many people who will see any difference here. A remission of sin and a remission of punishment they will very probably persist in viewing as practically the same thing. But as this is the way that Romanists put it, and, for some reason or other, insist that it shall be put, as being the more accurate and the more pleasant, we shall, by all means, put it in this way, and humour them by saying that the coin in which pilgrimages are paid is not the remission of so much sin, but the remission of so much punishment.

The next point to be settled is the rate of wages for the work done. What amount—not

of sin, let the reader always bear in mind, but of punishment—will a pilgrimage of a hundred miles purchase remission of? Now this is a question which it is exceedingly difficult to answer. A pilgrimage of ten miles will, in some cases, earn as much as a pilgrimage of a hundred, or even a thousand, miles in others. The power of the indulgence—in other words, the amount of punishment remitted—is regulated, not by the number of miles gone, nor by the hardships, perils, and other annoyances that may infest the road, but entirely by the holiness of the shrine visited. A saint of great merit and fame will entitle his devotee to an indulgence of a hundredfold greater power than can a saint of small consideration, irrespective altogether of the time, toil, or expense one may have put oneself to to pay one's respects to him. Now this—we say it with much submission—does not appear to us to be equitable or fair in a mercantile point of view. And in a religion whose fundamental doctrine is that salvation is of works, all arrangements ought surely to be based on the mercantile principle. The reward rendered ought to bear a strict ratio to the work done. The ratio ought to be fixed, not variable, so that all such anomalies shall be avoided as that a man who goes a pilgrimage of a hundred miles shall have only a hundred years struck off his term of sojourn in purgatory, while another man, who has gone, it may be, a pilgrimage of only ten miles, shall have a thousand years subtracted from his allotted period of punishment. Perhaps we are not the proper persons to throw out the suggestion, still we venture to propose that the next time the tariff of indulgences is revised, this glaring inequality shall be redressed, and the whole affair put upon strict

mercantile principles, so that in all cases the same amount of work may be recompensed with the same amount of wages.

PILGRIMAGES A PAGAN GROWTH.

Pilgrimages grew up on the soil of paganism. This is their paternity, beyond all doubt. Not a trace of such a thing do we meet with in the Bible. The graves of the two great leaders of the Israelites—the men who brought them from the slavery of Egypt to the land of liberty—were unknown, and therefore, it may be said, pilgrimages to their tombs were out of the question. But that difficulty might have been got over. A tithe of the marvellous faculty for discovery which the Romanists have since displayed might have found the veritable tomb of Aaron on Mount Hor, and the exact resting-place of Moses in the valley of Moab, “over against Beth-peor.” But never was an effort made, so far as we learn, to discover either grave. But if these two sepulchres were unknown, not so the burial-place of the great fathers of the Hebrew people. The dust of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, it was well known, rested in the cave of Machpelah, in the environs of Hebron. That spot could not be other than one of intensest and tenderest interest to the Israelites; and yet, throughout the whole of their history as a people, we read not of so much as one solitary Jew ever going thither on pilgrimage. There stood a pillar above the grave of Rachel; and yet never was lamp kindled or votive offering hung up at the tomb of the mother of Israel. The burial-place of Joseph, in the valley of Shechem, was also a well-known but a quite unvisited locality, at least for any religious purpose. Peter, in his sermon on the day of Pentecost, reminded the Jews that they had David’s sepulchre among them to that very day. There it had been, in their very city, all throughout the ages since the day the warrior-king slept with his fathers; yet no one appears to have dreamed of going thither to pray or to fast before it: no one thought of wooing victory by hanging up his sword at the tomb of the slumbering hero before going forth to battle. David was a saint not less eminent than any in the popish calendar; yet it was not thought that his bones communicated any holiness to the soil in which

they rested, or that they imparted to supplications offered at his grave the power of winging their way with speedier flight into the skies, and of receiving more gracious audience in the court of the great King.

Nay more: a greater grave than any of these—the greatest earth ever contained—was well known in apostolic times. The exact spot “where the Lord lay” was indubitably known; yet never do we find apostle or evangelist enjoining on convert, whether Jew or Gentile, a pilgrimage thither. When the jailer at Philippi cried out, in almost despair, “What shall I do to be saved?” Paul did not say, as a father-confessor nowadays would certainly have said, “You must make a pilgrimage to the grave of Christ, and there recite so many prayers, and make the customary offerings to the priests, and you will obtain forgiveness.” We read of but one pilgrimage ever made in apostolic times to the grave of Christ,—even that of the two Marys on the morning of the first day; but not finding in it Him whom they sought, they departed, and came thither again no more.

From the soil of paganism—and especially of Greek paganism—comes, then, this importation. The pantheistic principle is the breath in its nostrils. Take that away, and it returns to its dust—the dust out of which it was taken. Let us look a moment into this matter. What special good does the devotee promise to himself by visiting such and such a shrine—*Paray-la-Monial*, let us say? Why, he expects that there will be infused into his person and into his devotional acts a certain quality, which will make him a holier man, and his prayers more acceptable, and whereby he will become worthy of the indulgence with which the Church rewards his devotion. But whence arises the virtue that is thus infused into him, and that renders him so full of merit and holiness that it would be unjust to retain so good a man so long in the midst of purgatorial fires as otherwise might have been equitable and even necessary? Whence, we ask, arises this marvellous quality? It comes from the rotting bones he approaches, from the priests and the rites he comes in contact with; nay, he imbibes it from the air he breathes and from the ground he treads upon. But, further, whence did this

virtue enter into these persons and things? It is, we are told, a portion of the divinity which impregnates the priests, the sacrifices, the canonized bones, and even the earth and air around them. Well, but this is nakedly and undisguisedly the old Greek doctrine of pantheism. This was the essence of the pagan idolatry: it is not less the essence of Popery. It is its deepest idea. It is the underlying element in all its dogmas and rites, most conclusively and fully attesting it to be in soul and substance sheer paganism.

THEIR RISE AND DEVELOPMENT.

We come now to the history of pilgrimages, which is not a little curious. We shall select a few notable instances illustrative of the magnitude to which the practice has grown, and the extraordinary uses to which at times it has been put. After the fourth century, when the pagan rites began to be introduced into the Christian Church, the fashion of making pilgrimages to the tombs of the saints was brought in along with other heathen practices. Turning away from the doctrines of Christianity as too little sensational, men's minds began to be much occupied with visions, miracles, and apparitions. They were not content to worship in a church unless it stood over the grave of a martyr, and had its walls adorned with pictures and images. Baptism, they believed, had more grace if dispensed with lighted tapers, and the addition of a little salt slipped into the child's mouth; and the sacrament of the Supper imparted more benefit if received from a marble slab that formed the covering of some holy tomb. Holiness was thus becoming localized and materialized; it was shut up in churches, and graves, and holy shrines, and men must go to these places if they wished to be holy; just as invalids nowadays visit renowned spas or famous watering-places in quest of health. To become holier by the study of the Bible, or by the practice of prayer, or the cultivation of the graces of the Spirit, was an antiquated idea, good enough for the men of the first and second centuries, but not to be tolerated for a moment by the liberalized and enlightened spirits of the fourth and fifth and succeeding ages. A better way—a royal road, in short—had been discovered to piety.

By a short journey, and a single day's time, or at most two or three days, men who had been no-ways noted for their virtue, or who perhaps had been noted for their want of it, might become pre-eminent for their sanctity. The priests of those days did their very utmost to multiply the "means of grace," and bring holiness to the door of every man. If there was an unholy man in a whole kingdom it was his own fault, for no man need be without piety who was willing to travel only a few miles. The carcasses of the saints were transported from foreign countries, or they were discovered at home by the pious industry and diligence of the clergy, and those places of pilgrimages—spots where holy bones mouldered, and indulgences were to be earned—were planted at every short distance all over Western Christendom. Every new shrine evoked a new troop of pilgrims; and thus the practice continued to flourish. Every year saw a greater multitude of shrines, and every year saw a more numerous army of pilgrims.

THE CRUSADE.

So matters continued till the end of the tenth century. The popes were concerned to see so much religious enthusiasm running to waste, like water running down a hill-side. Here was so much power which might, and ought to be, utilized. If this force were kept within due channels, and directed to some special object, it might do profitable work for the Church. A new era opened in pilgrimages; they were now seen on a scale never before beheld: in short, the Crusades arose. The first preacher of the Crusades was the Pope himself,—Urban, who had been a monk of Cluny, and was the first Frenchman who ever ascended the throne of Peter. From a lofty scaffold in the market-place of Clermont, the Pontiff, in the year 1095, addressed a vast crowd, urging them to take arms and march to Palestine. The fiery eloquence of the orator was responded to by the audience in enthusiastic shouts, "God wills it; God wills it." The Holy Land, he said, was the indefeasible property of Christians; it had been torn from them by the Saracens, who had long possessed fields and cities which were not theirs, but the common heritage of the faithful, and which, if their hearts were

Christian and their swords sharp, they would not suffer to remain in the possession of the infidel another year. The Holy Sepulchre, too, the very grave in which Christ had lain, the font of salvation, was—oh shame!—in the hands of the unbelieving Saracens. Arm! march! rescue the grave of our Lord! wipe out the opprobrium of Christendom, and earn heaven! To every one who shall gird himself, and mount the red cross upon his shoulder, and go and slay the Saracen, I open, if he fall in battle, the gates of paradise.

The echoes of Urban II. in the market-place of Clermont were borne all over Europe, in the martial and stirring tones of Peter the Hermit, who travelled everywhere preaching the Crusades. These expeditions were pilgrimages under a new name, and for a new object. They were paid for in the old coin, indulgences even; for all who took part in the Crusades, whatever might have been their previous life, character, or crimes, were offered a *plenary indulgence*. Roused by the voice of their "chief pastor," whose appeals were repeated and enforced by the monks and preachers sent forth in all directions, the fanatical nations, too impatient to wait the appointed day of beginning the enterprise, assembled in overwhelming numbers, and gathering round the standard of the first leader that offered, often a monk or hermit, they began their march upon the Holy Land. No less than three hundred thousand set out in the first expedition; and myriads after, during the space of near two hundred years, followed in the same road. The moral epidemic infected all ranks, from the prince to the bondsman; and leaving the city empty and the soil almost without cultivators, they poured in vast hordes out of all the countries of Christendom, and scarce was there a nation which had not its princes, and the flower of its nobility, and its army engulfed in the current, and swept off to perish in the East. The monks not only acted as recruiting sergeants, but became in many instances the generals of those whom they had enlisted in these mad enterprises; and though ignorant of the art of command, and of the countries through which their road lay, placed themselves at the head of these swarms, and led them to the slaughter. Of the immense hordes that departed, the numbers that returned were

inconsiderable indeed; and the few that did so, in exchange for fatigue, famine, robbers, and an infinite variety of perils which they encountered by the way, besides a vast expenditure of treasure, brought home poverty, wounds, diseases, superstition, and pretended relics.

But how did these enterprises promote the interests of the Church of Rome? The popes were then fighting their great battle with the emperors: they were striving to bend the neck of kings and nations to their yoke, and nothing gave them so effectual aid in accomplishing that ambitious design as the Crusades. They were at once the proof of the astonishing height of the papal power, and the means of increasing it. Their first conception arose in the mind of Gregory VII., who saw how useful they would be in bowing the pride and weakening the authority of the kings and barons, and leaving Rome the one pre-eminent power in Europe. And the result was as that astute pontiff had foreseen. The kings of Europe emptied their treasures in fitting out and maintaining these distant expeditions: the nobles had to pawn their lands, and often to pour out their blood, in these enterprises, which brought advantage to no one save the popes. Trade, agriculture, order, morality, all went down into an abyss; and although ultimately incidental and great advantages flowed from the Crusades, the immediate effect was to place the pontiffs in proud and unchallenged supremacy over Europe. In the absence of the princes they took into their own hands the government of their kingdoms: the persons and goods of all the *crossed* were declared under their protection. Rome sent forth her legates to levy tithes, and collect alms and legacies; her wealth and power increased in proportion as that of the princes and barons diminished, so that every year these armed pilgrimages were prolonged served but to rivet that yoke upon the necks of the nations which it required centuries to break.

THE JUBILEE.

When two dismal centuries had run their course, the Crusades drew to a close. The flag of the Prophet still floated upon the walls of Jerusalem; the Holy Sepulchre was still in possession of the infidel: but the Tiara was now

supreme in Christendom. The coffers of Rome overflowed; and the nations of Europe, their blood spilt and their necks bowed, were wiser and sadder than when these fantastic and murderous expeditions were commenced. But though they had learned wisdom, unhappily they were not yet wise enough to be proof against the arts of the great Enchantress. The CRUSADE was now exchanged for the JUBILEE. No longer was the red brand of slaughter suspended over the nations; the olive-branch of peace was now held out to lure them. An august portal was opened to them, and they were invited to enter with penitence and alms, in the assurance that they should return laden with store of heavenly treasure. The Pope, mounting to the summit of the Seven Hills, and lifting up his voice, cried aloud: "Ho, all ye nations! Listen, ye men of every land: This year do I proclaim pardon to you. Heaven is come down to earth; its choicest blessings are offered at Rome; for a whole year the market will be open. Come, ye pilgrims from the four corners of Christendom! haste, while the precious months of this golden year are still running! come, and share in the graces of the Jubilee!" Again all the highways of Europe were seen crowded with pilgrims.

To be a little more historical: the Jubilee of the Popes was an imitation of the Jubilee, or year of release, of the Hebrews. With the nature and end of that institution our readers are familiar. It returned every fiftieth year, and brought with it most substantial benefits to the Israelite fallen into poverty. It conferred remission of all debts, emancipation from personal servitude, and reinvestiture in the inheritance which had been alienated. This grand and most beneficent institution was the model of the Popes'; with this difference, that while the Hebrew Jubilee conferred solid and most inestimable benefits, the Roman Jubilee bestowed only illusory ones. The Hebrew bondsman went out free without mistake the moment he heard the glad sound of the silver trumpet; the papal release was not quite so palpable; no matter, however, if the devotee could be brought to believe in it. The Roman Jubilee was instituted in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was decreed by Boniface VIII., who, with Gregory VII. and Innocent III., constitute

the trio of greatest chiefs which the house of the Popes has produced. According to the account of a contemporary—Jacob Cajetan, a grandson of the Pope—rumours of an approaching year of grace, put in circulation in Rome, not improbably, by the priests, preceded the institution of the Jubilee. In 1299 it began to be whispered that the next year, the first of the new century, would be one of special and marvellous favour, and that all who on that year should visit the Church of St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, would obtain a full pardon of sin. The first day of the new century came; and as that day was believed to have more virtue than any other day of the whole year, the people thronged to St. Peter's, and the immense crowd continued till midnight to fill the church and surround the altar. The first-comers had not carried off all the merits; these were guaranteed to last to the year's end, and every new day brought a new relay of pilgrims. At last a living witness came forward. An old man a hundred and seven years of age, declared in the presence of the Pope and his council that he well remembered how, a hundred years ago, his father, who was a peasant, had gone to Rome to receive indulgence, and how he had then exhorted him, if alive after the lapse of another hundred years, not to neglect to repair to the city for the same purpose; adding an assurance, that upon every day of that year it was possible to receive an indulgence of a whole century. This cleared the Pope's way. Boniface VIII. judged that he was now fully warranted in instituting a new devotion. In a bull, of date 22nd February 1300, the Pope, "having the faithful relation of an old man," decrees, in virtue of the divine mercy, in confidence in the merits of the apostles Peter and Paul, and in the plenitude of his own authority, that every one who, in the course of the year 1300, and of every hundredth year to come, shall visit with reverence the churches of the apostles Peter and Paul in Rome, and there do penance and confess his sin, shall obtain not only a full, but *the very fullest forgiveness of all his sins*.

This gave a new zest to pilgrimages, and vastly quickened the trade in indulgences. In the course of the first year, it is supposed that no fewer than two hundred thousand pilgrims visited

Rome. We can guess at the amount of spiritual treasure with which these pilgrims were sent laden to their homes, but we cannot guess at the amount of earthly wealth which flowed in upon the city of the Popes in return. Why, said the Popes, should an exchange so profitable to both parties not be oftener made than once in a century? A hundred years are a long space of time. How many Popes may die, and not see the return of that happy season. Or, as they themselves more happily put it—for in this they possess in a superlative degree the *curiosa felicitas*—"how many sinful souls may depart this life, in so long an interval, without participating in the graces of the Jubilee!" Accordingly, Clement VI., desirous of imparting the blessings of the sacred year to the greatest number, and of quickening the circulation of foreign money on the Roman Exchange, reduced the period to fifty years. On this occasion the number of pilgrims was estimated at one million two hundred thousand. Urban VI., thinking it yet too long, shortened it to thirty-three years; and Sixtus V. fixed it at twenty-five. So stands the matter still; with this explanation, that Popes sometimes take the liberty of dispensing with the stated period, and, in the plenitude of their benignity, they occasionally illustrate some great occasion—their own exaltation to Peter's chair, for instance—by opening this great fountain of grace to the nations.

Boniface VIII. confined these indulgences to the threshold of the apostles Peter and Paul, as they style the Basilica of St. Peter; two succeeding Popes, however, added *St. John de Lateran* and *S. Maria Maggiore*. A visit to these shrines earned the same celestial recompense as a visit to St. Peter's. On the first day of the holy year, a gate was opened in each of these, which is walled up at other times, to give entrance to the devotees. The Pope himself went to that of St. Peter, and with a golden hammer struck it thrice, saying, "*Open to me the gates of righteousness,*" &c.; and instantly it was pulled down. The penitentiaries washed the threshold with holy water, and performed other ceremonies, for the purification of a portal out of which so much spiritual treasure was to pass. Next morning the Pope gave his benediction to the people

in forma Jubilei. Nor were the penitentiaries idle during the Jubilee. They had to give absolution to all who applied to them. To have pardoned sin by sin and man by man would have been a tedious and burdensome affair. The process was gone through in simpler and more summary fashion. The pilgrims were collected in groups, a few drops of holy water were thrown upon them, or the mystic rod of the penitentiary was extended over them, and straightway the greatest sinners were metamorphosed into saints, and dismissed as pure as they came!

Since the days of Boniface (1300), permission has been given to Catholic countries to celebrate Jubilees at home. This has led to a falling off in the numbers of pilgrims who now go to Rome. Seeing the same grace is to be had at their own doors, devotees naturally prefer the shorter to the longer journey—or did, so long as the old-fashioned methods of travel were in use; but now that Mont Cenis has been pierced, and one may travel by rail all the way, without let or halt, from the shores of the English Channel to the gates of Rome, it is probable that few pilgrims will content themselves, in the year of Jubilee, with any nearer shrine than the threshold of the apostles.

PILGRIMAGES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The longer pilgrimage to Palestine is now never thought of, at least by the devotee; this is left to the adventurous traveller and explorer. Some of the holiest of the shrines of Palestine have been obligingly transported to Italy. The house, for instance, in which Mary lived at Nazareth was carried across the Levant and the Adriatic by angels, and planted down at Loretto. Only once in their long journey did the angels relieve themselves of their heavy burden: after a short rest, a second flight brought it safe, not a stone dropped, to where it now stands. For the truth of this, besides the testimony of the shepherds who saw the angels carrying the house through the air in the night, we have the bulls of three Popes, we have the house itself standing at Loretto, and we have the anniversary of its transportation religiously observed, when some two hundred thousand pilgrims may sometimes be seen creeping round it on their knees.

Miraculous shrines, all duly authenticated, are springing up at a rapid rate in France at this hour; and, of course, each shrine attracts its troop of pilgrims. There is scarce a Department which has not its pilgrimage; which performed, with devotion and offerings, rewards the devotee with many graces in this life, and more and better in the life to come. Some of the concomitants of these pilgrimages are, so say those who have had a near view of them, of a very extraordinary kind, and not at all spiritual. The enchantment and holy romance that surround them at a distance vanish on a nearer approach. It is true what Gavazzi says, "that the soil of France nourishes fools now-a-days as plentifully as it does turnips and radishes." Symptoms are not wanting that with true Roman culture the same crop will flourish nearly as plentifully on English ground. "While in some of the Departments of France," writes the Rev. Mr. Fisch, "not more than twenty persons are permitted to assemble for the reading of the Word of God, armies of pilgrims are organized, to visit Lourdes, La Salette, Paray-la-Monial," and a dozen shrines besides of lesser repute. The highways of France are filled with processions, professedly religious, but in reality political; the real object of the promoters of these pilgrimages being the restoration of Henry V. Of this we shall have something to say in a second article.

VIRGIN OF THE PILLAR.

To show how holy shrines are manufactured, and how useful they are in augmenting the wealth and influence of the priesthood, and furthering such political projects as it may chance to them to have on hand, we may recite in an abridged form the history of *Our Lady of the Pillar*. The substance of our narration is from the "Virgin's Book," published by authority, and leave of the Inquisitors, in 1688, in Saragossa, by Peter Dormer. Well, then, to our story. The apostle St. James came with seven new converts to preach the gospel in *Saragossa* (so called because founded by Cæsar Augustus); and as they were sleeping on the banks of the Ebro, a celestial music awakened them at midnight. Looking up, they saw an army of angels singing sweetly, come down from heaven with

an image on a pillar, which they placed on the ground forty yards distant from the river; and the angel that commanded the host spoke to St. James and said: "This image of our Queen shall be the defence of this city, where you have come to plant the Christian religion. Take, therefore, good courage, for by her help and assistance you shall not leave this city without reducing all in it to your Master's religion; and as she is to protect you, you must show your gratitude by erecting a suitable chapel to her."

Leaving the image behind them, the angels went up to heaven, hymning the same melodies. St. James and his seven converts, falling on their knees, began to offer prayers and thanks for the inestimable treasure sent them by the angels; and the next day they began to build with their own hands a chapel for Our Lady. In due time it was finished; kings, princes, devotees, and pilgrims enriched it with their gifts, till at length its magnificence grew to such a pitch that we should weary our readers were we to enlarge upon its glories. It had a regular staff of priests, prebendaries, beneficiaries, musicians, clerks, and singers. The fronts of its altars were of silver, in a frame set with precious stones. A golden lamp, garnished with diamonds, the present of Don Juan of Austria, hung before it, in which twelve wax candles burned night and day. The Virgin had seven crowns, all of pure gold. The largest was twenty-five pounds weight, set all over with diamonds. The six smaller ones were also profusely garnished with diamonds and pearls. She had no end of mantles, embroidered with gold, set with precious stones, and adorned still further with roses of diamonds. Of these latter she had so many, that she was able to adorn herself with a different rose every day for three years together. She had three hundred and sixty five necklaces of pearls, being one for every day of the year; and six chains of gold, set with diamonds, to throw over her mantle. This was only part of what her shrine could boast.

The Virgin's chaplain was a very exalted personage indeed. He had greater spiritual power and privilege than any king, archbishop, or ecclesiastical functionary, excepting the Pope. His business was to dress the image every morning, which he did in private, without any assistant;

drawing the curtains of the canopy round him, with a new kind of prudery, that no one might see the image nude. No one—no monarch or prince even—could see the image but at a distance; her chaplain being the only living man who was allowed to make a near approach. All the favour devotees could obtain was permission to kiss her pillar. For this purpose a hole was made in the wall behind, and there pilgrims were allowed to kneel, and adore and kiss the stone. Oftentimes the crowd was so great that the devotee could not get near enough to kiss the pillar, and could but touch it with his finger, and kiss afterwards the part of the finger that had touched the pillar.

One morning in 1542, as Dr. Augustin Ramirez was dressing the image, it talked with him for a quarter of an hour, and said: "My faithful and well-beloved Augustin, I am very angry with the inhabitants of this my city for their ingratitude. I charge you, as my chaplain, to give this message in my very words to the inhabitants of Saragossa:—Ungrateful people, after my Son died for the redemption of the world, but more especially for you, the inhabitants of this my chosen city, I was pleased, two years after I went up to heaven in body and soul, to pitch upon this city for my dwelling-place; therefore I commanded the angels to make an image perfectly like my body, and another of my Son Jesus on my arms, and to set them both on a pillar; and when both were finished, I ordered them to be carried in a procession round about the heavens by the principal angels, the heavenly host following, and after them the Trinity, who took me into their midst; and when this procession was over in heaven, I sent them down, with illuminations and music, to awake my beloved *James*, who was asleep on the river-side, commanding him, by my ambassador Gabriel, to build with his own hands a chapel for my image, which he did accordingly; and ever since, I have been the defence of this city against the Saracen army, when by my mighty power I killed in one night at the breach fifty thousand of them, putting the rest to a precipitate flight.

"After this visible miracle (for many saw me in the air fighting) I have delivered them from

the Moors. How many times have I succoured them with rain! how many sick have I healed! how much riches are they masters of by my unshaken affection for them! And what is the recompense they make for all these benefits? Nothing but ingratitude. I have been ashamed these fifteen years to speak before the eternal Father, who made me Queen of this city. He knoweth their ingratitude, and blames me for suffering so long their covetousness. And this very morning, being called to the council of the Trinity, for passing the divine decree under our hands and seal for the bishopric of Saragossa, the Holy Spirit has affronted me, saying, I was not worthy to be of the Privy Council of Heaven, because I did not know how to govern and punish the criminals of my chosen city; and I have vowed not to go again to the heavenly court till I get satisfaction from my offenders. So I do thunder out this sentence against the inhabitants of Saragossa, that I shall take away my image from them, and resign my government to Lucifer. If they do not, within fifteen days, come with gifts and tears and penance, and make due submission, be sure that the Prince of Darkness shall come to reign over them."

Straightway the magistrates issued an ordinance, enjoining a fast of fifteen days, in which the babes and cattle were compelled to join, to appease the Virgin, and prevent her abdication. Money, jewels, subscriptions, poured in, to build a larger temple for Our Lady of the Pillar. All classes took part in the good work; even the archbishop and the members of his family might be seen from day to day with baskets, carrying stones from the river to assist in raising the walls. The erection was the labour of very many years. Its vast but somewhat unshapely bulk attracts the traveller's notice at this day. The clustering domes of the roof, covered with green, yellow, and white glazed tiles, as they glitter in the sun, have an Oriental look. In the centre of the cathedral is the little chapel that contains the image. The lamps suspended before it, like the eternal fires of Vesta, always burn. Behind is still the hole at which the devout may peep and bestow the kiss of adoration. A railing in front keeps off the profane vulgar. Within the portals of the railing none may enter save kings and

cardinals and the appointed priests. Women are absolutely forbidden, as in the Temple of Hercules at Gades. The anniversary is the 12th October, and on that day fifty thousand pilgrims have been known to flock into the town. The halt, lame, blind, and countless mendicants, crowd round the shrine, in the hope of sharing in the cures there performed. Cardinal Retz relates in his Memoirs that he saw here, in 1649, a man who had lost his leg, which sprouted again on being rubbed with oil from the Virgin's lamp. "God alone,"

said Innocent III., "can count the miracles performed here." Prints of the *pillar* are sold at the door, which, being hung up in bed-rooms, are said to expel Satan and the nightmare. The Phœnician navigators of early days carried to Andalusia—the Tarshish of the Old Testament—the worship of Isis, Astarte, and Diana, which has descended to our times in the worship of the Virgin in general, and of the Virgin of the Pillar in particular.

The Lessons of Grace in the Language of Nature.

BY THE EDITOR.

XI.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

MATT. v. 13.

THIS is a short, pointed, condensed sentence. It gives us much matter in little room. The words were spoken by Jesus, and addressed to his own disciples. Come and let us sit at his feet, and hear him, as it were, speaking them over again. If we come to him as scholars, he will be our teacher still. He will bestow the Spirit at our request, to open the parable and make all its meaning plain. Although the expressions are figurative, they are by no means difficult. The two chief words are the *earth* and the *salt*. We shall consider them separately, and then apply the lesson from both combined.

I. The earth and its need.—It is quite true that the term "earth," when employed in Scripture as a figure to express moral relations, is not always employed in the same sense. Had it stood alone here, it might have been difficult to determine which of several possible meanings should be attached to it; but its connection with the other word "salt," renders such an examination unnecessary. Salt stands like a mirror before earth, to receive and exhibit its precise import. We are not left to guess which of its figurative meanings the earth here bears. The meaning is fixed, and shown to be that which needs purification and preservation. Obviously

the earth, considered as requiring salt, is human kind lying in the corruption of sin. It means all mankind; and all lying in wickedness. The Lord Jesus speaks of man, made in God's image, as the head of creation, and speaks of him as tainted by sin. A fly alighted on creation while it was yet young, and its mass became morally a noisome carcass. No portion of the race has escaped the infection. It is, moreover, the law of moral as well as of material corruption, that the evil assumes an aggravated form wherever large masses are collected together. As men multiply, sin increases. The larger the heap of corruptible matter, the more rapidly it decays. Hence the kind and quantity of depravity in large cities.

The use of the single term earth in this sense by Him who came to redeem it is calculated to awaken and alarm us. It is not a part of the world that has gone astray, but the whole. This last and chief of God's works—this corner-stone of creation—has fallen from purity. It is corrupt to the core. There is no soundness in it. The only kind of beings on earth that are capable either of holiness or sin have fallen from holiness, and are lying helpless in sin. The earth, as represented by the moral and spiritual being at its head, is altogether an unclean thing.

By birth and by nature a part of this corrupt

mass, we grow up without uneasiness or alarm, unless and until we be awakened by another voice than our own. The corrupt do not loathe their own corruption. Sinners do not of their motion grow weary and ashamed of sin. They have no desire to escape from the miry pit; they resist and resent every offer of aid. Although all intelligent beings who are not in the pit, whether they be angels who never fell, or saints who have been lifted up, look on with inexpressible disgust and pity, those who lie unclean in that place of uncleanness are contented with their lot. Corruption is the element of the corrupt. So far from naturally desiring freedom, and welcoming a deliverer, they dread the approach of the hand that would save them. When the maniac's heart was a nest of unclean spirits, his lips cried out, "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus?" Holiness, instead of being the inborn delight of the carnal mind, is the object of its strongest aversion. It is in a day of Almighty power that the impure are made willing to be led into purity.

Here lies the most dreadful feature of our case: we are not only vile, but vileness is our nature; so that we cleave to it with the strength and steadiness of an instinct. If the case of a sinner in his sin could be justly compared to the case of a man who has fallen into the water, and is in danger of being drowned, all would be easy. To help the willing is a simple task, and is generally successful. But the actual condition of the problem is precisely the reverse. Souls in sin love to be in it; the spiritually corrupt love corruption.

It behoves us to look this matter in the face, and be aware of the desperate state of the fallen, ourselves and our neighbours. It is not by a wish for heaven that the corrupt can escape from their corruption and become new creatures. From its first plan to its final consummation in glory, sovereign free mercy has done all the work of redemption. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." The first faint uneasiness under guilt, and the first faint desires to be free, are marks of the Spirit's motion in my heart: let me not quench the Spirit, lest that blessed messenger depart and leave me; let me yield to the drawing which I

now feel, and these everlasting arms will draw me more.

II. *The salt and its properties.*—Jesus, addressing his own disciples, said, "Ye are the salt of the earth." A portion of the corrupt mass cannot become the salt to preserve the rest of it. The salt is different from the earth. It is new. It is the work of God in the regeneration.

Those who have been forgiven and renewed are the salt; but why has their Redeemer given them that peculiar name? What feature of their character, or form of their usefulness, does this figurative expression indicate? The word teaches us something about the new creature in respect both to what it is, and to what it does; a lesson regarding both its *nature* and its *use* lies wrapped in the parable.

In *nature* the new creature is not allied to the corruption that is in the world. It is an incorruptible thing. Left to itself it does not become noisome; it continues pure. There are indeed mixtures of the old man in a Christian while he remains in the body; but the new life from the Lord which has been quickened within him is like its origin and its Author. Although it be lodged among earthly things, itself is not earthly. Although it is sadly true that even a Christian falls frequently into sin, yet the new man created within him "cannot sin, because he is born of God."

As to the *use* of Christ's disciples in the world, the Lord clearly and impressively made known his mind when he called them "the salt of the earth." This designation should be as easily and correctly understood as the speech of a commander, who cries aloud to his soldiers, "Ye are the defenders of your country," as he leads them forward to repel an invading foe. If we confine our view to what the Lord has done *for* his people, we shall run away with half a truth, and convert it into a full error. He does something for them—something greater than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or heart conceived; but he does something *with* them too. Nay more: he works *for* them first, in order that he may work *by* them then. He buys them off from Satan's bondage with the price of his own blood, in order that he may have a band of sons and daughters

who shall yield themselves willing instruments unto him, for his work of righteousness in the world. He redeems them from their sin, that he may employ them in his own service. As to the fact that true disciples are of use to their Lord, the whole Bible is full and clear; and as to the manner in which he turns their talents to account, a world of meaning is contained in the one word "salt." When he has forgiven and renewed some, he places them in contact with the remaining mass, as an instrument to preserve and purify it. The errand on which he came is to save the lost; he is straitened till his work be done; his disciples, partaking of his Spirit, should be straitened too. Paul greatly longed after certain inhabitants of Philippi whom he knew; but he longed after them "in the bowels of Jesus Christ." It was as a member of Christ's body that he felt that throb of compassion for human kind. It was the Saviour's own compassion circulating through the soul of the saved man that stimulated him to zeal for his brethren.

The word of Christ is, as it were, a two-edged sword; it is a promise and a command in one. He gives what he demands, and demands what he gives. The same master both gives the talents and requires an account of their outlay. He sends none on a warfare at their own charges; but when he has been at charges with any one, and fully furnished him, he does not exempt him from the warfare. "Ye are the salt of the earth." Look to the upper side of that word, and its meaning is—Christ has redeemed and purified his own; look to the under side, and its meaning is—Christians should be in the world witnesses of Christ and winners of souls. Elsewhere this double truth is divided, and both its sides separately displayed:—"Ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God."

Now for the lessons.

1. *There is much of the "earth" still.*—The portion that has been broken off and purified is comparatively small; the bulk of the world lies in a state of corruption. The majority of mankind worship the work of their own hands. The nations, without knowing the reason, have rejected the living God, because impurity does not like to come near the consuming fire. It

is not an innocent and child-like form of worship into which the nations have fallen. It is evil in its nature and its effects. It dishonours God and destroys men.

But even in countries where divine truth is known, and divine worship set up, great numbers remain almost as deeply corrupt as the heathen. Certain districts of our great cities, and certain classes of our teeming population, live without God in the world. Even within the communion of Christian churches, and within the circle of Christian families, much of the "earth" remains unchanged. O! if there were missionaries ready for the work, the mission field is wide and near. A mighty work must be done ere the earth be penetrated and pervaded by the salt of divine truth, held in the life and conversation of consistent Christians.

2. *There is little of the salt.*—There are not many nations in the world called by the name of Christ; and even of these, comparatively few have actually been transformed into his likeness. Alas! Christians are still a little flock.

But we must beware lest we stumble here on the other side. It would indeed be an error indolently to assume that all are Christians who assume the name; but it would be also an error on the other side peevishly to make the number of Christians less than it is. It is as much our duty to own what God has wrought in the world by his grace, as to lament the corruption that still so widely prevails. If it be true on the one side that there is little salt, it is true on the other side that there is a little. There has been a little all along, and the Spirit poured out is at present creating more. While we grieve that the number of true Christians is so small, we ought also to be thankful that it is so great. Many have been added to the Lord in our own day, and he would be offended if we should refuse to own the fact. True Christians are so many that we should greatly rejoice in God's goodness; and yet true Christians are so few that we should not sit down satisfied with the state of the world. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. What has been done should effectually rebuke our repining; but what remains to be done should pre-

vent us from making this our rest. The true attitude of Christians at the present time, on either side, is to thank God for giving us much salt, and give him no rest till we get more. Indeed, the design of our Father in giving us drops, is to stimulate our desire for showers. When we are permitted to see sinners coming to Christ by tens, he expects that the sight will send us to his throne with ceaseless supplications that he would arise in the power of his love and draw them to himself in thousands.

3. *There is little saltiness.*—We have already pointed out that there is not much salt in the great mass of a corrupt world; and it is our duty now to point out, further, that there is little savour even in the salt itself. Christians are few in the world; and grace is feeble in Christians. The Lord himself, in his lessons on this subject, clearly indicated that even the salt may, in some measure, lose its pungency and power. It is a sad and obvious fact, which may be read on the surface of society, that even true disciples are more or less conformed to the world in which they live. Indeed, it seems, in some cases, to be the specific aim of the "salt" to be as like "earth" as it can. The preserver labours to become indistinguishable from the corruption which it is sent to cure; and, alas! it often labours in this direction with abundant success. Christians, with much trouble and care, disguise their Christianity. The saltiness is perseveringly bleached out of the salt, lest the neighbouring corruption should smart under its pungency.

This is not the discontented complaint of one who can see no good among his fellows. It is not a wholesale and indiscriminate sentence of condemnation spoken by croaking lips and guided by a jaundiced eye. It is the truth; and it is plainly spoken, because truth is necessary and salutary. I speak it from the certain knowledge that the case requires it, and with a fervent hope that to speak it plainly will do good. I give forth the warning, not from a despairing, but from a hopeful heart. In dealing with the vineyard, I would fain follow the steps of our Father the husbandman: if the tree were hopelessly barren, I would let it alone; but when a tree is bringing forth some fruit, I

would like to prune it that it may bring forth more fruit. There is some savour in the salt; but why should there not be more? Great is the bounty of the Giver, and great is the world's need.

What is the rule which secretly, habitually, effectively shapes your conduct? Is it the way of the world, or the will of your Saviour? This is a great question, and it is not necessarily very difficult. We do not drag you through minute details. We ask your attention only to the chief motive power. The flowing stream which drives all the complex machinery of your life—is it the frothy fashion of the world, or the strong deep love of Christ, in giving himself for you? The wheel which the fashion of the world drives is, like those of Ezekiel's vision, so high that it is dreadful; but, unlike them, it is not full of eyes round about—it is blind all over. An uncounted number of busy little wheels are dependent on its power. Great are the noise and dust; great the sweat and toil. Do you grind in that treadmill? If you do, you may be weary, but you will not get rest.

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for the weary—

the weary who walk with Christ, and work for his cause; but though the god of this world gives his worshippers hard work, he has no rest remaining for them when the work is done.

But the fashion of the world is not only made in secret the real motive power in life, it is in many cases openly confessed as the rule. Others did the same; it was common in the place; what would the world say, if we should take another course?—these and other similar current phrases, like floating straws, show the direction and the force of the current. The plea is worthless. It will not stand in the judgment of the great day; it will not even stand the scrutiny of common sense. For the food, the drink, the dress, the education, the company, the conduct of yourselves and your children, fling away at once and for ever the fashion of a giddy world, and take as your guiding rule the will of the Lord that bought

As long as you meanly tread in the track of a corrupt world, you do the world no good. Salt has lost its savour. To be near you not trouble an unconverted man. Your presence is so like his own, that your presence is no proof. The profane may count you a good man; but Christ counts you an unfaithful man. On the other hand, if you were enabled to walk in the Spirit, and with Christ, your presence would be a reproof to wickedness, your footprints a guide to the wanderer, your presence a support to younger disciples. Salt of the earth, do not let go your savour. Christ, let the mind which was in Christ be also in you.

The salt is too seldom laid upon the door to preserve and restore it.—Even where there is salt with the savour in it, the benefit is a great measure lost for want of the needful contact. It is not enough that there is salt and corruption yonder—salt, it may be, in a square, and corruption in the lane; unless we meet, the one cannot enjoy the blessedness of receiving, nor the other the greater blessedness of imparting, good. The preserving salt interpenetrates the body which needs pres-

ervation, and lie in contact with all its parts. Thus the Saviour did, and thus should the saved do. He was the friend of publicans and sinners; the friend of publicans and sinners should I also be.

This is the true secret of a home mission. The best Christians are those who are most like Christ. The Holy One came from a holy heaven and dwelt in a sinful world; while there he cast himself in the way of the worst; and wept over them when they would not permit him to come near. Go, ye who are bought by his blood, and bear his name—go, and do likewise. By close communing with the Lord Jesus, keep the savour in your salt; and by close contact with those who are dead in sins, let the earth in its corruptest parts get the benefit of a pungent reproof. Be alternately much with the great Giver, God in Christ; and the needy receiver, a godless world. These are the two things worth living for—getting from the Saviour, and giving to the lost. “Freely ye have received, freely give.” It is when Christians have “a savour of Christ” upon their spirit and conduct, that they become “a savour of life” to those who are dead in sin.

Within Iron Walls.

A TALE OF THE LATE SIEGE OF PARIS.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER XXI.

A HEAVY BURDEN AND A LOST HOPE.

“For my sick soul is darkened unto death
With shadows from the suffering it hath seen;
The strong foundations of mine ancient faith
Sink from beneath me—whereon shall I lean?”—MRS. HEWANS.

November 23.

HER first glance at the changed expression of Nina's face this morning told me that the scene of last night was no dream, as in my surprise and bewilderment I was almost inclined to think it. The seal of sorrow had been too deeply imprinted upon those lovely features to be effaced, but over it now sat a look of wonderful rest, and peace—even of joy. And she said to

me before going to her work: “O Renée! I can tell the poor sufferers now of One that can help them. There are so many to whom human hands and skill can bring no relief. That has been the worst trial. But the love, and grace, and salvation of Jesus can do even this!”

I think mamma understands it. “Dear child!” she said, when I told her, “she was indeed a weary and heavy-laden one. And the Lord Jesus certainly specially calls such. He is in-

deed, I am sure, all that Nina says. Only our faith is so weak, our hearts so cold, our lives so unworthy. But I have long thought and hoped, and, since I heard of him from dear little Lilian's Bible, I *know*, that he loves us. Perhaps, when we see him at last face to face, we shall find we have made many mistakes, and that our greatest error has been to doubt the fulness of his love, and to be so much afraid of him. I am very weak, Renée, in body and in spirit. I can only cling to his cross. But even that, Lilian says, is enough, and I cannot doubt that God teaches her. And if I cling to him, he says he will in 'no wise cast out.'"

My precious mother! how sweet and calm her dear face looked as she spoke.

Uncle Lucien was better to-day; able to leave his room. Augustine says nothing is spoken of in the city but the victories in the provinces and the great sortie about to be made. After I supposed the latter had left, I went into the library for a book, and found him standing with his arm leaning on one of the book-shelves, and his brow resting on his hand. He seemed lost in thought, but thought so painful and troubled that I felt no scruple in disturbing it. I went up to him and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Well? Renée," he said, putting his arm round me, and looking in my face with a weary smile.

"Dear Augustine," I said, "I am afraid you are overdoing yourself. Would it not be better to rest a little?"

"It is not what I do, Renée," he answered, "but what I cannot do!"

"You mean there is so much suffering that cannot be relieved?"

"Yes!"

"Nina said the same this morning. It must be very sad."

"But Nina can do what I cannot, Renée."

"What is that?"

"Comfort the dying; speak to them of a hope which remains when those of earth are fled."

"Augustine! you believe in that hope now; Oh! thank God!"

"I do not know, Renée," he answered wearily; "when I wished to believe I could not. Now—

But this at least I believe: death is no annihilation. I have seen many die; how many I could not reckon: some have died with holy words of faith and peace on their cold lips, some in blind trust in the rites and power of the Church, some in physical anguish which absorbed every sense, some in mortal dread and fear. Looks of anxious questioning from dying eyes haunt me sleeping and waking. At first I used to speak of glory, of patriotism, and—God forgive me!—of annihilation. But in vain. When Death comes in the rush of battle, or in the supreme moment of some strong excitement, or before the gaze of assembled multitudes, he may be met with these. But when his slowly coming footsteps are watched for from the quiet bed, not so, not so! I have seen this. And I must go back to one such now—a fair-haired Saxon boy, whose blue eyes pierce my soul with their silent wistful pleading. I am the only one in the ward that can speak his native tongue. He did not fear the cannon's fire, he says, but there is another from which he shrinks. And I cannot help him."

A little figure stole up to us, and Lilian slipped her hand into Augustine's, saying, "Take me with you, M. Augustine, to tell that poor boy of Jesus." She had been in the room unnoticed all the time.

"My dear little girl, it is no place for you," Augustine answered. But she pleaded so earnestly and persistently that at last he yielded.

It must have been a touching scene, and Augustine's eyes were dim as he told me how the poor dying boy had hailed her as a God-sent messenger, and how the sweet words of divine love and grace she spoke (through his lips—she does not know German) had brought back a mother's long-forgotten teachings, and answered every question of the young shrinking spirit, and how he had died at last with the name of Jesus on his lips, and peace in the once troubled eyes.

And for Augustine himself—what were those words to him? I know not, but I trust them to time and to God.

November 24.—This day has been one to be marked with gold in our calendar. Victor has been with us for eight hours. Our Victor, so

changed and yet the same. The same bright joyous spirit, the same warm loving heart, the same sparkling gaiety of word and manner. Yet Colonel Labaudière says there is no officer in his battalion trusted and honoured as he is. Brave, yet not rash; commanding at once the love and obedience of his men; more intelligent and practical in military matters than many of our oldest officers. High praise this from Colonel Labaudière, no lenient judge in such things. Where are my old fears for Victor now? He has been promoted; alas! that it should have been over the dead body of a fallen comrade!

We talked little of the war to-day. Victor said he wanted to leave the din of battle and crash of weapons behind, and to have a "home day." The hours were all too short for all he had to say. Victor had so much to ask about each. His bright face looked, as it often does now, very thoughtful when I told him of Nina's new-found peace. But it is a thoughtfulness pleasant to see. He was determined to see Nina, and Augustine fetched her home before he left; the ambulance is so near, only a few minutes' walk from our house. I think she told him of the hope and rest that have come to her. Her stay was very short, as she could not be dispensed with from the ambulance just then; but there was something in the lingering tenderness of the brotherly embrace he gave her when they parted that made me think so, as well as in the wistful gaze with which he followed her to the door.

It was very hard to let him go, especially as a great battle will be fought before we see him again. He lingered till the last moment possible—his horse had been waiting at the door more than a quarter of an hour—and then held each of us in an embrace that seemed as if it would never unloose. Dear, dear Victor! how delightful it will be when we can be all together once more. To think that may be in a week! for with the raising of the siege of Paris the war will assuredly end. Of the coming battle I will not think, and God will, I know, protect our Victor.

How manly and handsome he looked as he turned his face up to the window from which we watched him ride off, with the red glow of the

wintery sunset lighting it up, and glancing on his bright uniform, as he raised his cap with a parting bow and smile! Only one shadow rests on the pleasant memories of this day: he thinks mamma so sadly changed, even since he saw her last. We, who are with her constantly, do not see it, he says. Perhaps not. Still it is only exhaustion, weakness; when this terrible strain is over, I hope she may soon rally. She has been almost as weak before.

November 25.—Why do I take up my pen to-night? To write an epitaph for the grave of a buried hope? I told myself that it was dying long ago—sometimes that it was dead. But love and hope die hard. O Léon! doubly lost—lost in life, and lost in death! For who shall tell us of your grave?

My mother and Nina bow their heads meekly to the will of God, but I cannot, I cannot. Nina spoke to-night with quivering lips of the love and pity that had withheld this final blow till she had found shelter, and refuge, and sympathy in the shielding arms of Jesus. "On his breast I can bear it," she said. "I almost feel as if Léon were nearer me now. For I know he is with Jesus, and Jesus is with me. When we meet again, it will be to part no more, and I shall never grieve him then. For there will be no sin in the Father's house above."

But I can see no love, no mercy, no pity—only a cruel, cruel blow. I suppose it is that I have no faith. O Léon, Léon!

November 26.—I am calmer now. Last night my soul was dark and bitter, and I could see no break in the cloud, but mamma and Nina shame me. To mamma he was all he was to me; to Nina more. Yet they submit; and little Lilian, missing her lost mother's beloved face, and voice, and touch each day, looks up to God with tearful eyes, and smiles upon us. We have felt the comfort of her sweet childlike faith and sympathy to-day. Nina went to her work as usual, with the look of peace her sad pale face always wears now. Mamma bears it very quietly, chiefly speaking of it to comfort me. Can it be that she thinks she will so soon join him?

The news came to us yesterday. General Trochu had received a communication from the German head-quarters containing answers to the

inquiries as to several missing officers: some are prisoners in Germany, some have died in the hospitals or on the battle-field; but Léon's fate is not positively known. He did not go into Germany after Sedan; the only one of his brother officers who did so, saw him go down while heading a desperate charge in the very teeth of the German guns, so that there is no reasonable doubt he met it there. Thus has perished the hope of so many weary weeks.

November 27.—Yesterday Uncle Lucien rejoined his battalion; he is nearly well, still far from fit for exposure to this severe weather. But last evening all the city gates were closed in preparation for the approaching struggle.

To-day M. Delille was to have visited mamma, as she wished to confess. Instead came a strange priest, whose name even I did not know. But he was a man with a gentle face and benevolent manner. Mamma had rather dreaded lest Father Delille should forbid us to read Lilian's Bible, and should thus deprive her of her greatest solace and help. But M. Delille was ill. The good priest asked mamma did she find anything contrary to the teachings of the Church and the Sacraments? She told him she thought she had learned nothing from it but to love God more and to wish to serve him better. And that is certainly the truth with her. She seems to receive unquestioningly all the new light without losing any of the old. She does not see how different and opposed are the teachings of the Church to what seems to be the meaning of the words that fill her with such rest and peace. Far be it from me to suggest such. The confessor was satisfied, and to her great joy gave his sanction to her reading the Bible, only advising her to confine herself to the gospels, to the story of the life and death of Jesus. All should be familiar with that, he said; the epistles were full of doctrines and deep teachings that the Church alone could explain to her weak and simple children. I think Father Delille would have done otherwise.

This sacrament of confession puzzles Lilian. I asked did she never confess her sins? and she answered, with intense surprise, "Oh! mademoiselle, yes; but to the Lord Jesus, not to man. Of course I used to tell mamma when I

had been naughty, but she used to say she could not see my heart, and that Jesus could. We do not understand our own hearts, Mademoiselle Renée, how then can we understand other people's?"

"Does your Bible say nothing about confession, then?"

"Oh yes; a great deal! shall I show you what it says?" And the little fingers turned rapidly over the pages she knows so well, and pointed out first one text, then another, in which confession was enjoined. But, as she says, it seems confession to God that is meant, not to man! More and more I feel that, if we understand the Bible aright, its teachings are different from those of our Church.

November 28.—To-day the city has resounded from early morning with the marching of troops, the clatter of horsemen, the rolling of artillery waggons, the pealing of bugles, and the beat of drums. Orderlies dashed hither and thither. Eager excited crowds lined the streets and boulevards. Hope and expectancy lighted every eye, thrilled every heart. To-morrow, it is thought, the great effort will be made. One hundred thousand men are massed at Vincennes under Ducrot; fifteen thousand under Vinoy at Ville-Juif. Immense bodies of troops stand in shelter of the fort guns as reserves. One thought, one hope, one prayer fills every heart. What will be my next entry?

November 29.—It is reported that our gallant troops have driven back the Prussians; that victory, great, glorious, but as yet incomplete, has crowned our arms. This morning Augustine left at six o'clock with the ambulances for the scene of action. The cannonade from the forts was terrific during the night. The government has appealed to private families to receive the convalescent wounded, lest the hospitals should be too few for the need. Ah! the victory with which our hearts thrill must be dearly bought! We have offered three beds, but they are as yet unfilled. There was no lack of volunteers.

November 30.—No decisive news yet. Yesterday's triumph is said to have been compromised by a sudden swelling of the Marne, rendering General Ducrot's bridge of boats too short. We are indebted only to Louis for in-

formation. Intense excitement and conflicting rumours fill the city, but placards are on every wall bearing Trochu's affirmation that "All is going well!"

For France—but for us? How fares it with our dear ones? This suspense is terrible, and the strain is telling fearfully on mamma.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT THE STARS SAW AT CHAMPIGNY.

"The stars hang bright above,
Silent, as if they watched the sleeping earth."

COLERIDGE.

December 5.—It is over—the suspense and the hope; for the suspense we have certainty, for the hope despair. Certainty, that for us is desolation; despair, that no coming victory can dispel, no late-won peace remove. What signifies it to us that our beaten troops are back once more in the shelter of the forts? As well there as beyond the belt of steel and fire which girds us in to our doom, which has robbed us of him without whom victory were an empty name, peace a mockery! For all that is left to us of our Victor,—our bright, young, gallant Victor,—is a haunting memory—not even a grave! And I was so sure that God would save him! I cannot write to-night; I dare not if I could.

December 10.—A week has passed since the fatal day which brought us the bitter tidings of Victor's death. I have had no time and no heart to write since. But this evening, as I am sitting alone in the oppressive stillness of my mother's room, broken only by her low, quick breathing and the soft tick of the clock, intensely heard in the painful quiet, I feel it will be a relief to pour forth the sorrowful story to the mute friend that has been the recipient of so many hopes and sorrows. Nina is at the ambulance, Lilian watching beside Augustine, mamma sleeping the deep, heavy sleep of weakness and exhaustion, from which she awakes weary and unrefreshed. Ah! too well we all know that the bullet which bore away that glad young life at Champigny severed the remaining strands of the feeble one we no longer hope to save. One frail thread alone holds it now. And who shall say it is not well for her? For us—But it is of the past I mean to write.

It is idle to speak of the breathless suspense

of those dreadful days, when the din of battle raged round the city, and our fate trembled in the balance. On the morning of the third came the news that our troops had been driven back once more from the positions so dearly bought; but all was vague and contradictory. We watched and waited. Hundreds of wounded had been brought in, but no message came from Augustine. In the afternoon of that day, the undefined dread of I knew not what, that had weighed on my heart for long weary hours, became almost insupportable; and leaving Lilian with mamma, I went to the drawing-room window, which looks into the street, to watch.

And what I watched for came all too soon. I had stood, with my throbbing brow pressed against the cold glass, about ten minutes, when a carriage drove up to the gate, and stopped before it. I pressed my hands to my heart, to still its suffocating throbs, and looked through a dim mist that spread over my straining eyes, at the opening carriage door. First Uncle Lucien got out, with a strange scared look in his pale face; then Augustine, ghastly white, and wrapped in a loose cloak; he walked feebly, and leaned heavily on Uncle Lucien's arm. Another moment and I was at the foot of the outer stairs, and aiding him to ascend them. No word was spoken. The dining-room was the nearest apartment. Augustine sank into a large chair, faint with exhaustion or agitation. Uncle Lucien sat down, and placing his elbows on the table, hid his face in his hands, and I heard a smothered groan.

With that merciful intuition which at such times takes off the sharp edge of the coming blow, I knew what I saw was not the worst. Mechanically I poured out some brandy at the sideboard, and held it to Augustine's pale lips. Then, as his eyes met mine with a mingled expression of agony and compassion, I said hoarsely,—

"Tell me the worst at once, Augustine; I can bear it."

He covered his eyes with his trembling hand, as he answered in a low, hollow voice, "It is the worst, Renée." Then I knew what had befallen us.

For a moment I stood, stunned and silent.

Then it seemed as if some one else, not I, murmured, "Dead! Victor—our Victor—dead! Oh! who will tell mamma?"

No need to ask. At that moment there rang through the house the piercing wail of a child's first grief, bringing Justine from the kitchen and Lilian to my mother's door. Poor little Arnaud had come in unperceived, had heard and understood. Augustine, weak and ill as he evidently was, was the most self-possessed; drawing the weeping child to him before he could escape from the room and rush to my mother's, he said, "Go to her, Renée; this will tell her all."

It had done so. When I entered her room, she was sitting upright on her sofa, with clasped hands and marble face. "Which is it, Renée?" she asked calmly. My lips refused their office. "It is Victor," she said quietly. Then in a low, wailing tone of mingled anguish and tenderness, she murmured, "My boy! my darling boy!"

But the shock was too great for the feeble frame, and she sank back in a deadly swoon. Oh the agony, the bewilderment, the confusion of the hour that followed! It was well that, while the shock had turned my heart to stone, my head was calm and clear. Uncle Lucien was helpless with grief, Augustine wounded and suffering, mamma unconscious, Arnaud frantic with sorrow, Justine weeping bitterly; only Lilian, God's little ministering angel, preserved her usual sweet calm. From one to the other she went, helping, soothing, suggesting. It was useless to send for Dr Vaud; every doctor in Paris had his hands full that day. And I felt that the unconsciousness that veiled my mother's sense was a merciful one, and dreaded the awakening. But when those dear eyes opened at last, it was to look with tenderest pity upon me, as though my grief was greater than hers. "My poor Renée!" was all she said. Then she asked for Augustine and Uncle Lucien. I told her the latter was well and safe; the former wounded, but, I hoped, slightly. At once she insisted on my going to attend to him; and I did so, leaving Lilian with her. She could give her the comfort I could not, I knew; for I felt none.

I found Augustine still in the dining-room, and persuaded him to go at once to his bed. But first he saw my mother. She was weeping

quietly when he entered her room. "My dear, dear boy!" she said, clasping her wasted arms round his neck; "my only one now, save little Arnaud."

But Augustine's deadly faintness returned, and it was with difficulty he reached his own room. He had been struck by a ball in the chest; but the wound was slight, he assured me. I only asked him then when and where our beloved one had fallen. "At Champigny, on the first day," was the reply. Then I went to Uncle Lucien.

I found him preparing to return to his post, and with difficulty persuaded him to face mamma before leaving. She was more composed than he; what passed between them I do not know. Poor Uncle Lucien! it is a heavy blow to him. Victor was as dear to him as if he had been his own son. He esteemed, admired, and trusted Léon; but he loved Victor, whose ardent, impulsive temperament was so congenial to his own.

And then poor Nina came. Arnaud again rendered needless all my anxious thought as to how the terrible truth should be broken to her, by rushing up to her as she entered, sobbing out, "O Nina, Nina! those wicked Prussians have killed our Victor too!" It was a great shock, and at first she was quite prostrated beneath it; but the simple, child-like trust that keeps her sorrowful spirit at peace in spite of everything now, soon returned.

The next day Augustine told me the last of our darling Victor. After the two terrible days of fighting, in which the troops had gained possession of a peninsula formed by a loop of the Marne and the villages of Brie and Champigny, he went with the members of the ambulance to which he was attached to pick up the wounded, many of whom had lain there since the first action, through two nights of bitter cold, upon the frozen, snow-covered earth. Firing was still going on, and the service was a dangerous one. Augustine had heard nothing of Victor, and it was with a strange sinking at heart that he passed over that death-strewn plain. Terrible were the sights he saw. Men frozen stiff in the attitudes in which they had fallen, in the convulsions in which they had died. Some with hands clasped in prayer—one with the water-bottle half raised

to the blue lips. Few were living there, for those were the dead of the 29th, and the biting frost had done Death's bidding where steel and bullet had failed.

The shots fell thickly round the brave men on their errand of mercy, and at last they concluded it useless to look for life where only death could be. So they turned; but just then Augustine recognized on one of the slain the badge of Victor's regiment—then on another, and another. Where his men had fallen, the captain had led the way; so with limbs that trembled with dread as to what he might meet next, he tottered on. It was evident that a fierce fire had raged there, for the corpses lay thick and close; but they had been slain by a distant foe; no German bodies mingled with them. And at last, a few yards in advance of the rest, Augustine saw that which made his heart stand still.

For there, on the snow crimsoned with his life-blood, lay our young, beautiful Victor, with the frost crystals gleaming in his dark hair, and the eyes, whose quenched light has left our home so dark, upraised to the pitiless sky, whose pale stars only had watched his last agony. But what they witnessed we shall never know. He had not died as he fell—the knapsack of a dead soldier, that had rolled near, had been placed under his head, and his clasped hands were raised as in prayer.

One long moment Augustine gazed on that young face, beautiful even in death, and bearing a look of deep repose that contrasted strangely with the agonized expression of many upon which he had glanced as he passed. Then he fell senseless.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself in the arms of two of his fellow-labourers. They had seen him fall, and had returned to his assistance. A bullet had struck him in the breast, but as it had been a nearly spent one, it had merely lodged in the muscles, inflicting but a slight wound. Once more, when his failing limbs recovered a measure of strength, he dragged himself, with a companion's help, to the fatal spot. It was too late. There lay only the knapsack and the crimsoned snow, the latter trodden down by heavy feet. Most of the nearest bodies had been taken too; and far off, within the German lines,

a burial party was at work. Our Victor had been laid in his soldier's grave by alien and hostile hands.

!Augustine's strength failed again, and he was taken to the ambulance, where he remained until the retreat of the 2nd enabled Uncle Lucien, to whom he had sent, to bring him home. His wound is not serious, but fever set in, induced by the shock to the nervous system, already weakened by long and wearing exertion. Ah, yes, and of bitter mental strain and conflict too; but of that Dr. Vaud does not know. Little Lilian has been his most gentle, wise, and thoughtful nurse by day; by night Justine and Louis have watched him in turns. I cannot leave mamma for more than a few minutes at a time. Since the day news came of Victor's death, she has never left her bed; she will never leave it more. Oh! will not our desolation be complete when she too is gone!

Days have passed since the one on which I began to write this. I cannot now write each day's story. But at times, when mamma sleeps, as she does almost constantly, I feel as if I must give vent to the anguish of my heart, that I may have cheerful tones for her when she awakes. And I cannot lay hold, as she does, and Lilian and Nina, of the high sweet truths which are so infinitely precious to them. I see their power, their beauty, I believe in their truth; but I cannot realize them for myself. Still, I love to hear and read the wonderful words of God, so long sealed to us, and to listen to Lilian's sweet hymns sung in her own tongue, but soothing our sorrowful hearts. And I rejoice indeed over their joy.

Nina and Lilian are satisfied that Victor's soul is safe. Ah, my Victor, how blind I was that last day! How that last lingering farewell comes back to me—those long, close embraces—that tender thought and sweetness that ran through all his words and looks that day! Well might he wish to shut out the battle din, and fill his heart with the dear home-voices which would not mingle over his death-pillow. On his spirit rested the shadow of his coming doom. I know it now.

Nina thinks that was why he insisted on seeing her. She spoke to him, as I thought, of

Jesus, and told him what he had done for her. And as he held her in his arms at last, she whispered to him, "Victor, will *you* not come to Jesus—at once, and as you are—to *him*, to himself? He needs no go-between!" And he answered, earnestly and simply, "Yes."

Lilian too tells, in her simple, touching way, how he came into the drawing-room, where she was telling Arnaud the story of the Passover. He listened till she finished, and Arnaud bounded away without perceiving him. Then he came, and sitting on the sofa beside Lilian, asked her to tell him that story again. At first she did not like to do so, on account of her bad French; but then she thought that dear M. Victor did not know Jesus, and he might be killed in the terrible battle that was coming. So she lifted up her heart in simple prayer for the right words and power to speak them. And then, she said, it did not seem at all hard. She told him the wonderful story as I have often heard her tell it—how the sprinkled blood of the slain lamb warded off the stroke of the destroying angel from all that were in the house, however weak and sinful and fearful. God saw the blood, if they did not; and he had promised, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

Victor listened, and asked many questions, drawing out the sweet little teacher's heaven-given wisdom. And at last he asked her to give him a word from her Holy Book to remember in the fight. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," was the one she chose,—which God gave her, she says. And with his parting kiss, he whispered, "Pray for me, little Lilian." And she had prayed, and Nina, not as I, for the bodily safety, of which alone I thought, but for the salvation of his soul; and both rest happily and simply in the Saviour's promise: "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." That Victor is with Jesus, seems as certain a fact to them and to mamma, as his loss is to me. Happy trust!

I believe it too; yet only, alas! with a timid, wavering faith, flickering with every blast. But that God's Word should be our guide, and not the traditions of men, I see more plainly each day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER BROKEN LINK.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted."

LONGFELLOW.

It is strange to me that no question ever rises in mamma's mind with regard to the startling difference between the teachings of that Holy Book which has become so precious to her, and those of the Church she still so deeply reverences. Purgatory—that essential dogma of our old creed—she certainly no longer holds. But it seems to me that her mind is so fully occupied with Jesus *himself*, that it has no place for doctrines or questions. She is full of peace and lowly joy. The anguish is taken from her bereavements now; for soon—ay, in a few days, a few hours even, it may be—she will be with Jesus, and perhaps meet *both* her lost ones in the light above.

And I think I am willing to let her go; for darker and heavier gather the clouds of war and famine over our devoted city. The hope that filled our beating hearts with expectancy and gladness was but a meteor, like the rest, and has died out in deeper darkness. That melancholy 5th of December, on which Paris learned that the mighty effort which had cost her so dear had been foiled, brought other crushing tidings: a letter from Count Moltke, announcing the recapture of Orléans and the defeat of the Army of the Loire! Now we are told that we must look for deliverance from the Army of the North. The names of Chanzy, Faidherbe, Bourbaki, Garibaldi, are rallying-points of hope still. But it seems silently and sorrowfully acknowledged that it is vain and useless to attempt forcing the iron circle that hems us round. Such is the strength of the German positions, such the force they can concentrate, that our efforts are but like the bootless dashing of angry waves against a solid rock. This is owned by the wise and the thoughtful. The populace dreams still.

We hear little of the outer world now. Augustine has not yet left his bed. The armies are still encamped outside, and we rarely see Uncle Lucien. The cold is terrible. The very elements seem to war against us. The price of food and fuel is enormous. Horse-flesh and salted meat

are alone procurable, except at fabulous prices. Fuel, too, is scarcely attainable, except that recently cut down from the woods round the city, which will not burn, and smokes fearfully. For mamma's room we are using up some old boxes and furniture. Death is busy around, in the ghastliest forms; and the future looms before us, big with greater horrors. Knowing this to be no nightmare fancy, no picture of a heated imagination, but a stern and terrible reality, I can look on the dear face on yonder pillow, and thank God that for her, at least, peace is near. One thing alone troubles her: Augustine's mental struggles; for she has seen them all. Till these last days I did not know this. Would that I could learn to follow her meek and silent endurance. Very sad is her dear face, but full of peace.

December 17.—This day must indeed be marked by a special date. Of late I have written a few sentences at odd times and hours; but to-day is one "much to be remembered"—whose record, precious for time, will reach down through the countless ages of eternity. For to-day Augustine has acknowledged his faith, not in a human creed or an earthly Church, but in a risen, living Saviour—in him who "was dead," but is "alive for evermore." My heart even, usually so cold and heavy, swells with gratitude and joy. From its depths well up the thanks for which I find no words—thanks for Augustine's broken chain, for the last shadow lifted from my mother's dying brow, for the weight of doubt and disquiet raised from my own fearful spirit. And He who is love, and reads the heart's voiceless utterance, knows how mine is bowed before his unspeakable goodness this day.

What passed between my mother and Augustine I do not know. It was the first time the latter had left his room. Little Lilian led him in, with the childish delight that blends so curiously with her almost womanly gravity and wisdom. Sadly pale and worn he looks; but something in his face recalled to me the grave, but gentle and happy, Augustine of old—of those days that seem so far removed now, before the shadows gathered round us. I left them alone together. Words from beloved and dying lips had, I thought, wonderful weight sometimes.

When I returned, there was a strange brightness on mamma's face; and as I went up to her with the nourishment I had brought, she said, with a clear, glad voice, "O Renée! now I can say with him of whom you read to me this morning, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

And Augustine added, "In me, Renée—even in me!"

And this evening he told us how it all happened. As I had felt, his infidelity had never been real—never settled, never assured—only the apathetic reaction of a goaded and tortured spirit, faint and exhausted by its weary efforts to find truth by the dim ray of human reason. And in the awful presence of death, under the gaze of eyes before which opened wide the dread portals of eternity, the scales fell from his own. God and eternity reasserted themselves in his soul.

Dark hours of bitter conflict followed. His soul was shrouded in "great darkness"—"darkness that may be felt," indeed. The first ray of light fell athwart it through the words of gospel grace that Lilian spoke through him to the dying Saxon youth. He saw their truth and power in the peace they brought to the parting spirit. And that dim light had shone more and more unto the perfect day. My mother's rest, Nina's peace, little Lilian's loving trust,—all had helped him onward. And in the long, slow hours of illness, as he lay alone in his silent chamber, or listened to Lilian's simple talk, "Jesus himself drew near," and spoke peace to his long-tried heart. Among the books that filled the shelves of his room was one, bought in order that he might be enabled to point some long-forgotten argument, and afterwards laid aside—a Greek Testament. In it he read and found the pearl of great price—free salvation through the blood of a crucified Saviour.

And thus my last doubt is set at rest, as to our right to rejoice in the teachings of Lilian's English Bible. We had heard of errors in translation, the work of designing heretics, to further their own false creed. But to-night, from the fountain-head (from the original Greek), Augustine read to us the same blessed and precious words. Peaceful and full of chastened joy were the hearts that thrilled to them to-night—mam-

ma's, Nina's, Augustine's, Lilian's, in measure, I believe, even little Arnaud's. And mine? Yes; fearing, trembling, unworthy, and unloving, I cannot hold back. "Lord, I come to thee, 'just as I am'—helpless, defiled, oppressed—and thou 'wilt in no wise cast out.'"

December 19.—Again I take up my pen, in the solemn stillness of this darkened room. But no short, painful breathing heaves the quiet breast of her who lies asleep on yonder bed—"asleep in Jesus." Yes, of her too the Master now saith, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." And the dear eyes that closed upon us this morning now see "the King in his beauty." They will weep no more for ever.

Very sweet and peaceful was the closing scene. After she had heard Augustine's confession of faith on Saturday, her mind seemed closed to all outward things. She lay, for the most part, in a kind of stupor, and sometimes her mind wandered. But when roused to take what little nourishment she could, her old sweet smile beamed round the pale lips, and the dear eyes met ours with a fulness of love and peace. She spoke little, and for the last twenty-four hours not at all. So quietly the spirit passed at last, we none of us knew the exact moment.

Yesterday, at Uncle Lucien's suggestion, we sent for Father Delille to administer the last sacraments. He came, and the usual forms were gone through. She was quite conscious; and Father Delille was deeply touched by the holy calm and peace with which she received the sacred rites. He assured us, one so pure and full of faith would not be left long in Purgatory. But, if he knew all, he would pronounce her a heretic. Ah, well! she is safe now in the loving arms of Jesus. She died in the outward communion of the old Church; but all her trust, all her hope, was in the finished work of Christ.

Uncle Lucien had to leave us last night. He will come again to-morrow. Of that morrow, and the dreary morrows to come, I dare not think!

December 21.—Yesterday we laid our precious dust near Lilian's mother, in the Mont Parnasse Cemetery. Of her, at least, we have a grave left. There is a mournful pleasure even in that thought. But, oh! thank God for the precious

knowledge that all suffering, all sorrow, all darkness are past for her, and past for ever.

While we stood beside her grave, the guns of the forts were firing heavily; and as we left the cemetery, the wind bore down upon us the unmistakable din of a sharp artillery combat. Listening to that—marking the crowds of pale, pinched faces and shivering forms gathered round the provision-shops—noting the numbers of dark processions winding towards the bourn of all earthly joy and sorrow—we could rejoice that for her the longed-for end had come, that for her *peace is signed!*

All the horrors of war—misery, famine, terror, agony, and death—gather round our onward path. But there was light in the gloom for us yesterday, when, after poor Uncle Lucien left us for his post at the front, bowed down with grief for my mother and for Victor, we gathered round Augustine, all that are left of us—Nina, Lilian, Arnaud, and I—and heard the words of life from his lips. God's ways are, indeed, "in deep waters," and his "footsteps not known." Full and clear and strong are the light and peace into which he has led Augustine.

December 22.—How is it that our rulers incur the fearful responsibility of more blood, more precious lives lost, for an idea—not even for a hope? For Augustine says all our leaders are convinced of the uselessness of more sorties. But the people clamour for them. Yesterday's attack was against Le Bourget, with the usual result—overwhelming Prussian reserves brought up, a brief conflict, and a reluctant retreat from a death-strewn field! But it is hard to sit down and wait—for women, still more for men.

December 24.—Oh, the utter hush of loneliness, the crushing weight of desolation, that pervades our stricken home! Empty chambers, vacant seats, silenced voices! Even out of Arnaud's boyish heart the very life seems crushed. Léon's loss, coming on us by slow transitions—from anxiety to fear, from fear to certainty—he never realized. Victor's death was his first grief. He lost in him at once his hero, his model, his playfellow. And then mamma gone too! His first frantic outbursts of grief have given place to a listless depression, sad to see. Poor child! for his sake and Lilian's I have borne these long

days of inaction ; but to-morrow I must take up the broken threads of my work, and seek to do what I can to relieve the general suffering.

December 25.—Christmas Day. One that means less to us than to the Germans—who have made ours so desolate—and to little Lillian ; but full, as all last year's anniversaries must be, of bitter memories. Darling Lillian ! tears gathered in her sweet blue eyes as she spoke of the happy English Christmas-tides. Our precious little comforter ! what should we have done without her ?

Sad were the homes which we visited this day. Words are poor comfort, and there is so little else to give. Our own stores, whatever they may be, are in Justine's keeping. The only help we can render is in the shape of warm clothing. That we can spare. There are so many articles that will never be needed more, and this is no time for selfish hoarding.

Many spoke with bitter anger to-day of the authors of our misery. But my heart felt pitiful even for them, far from their mournful homes, in which no Christmas-tree will be lighted this year. Ah, those German homes ! The thought of them always softens my heart. Where is Karl Erhardt now ? I often think of him, and of his passionate devotion to that friend whom he loves with the strength and fervour of a Jonathan. The beautiful Scripture story of David and Jonathan always rises up before me when I think of that friendship.

December 26.—We are anxious about Uncle Lucien. The cold is fearful in the city. What it must be at the fore-posts I cannot tell. One poor woman to whom we went to-day was wailing over the dead body of her little infant. We took some warm clothing, but it was too late. While the mother waited two long hours for her miserable pittance of wretched bread, the little creature had been frozen to death in its cradle. If this lasts much longer, there will be no babies left. To-night we learn that the troops are to be brought into the city on account of the intense cold.

December 27.—Yesterday our cup of bereavement seemed full ; yet to-day another drop has been poured in. Uncle Lucien is a prisoner ! On Christmas night he was surprised and out-

numbered by a Prussian patrol, while reconnoitring the enemy's outposts. And for him imprisonment means dishonour, and dishonour—death ! We that were eight, are only four ! Oh happy are those for whom the end has already come !

December 30.—The record of one day is that of another now. The Prussian batteries have opened fire on our forts. Some think a bombardment will soon be added to the other horrors. The Army of the North is defeated ; the plateau of Avron abandoned to the enemy. Famine and disease are carrying off hundreds. The bread is horrible, and yet most of the people live upon it entirely. Justine has accumulated somehow large stores of biscuit ; but all my entreaties cannot induce her to give out more than the scanty dole allotted to each of us. Still the cry is, "No surrender !" Even the pale wretches, whose life is dying out with cold and starvation, endure and watch, and with meek, unconscious heroism try to teach their blue lips to speak of hope even yet !

December 31.—To-day we saw one poor woman who had lost her husband and three children in one week ; another widow, whose two brave boys lay side by side at Villiers. But why cite instances ? I might fill pages, and my failing hand and sinking heart shrink from the task. We stand on no beacon-height of lonely sorrow. But we cannot feel the sorrows of others as we do our own. Only one human heart ever did that.

I said we had little but words to give to the suffering people. But they are *His* words—mighty to save, and powerful to cheer. But, alas ! they too often fall upon hearts deadened by apathy or frozen with despair. Yet some strike home. Thanks be unto him for those !

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GATHERED LILY.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit ! rest thee now !
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow."

January 2.—Yesterday was indeed a day of memories and tears. Last year we all gathered round the board, a happy, loving band. Now

that band is scattered, broken, desolated; two are dead, one is a captive, and one "is not." And the blood-red banner of war waves over us still. Even yet our cup may not be full! But oh! the present has enough of anguish; no need to strain our gaze on the phantom forms of the future. Yet some hearts keep hope and gaiety still. Many who came as of old with the New-Year greetings, were full of wild visions of coming rescue, of hopes that were not feigned. Yet some of them had suffered sorely.

When evening closed in, we gathered round Augustine, while he spoke to us of a better hope and a surer deliverance. But his words fell dull and unheeded on my ear, strong and sweet as they were. My eyes rested on the speaker's worn, young countenance, lit with a joy I could not share then; at Arnaud's pale face, so changed, so spiritless; at Nina's wan cheek and shadowy frame, and the waves of rebellion and anguish surged wildly in my soul. My burden is no heavier than theirs. I know how one at least suffers. Nina suffers still,—keenly, sorely.

But they look upward, heavenward, "unto Jesus." I look around on the anguish, and misery, and horrors of war, backward on the past, forward to the future, downward on my graves, inward on the dark gulfs of my struggling spirit—anywhere, everywhere, but to Jesus. And so my burden overwhelms, my sorrow crushes me.

January 3.—Last night Nina came into my room as I finished writing my last words. And she comforted me—my darling! I look on her fragile form, growing frailer each day, with trembling dread. Is she too about to leave us? But I said last night I would not anticipate the future, but leave it in the hands of Jesus.

Nina, Lilian, and I occupy the same room now, and Arnaud sleeps in the dressing-room. There is a magnetism in a common grief that draws hearts together. Wild stories are still told of approaching help. Peasants are said to have passed the lines with tidings of victories won and armies on the march. But we heed these no more. What we do heed is the increasing discontent with General Trochu, and the dissensions in the government and in the army. But we have nothing before us now but endur-

ance to the bitter end. The misery and mortality is increasing fearfully. Our money is nearly exhausted, and but for Justine's stores, we must have, ere this, been reduced to pauperism or starvation!

January 4.—The mortality in the ambulances is fearful; the fatal gangrene has made its appearance in many. How Nina goes through it all I know not. Yet day by day, with failing strength but unflagging zeal, she is at her post. Often she returns with her face radiant with holy joy for some precious token of life in death.

January 7.—Another wave, sudden, and terrible, and death-crowned, has swept over our life's wrecked bark, and its ebbing has left one mournful watcher less in the midnight gloom of this "night without stars." It has landed our pure white lily, our dove of peace, our little God-sent messenger, on the golden sands of the eternal shore! Dread and cruel was the messenger; dark and blood-stained the portals through which our darling's ransomed spirit passed to the light beyond; but a hand we saw not veiled its terror from those gentle eyes. "Underneath were the everlasting arms," and tenderly they bore the wounded lamb over the dark pathway, too rough for the feeble feet; and a voice that we heard not rose above the "swellings of Jordan"—a voice known, and loved, and trusted in life, speaking peace and joy in death. One echo only was given back to our straining ears from the mute lips, whose earthly tones were silenced music even then. But peace, peace unutterable, beamed from the fading lamps through which the restful spirit looked calmly to the last.

O Lilian! sweet Lilian! hot and fast flow my tears, blinding my eyes, and blistering the paper as I write; but they are soft and healing drops, freshening the heart's barren places like gentle summer rain. Thou wert not of earth. God's seal was on thy brow indeed, and now he has but claimed his own. Thy message given, thy work ended, thou art gone to thy rest, thy crown so early won. Thy work done! Is it so? Who can tell how far the circling eddies will yet sweep on life's tide. Augustine, Nina, owe their light and peace to thee, under God; and how many will learn from their earnest lips the glad tidings of a full and free salvation. And I,

what do not I owe to thee? All that I have of hope, now that the fiery touch of war has withered and blighted every earthly one.

And I feel that to these chequered pages I must add at least this one more—the strange sad story of Lilian's death. That death in itself so terrible and so ghastly, yet for her robbed of its terror and divested of its sting! It is a bitter task, but I am used to such.

It was the morning of the 5th. Augustine had been up greater part of the night with a dying soldier, and had come home just before day-break for a few hours much-needed rest. About twelve o'clock, when he was breakfasting in the library, before returning to his post, with little Lilian waiting upon him as usual—(it was very touching to see the strong affection that had grown up between those two)—Arnaud rushed in and insisted on Lilian going with him up to the window at the top of the house, from which the shells both from our own forts and the Prussian batteries, the latter of which had long ago commenced falling in the *enceinte*, could be distinctly seen. To watch these was about the only amusement that remained to the poor boy, and the gentle, unselfish Lilian was always ready to sacrifice her own wishes to his. He carried her off in triumph.

Augustine and I were talking sadly and gravely of the state of things in general, when Arnaud's feet were heard descending the stairs in frantic haste, and in another instant he rushed into the room, breathless with excitement and haste, gasping out, "Renée, Augustine! the bombardment! It is begun indeed!"

We both rose in alarm. But then Augustine said quietly: "You are mistaken, Arnaud! Notice would have been given beforehand. That is always done! It is the firing into the *enceinte* that you see."

"But no! the shells are falling in the town! I saw them—and Lilian. She sent me for you. Do come, Auguste!"

No need to ask. We both hastened to the stairs. But as we reached them there was a crash—a shock—an explosion. Arnaud screamed and clung to my dress. But Augustine dashed wildly up the stairs. I followed as soon as I could disengage myself from Arnaud's terrified

grasp. "Stay here, Arnaud! or go to Justine," I said, as the latter's white face appeared in the hall; for a horror of undefined dread welled up in my heart. Rapidly I ascended the stairs, at the top of which the passage turned sharply to the left, and terminated in the window at which Léon and I stood the night of the illumination, when the air vibrated to the giddy shouts, "A Berlin! A Berlin!" and Léon spoke the words that were so sadly prophetic.

When I reached that passage, what did I see? Through a thick cloud of dust and lime, a mass of shattered stone, a breach in the wall, through which the wind rushed in, driving the blinding rubbish in my face, and Augustine's figure bending over something among the débris. All this, from the first crash, passed far more quickly than lip or pen can tell it. Before I could utter word or cry, Augustine came towards me with that something in his arms—and that something was Lilian's senseless form.

One glance in his blanched face told me the worst. Steadily and swiftly he bore her down, and laid her on the nearest bed—the one that had been Victor's. She was not dead, he said, and Louis was at once despatched for Dr. Vaud. But Augustine's ambulance experience had not been in vain; and there were few houses in Paris then in which there were not collections of lint and other requisites. With gentle, tender hands, that did not even tremble, he cut away the torn dress, laid bare the cruel wound on that innocent breast, and applied the usual remedies. Dr. Vaud came, but nothing was to be done, no splinters in the wound rendered torture necessary. But the shock had been too much for the fragile, sensitive frame, and from the first glance he saw there was no hope.

Nina was sent home by him as he passed the ambulance, and for two long hours we watched in silence—Nina and I on each side of the bed, Augustine, with folded arms, at the foot, with his intense gaze fixed on the little, unconscious form. Motionless she lay, the sweet blue eyes half-open, but veiled by the long brown lashes that just touched the pure cheek; face and brow and parted lips white as driven snow; and the rich masses of golden hair spreading like a glory round her on the pillow. Nina and I each held

one of the little hands that rested listlessly beside her. There we sat, not speaking, scarcely daring to breathe.

Presently Justine came weeping bitterly, to beg for herself and Louis one more look at the sweet face ere the spirit passed; and with her, pale and trembling, poor little Arnaud. After one quick look at the quiet form, he flung himself into my arms with a smothered cry, and hid his face in my bosom. I took him on my lap, and he buried his face again, but whispered an entreaty that he might stay.

Thus another mournful hour wore on. But our darling was not to leave us thus. At last the white eyelids quivered, and the blue eyes opened wide. Nina was ready with a spoonful of stimulant in an instant. She took it, then a spasm of pain crossed the placid face, and she feebly raised her hand to her breast. "What is it?" she whispered. I put Arnaud down, and bent over her, for her eyes rested on my face. "Has Jesus sent for me home?"

"My darling, yes!"

A glad, bright smile passed over her face as she said faintly, "How good! how kind! He knew—how—I wanted to go."

For a few moments the eyes closed, then opened again, and rested lovingly, tenderly on each of our faces, one by one. Then she whispered, "A cup—a cup—of cold water!" Nina held one to her lips. "No, no," she said; "you gave—to me—to Jesus!"

Then I understood, and my tears fell. "My darling," I said, "our little blessing! you have brought to us living bread, living water!" For I knew her words pointed to the blessing promised for the slightest service rendered to one of the Lord's little ones.

Again that bright glad smile. But she spoke no more till the very last. She lay with a look of unutterable rest and peace, before which even Arnaud's grief grew calm. Once a wish seemed to trouble the quiet of her gaze. I bent over her, and she raised her sweet lips for a last kiss, then turned her eyes with the same mute request to Nina and to Augustine—afterwards to Arnaud. Then she was at rest again.

Dimmer grew the blue eyes, but still the faint smile lingered. The crimson rays of a wintry

sunset—just such a one as glowed on our Victor's last farewell—were streaming in gorgeous glory into the silent room, when the blue-veined lids dropped heavily. But the spirit lingered still, though the quiet breathing was almost inaudible. Dull, sullen, angry boomed the guns, falling on our shuddering ears with a newer, deadlier meaning, like blows on Fate's anvil, forging bolts to reach other hearts. But they did not disturb her rest. She was past earth's thunders and earth's storms.

We thought the spirit fled, and Nina was about to place a mirror to the lips, when suddenly the blue eyes opened wide and met mine once more. "Renée!" she said with startling clearness, "it is *everlasting* love!" Another second, and she was beyond the stars—beyond the sun whose last rays lingered still above her bed, in the eternal enjoyment of that love.

Those words, spoken by lips we thought sealed for ever, came with thrilling power. And they were for *me*. Surely now, whenever my fearful and faithless spirit sinks in unworthy doubt and fear, and I am ready to exclaim, "My strength and my hope have perished from the Lord," that peal of the silver trumpet from the other side of Jordan will rouse me for the fight once more,—strong in the hope, the rest, the strength of that "everlasting love," that no change of time or place, no weakness, no worthlessness, no unbelief can shake, for it is "everlasting," sealed with the blood of the covenant, "ordered in all things and sure."

Yesterday we laid our precious Lilian in her mother's grave. We were warned of danger, for many shells have fallen in the cemetery. But what of that? Danger and death are in the air we breathe now. Little more than a fortnight ago she stood with us beside our mother's there. Now she was with that mother and her own, with Léon and Victor, in the presence of Jesus.

Which of us will be the next, and when? God knows. Ay, Lilian, "God knows, and God cares." Dangers and sufferings thicken round us; famine, disease, and now bombardment. Whither the next step may tend, we know not. But one thing we do know, God knows, and God cares. The rest we leave.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE END.

"All was ended now,—the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing;
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!"

LONGFELLOW.

FROM the day after Lilian's funeral till the melancholy one on which Paris learned that all her sufferings, all her hopes, all her blood had been in vain, and that the end had indeed come, no entry is made in my journal. Hope had died out in our hearts; all that remained was a quiet endurance, and waiting for the end. Vague reports of coming deliverance, wild hopes of impossible victory, alternated with passionate despair in the people's hearts to the very last. But the leaders knew, long before, that the climax of our national misfortunes might be delayed, but not averted. And *we* knew it.

History will tell the sad tale of these last terrible weeks; but my story would be incomplete without a brief sketch of them. The bombardment—one of the first shells of which cost us so dear—increased in intensity, and filled all hearts with bitter, indignant resentment. Commenced without customary notice, as though our utter humiliation placed us beneath the common usages of war, it continued to rain fire and death for nearly a month, on helpless women and children, on the sick and the dying. By a strange fatality, a large proportion of the German shells fell on hospitals and public buildings. Calm and reasonable men admitted that, from the long range at which they were fired, this could be from no fixed wantonness of barbaric cruelty. Not so the populace. It was often fearful to witness the bitter passionate hatred with which men, and women too, spoke of the enemy at this time.

After the first few days, it made little difference in the aspect of the streets; people walked about them as usual, and gathered, contrary to orders placarded by Government, at the most exposed parts, to watch the deadly missiles, as they would have done fireworks. "Gamins" threw themselves on the yet hot fragments, immediately after they exploded, and hawked them about the streets. The fire only reached the left bank of the Seine. Our house was of course within range;

but after that one fatal shell it was not touched. Little danger was to be apprehended in the lower stories of a stone-built house;—(*that* shell entered by a window close to the roof;) so we remained. Many poor families from Montrouge, Point du Jour, and other outside districts, thronged across the river. By far the larger proportion of the shells fell in the great squares, gardens, or broad streets, and did no damage. But enough was done. History will speak of that done to the public buildings—to dome and tower; but it will not record, as I could, the sad tales which will darken many a home for years to come—of infants crushed in their cradles or in their mother's arms, children stricken down at the family board, sick men mangled in their beds, poor shivering women killed while waiting for their miserable rations. But the one tale I have told of what the bombardment did is enough for these pages, already grown too many.

The number of shells that fell in the Luxembourg Gardens necessitated the removal of the ambulance to which Nina belonged. But there was work enough and at hand for all willing hands. The sufferings of the poor and middle classes were fearful. And towards the close our money was exhausted; but Justine's stores prevented us feeling the need as much as many did. For though they consisted but of biscuit and strange kinds of salted meat, they were better than the abominable stuff that was called bread; it was a horrible, black, gritty, sticky paste, compounded it seemed of anything but flour. Yet for weeks that, and a scanty allowance of horse-flesh, was the sole food of the masses of the people; and for that they had to wait for hours in the bitter cold or rain, in danger, in the bombarded districts, of a shell falling in their midst. Often the latest comers went empty away. Woe to the sick and the helpless in those dark days! If famine, in its strict sense, does not count among the recognized horrors of the siege of Paris, it is not that many and many did not perish from cold and starvation. The scarcity of fuel was even greater than that of food; the green wood, which was the only kind attainable, was almost useless; and even that could not be obtained by the poor; and this in a winter whose severity has had no parallel for years.

Terrible were the sufferings of the poor soldiers at the outposts; ill fed and ill clad, numbers were brought in daily, frost-bitten and dying. Yet through all hope did not die! Tidings reached us of the defeat of the Army of the North. Still the people hoped! Several times sorties were made, all ending alike, in a harvest of suffering and death, nothing more. Still they hoped against hope! So late as the 22nd a demonstration was made before the Hôtel de Ville against surrender; shots were fired, and a few lives lost. This was the only blood shed during the siege in civil strife. So far at least the astute German chancellor, who counted so much on enemies within aiding the enemies without, was out in his reckoning.

During these weeks, when the very air seemed heavy with doom, we went on much the same as before, doing what we could to help among the sick and the suffering—Augustine, Nina, and I, and even little Arnaud. Poor Arnaud! Who would have recognized in that pale, quiet little being, with the thin cheeks and mournful eyes, the rosy, merry child, that had hailed the war with such boyish delight. And Nina was even more changed; daily I thought her sweet face grew more spirit-like, her fragile form more shadowy. My heart ached whenever I looked at her. But Augustine, though pale and worn with watching and grief, was altered only for the better; his troubled, tempest-tossed spirit had found perfect rest and peace.

Very sweet and precious were the hours we spent together, the more precious that they were but few. Only, sometimes my heart sank with the dreary feeling of one left alone in the dark, while others have pressed on into the light. New light, new grace, new power, came daily upon Augustine's spirit; and Nina could follow it. For me, my faith was so weak, my heart so fettered with old chains—broken, indeed, yet not off—my mind so filled with earthly fears and sorrows, that I could only see, dimly and afar off, the things in which they rejoiced. And so it is with me in measure still.

At last the conviction forced itself on all minds that the time was come when further resistance would be impossible. The rationing of the bread, which took place on the 19th, was

considered as the beginning of the end. Government had once declared such a step would never be necessary. On the 22nd, General Trochu, who had declared the Governor of Paris would never capitulate, resigned, in favour of General Vinoy. This was accepted as another omen. Yet the people still cried, "Do something, do *something!*" But nothing could be done. Our knowledge of several officers at headquarters kept us better informed than most of the real state of things throughout; and we knew, after the last vain and bloody affair at La Malmaison and Montretout on the 19th, it was acknowledged that further bloodshed would be monstrous. Had it not long been?

On the 26th, Jules Favre left for Versailles—on the 27th, Paris knew the end had come. A little after ten on the night of the 29th all firing ceased. For the first time for four long months the midnight silence was unbroken by a single gun. Our ears, grown accustomed to the monotonous boom of cannon, the hiss and crash of shells, the strange groaning vibration of the air over our heads, caused by the cannonade, felt dull and numbed in the deep silence. That night I traced these lines in my long unopened journal, with trembling hand and sorely burdened heart.

"*January 29.*—The end has come! The end, for which we have watched, and waited, and prayed! The end, to which we once looked with such high hopes and beating hearts! But that was long ago.

"It has come at last. For how many, as to us, *too late*. Come, not with the shout of victory, with floating banners and pealing bells, but with utter humiliation and galling chains, and vainly bitter tears. It is true, Paris has won for herself a place in the heroic annals of beleaguered cities. But what of that? Oh! honour too dearly bought. And will the world accord her even that?—that world that looked on so coldly at her bitter need. Perhaps not. And yet, the gallant wrestling with despair, the calm endurance when hope was fled, the generous spirit, undaunted by the pressure of unparalleled misfortune, may surely claim so poor a meed.

"The end has come! Weary, desolated bosoms heave a sigh of relief that the long agony is over.

urs—mine? Yes; we are glad, but with a sadness that is bitterer and heavier than many a sorrow.

"After the storm comes a calm, but in that calm is leisure to remark damages done in the hour of its might, and to call over the muster-roll.

"Peace is on every lip, but it comes as a wail. Will peace fill vacant places, open red, untimely wounds, bind up broken hearts, give back blighted hopes?

"Certainly there is no peace in this tortured heart of mine to-night. As I turn with listless fingers these pages, so blotted and blurred with tears, so scorched and stained by War's accursed footsteps, my spirit swells with passionate anguish. The dear household names, dropped like by one from our outward life,—Léon, Victor, Emma, Lilian, Uncle Lucien! Is the list filled even yet? When I look at Nina's fading form, my heart grows faint with fear; and the only star that shines undimmed in our sky is veiled from my eyes with blinding tears. But it is there; the shimmer of its intercepted rays falls softly on these faithless tears; and even that token light makes it not utter darkness.

"O Jesus! thy love, thy grace, thy tender mercy, are unchilled, unhindered, unchanged! Thou knowest how keen is this anguish. But Thou hast driven me to THEE. And the blessing it weighs the pain, even here."

The 29th was a melancholy day for Paris and for France. On it the German troops occupied the forts of Paris, and—but this of course was not known to us till some days later—the tattered remnant of Bourbaki's army, our last hope, was defeated at Portarlier, and driven, in a deplorable state of wretchedness, across the frontier, to Switzerland.

An armistice of three weeks was agreed upon, during which the elections for a National Assembly, to be formed at Bordeaux, were to be held. Upon this Assembly was to devolve the painful task of arranging with our conquerors as to the terms of peace. The Prussians were not

to enter the city; the National Guard were allowed to retain their arms, also such a portion of the army as was judged necessary to maintain the peace of Paris—which was little likely to be

disturbed, when the Prussian guns in our own forts commanded the city.

For some days there was little change in the daily life of the inhabitants; but by degrees food and fuel began to pour into the city. First and foremost came the free and generous help of England. But the need was greater than the supply. Still, had it not been for the open hand and noble promptitude of England and other nations, Count Bismarck's gloomy prognostic would have been realized, and thousands of helpless beings would have perished from hunger. "We will hold out as long as our bread lasts," had been the watchword of our rulers for weeks past. How literally that had been carried out, has now been proved.

Sad was the sight of our poor soldiers returning unarmed from the scenes of so much dreary waiting and suffering. Haggard, tattered, demoralized; not seeking even to disguise their joy that all was over at last. And with them, pale men, with worn, weary faces, and mournful eyes, whose heads were yet borne proudly, and whose expression was such as Victor's countenance might have worn, had he been at the head of his Bretons that day.

The streets were filled with soldiers, line and column; and now that all was over, and the strain relaxed, the reaction set in, party-spirit awoke, bitter reproaches, recriminations, and accusations passed from lip to lip. And day by day, long files of artillery rolled through the streets, on their way to the forts and the hands of their German owners. The ramparts were deserted and dismantled. The siege of Paris had passed into history. Communications with the provinces were not restored, but three deputies were sent by the Government to Bordeaux to superintend the elections there. People began to leave Paris, as passes were readily granted to all who applied for them at the Prefecture of Police. There were seen some mournful sights when the poor villagers returned to their once pretty homes, and blooming gardens, and found only blackened ruins.

• Little change came to us. There was as much to do as before, except that no fresh wounded were being brought in. Augustine contrived to raise a sufficient sum of money on our family

plate and jewels to meet our immediate necessities; and we waited—for what? Could we have told? And yet in each heart, unacknowledged, undefined, the root of the old, long-buried hope began to bud once more. We never spoke of this,—only of Uncle Lucien's liberation, and that with sad forebodings. We knew with what morbid shrinking he had contemplated the captive's fate,—would he, with health impaired and spirits shattered by all he had gone through, have survived it?

But that other hope! I read it in Nina's broken quiet, in the feverish spot of colour that went and came on her delicate cheek, in the unrest of her too shining eyes, which seemed always open at all hours of the night. I watched her with painful apprehension. Mind and body strung to such a tension so long, what would the reaction be? She grew weaker, and by degrees was compelled to relax some of her exertions; and at times she would lie for hours without speaking.

So a week passed away, when one evening she looked up suddenly, and met my anxious, tearful gaze fixed on her sweet faded face. I rose, and, kneeling beside the couch, drew her slight form into my arms. She laid her head wearily on my shoulder. "Renée, dear," she said, "I am troubling you again. I thought to hide this from you; but I see I cannot; your love is too keen-sighted. O Renée, do you think it very foolish to have a little hope?"

"My darling," I answered, "hope is hard to kill. It is not quite dead even in my heart."

"Is it not? Oh, I thought it was in mine. I thought I had learned to think of Léon only as with Jesus, that I looked forward only to meeting him there in the Father's house above. And I was content to wait for that meeting then. But now—but now!—O Renée, now the time has come to which we once looked as the

end of all our sorrows, the old voice wakes in my heart, the old craving for his earthly presence and forgiveness returns, and with them the old hope, faint and trembling indeed, but hope still. And with the hope, the fear, the shrinking, and the unrest—not, thank God, the old bitterness. No; for I know it is all in my Father's hands, and I am content it should be. But it *seems* to me as if I *must* hear Léon's voice *speak* forgiveness before I die."

"My dearest," I said, a cold chill creeping round my heart, "why do you speak of dying. O Nina! if Léon should be spared, what would life be to him without you? And if not—for, O Nina, darling, the hope, if hope there be, is indeed a hairbreadth, a shadow—if not—Nina, Nina," I sobbed, "do not *you* leave me too."

"Dear, dear Renée," she murmured; and for a time we wept together. Then she went on: "It must be as God wills, Renée. I have thought sometimes it would be best for Léon if he took me home—that is, if Léon is still on earth. He may have met another who has been to him what I refused to be. I know what you would say, Renée; I know his noble heart; he would be true to me, did he know how I had suffered, and repented; and that is what I fear. But, oh! only once to hear him say he *forgave* me!"

"O Nina, do not distress yourself so causelessly. Living or dead, Léon is yours, and yours only," I said. For a time she made no answer; then, raising her sweet, tearful face, with that sad, patient smile, which makes the heart ache to see, she said: "But, O Renée, though I cannot help being restless, tossed about with hope and fear, I know God is not angry with me for either—for the hope or the pain. He knows all about it, and I can trust him through it all."



Songs in the Night.

III.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH."

NONE child of grief, who in thy woe
Hast sat all mantled o'er with sadness,
Beside the streams that darkly flow
By banks where falls no gleam of gladness;
Has death come down with blighting wing,
And shadowed all thy life with sorrow,
From whence thou never more canst bring
The joys thy yearning soul would borrow?

The harp to which thou oft hast sung
The songs that were thy soul's deep treasures,
May have its trembling chords unstrung,
And cease to wake to mystic measures;
But angels' hands shall take that lyre,
When all its earthly strings are riven,
And tune it with seraphic fire
To swell the glowing songs of heaven!

The tender voice that oft has poured
Into thine ear the heart's deep story,
Forms now a sweet, melodious chord
In heaven's majestic song of glory.
And who would summon back to pain
The loved one who has gone before us?
Or take one simple, burning strain
From out the seraphim's loud chorus?

When, in the watches of the night,
Thou clasp'st the cold and palsied fingers,
While, on thy yearning, aching sight
Thy loved one on life's threshold lingers,

Then, think not all is lost with death,
While to the parting soul thou'rt clinging;
The farewell in the fading breath
Will change at once to raptured singing!

When grief's transfiguration veil
With folds of darkness seems to blind thee;
When loud ascends thy anguished wail
Where meek-eyed Comfort fails to find thee;
When friend and lover all afar
Have from thee in thy need been taken,
Look up and see heaven's gates ajar,
Then chide thy faith for being shaken!

The souls that burn with love's pure fire
Depart ere yet thou well canst know them,
And leave thee with the vain desire
To speak that trust which thou wouldst show them;
But think not thou art left alone:
Those spirit-bonds Death ne'er can sever,—
E'en from the rainbow-compassed throne
Each yearning one regards thee ever!

From out the ransomed throng above,
Their gentle hands of old shall reach thee;
And with the strong and chastened love
Of all the hallowed past they'll teach thee,
Till death for thee shall be no more,
When once God's hand that veil has riven,
That hides from thee the shining shore
Which wreathes the golden plains of heaven!

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

Syrian Missions.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, DAMASCUS.

IV.

THE RASHEIYA MISSION.

IN the earnest faces that now surround
us in this Hermon village, we see
many that are strange to us, and
those with which we are long familiar
are lighted up with a peculiar radiance. All
are very eager to enter on an interesting sub-
ject, but the elaborate liturgy of salutations must
carefully gone through before any more serious

conversation can be entered upon. I have some-
times, when in a great hurry, asked a sudden
question of a stranger, but I had finally to go
back, and begin at the beginning, before I could
get an answer. The salutations are all stereo-
typed, so that I verily believe, if a man were
drowning in a pond, and a stranger made his
appearance on the bank, the drowning man would

have to go through a series of questions about the new-comer's health and state, before he could ask him to throw him a rope, or give him a helping hand. We ran over all the ordinary and indispensable questions and good wishes on each side; and then they plunged with extraordinary volubility into the subject nearest their hearts. But I must begin at the commencement of the Rasheiya Mission, in order that what follows may be more comprehensible.

In the tempest of war and massacre that passed over Syria in 1860, Rasheiya was one of the rocks around which the waves beat, and over which the red, cruel tide finally settled. Reeking from the slaughter of the pent-up Christians in Deir el Kamr and Hasbeiya, the Druzes, flushed with victory, moved upon Rasheiya. They were a little delayed in killing the men, and sacking their houses, in the small villages scattered among the mountains along their route. At last they arrived on the high ridge above the castle, raised their war-chant, and steadily descended on the devoted town. Confident of success, they were swooping down the hill, when curling puffs of smoke from behind fifty rocks first announced to them that their plans were about to be interfered with, and their progress disputed. The Druze leader, who had already become an object of veneration, as he was considered impervious to bullets, fell mortally wounded at the first discharge. Several others fell by his side; and the front ranks seeing the leader, from whose breast bullets were wont to fall harmlessly, pierced and dying, they staggered and fell back. The rear of the Druzes having closed up, all were preparing to rush upon their invisible assailants, when the second division of the Christians, who had reserved their fire to give the others time to reload, poured a deadly volley into the dense crowd of Druzes. Almost every bullet took effect, and a panic seized the Druze host; but one of the Atrash family, with hereditary aptitude for irregular warfare, changed the retreat into a flank attack on the Christians. The Christians, who had seen the Druzes retreat, had left their rocks, and were preparing, chiefly under the direction of a *very young Syrian Jacobite*, to cut off the retreat of the Druzes, when both parties met face to face. I have been en-

abled to study the scene of this conflict in company of both Druzes and Christians who were engaged in the fray. The Christians were in an old quarry, and the Druzes in a confused crowd rushed upon them across the open space. The Christians repeated their tactics. The first half of them fired over a natural rampart into the very breasts of their enemies, and the reserve, taking deadly aim, completed their confusion. The Druzes, who supposed this was another party of Christians, turned and fled in all directions. Some of them, making a circuit, got into Rasheiya; but the greater part, in a confused crowd, were pursued down the steep mountain-side towards Dhaher el Ahmar, which Christian village they sacked and burned after a brief resistance. And here the Druzes avenged their late defeat by practising unwonted cruelties on the men; but, as in all other places, they respected the women.

The Christians were greatly elated by their victory. They brought out their oldest wine and drank freely. The young Syrian, who had already distinguished himself, laboured hard during the night to arouse his brethren to a sense of their danger, and to induce them to prepare for the morrow; but in vain. The Druzes, hearing that the Christians had given themselves up to tumultuous indulgence, entered a quarter of the town by night. Then the vain glorying of the Christians gave place to despair. The young Syrian leader reminded them of how God had delivered them on the previous day, and urged them to defend their homes, and at least to sell their lives dear; but they seemed to have lost all manliness, and only appealed to the Virgin. In this state they were entreated by the authorities to give up their arms, and enter the castle, with the solemn promise that the soldiers would protect them. The majority of the Christians complied, and they had no sooner entered the castle, than the authorities threw open the gates. The Druzes rushed in, and, in the presence of the soldiers drawn up in line, butchered the unarmed Christians as they had done in Hasbeiya and Deir el Kamr. The young Syrian, unable to save his home, cut his way into Damascus after unheard of trials, with a small but resolute band; and when the city was sacked

under the superintendence of the government, he and his party fought their way to the fortress-convent of Saidenaiya, and were instrumental in saving it from the fate of all other strongholds assailed by the Druzes. The butchery complete in the castle, the Druzes plundered all the houses of the Christians, and then burned them. One Druze family alone, Beit 'Uryan, saved many Christians alive.

During the horrible massacres of 1860 in Syria, the British Foreign Minister continued to repeat the apologies of Fuad Pasha, who, with the object of becoming himself Viceroy of Syria, is now known to have brought about the evil; but when the French division was sent to occupy Syria, the English fleet was sent to look after the French. When the French arrived, Fuad Pasha arrived, and the massacre was countermanded. Then a Commission was appointed and sat, and Fuad Pasha, having bought over two of the Commissioners, he was able to thwart Lord Dufferin and his more honourable colleagues whenever he pleased. The commission, however, effected much good, chiefly through the perseverance and tact of our accomplished countryman, the present Governor of Canada. The Christians, who had lost everything but their lives, were to be compensated for their losses. But the compensation was to be paid through the ecclesiastical chiefs of the different sects; and loud and bitter were the complaints of the poor people, when their spiritual leaders grew rich and powerful, built splendid houses and churches, and they themselves remained in the most destitute condition. At the same time they saw British funds for the relief of the sufferers distributed by Protestant missionaries without partiality. A report, however, was circulated, by a Jesuit priest named Palgrave, now a British Consul, that the funds were being used by the Protestants for proselytizing purposes, and this report having been looked into by a Commission of natives and foreigners, and found to be false, the Protestants began to be looked upon at least as honest men. From that time forward they were constantly appealed to, and many a tale of clerical villany they were compelled to hear. These events brought the missionaries into more intimate relations with the people.

The ecclesiastical head of the Syrian Catholics in Rasheiya was a remarkable man: able, and unscrupulous, and bold, he had much influence with the government officials. He was one of those astute Syrians who had made a tour to Europe, for the ostensible purpose of raising funds for benevolent purposes in his own land, and had ever after become an object of envy to all who saw his wonderfully improved condition. On his first tour he made a great blunder, as he took an Armenian interpreter with him as clever as himself, and he, Gehazi-like, used to double back on the munificent Naamans of Europe with some after-thought of his master. He also returned a rich man to Damascus, but soon lost nearly all he had in reckless speculation. The old bishop once more returned to Europe, but alone, and has ever since been in very comfortable circumstances. To this shepherd the hungry sheep looked up, but looked in vain for food. The flock also complained that compensation moneys found their way into the wrong pocket; and perhaps they were right.

As soon as the Christians began to return to their homes in Damascus, the missionaries returned too, and the people, during their melancholy absence from the city, had ceased to put implicit belief in the priests' tales—that the missionaries were fire-worshippers, or devil-worshippers, or even infidels—for in the interval they had seen the Protestant missionaries and merchants in Beyrout keep the Lord's-day, and assemble decorously for public worship. Many Nicodemuses came to the missionaries by night and by stealth, but there were some also who came openly and by day.

In March 1863, a large deputation from Rasheiya trudged down thirty miles to see the missionaries at Damascus. They were members of the Syrian Catholic Church, but were in almost heathenish darkness, and were entirely ignorant of the truths of the gospel. Notwithstanding some of them could read, they did not know the Bible when it was placed in their hands. They said they only came to ask the missionaries to take them under their care, and to instruct them in the truths of the gospel. No missionary work had ever been done in their village, and no direct Protestant influence had ever been brought

to bear on its inhabitants; but they had become thoroughly dissatisfied with their spiritual leaders, whom they had come to believe were ignorant and ungodly men, and whom they knew to be only using their power and authority among the people for their own aggrandizement. In Rasheiyā they had heard of the missionaries, had been told that they were upright and honest men, labouring for the good of others, and after much deliberation they had come to place themselves under their instruction and guidance. The missionaries, having learned from experience that such applications are often made from purely worldly motives, and seeing the great ignorance of the applicants, did not feel very hopeful of any good or permanent results springing from the Rasheiyā case, but thought it probable that, on meeting with opposition or persecution from their priests, the Rasheiyāns would return to their former spiritual allegiance. They told the deputation their fears on this head. The deputation had also come at an unfortunate time, for the small body of missionaries who had already returned to Damascus were already overworked. They were open and candid with the deputation. They told them that, with the work in Damascus, Nebk, and Deir Atich, their time was fully occupied, and they could only hope to visit them seldom at most, and at present they had no native helper whom they could place among them. This only made them more urgent in their appeals that they and their children should not be left in their present state of ignorance. They begged the missionaries not to come to a sudden conclusion, and implored that one of them should visit them, give them some instruction, and become better acquainted with them, before they finally rejected their petition; and they would not leave until they obtained a promise to that effect.

In the following month the Rev. John Frazer made the promised visit to Rasheiyā, and brought back a very encouraging report. He found about a dozen families earnestly asking for religious instruction. Another visit was paid them in June by Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, who went a second time in the end of July, and spent the month of August among them. During his second visit Mr. Crawford united Mousa Dawoud and his

neighbour's daughter in marriage. This was the first rite ever celebrated in Rasheiyā according to the Presbyterian form. The bridegroom was the man who was chief of the deputation that first waited on the missionaries, and it was by his importunity that they were first prevailed upon to visit Rasheiyā. He was the young Syrian Catholic who three years previously, at the head of a small band of fellow-townsmen, aided in routing and chasing down the mountain the victorious and valorous Druze host; and would probably have saved his native place, but for the short-sighted folly of his compatriots. He was our travelling companion to-day from Damascus, and he is now our generous host for the night. The "*Prophet's Chamber*," in which we are now assembled, is fitted up with an eye to the comfort of guests like ourselves. We have a divan filled with straw, and covered with furniture cotton, on which we squat; but there is a large table in the middle of the floor, a few chairs occupy the corners of the room, and several other objects are about indicative of civilized man. There are shelves of books, a rarity in this land. Houses in this country are made up for show. One room or two in the best houses are usually adorned with marble, and gold, and precious stones, and cheap European ornaments. Barbaric effects are produced; but you seldom see in a house in Syria any food for the mind. Account-books, and I. O. U.'s, in which interest is included at thirty or forty per cent., are abundant enough, but you miss the casual book laid aside to be taken up again; and you seldom, except in a Protestant house, find such a shelf of books as you see in this poor man's dwelling. Many English travellers have enjoyed the hospitality of our host; and this comfortable room is much sought by Plymouth Brethren, who, in addition to the self-imposed task of railing at all organized Christian effort as "*Babylon*," give their entertainer a fine opportunity of learning practical lessons of hospitality and liberality. Our host is a poor man, though I cannot conceive of him asking his guests for remuneration; but a man should always in Syria give an equivalent for what he receives, and it is very acceptable if properly administered to the wife or daughter. Every Englishman who travels in this country

is supposed to be a gentleman, and if, in addition, he be a Protestant, his religion gives him access to the best accommodation and food that such a man as our host can provide. With such men Plymouth Brethren will settle down for weeks and months—eat their sheep, and honey, and cheese, generally affecting touching humility by eating with the fingers in native fashion; and having unsettled their minds about the imperfect form of Christianity which they have embraced, finally take their leave with a few unctuous words, and a present of a Plymouth Hymn-Book in English. A teacher in one of our schools, when demanding a rise of salary, urged his claim on the ground of having to entertain Plymouth Brethren.

The Rasheiya Mission was now fairly entered on in August 1863. Mousa Elias, the excellent teacher in Nebk, was transferred to Rasheiya to teach school during the week, to meet with the people, especially on the Sabbath, for religious instruction and prayer, to sell and distribute books and tracts, and to do evangelical work generally as opportunity offered. His place at Nebk was supplied by a very promising but less experienced teacher, and Mousa proved himself admirably suited for the various and important duties of a native helper. He was a man of great stature and strength,—physical qualities rarely despised, except by those who do not possess them. His zeal and mental powers were of the same large cast as his outward frame. He had admirable powers of conciliation; but oftentimes, when conciliation failed, he shielded effectually by his great strength the Protestant party from the priestly mob. The opening of a Protestant school in a village is an important event, as it opens as a rule three other schools; for the Greeks, Catholics, and Syrians open schools too. The indirect influence of missions is thus much greater than the direct influence. Sometimes, instead of opening rival schools, the priests merely anathematize those who send their children to the mission schools; but a few always, Ajax-like, defy the thunder; and the difference between the children who attend school and those who do not soon becomes so apparent, that the priests are obliged to open schools in self-defence. Missions are a sort of conscience in the land, and

owing to them Christ is often preached out of envy and strife. A good instance of this occurred shortly after my arrival in Syria. We were spending the summer in Bludan, a mountain village in which one half of the population is of the Greek Church. We commenced an Arabic service, and had a very good attendance. The old priest—who was just one of the peasants, with the additional qualification of being able to read and write, which latter qualification he sometimes turned to account by forging documents—became uneasy. A happy thought struck him, that he should have a service too, and preach a sermon like the missionaries. An important question for him was, how to get a sermon. In his difficulty he applied to the chief man of our church, Dr. Meshaka, and he prepared for him an excellent sermon, and taught him to read it. The priest assembled his flock in the ruined convent of St. George; and by way of conciliating his flock for a late discovered forgery, he gave them a roast sheep to eat, and after they disposed of the burnt offering, he read to them for the first and last time in his life an admirable Protestant sermon.

The priests of Rasheiya, however, did not confine themselves to impotent anathemas (which, like chickens, come home to roost) and rival schools, but they began a fierce persecution of the Protestants, which was long carried on with all the ingenuity and malignity for which priests alone are celebrated. The Protestants had come over from the Papal-Syrian Church, and no man was fitter than the bishop of that flock to conduct a ruthless persecution against them. The Turks rarely persecute on account of religion, unless it be a case of apostasy from Islam; but they are easily induced for a consideration to be very zealous on one side or another. The local magistrate of Rasheiya, according to village report, "could be bribed by three eggs, and one of them rotten." With this man the Syrian bishop was very influential; for has he not been twice to Europe to raise funds "*for the benefit of his poor, down-trodden flock*"? The chief man in the local court was also an arch-enemy of the Protestant heretics. The Syrian bishop thus saw his heart's desire upon his enemies, who dared to crave education for their children, and

religious instruction for themselves; had dared to give up St. George, and the Virgin Mary, for him who was called Jesus, because he should save his people from their sins. The Protestants were deprived of their rights in the Church, and of their vaults in the cemetery. They were arrested and tried and imprisoned on the most mendacious and frivolous charges. Heavier taxes were laid upon them than upon their neighbours. They were beaten in their shops and in the streets at the instigation of members of the law courts, and in the presence of the authorities, who afforded them no protection whatever; and as a refinement in cruelty, the bishop had the mother of our host, *Um Mass'ad*, tied naked on the roof of her own house, smeared over with honey, and left there a long summer day to be stung by wasps, and by the venomous tongues of her female neighbours "of the baser sort."

Trial is one of the conditions of Christianity. Christ did not pray that his disciples should be taken away from the testing and sanctifying trial, "but that they should be kept from the evil." "All who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;" and I believe that the rule holds good as well in ordinary life, and in civilized society, as in semi-barbarous places like Rasheiya. The "day of the Lord" is not antedated by placing the burdens of trial on the wicked alone. *He will separate the sheep from the goats before he metes out his rewards and punishments.* In this matter, which seems to have disquieted even the prophets of God, the difference between the righteous and the wicked does not consist in the inequality of the burdens which they are given to bear, but in the manner in which they bear them. And though we do not always see the wisdom of the sore and visible trials by which some are almost crushed, yet we can rest assured that "what we know not now we shall know hereafter;" and I think that generally the man of God may learn the lesson of the heavenly Father's will in the passing dispensation. True, no chastisement for the present is joyous or pleasant; but when the divine rule, *not to despise the Lord's chastening, nor faint under his rebuke*, is complied with, it brings to the believer joy and peace.

The converts at Rasheiya needed trial, for notwithstanding their pious assertions when they first visited the missionaries, their motives in becoming Protestants were far from pure, as they have since often told me. But the persecution was a good plough to deepen the shallow ground. It was a fire to separate the dross from the pure gold, and to burn up the wood, and the hay, and the stubble. Some, "who were not of us," were driven back to the barren pastures whence they came; but many remained steadfast in their adherence to the truth of the gospel of Christ—most of them learned to read the Scriptures for themselves, and have steadily advanced in knowledge—and some of them, we believe, are savingly converted to Christ.

Silently and alone, unseen and uncheered by admiring hosts of followers, Mousa Elias nobly fought the good fight of faith for eighteen months, and then laid hold on eternal life. We have learned to admire the self-sacrifice of the missionary going forth, with his life in his hand, to be "despised and rejected of men," an object of hatred to those for whose good he labours. But then the missionary goes forth, cheered by his fellow-students, and followed by the prayers of the Church, and ever borne to a throne of grace by surviving parents, whose love time and distance only fan into a more consuming flame. If he fails, and returns to his home, he is heartily welcomed, except by the few who are zealously self-denying by proxy. If he is successful in drawing men to Christ, he knows that the Church of his fathers will rejoice in his joy; and should he see no immediate fruit of his labour, the Church is willing to continue to do that which she knows to be her duty, and leave the results to God. And never will the Church be to her true dignity as a Church of Christ, until she has learned to do her duty without regard of success, and until she removes from her missionaries the temptation of writing home flesh reports to please. And should the missionary suffer persecution, he can claim and compel protection from even unwilling British authorities, as long as he abstains from breaking the law. But should he fall in harness, he knows with what genuine sympathy the intelligence will be received by all who knew him. These are

motives not of the highest order; but it would be affectation to say that they do not enter largely into the composition of causes which move a man to *do* and *bear*. Mousa Elias laboured and endured nobly, without almost any of these human encouragements. He left his own Church for the pure love of truth; and that Church cursed him and hated him with a perfect hatred. Among those who persecuted him most cordially were his father and mother and wife—"they of his own household." British Consuls could protect Russian Jews, Afghan Moslems, and Druze assassins, but would be sharply reprov'd for imprudence did they attempt to shield from outrage the followers of Christ. And when he died, his death was hailed as a judgment from God on an enemy of the Church. Mousa Elias was a hero as much above the world's type of hero, as the deep blue heaven is above the cold, sluggish earth on which we tread. "He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him." With his last breath he bequeathed his two infant boys to the missionaries, to be educated for the work of the Lord in Syria; but the grandfather, with religious horror, came and took possession of the children, and the missionaries could not carry out their dying friend's wish without creating a commotion detrimental to the cause of missions. Their wisdom in surrendering the children has since become manifest.

On a Sunday evening a few weeks ago a dozen of youths assembled in my *Leevan* to be examined in the Shorter Catechism for prizes. They all knew the whole of the Catechism almost perfectly, and it was difficult to decide who knew it best. A son of Dr. Meshaka assisted me; and it was only by counting *stumbles* or mispronunciations that we were able to make a distinction. When we had completed the Catechism, three was the greatest number of mistakes made by any of the boys. One little boy with a large head, and clear ruddy complexion, and large brown sparkling eyes, made only one mistake, and got a prize. He was FARHAN ELIAS, one of the boys who had been consigned by his dying father to the care of the missionaries. The grandfather having compelled one of his sons by main violence to quit the missionaries, lived to see him become a miserable reprobate. He then came to think better of the missionaries; and though he has not yet joined the missionaries himself, he has surrendered to their charge his orphan grandchildren. The boy Farhan was the brightest of all the boarders under my care during the past winter. We intend to give him the best education Syria can afford, at the same time taking care not to unfit him for living among his own people; and I trust by the blessing of God he shall live to do good work in his native land.

21 STRAIGHT STREET, DAMASCUS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A JANSENIST BISHOP.

BY THE REV. NORMAN L. WALKER, DYSART.



ONE definite result of the adoption by the Vatican Council of the Infallibility dogma, has been the formation of an independent Catholic community which the Church of Rome disowns as schismatic. Until recently, that community did not possess within itself the means of permanently providing, according to its own principles, for the ordinances of religion. It had a certain number of regularly ordained priests; but, as not one of the bishops who had valiantly fought against the Syllabus while it was being discussed, had been courageous enough to carry his convictions to any practical issue, it wanted the power to multiply its ministers or to supply the places of those who fell. Now, however, this defect in its organization has been met. On the 4th of June last, a body of men

representing the Old Catholics of Germany, assembled at Bonn, and elected Dr. Joseph Reinkens, a Breslau theological professor, to the exercise of the episcopal office among them; and two months later, on the 11th of August, the consecration of Dr. Reinkens took place at Rotterdam in Holland. The circumstances connected with that consecration are interesting and peculiar, and the following narrative—half personal, and half historical—will, we hope, not be unacceptable to the readers of the *Treasury*.

We are familiar enough, even in this country, with the stress laid upon the doctrine of apostolical succession. A High Anglican will recognize the orders of no man who has not been ordained by a validly consecrated bishop; and as this is an idea which is derived from the Church

of Rome, and which is held by the members of that Church in at least as tenacious a way, it became a very serious question indeed with the Old Catholics, when they resolved to have an organization of their own, how they were to maintain it. Without a bishop their days were obviously numbered. They might linger on for a time with the priests they had, but these would die in the course of nature; and with no successors to them the flocks would, of course, find their way back again in time into the ancient fold. And suppose they elected any one of themselves to the episcopate, who would or could consecrate him? For the performance of such a service there was needed what, *a priori*, one could hardly have expected to find—a body near enough Rome to approve of Old Catholic principles; and yet on such terms with it as to be willing to dare its displeasure by helping to perpetuate a schism from its ranks. Strange to say, however, there did happen to exist just such a religious community as was able to satisfy all the required conditions—the community, namely, of the *Jansenists*; and an immense amount of fresh interest has thus gathered around a sect which, on other grounds, has always held a notable place in the Post-Reformation history of the Church of Rome.

The Jansenists are so called because they are supposed to hold the doctrines of Cornelius Jansen, or Jansenius, who was born in 1585 near Leerdam in Holland, who was appointed Bishop of Ypres in 1636, and who died of the plague in 1638. At the University of Louvain, where he studied, the young Dutchman became the intimate friend of John Duverger de Hauranne, afterwards so well known as the Abbé de St. Cyran and the spiritual director of the famous monastery of Port Royal. The two young men were both aiming at the priesthood, and, as both were very much in earnest, they soon came into keen contact with the religious currents of the day. At the time the great services rendered to the Church of Rome by the Society of Jesus, in rallying it at home after the shock of the Reformation, and extending its confines abroad by missions, were being fully recognized, and the Jesuits were showing that they intended to make the most of their merits by claiming the chief say in all ecclesiastical matters. But at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries Romanism was in a more fluid state than it is at present, and they met with many difficulties in getting their own doctrines accepted as of exclusive authority in the Church. Even in the Council of Trent, which sat from 1545 to 1563, there was by no means absolute unanimity about the most essential questions—for example, about justification—one archbishop, two bishops, and five others ascribing the acceptance of a sinner before God simply and solely to the merits of Christ through faith. And all doctrinal disputes did not end when the Council rose. Controversies continued to be as rife as ever; and when Jansen and De Hauranne took up their abode in Louvain, they found themselves in the drift of a conflict in which the university of that city had taken a leading

part. This conflict was about the teaching of St. Augustine. His works were not formally condemned by the Tridentine Council, because he was recognized as one of the Fathers, but the whole current of opinion in the Church was decidedly hostile to him. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, however, Michael Bains, a distinguished professor in the Louvain University, came forth openly as his expositor and disciple. Among the distinctive Augustinian doctrines are these,—that human nature is totally depraved, and that salvation is entirely of grace; and Dr. Bains, who is described as having been “equally remarkable on account of the warmth of his piety and the extent of his learning,” had the courage publicly to censure the tenets commonly received in the Church of Rome in relation to the natural powers of man and the merit of good works. These efforts were met in the usual way. The inconveniences which had arisen from what was now felt to have been the inconsiderately rash treatment of Luther were too fresh in the recollection of the Vatican to move it to extreme measures; and so the Louvain professor was not excommunicated: but two Popes in succession issued circular letters condemning what he had taught, and Augustinianism was virtually placed under a formal ban. Notwithstanding of this—or shall we say *because* of this!—the name of the Bishop of Hippo was not allowed to be forgotten in Louvain. The students read his works with probably all the greater relish that the waters were in a manner stolen. At any rate this is certain, that Jansen and de Hauranne left the university enthusiastic Augustinians, and that the former devoted the greater part of his subsequent life to the preparation of a digest of the Augustinian system. With what care this digest was accomplished may be guessed from the circumstance that Jansen is said to have read through the works of Augustine (ten volumes folio) ten times, and to have thirty times collated those particular passages which related to Pelagianism. He did not live, however, to see his own work given to the world, or to share in the afflictions which it brought upon such as accepted its teaching. He died, as we have seen, in 1638; and it was some time after that that the volume was published, under the editorship of two friends to whom he had committed it on his death-bed. Its title was as follows: “*Augustinus Cornelii Jansenii Episcopi, seu Doctrinae Sancti Augustini de Humana Nature Sanitate, Agri-tudine medica, adversus Pelagianos et Massilienses*,” and the earliest edition is dated “Louvain, 1640.” The book is divided into three parts: the first being a refutation of Pelagianism, the second showing the spiritual disease of man, and the third exhibiting the remedy provided. Its defects, looked at from the Protestant evangelical point of view, are very apparent. For one thing, the Holy Scriptures are not assigned their rightful position as the supreme rule of faith, and Jansen fights the Jesuits with the authority of Augustine and of tradition, instead of with the authority of God. Nevertheless the grand essentials of the gospel system are

undoubtedly in the work, and we believe it may be said that to it, as much as to any other book that can be named, may be ascribed the preservation of whatever evangelical salt was found within the Church of Rome for a century after the Reformation.

The publication of Jansen's "*Augustinus*" at once produced a great sensation. By many it was welcomed with enthusiasm, but by the Jesuits it was recognized immediately to be an enemy which could not be safely left to go at large; and steps were instantly taken by them to discover something which might furnish an excuse for its suppression. This something was found by Nicolas Cornet, a member of the Society of Jesus, who, after patiently sifting the book, extracted out of it several propositions which he declared to be heretical. These propositions were submitted to the Pope, and by him were formally condemned. But the sentence so procured did not reach the root of the matter. The Jansenists agreed in condemning the propositions, but they affirmed that they were not in the book; and when a second decree was got, asserting that they *were* in the book, they answered by questioning the right of the Pope to affirm anything of the sort. The Pope's infallibility, they said, did not extend to a *judgment of facts*. Of course they had the best of the argument; but they were weak in the matter of authority, and the end of it was that the "*Augustinus*" was placed in the "*Index*," and that a splendid monument erected over the grave of Jansenius was ordered to be demolished, in the hope that "the memory of Jansen might perish from the earth."

In the meantime the other of the two friends who were associated in the origination of this movement was advancing it elsewhere, not so much by argument as by example. De Hauranne had taken up his abode in Paris, where, as the Abbé de St. Cyran, he became the centre of a religious circle, which, under his influence, expanded continually. He is described as having been one of those men to whom the Church of Rome would have delighted to give the title of "Saint," if it had not been for certain drawbacks which made him an inconvenient member of the communion. His holiness was of the ascetic type. He went about in a humble garb, and with a "mortified" air; and all his public acts tended to increase the ghostly reputation of the Church of which he was a minister. But then, on the other hand, his sanctity was real. He was in the habit not merely of studying the Scriptures for himself, but of recommending the study to all his disciples; and the doctrines he taught were not of the sort by which "the priest" is made to occupy the first place in a sinner's thoughts. These things did not help to gain for him the favour of the Jesuits. On the contrary, he became increasingly obnoxious to them; and it is probable that their enmity to Port Royal derived a good deal of its bitterness from the circumstance that the inmates of that celebrated monastery chose the Abbé de St. Cyran as their spiritual director. This incident, however, became a memorable

one in the history of Jansenism, because it involved in the controversies of the time far greater names than that of the Bishop of Ypres. The monastery was divided into two sections. There was a town house and a country house. Port Royal de Paris, as the former was called, was usually inhabited by nuns. Port Royal des Champs, or the farm in its neighbourhood, was the abode of certain male recluses, who occupied their time partly with devotions and partly with literature and agricultural pursuits. Among the latter were such men as Antoine Arnauld, Blaise Pascal, Le Maitre, and Nicole; and by them the battle for Augustinianism was fought, with a skill and wit and learning which nothing but the brute force which the Jesuits were able to command could ever have successfully resisted. As it was, the Port Royalists actually stayed the tide of oppression for some years. The tactics of their enemies were mercilessly exposed and ridiculed in the *Provincial Letters*; and while all France was laughing at the absurd figures which the unfortunate ecclesiastics were made to cut, the Church would not have been sustained if it had ventured to proceed to extremities against those in whose interest the Letters were written. But laughter is not a thing which lasts; and the Jesuits were not diverted from their purpose by the light though stinging shafts of wit which were discharged against them. Biding their time, they again, after a season, resumed the weapon which was weightiest in their hands—that of absolute authority; and they so applied their influence at Rome, and at the French Court, that Jansenism, so far at least as the open profession of it was concerned, was by-and-by completely suppressed in France. The method which they employed in this connection was very simple, but very effectual. A formulary was prepared, which was used as a Shibboleth, and those who refused to sign it were mercilessly persecuted. The formulary was as follows: "I condemn from my inmost soul, and by word of mouth, the doctrine of the Five Propositions, which are contained in the work of Cornelius Jansenius; a doctrine which is not that of St. Augustine, whose sentiments Jansenius has misinterpreted"! Very many resolutely refused to take this test, and the dungeons of the Bastille, and of other prisons, were crowded from time to time with men and women who preferred to suffer rather than to defile their consciences by swearing falsely. The battle continued long, with intervals of peace, but the final victory remained with the Society of Jesus; and in the year 1710 the monastery which had been the stronghold of what remained of the evangelical faith was razed to the ground.

In the meantime an illustration was being given of the difficulty of really exterminating any faith which a number of men are in earnest in maintaining. Jansenism was suppressed in France, but one result of that was that it flourished in consequence all the more vigorously in Holland. Holland was a Protestant country, so that the Jesuits could not enlist the secular

power on their side, and put down by the strong hand whatever they happened to dislike there; and besides, of all the Protestant nations, the Dutch best understood in those days the principles of toleration. It thus happened that the *Augustinus* of Jansen (himself a Dutchman) circulated freely among the Roman Catholics of the Netherlands, and that fugitives from France met with a hearty welcome when they sought there the freedom of conscience which they were denied at home. Among the refugees, for example, who in this way carried the light of his teaching and example to Holland was the famous Quesnel, against whose works the notorious Papal bull *Unigenitus* was launched. He died at Amsterdam in 1719. Two things followed from this state of matters. In the first place, the whole Dutch Catholic community came to be more or less leavened with Jansenism; and secondly, the Roman Church in Holland was driven to take up, as against the Jesuit controllers of the Papal See, a position of *quasi* independence.

About the time of the Reformation there were five dioceses in Holland, but when Protestantism was adopted as the established religion of the country these were abolished, and the residuary Catholics were placed under one archbishop, who was elected by the Chapters of Utrecht and Haarlem, and who took his title from some place in *partibus infidelium*. These Dutch bishops showed a decided sympathy for Jansenism—a sympathy which was probably intensified by the insolence of the Jesuits, who claimed the right to carry on their operations in Holland without any respect to the constituted authorities, and in direct and exclusive submission to the General of their own order. During the episcopate of one of them, Dr. Arnould himself—whose contest with the Sorbonne made the occasion for the publication of the *Provincial Letters*—found for a time a refuge in the Low Countries. As may be imagined, this state of things was highly distasteful to those who were resolved never to rest until they had exterminated Port-Royalism; and since they could not hope to persuade the civil government to interpose in their favour, they addressed themselves to the task of either getting the hierarchy under their own power or of suppressing it altogether. In the first of these attempts they failed. The Chapters would not give up to the Pope (which meant, of course, giving up to the Jesuits) the right to nominate to vacant sees; and the endeavour to carry out the alternative object ended in the formation of that separatist community whose continued existence has proved such a godsend to the Old Catholics of the present day.

In 1689 the two Chapters forwarded to Rome the name of a M. Van Heussen whom they wished to have consecrated to the archbishopric, which was then vacant. Difficulties, however, were made about him, and it was agreed to send up a list of three. Out of this list the Pope chose M. Codde, as to him the least objectionable, and he was appointed to the office. But the new prelate proved to be quite as impracticable as his pre-

decessors, and the Jesuits resorted to a characteristic device to destroy his influence. He was invited to Rome and detained there, the affairs of his diocese being administered the while by a Vicar Apostolic. The trick so far succeeded. During the three years of his detention the seeds of disunion were carefully sown, and the Church in Holland ceased to present an unbroken front to its oppressors. But Codde made his escape and returned home, and the Jansenist party rallied under him; so that when he died there was as decided a determination manifested as ever to elect to the episcopate no man who did not hold the prevailing sentiments. It is too long a story to tell minutely. Suffice it to say that for twelve years after this Holland remained without a bishop. The Chapters of Utrecht and Haarlem made many attempts to come to an understanding with the Vatican, but in vain; and at last, after registering an appeal to the first General Council that might be held, they proceeded in 1733 to make an election to the vacant see. Cornelius Steenhoven was thus chosen. But after that act they seemed as far from the end of their troubles as ever. No answer was given to the request which they sent to Rome that the appointment might be confirmed; and the neighbouring bishops were officially warned against taking any part in the ceremony of consecration. Happily, however, they were relieved from their perplexity in an unlooked-for manner. One of the refugees who had been compelled to seek shelter in Holland from the persecutions of the Jesuits was an ecclesiastic of episcopal standing. Where he had previously laboured we have not happened to notice, but his title, in *partibus*, was that of Bishop of Babylon; and at the time when his services were called into requisition he had the charge of a congregation of his own in the city of Amsterdam. This man did for the Dutch Jansenists what the Bishop of Deventer has recently done for the German Old Catholics. He had the *succession*. He was entitled in cases of extremity to perform the act of consecration alone. And through him the true and genuine episcopate was continued to the Church in Holland. By him Steenhoven was installed as Archbishop of Utrecht in 1724; and the hierarchy as it now exists was completed when the suffragan See of Haarlem was restored in 1742, and that of Deventer in 1768. His Holiness, however, did not see all these arrangements made with indifference. Every fresh act of independence called forth a fresh fulmination from Rome; and every new bishop was, as a rule, formally excommunicated. "The schism of Utrecht," as it is called in the Papal bulls, has been a painful event in the history of Romanism. Many efforts have been made at various times to heal the breach, but in vain; and, if all signs do not fail, the Vatican Council, which at one time promised to lead the wanderers back to the fold, may prove to be the means of making the Jansenists more fatal to the Papacy than they ever could have been even if they had got all that they originally asked

for. But having offered these preliminary explanations, I now proceed to tell what came under my own observation.

When in Amsterdam in 1869, I made the acquaintance of an intelligent Scotchman resident in Holland, from whom I received a great deal of information about the religious condition of that country. In proposing to myself, therefore, to revisit the Low Countries in the autumn of 1873, with this purpose, among others, to inquire into the state of the Jansenist community, I wrote to this friend asking if he could help me in the prosecution of the objects I had in view. He replied at once, cordially promising assistance, and mentioning particularly that, if I chose, he could procure for me the advantage of an interview with the only representative of the Jansenist episcopate then living,—the Bishop of Deventer. I of course accepted this offer gladly; and on the morning of the 18th of August a Dutch gentleman, who could speak his own language and English with equal facility, called for me at my hotel in Rotterdam, and brought a message from the bishop to the effect that he would be glad to see me that same evening. He left with me at the same time a pamphlet, in English, written by a Mr. Fallow, a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, which he said might give me some of the information I was in want of. I found Mr. Fallow's pamphlet to be written from the High Anglican point of view; and there were some statements made in it with regard to the present attitude of the Jansenists which my own inquiries did not confirm. Nevertheless his statistics may, I suppose, be accepted as correct, and I give them here. He says he was informed that the community now consists of only twenty-five congregations, sixteen of which are attached to the diocese of Utrecht, and nine to that of Haarlem. There is no church now in Deventer, and the bishop of that see lives in Rotterdam, where he acts as pastor of one of the two congregations there. The community is all but entirely Dutch. One congregation alone exists outside Holland, in the island of Nordstraad, Sleswick. It is connected ecclesiastically with the diocese of Utrecht. The whole together have a membership of about five thousand. It is very plain from this that the number of prelates is out of all proportion to the present size of the flock; and the extravagance of having an archbishop with two suffragans to govern so small a Church looks particularly marked when you visit their places of worship. The "Cathedral" at Utrecht we found to be a small chapel in the corner of a square, with nothing whatever outside to distinguish it as an ecclesiastical building; while at Haarlem we could not even manage to get within sight of the church in which the bishop of that ancient see officiates. After much wandering we reached the narrow back-lane in which we were told it stood, but both sides of the street were fully occupied with shops and houses, except at one point, where a high dead wall broke the uniformity.

We asked a boy who was blowing the bellows of a forge immediately opposite if the Jansenists' "kerk" stood over the way, and he said, Yes; but to this hour we have only his word for it. In all this, however, we saw much that was interesting and suggestive! The Jesuits in the end got the best of it, even in Holland. They had the world at their back, and all the influence of the great Catholic Church. Popery, therefore, is at the present day everywhere represented by fine places of worship, and receives the homage of multitudes of worshippers, while Jansenism bears all the marks of a suffering sect. It lives in the shade; it shrinks into corners; and, like our old Scottish Seceders, it probably seeks compensation for the want of the sunshine of temporal prosperity in the maintenance of a severer style of Christian profession and life. But in the upholding unbroken of the old hierarchical framework it has no doubt high purposes in view. The Jansenists remember how near they were to becoming extinct in the beginning of the eighteenth century. But for the providential presence of the Bishop of Babylon in Amsterdam, the precious link of the apostolical succession would have been broken. It was to increase the security for the preservation of the holy seed that they restored the suffragan sees of Haarlem and Deventer. It is of course for the same reason that the bishopric of Deventer is continued, although there is now no flock in that diocese to oversee. And they will feel less inclined than ever to diminish the number of their dignitaries, now that they have lived to render important service to Germany, and to see how nearly they had failed, even with all their care, to be able to render the service which was required of them. For on the very day on which Reinkens was elected to the episcopate by the Old Catholics, the Archbishop of Utrecht died. At the same time the bishopric of Haarlem was vacant. And the transmission of grace in a valid form to thousands of people hung thereafter by a single thread—on the precarious life of the Bishop of Deventer!

Under the guidance of my Dutch friend I found my way to the house of Monsignor Heycamp about seven o'clock in the evening. He lives in a quiet, narrow, unpretentious street in Rotterdam; and when we were shown into a plain parlour, opening with folding-doors into another room behind, which appeared to be his library, the daylight seemed to have already begun to wane. The bishop received us both very kindly. He is a man of about sixty years of age, with a pleasant cast of countenance, and a benevolent expression of face. He wore a clerical dress,—a white necktie, a long black surtout buttoned up to the throat, and a velvet skull-cap; but there was nothing specially to distinguish him either as a Church dignitary or as a Catholic; and certainly in the conversation which followed there was not much compelling me to feel that any great gulf of separation was dividing us from one another. At his invitation we drew our chairs to the round table

which occupied the centre of the room, and at once began a talk which lasted until the shadows of evening had almost filled the apartment.

First of all, referring to an impression conveyed by Mr. Fallow's pamphlet, to the effect that the Jansenists no longer occupy the ground held by their fathers, I asked if it was the case that they now reject Augustinianism, and particularly his doctrine of *grace*? "No," was the answer, given very emphatically; "we maintain the old position as firmly as ever. Indeed it is there that our distinctive principles lie." [What misled Mr. Fallow, I believe, was this:—Those whom we call "Jansenists" object to the name, as the members of the Catholic Apostolic Church object to being called "Irvingites." They honour Jansenius, but they do not wish to be regarded as building their faith upon him, or upon any other mere man, and they ask in Holland to be recognised as "the Old Bishopic [or Episcopal] Communion."]

"You have, I suppose, the Bible in the Dutch language?" I next said; "and permit the free use of it among the members of your congregations?"

"Most certainly," the bishop replied. "We not only permit our people to read the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue, but we *command* them to do so." (This also was said with great energy.)

"Then I understand your past relation to the Church of Rome to be this: You have not seceded from it. You still hold that you belong to the communion of the Catholic Church. In regard to the oppressions you have suffered, you assert that you have been treated illegally; and you maintain a standing appeal against them to the next General Council?"

"Yes."

"And you did not recognise the Council of the Vatican as Ecumenical?"

"No."

"In calling together any Council of the Christian Church, would you consider it proper to include the Anglican Church in the list of invitations?"

The bishop answered in the affirmative, but he did so with apparently some hesitation; and as he had not probably considered the matter, I do not know what might come to be his decision ultimately. Of course, I did not ask if there was any chance of people who were Presbyterians, or Methodists, or Congregationalists, being owned in this connection; for I knew that *they* wanted the episcopate and the apostolical succession, and I did not wish to put the good man to the pain of telling me that my orders were utterly invalid. I went on, however, to submit this difficulty to him:—

"You tell us," I said, "that the Church of Rome has excommunicated *you*, a faithful section of the Catholic communion. You also believe that, in decreeing the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin and of the Pope's Infallibility, it has promulgated damnable heresies; now, I am anxious to know how long and how far it will require to go on in the same

line before you begin to doubt or deny its *apostolicity*. In other words, have not recent events, especially, led you to suspect that there may be some truth in what others have asserted,—that Rome is Antichrist?"

The answer of the bishop was long, and somewhat elaborate. He had a good many qualifications and explanations to make; and it was evident that the conclusion to which Old Catholicism—if it is not to die—is tending, was one from which he instinctively shrunk. But the upshot of the whole was, that in his opinion confidence in the Papacy has been fatally shaken, and the new attitude is that of determined *protest* against it, as not merely an erring, but a perverted system.

I asked, then, if, in these circumstances, they did not feel bound to join in the endeavour to overturn the system, viewing Rome, not as the Mother Church, underneath whose care it would be happiness to return, but as "an harlot," who had usurped a place which did not belong to her?

He answered, that as yet they could not see what active steps they were warranted to take to bring about the overthrow of the Roman Church. They were waiting, he said, until God opened the way more clearly to them in his providence. But he left on my mind one very distinct impression,—that the Jansenists view the Papacy with very different feelings from those which animate the bastard Romanists in the Church of England. To the latter the See of St. Peter is surrounded with a glory which recent events have scarcely dimmed. To the former the same object is black and forbidding, and they are turning from it with an increasing horror and dislike.

Turning from this point, I asked the bishop whether, in his opinion, the German Old Catholic movement is most a *spiritual* or most a *political* movement.

"If I had not believed it to be mainly a *spiritual* movement," he replied, with emphasis, "I would not have held out my hand to it."

I said I had noticed that the Archbishop of Utrecht had consented to take part in the consecration of a German bishop, only on condition that an Old Catholic constitution should first of all be drawn up and submitted to him.

That, M. Heycamp said, had been done; and he himself had been fully satisfied on the point before engaging in the ceremonies of the previous week. He added, that no new Church had been set up, nor had there taken place anything like an incorporating union between the Jansenists of Holland and the Old Catholics of Germany. They all professed to belong to the one Catholic Church; and the effect of what had been done was simply to recognise, in a formal way, the church-standing of the members of both communions. He also entered at considerable length into an exposition of the place which, in his view, German Old Catholicism is filling. He told us that, in the meantime, Bishop Reinkens has no local diocese, but that it was likely he might soon have one, for that there

were already 70,000 persons, scattered all over Germany, who recognised his episcopal authority, and that that number was constantly increasing. The Government, too, was very friendly to him ; and so many Christians were entitled to receive support for their ministry. Of course, political feeling had, no doubt, something to do with the movement, but he firmly believed it to be an essentially spiritual one.

As the bishop seemed to assume, in all he said in this connection, that the principle of what we call in this country "concurrent endowment," was self-evidently reasonable, I asked if the Jansenists' ministers were sustained by the Dutch Government.

"Certainly," he said ; whenever they can show that there is a congregation of worshippers, and the need of State help, that help is given."

"And the Roman Catholics, are they treated in the same manner ?"

"Yes."

"In reference to them, how are they now governed ? I observe that, for a century and a half at any rate, they did not restore the hierarchy which was broken up by your opposition to the Jesuits. Is Holland still directed by vicars apostolic ?"

"No. For a long time it was so, but in the reign of William I. the Pope approached the Government of the time, and asked its concurrence in the appointment of Roman bishops to the old sees. The Prime Minister objected, saying, that there were Bishops of Utrecht and Haarlem already (meaning the Jansenist bishops) ; and that to 'put two cocks into the same nest would be to provoke a fight ;' but he at the same time expressed his willingness to approve the erection of entirely new Catholic bishoprics ; such as those, for example, of Amsterdam or Leyden. This offer, however, did not suit the notions of the Vatican ; and it preferred to wait for a better day. That came in the reign of the third William ; and now we have two Archbishops of Utrecht, two of Haarlem, and two of Deventer."

There was just one other question which I took it upon me to put in a deliberate way, apologising, at the same time, for the liberty I took in submitting it in so explicit a form.

"What answer," I asked, "would he, as a Jansenist, give to a sinner who came to him in a state of anxiety of mind, seeking to know the way of salvation ?"

"I would say to him," he answered at once,—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and confess your sins."

Some to whom I have mentioned this reply, since coming home, have asked me in what sense the confession of sins was understood—hinting that what was meant was confession to a priest, with a view to sacerdotal absolution. But I have no reason, but the contrary, to think that this was the sense of the bishop's words. His language was translated to me by the Dutch interpreter, and I give the *ipsissima verba*

which he used ; but I have no doubt in my own mind at all that the reply is to be taken in its evangelical signification,—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, confessing your sins.”

Some desultory talk followed about England. He seemed interested in the appointment of a successor to the Bishop of Winchester ; and was curious to know what the "fellow" of a college was. But nothing occurred further that seems worthy of special record. And I may only add that I bade him farewell with a feeling of sincere respect, being convinced that personally he is a man of undoubted earnestness ; and that, as an ecclesiastic, he represents a cause which is not merely venerable by reason of its historical associations, but in the highest degree interesting, on account of the service it promises to render to the cause of Protestantism.

In concluding, I may remark that the history of Jansenism supplies lessons which Old Catholicism would be wise to study. Why has that interesting community of which we have been speaking shrunk to its present dimensions ? It is because it has insisted on retaining in its constitution what tended to make its protest against Romanism feckless and ineffective. For one thing, it started with a bitter and unreasoning prejudice against the Churches of the Reformation. Jansen himself speaks of Protestants as being no better than Turks ; and says, that "they had much more reason to congratulate themselves on the mercy of princes, than to complain of their severities, which, as the vilest of heretics, they richly deserved." They habituated themselves, also, from age to age, to think of Rome as their Mother Church, from whose hearth, indeed, they had been unjustly banished, but to whose bosom they hoped, by-and-by, to be restored. Then, though they have an open Bible, and maintain the doctrines of grace, they mixed up with their evangelism so much of the sacerdotal system, that the good must have been almost neutralized by the evil. The Mass still held a central place in their worship—it was matter of life or death to them to have a validly ordained priesthood ; and over all fell that tremendous shadow of "*The Church*," under cover of which Ritualism is now doing its best to Romanise the Church of England. Occupying the position it did, Jansenism has all along been fighting a losing battle with the Papacy. Rome had always a great backing. All the currents were in its favour ; while the Jansenists themselves played into its hands, by trying to maintain the family likeness. No wonder, then, that the result was, that Rome became greater and greater, and Jansenism ever less and less. And that will be the issue of Old Catholicism also, if it does not come to show a bolder and a freer spirit. As long as it retains its pervasive sacerdotalism, Rome will continue to mark it as its own. It may run an independent course for a time, and that time will be longer or shorter in proportion to the strength of the current which is now driving them

from the centre; but the string is not broken, and the strain recalling them will by-and-by begin. We see how the thing is now working in England, where three centuries ago the revulsion from Rome was far more intense than that which in our day is leading men to hold congresses at Constance or Cologne. And unless matters mend, we may reasonably dread that the German Reformation will prove a movement in a circle. Our only hope lies in the opening up of the Scriptures to the people, and in the increased attention that is being

given to them, and also in the emancipating effects of Roman arrogance and presumption. We have seen how recent events have told in the way of opening the eyes of a Jansenist bishop to the true character of the Papacy, and we may indulge the expectation that with the recoll from Ultramontaniam there may come a wakening up out of the delusion entirely, and a resolution to build their Church directly, and not sentimentally, on the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.

RICHARD BAXTER.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITBROW, M.A., CANADA.



F the two thousand nonconforming clergy who in the year 1662 abandoned their livings rather than perjure their consciences, none was more conspicuous for learning and piety, for zeal and suffering, than Richard Baxter. Indeed, no nobler nature sprang from that stormy age which produced a Cromwell and a Hampden, a Marvell and a Milton. But never was more heroic soul enshrined in a frailer tabernacle, or assailed by ruder gusts of fortune. His life was one long martyrdom of disease and fiery agonies of pain. His physical infirmities were aggravated by unremitting toil and study, and by cruel persecution and imprisonment. But the tree that wrestles with the storm upon the wind-swept height acquires a firmer fibre and a sturdier growth than that which nestles in the sheltered vale. So the stern Puritan nature, buffeting with the blasts of adversity, developed a strength of moral fibre, an unfaltering will, and dauntless daring, that 'a blander atmosphere might have enervated or destroyed. The study of that heroic life cannot fail to quicken noble impulses and inspire a lofty purpose even in an age of luxury and self-indulgence.

On the 12th of November 1615 was born, in the pleasant village of Rowton, Shropshire, the child who was to influence so largely the religious destiny of his own and of future times. His father was a substantial yeoman, who cherished the fear of God in a period of general spiritual declension. King James's "Book of Sports" seemed almost to enforce the desecration of the Sabbath; and Baxter complained that in his youth the family "could not on the Lord's-day either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antique dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again."

His early instructors in secular knowledge were a stage-player and an attorney's clerk, who had succe-

sively assumed the functions of curate of the parish. But the religious teachings of his godly sire, and the study of the family Bible, which was all his library, save some pedlars' ballads and tracts, and a few borrowed books, were the most important elements in the formation of his character. From his sixteenth to his nineteenth year he attended the Wroxeter grammar-school, where he acquired a fluent though uncritical use of Latin, and a partial knowledge of Greek. Few glimpses of his boyhood occur, although he tells us that he was addicted to orchard-robbing and to the inordinate use of fruit, which he believed induced his subsequent physical infirmities. His constitution was further undermined by an attack of small-pox, which left behind symptoms of acute phthisis.

Shortly after attaining his twentieth year Baxter was induced to try his fortunes at Court. Thither he accordingly repaired, fortified with a letter to the Master of the Revels. The frivolous amusements and fashionable follies of Whitehall, however, proved distasteful to his naturally serious disposition, and within a month he returned to his quiet and studious life at Rowton. "I had quickly enough of the Court," he says, "when I saw a stage-play instead of a sermon on the Lord's-day in the afternoon, and saw what course was there in fashion." From the seriousness of his deportment he early acquired the name of Precision and Puritan; but though at first nettled at the sneer, he soon learned to regard as an honour an epithet which was daily heaped by the worst upon the best of men.

But mere sobriety of life could not satisfy the demands of an awakened conscience. A severe illness soon brought him to the borders of the grave. Deep convictions took hold upon his mind. His soul was shaken with fearful questionings. Dark forms of unbelief assailed him,—doubts of the future life, of the credibility of the Scripture, of the very existence of God. The very foundations of faith seemed to be destroyed. But he bravely wrestled with his doubts. He boldly confronted his spiritual difficulties, and he came off victorious, but not without receiving in the conflict mental scars, which he bore to his dying day. His convictions

were inwrought into the fibre of his being. His faith henceforth was founded upon a Rock.

At the age of twenty-three he was ordained, and became the curate to a clergyman at Bridgenorth. Two years after, he was appointed to the cure of souls at Kidderminster, and entered with enthusiasm upon his parochial duties. His earnest ministrations and sedulous pastoral care disturbed the spiritual apathy of the town, and soon wrought a wonderful improvement in the manners of the people. Nor was he less mindful of the ills of the body than of the maladies of the soul. For years he practised among them the healing art, till, finding the tax upon his time too great, he secured the residence of a professional physician.

The times were full of portents. The political atmosphere was surcharged with elements which must ere long produce an explosion. In the oppressive hush, like that before a storm, could be heard the far-off mutterings of the thunder about to burst over the astonished nation. Society was to be plunged almost into chaos by the violence of the shock. The Puritans, from being a religious sect, were gradually becoming a political power. Oppression and persecution only confirmed them in their principles. They were gradually attracting to themselves the noblest spirits of the realm,—those who loved God and loved liberty.

Baxter's religious sympathies were almost entirely with the Puritans, but he was loyal to his sovereign. The storm burst in his immediate neighbourhood. The iconoclastic zeal of the Roundhead soldiery attacked some lingering relics of Popery in the Kidderminster church; a riot with the townspeople ensued. Baxter, as a man of peace, retired to Coventry as a city of refuge till the return of quiet times. "We kept to our own principles," he says; "we were unfeignedly for King and Parliament." Invited by Cromwell to become chaplain of the troops at Cambridge, he declined; but afterward visiting the Parliamentary army, he found, as he conceived, much theological error in its ranks, and accepted the chaplaincy of Whalley's regiment, as affording an opportunity of converting the Anabaptists and Levellers to the orthodox faith.* A skilled polemic, he challenged his adversaries to a public discussion. The theological tournament took place at Amersham church, in Buckinghamshire. "I took the reading-pew," says Baxter, "and Pitchford's cornet and troopers took the gallery; and I alone disputed against them from morning until almost night." He sought a nobler antagonist in the person of the General himself; but Cromwell, he complains with some bitterness, "would not dispute with me at all." But he witnessed other and direr conflicts than these; and after many a bloody skirmish, ministered to the bodily and ghostly necessities of the wounded and the dying. He was also pres-

ent at the sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester, ever striving to mitigate the horrors of war, and to promote the spirit of peace and good-will.

Compelled by ill health to leave the army, he returned to his beloved flock at Kidderminster, and gave to the world the undying legacy of his "Saint's Rest" and "Call to the Unconverted;" written, he tells us, "in the midst of continual languishing and medicine.....by a man with one foot in the grave, between the living and the dead." The one seems like a blissful anticipation of that heaven in whose very precincts he walked; the other is almost like a call from the other world, so frail was the tenure of his life when it was uttered, but echoing through the ages in many a strange land and foreign tongue.* It has aroused multitudes from their fatal slumber, and led them to the everlasting rest.

Baxter was no sycophant of the great. He fearlessly declared, even before Cromwell, his abhorrence of the execution of the King, and of the usurpation of the Protector. Invited to preach at Court, he boldly declaimed in the presence of the great captain against the sin of maintaining schism for his own political ends. With a candour no less than his own, and in honourable testimony to his work, and to the value placed upon his esteem, Cromwell sought to convince him of the integrity of his purpose and justice of his acts. But the Puritan Royalist was faithful to the memory of his slain king. He left the Court, where advancement awaited him, and consecrated his wealth of learning and eloquence to the humble poor of Kidderminster, rejoicing in their simple joys, sympathizing with their homely sorrows, warning every man and teaching every man as in the sight of God.

Baxter sympathized strongly with the exiled sovereign, and preached the thanksgiving sermon at St. Paul's on Monk's declaration for the king. On the Restoration he accepted a royal chaplaincy, and in conscientious discharge of the duties of his office he preached a two-hours sermon of solemn admonition, ungraced by courtly phrase or compliment before the yawning monarch. He was jealous of the interests of religion, and in a personal interview with Charles, to use the words of Neal, "honest Mr. Baxter told his majesty that the interest of the late usurpers with the people arose from the encouragement they had given religion; and he hoped the king would not undo, but rather go beyond, the good which Cromwell or any other had done."

Invited to present a plan of ecclesiastical reformation, he framed one on the basis of Archbishop Usher's "Reduction of Episcopacy;" but his comprehensive and moderate scheme was rejected. Notwithstanding the specious promises of the royal Declaration, the perfidy

* Edwards, a writer of the period, in his "Gangraena," or Collection of Errors, enumerates sixteen prevailing varieties of heresy, and quotes one hundred and seventy-six erroneous passages from current theological literature.

* During Baxter's life as many as twenty thousand copies of the "Call to the Unconverted" were sold in a year—a vast number for that period. It was translated by Elliot into the Indian dialect, for the use of the American savages. It has since been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and multiplied almost beyond computation.

of the king and court was such that Baxter refused the offer of the mitre of Hereford as an insidious bribe. He sought instead permission to return to his humble flock at Kidderminster. He asked no salary, if only he might labour among them in the gospel; but his request was refused.

Baxter was a prominent member of the celebrated Savoy Conference, in which for fourteen weeks twenty-one Anglican and twenty-one Presbyterian divines—twelve of the former being of episcopal or archepiscopal dignity—attempted a reconciliation between the contending ecclesiastical factions. But this project was defeated by the bigoted opposition of the bishops. Their lordships were in the saddle, says the contemporary chronicler, so they guided the controversy their own gate. From the same authority we learn that "the most active disputant was Mr. Baxter, who had a very metaphysical head and fertile invention, and was one of the most ready men of his time for an argument; but," he adds, "too eager and tenacious of his own opinions." He gave especial offence by drawing up a "Reformed Liturgy," in the language of Scripture, which he proposed as an alternative to the venerable form consecrated by the use of a hundred years.

The prelatical party were eager to return to the livings from which they had been so long excluded. Even clergy sequestered for public scandal, reinstated in their forfeited privileges, threw off all the restraints of their order. Every week, says Baxter, some were taken up drunk in the streets, and one was reported drunk in the pulpit. A flood of profligacy swept away all the barriers of virtue and morality. The king sauntered from the chambers of his mistresses to the church even upon sacrament days. The Court became the scene of vile intrigue. Dissolute actresses flaunted the example of vice, and made a mock of virtue in lewd plays upon the stage. The "Book of Sports" was revived, and Sabbath desecration enjoined by authority of Parliament. To be of sober life and serious mien was to be accounted a schismatic, a fanatic, and a rebel. Engrossed in persecuting schism, the National Church had no time to restrain vice.

The excesses of a faction of Fifth Monarchy men, who in the name of King Jesus raised a riot in the city, gave an occasion of persecuting the Puritan and Presbyterian party. In the very year of the Restoration, and almost coincident with His Sacred Majesty's Declaration of liberty of conscience, the dungeons of London were glutted with prisoners for conscience' sake. Among these were five hundred Quakers, besides four thousand in the country gaols. For "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from church," attending conventicles, and like heinous crimes, John Bunyan languished in prison for twelve years, and bequeathed to the world its noblest uninspired volume.

The Act of Uniformity went into effect on August 24, 1662, the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew—an omen of sinister significance, inasmuch as

both crimes were animated by the same spirit of religious intolerance. Two thousand "worthy, learned, pious, and orthodox divines," as Locke has styled them, were forcibly banished from their roof-trees and hearthstones, and driven forth homeless and shelterless, for no offence save worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience. While the courtly revellers of Whitehall were celebrating the nuptials of King Charles and the fair Catherine of Portugal, from cathedral close and prebendal stall, from rectory and vicarage, the ejected clergy went forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither they went. This cruel Act, says Burnet, raised a grievous cry over the nation. Many must have perished but for private collections for their subsistence. "They cast themselves," continues the bishop, "on the providence of God and the charity of friends." "Many hundreds of them," says Baxter, "with their wives and children, had neither house nor bread." Many of the ministers, being afraid to lay down their ministry after they had been ordained to it, preached to such as would hear them, in fields and private houses, till they were apprehended and cast into gaol, where many of them perished. "Some lived on little more than brown bread and water," says the Conformist Plea. "One went to plough six days and preached on the Lord's day. Another was forced to cut tobacco for a livelihood."

The expulsion of these "learned and pious divines" was in wanton disregard of the spiritual necessities of the nation. Although many illiterate, debauched, and unworthy men were thrust into the sacred office, as the author of the "Five Groans of the Church" complains, yet many parishes long remained under a practical interdict—the children unbaptized, the dead buried without religious rites, marriage disregarded, the churches falling into ruin, and the people relapsing into irreligion and barbarism.

One of the most illustrious of this glorious company of confessors was Richard Baxter. With broken health and wounded spirit he was driven forth from the scene of his apostolic labours. The sobs and tears of his bereaved congregation at once intensified and soothed the pangs of parting. He espoused poverty, contumely, persecution, and insult. His home thenceforth alternated between a temporary and precarious refuge among friends, and the ignominy and discomfort of a loathsome prison.

But he went not forth alone. Woman's love illumined that dark hour of his life, and woman's sympathy shared and alleviated his suffering. It is a romantic story that of his courtship. He had often declared his purpose of living and dying in celibacy. His single life, he said, had much advantage, because he could more easily take his people for his children, and labour exclusively for them. There was little in his outward appearance to win a youthful maiden's fancy. Nearly fifty years of pain and suffering had furrowed his wan cheek and bowed his meagre form. His features were rather pinched and starved-looking, and decked with a scanty

beard. His nose was thin and prominent, his eyes were sunken and restless. Tufts of long hair escaped from beneath his close Geneva skull-cap. Broad bands and a black gown complete his portrait.

Margaret Charlton was scarce twenty years of age, well-born and beautiful, endowed with gifts of wit and fortune. But Love is lord of all; and these two apparently diverse natures were drawn together by an irresistible attraction. The Puritan divine had been the maiden's counsellor, her guide and friend; and mutual esteem deepened into intense and undying affection. For nineteen years, in bonds and imprisonment, in suffering and sorrow, in penury and persecution, the winsome presence of the loving wife soothed the pain, inspired the hope, and cheered the heart of the heroic husband, whose every toil and trial she nobly shared. The wifings of Whitehall did not fail to make merry and bandy jests—not over-refined—concerning these strange espousals; and some even of Baxter's friends sighed over the weakness of the venerable divine. "The king's marriage was scarce more talked of than mine," he says. But the well-nigh score of happy wedded years he passed are the best justification of this seemingly ill-matched union. There was nothing mercenary in his love, nor was it the mere impulse of passion. He renounced the wealth his wife would have brought, and stipulated for the absolute command of his time, too precious and precarious to be spent in idle dalliance.

PART II.

After his ejection Baxter preached, as occasion offered, in town and country. In one London parish, he writes, were 40,000, and in another, St. Martin's, 60,000 persons, with no church to go to. He felt that the vows of God were upon him, and he might not hold his peace. His heart yearned over these people as sheep having no shepherd; and in spite of prohibition and punishment he ministered, as he had opportunity, to their necessities. During this period occurred the awful events of the Plague and Fire of London, like the judgments of the Almighty upon a perverse nation. "Yet persecution raged with intense fury. A High Church pulpiteer, in a sermon before the House of Commons, told them that 'the Nonconformists ought not to be tolerated, but to be cured by vengeance.'" He urged them "to set fire to the fagot, to teach them by scourges or scorpions, and to open their eyes with gall."

Baxter was several times imprisoned for his public ministrations, for privately preaching to his neighbours, for having more than the statutory number of family prayers, and for similar heinous offences. If but five persons came in where he was praying, it could be construed into a breach of the law. So weary, he writes, was he of guarding his doors against vile informers who came to distrain his goods for preaching, that he was forced to leave his house, sell his goods, and part with his beloved books. For twelve years, he complains, the

latter, which he prized most of all his possessions, were stored in a rented room at Kidderminster, eaten with worms and rats, while he was a fugitive from place to place, and now he was forced to lose them for ever. But with pious resignation he adds, "I was near the end both of that work and life which needeth books, and so I easily let go all. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out."

He was once arrested in his sick-bed for coming within five miles of a corporation contrary to the statute; and all his goods, even to the bed beneath him, were distrained on warrants to the amount of £195 for preaching five sermons. As he was dragged to prison he was met by a physician, who made oath before a justice that his removal was at the peril of his life; so he was allowed to return to his rifled home. On one occasion, finding him locked in his study, the officers, in order to starve him out, placed six men on guard at the door, to whom he had to surrender next day. Had his friends not become his surety, contrary to his wish, to the amount of £400, he must have died in prison, "as many excellent persons did about this time," naïvely remarks his biographer. Although he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Lord Chief-Justice Hale, of whom he wrote an interesting Life, yet even his influence was powerless to resist the persecutions of the Government. If he might but have the liberty that every beggar had, of travelling from town to town, he somewhat bitterly remarked, so that he could go up to London and correct the sheets of his books in press, he would consider it a boon. "I am weary of the noise of contentious revilers," he plaintively writes, "and have often had thoughts to go into a foreign land, if I could find anywhere I might have a healthful air and quietness, that I might live and die in peace. When I sit in a corner and meddle with nobody, and hope the world will forget that I am alive, court, city, and country is still filled with clamours against me; and when a preacher wants preferment, his way is to preach or write a book against the Nonconformists, and me by name."

But perhaps his most scurrilous treatment was his arraignment before the brutal Jeffreys, Lord Chief-Justice of England—the disgrace of the British bench, and the original of Bunyan's Lord Hategood—for his alleged seditious reflections on Episcopacy, in his Paraphrase of the New Testament, written for the use of the poor. The Latin indictment sets forth that "Richard Baxter, a seditious and factious person, of a depraved, impious, and unquiet mind, and of a turbulent disposition and conversation, has falsely, unlawfully, unjustly, factiously, seditiously, and impiously, made, composed, and written a certain false, seditious, libellous, factious, and impious book;" and proceeds by garbled extracts and false constructions to bring it within the penalties of the law.

The partisan judge, of the brazen forehead and the venomous tongue, the mere tool of tyranny, surpassed

his usual vulgar insolence. He stormed and swore, he roared and snorted, and, we are told, he squeaked through his nose with uprolled eyes in imitation of Baxter's supposed manner of praying. "When I saw," says an eye-witness, "the meek man stand before the flaming eyes and fierce looks of this bigot, I thought of Paul standing before Nero." His conduct, says Bishop Burnet, would have amazed one in the bashaw of Turkey. The accused asked for time to prepare his defence. "Not a minute to save his life!" was the amiable reply; and, pointing to the infamous Oates, who stood pilloried in Palace Yard, Jeffreys thundered, "There stands Oates on one side of the pillory, and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain." When the counsel reminded the judge of King Charles's esteem for the accused, and his offer of a mitre, he shouted, "What ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform? the conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog!" "My lord," said the venerable old man, "I have been much censured by dissenters for speaking well of bishops." "Ha! Baxter for bishops!" jeered the ermined buffoon, "that's a merry conceit indeed; turn to it, turn to it." The proof being given, he exclaimed, "Ay, that's Kidderminster bishops, rascals like yourself, factious, snivelling Presbyterians. Thou art an old knave," continued the browbeating bully, "thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of treason as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing forty years ago it had been well. I see many of your brotherhood waiting to see what will become of their mighty don; but, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all. Come, what do you say for yourself, old knave? speak up! I am not afraid of you for all your snivelling calves," alluding to some of the spectators who were in tears. "Your lordship need not," replied Baxter, "I'll not hurt you. But these things will surely be understood one day; what fools one sort of Protestants are to persecute the other!" Lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I am not concerned to answer such stuff, but am ready to produce my writings for the confutation of all this; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation."

After Jeffreys had passionately charged the jury, Baxter inquired, "Does your lordship think they will pass a verdict after such a trial as that?" "I'll warrant you, Mr. Baxter," he sneered, "don't trouble yourself about that;" and bring in a verdict of guilty they did, without retiring from the box. He was fined five hundred marks, to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound to his good behaviour for seven years; and but for the remonstrance of his fellow-judges, Jeffreys would have added the sentence of whipping at the cart's tail through the city. "My lord, there was once a Chief-Justice," said Baxter, referring to his deceased friend, Sir Matthew Hale, "who would have treated me very

differently." "There's not an honest man in England but regards thee as a knave," was the brutal reply.*

The old man, bowed and broken with seventy years of toil and suffering, penniless, homeless, wifeless, childless, was haled to the cells of King's Bench Prison, where he languished well-nigh two years, hoping no respite but that of death. But the celestial vision of the Lord he loved cheered the solitude of his lonely chamber; and sweetly falling on his inner ear, unheeding the obscene riot of the gaol, sang the sevenfold chorus of cherubim and seraphim on high. Pain and sickness, bereavement and sorrow, persecution and shame, were all forgotten in the thrilling anticipation of the divine and eternal beatitude of the redeemed before the throne. The rude stone walls seemed to his waiting soul but the portals of the palace of the great King, the house not made with hands in heaven. "He talked," says Calamy, "about another world, like one who had been there."

But persecution and sickness had done their work. His feeble frame broke down beneath his accumulated trials. After his release he lingered about four years "in age and feebleness extreme," preaching as opportunity and strength permitted, till at last the weary wheels of life stood still. "In profound lowliness," writes a sympathizing biographer, "with a settled reliance on the divine mercy, repeating at frequent intervals the prayer of the Redeemer, on whom his hopes reposed, and breathing out benedictions on those who encircled his dying bed, he passed away from a life of almost unequalled toil and suffering" to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

The malice of his enemies sought to pursue him beyond the grave, by asserting that his last hours were darkened by doubt and despair.† But his dying words are the best refutation of this posthumous slander. To Dr. Increase Mather, of New England, he said the day before his death, "I have pain; but I have peace, I have peace.....I believe, I believe." To a later inquiry of how he was, he replied, in anticipation of his speedy departure, "Almost well." His last words were, speaking of his Divine Master, "O, I thank him! I thank him!" and turning to a friend by his bedside, "The Lord teach you to die."

Thus passed away in his seventy-seventh year, on the 8th of December 1691, one of the noblest and bravest spirits of the seventeenth century. In primitive times, says Bishop Wilkins, he would have been counted a Father of the Church. He rests from his labours, but his works do follow him. Being dead, he yet speaketh. His words of wisdom can never die. In camps and

* When Baxter was on this or some previous occasion brought before Jeffreys, "Richard," said the brutal Chief-Justice, "I see a rogue in your face." "I had not known before," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."—ED.

† Among the phrases applied to Baxter in a scurrilous Latin epitaph by the Rev. Thomas Long, prebendary of Exeter, are the following:—"Reformed Jesuit, brazen hierarch, chief of schismatics, cause of the leprosy of the Church, the sworn enemy of king and bishops, and the very bond of rebels."

court, in his parish and in prison, in pain and sickness, in poverty and persecution, his busy pen and copious mind poured forth a flood of written eloquence,—of argument, counsel, entreaty,—that, still living in the printed page, is his truest and most enduring monument—*ære perennis*.

His collected works amount to no less than one hundred and sixty-eight volumes, many of them ponderous folio tomes of forgotten controversy, or of superseded ecclesiastical lore. We know of no parallel instance of such intense literary activity, conjoined with such a busy life, save in the kindred character of John Wesley. Baxter's "*Methodus Theologicæ Christianæ*," written, he tell us, "in a troublesome, smoky, suffocating room, in the midst of daily pains of sciatica, and many worse," and his "*Catholic Theology*" are now left to the undisturbed repose of ancient libraries—the mausolea of the labours of the mighty dead—the prey of the book-worm, insect or human. His "*Holy Commonwealth, or Plea for Monarchy under God the Universal Monarch*," was condemned to the flames by the University of Oxford, for the assertion of the constitutional, but, as then thought, seditious principle, that the laws of England are above the king. In a Dantean vision of hell, one of his clerical opponents represents the pious Puritan as throned in perdition, crowned with wreaths of serpents and chaplets of adders, his triumphal chariot a pulpit drawn by wolves. "Make room," exclaims the amiable critic, "scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, atheists and politicians, for the greatest rebel on earth, and next to him that fell from heaven." The tumult of the strifes and controversies in which Baxter was engaged has passed away. Most of the principles for which he contended have long since been universally conceded. But even in the sternest polemical conflict his zeal was tempered with love. "While we wrangle here in the dark," with a tender pathos he exclaims, "we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness."

Baxter was not exempt from a touch of human infirmity and a tinge of superstition, incident to the age in which he lived—a superstition that was shared by Sir Matthew Hale and Sir Thomas Browne, one of the ablest judges and one of the subtlest intellects of Europe. In the remarkable witchcraft delusion of Old and of New England he saw unquestionable evidence of the certainty of the world of spirits; and wrote a treatise commemorating the fact.

But it is by his "practical works" that he is best known; and these will never grow old nor lose their spell of power. As long as weary hearts and bruised consciences ache with a sense of sin and sorrow; as long as heavy-laden spirits struggle, often baffled and defeated, with the ills of earth, and yearn with an infinite longing for the repose of heaven,—so long will the "Call to the Unconverted," the "Dying Thoughts," the "Saint's Rest," continue to probe the wounded

spirit to the quick, to point out the inveterate disease of the soul and its unfailing antidote, to quicken to a flame of devotion the sluggish feelings of the mind. Throughout all time will the "Reformed Pastor" be a manual of ministerial conduct and duty, an inspiration and example of pastoral diligence and zeal.

The secret of this power is the intense earnestness of the man. He poured his very soul into his books. They seem written with his heart's blood. He walked continually on the very verge of the spirit-world. The shadows of death fell ever broad and black across his path. All his acts were projected against the background of eternity. The awful presence of the king of terrors stood ever with lifted spear before him. Chronic and painful disease grappled ever at the springs of life. A premature old age,—*præmatura senectus*, as he himself called it,—accompanied him through life from his very youth. "As waves follow waves in the tempestuous sea," he writes, "so one pain and danger follows another in this sinful, miserable flesh. I die daily, and yet remain alive." His spirit gleamed more brightly for the extreme fragility of the earthen vessel in which it was enshrined, like a lamp shining through an alabaster vase. He walked a stranger on earth, as a citizen of heaven. The evanescent shows and semblances of time were as nothing; the fadeless verities of eternity were all in all. Like a dying man, dis severed from the ephemeral interests of life, he wrote and spoke as from the borders of the grave. Each day must be redeemed as though it were the last. "I live only for work," he says. The worst consequence of his afflictions was, he considered, the loss of time which they entailed. He therefore wasted no midnight oil in minute revision, for he knew not if to-morrow's sun would permit the completion of the task he had begun. Each sermon had all the emphasis of dying words. Indeed, the last time he preached he almost died in the pulpit. Therefore he fearlessly administered reproof and exhortation alike before king or protector, before parliament or parishioners. He feared God, and feared only him. He had no time or disposition to cultivate the graces of style, the arts of rhetoric. He sought not to catch the applause or shun the blame of men, beyond both of which he was soon to pass for ever.

Hence he poured the tumultuous current of his thought upon the page, often with impassioned and unpremeditated eloquence, often with thrilling and pathetic power, sometimes with diffuseness or monotony, but never with artificial prettiness or fanciful conceits. "I must cast water on this fire," he exclaims, "though I have not a silver vessel to carry it in. The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters. The transcript of the heart has the greatest force on the hearts of others." When the success of his labours was referred to, he meekly replied, "I am but a pen in the hand of God; and what praise is due to a pen?"

He was not insensible to the defects of his writings, and admits that "fewer and well-studied had been better." But he adds, in explanation of their character, "The knowledge of man's nothingness and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do; and the sense of the brevity of human things and

the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect."

Well were it for each of us who read the record of this noble life, if similar lofty principles and solemn sense of our duties and relationships inspired each thought and act, and moulded our daily life and conduct.

Apologetics for the People.

BY DR. R. PATERSON, CHICAGO.

VII.

INFIDELITY AMONG THE STARS.

PART II.



THE progress of astronomical discovery has utterly refuted the notion of creation by natural law, known as the Development Theory, or the Nebular Hypothesis.

Scientific infidels knew that there was too much order and regularity in the motions of the planets to allow any rational mind to ascribe these motions to accident, according to Buffon's notion. They saw that these movements must be regulated by law. La Place, an eminent mathematician, saw that there are at least five great regularities pervading the system, for which Buffon's theory gave no reason:

1. The planets all move in elliptical orbits, nearly circular. They might, on the contrary, have been as elongated as those of comets.

2. They revolve in orbits nearly in the plane of the sun's equator. They might have revolved in orbits inclined to it at any angle, or even in the plane of his poles.

3. They revolve around the sun all in the same direction, which is the direction of his rotation on his axis.

4. They rotate on their axes, also, so far as known, in the same direction.

5. The satellites (with the exception of those of Uranus) revolve around their primary planets, and also rotate on their axes, in the same normal direction.

It was evident, even to the believers in chance, that so many regularities were not produced by chance. La Place found, by computing the chances by the formula of probabilities, that the chances were two millions to one against these regularities happening by chance, and four millions to one in favour of these motions having a common origin. The grand phenomenon being a motion of rotation in the whole system, of which the rotation of the sun is the central part, he thought if he could account for this, he could explain all the rest.

He set out by supposing that the sun and planets originally existed as a vast cloud of gaseous matter, in-

tensely heated—a vast fire mist—placed in a region of space much cooler; and that this cloud, by gradual cooling, and the pressure of its parts, settled down into solid forma. It was supposed that some portions of this cloud would begin to cool sooner than others, and so become solid sooner, and that the hot gas, rushing to the solid part, would form a vortex, which would set the cloud in motion around its centre. As the speed of its rotation would increase, and the outside condense and grow solid before the inside, the cloud would whirl of the rings of solid matter, which would keep revolving in the same orbits in which they were cast off, and would revolve faster and faster as they grew cooler and more solid, till they broke up, by the force of their velocity, into smaller pieces; which fragments, in their turn, repeated the process, until the present number of planets and their satellites was produced.

This theory differs from Buffon's much as a low-pressure engine, deriving most of its power from the condenser, differs from one of high-pressure. La Place does not explode the boiler to make his planets, but merely runs his train so fast as to break an axle every now and then, when the wheel runs off with the velocity it had got, and keeps its track as well as if it had an engineer to guide it, grows into a little locomotive by dint of running, and after a while breaks an axle too—breaking is a hereditary failing of these suns and planets that had no God to make them—and the wheel thus thrown off supply it with moons and rings, like Saturn's. The illustration is not nearly so absurd as the theory, inasmuch as a locomotive is an incomparably less complicated contrivance than a planet. However, the nonsense was cradled in the halls of philosophy in the manner following.

Herschel had discovered numbers of nebulae, or luminous clouds, in the distant heavens, shining with a distinct light, but which, with the highest magnifying power he could apply, presented no trace of stars. Some nebulae, it is true, his largest telescope resolved, like our own Milky Way, into beds of distinct stars; but there were others—for instance, one in the belt of

-visible to the naked eye as a cloud, but which y feet telescope only displayed as a larger clond, ; any shape of stars. Now, reasoning upon the he found that if these nebulae were composed of s large as those distinctly visible, they must be sely distant to be indistinguishable by his tele- und exceedingly numerous and close together to loud of light visible to the naked eye. In fact, s of those firmaments must be so close to each s to present a blaze of glory, and complexities of ion inconceivable to the dwellers on earth. But daring idea seemed incredible, even to his giant e thought the appearance of these nebulae might e rationally accounted for by supposing that they ot stars at all, but simply clouds of gaseous like the matter of comets, from which he sup- hat stars were formed by a long process of con- on and solidification. He thought this theory oured by the fact that nebulae are generally seen e portions of the heavens that are not thickly with stars ; and also by the various forms of these

Some were merely loose clouds, without any form ; others seemed gathering towards the

In some, of a roundish or oval form, the mass seemed well defined. In a few, the process nearly complete—a bright star shining in the f a faint nebulous halo. Here, then, it was said, the whole progress of the growth of stars : their ment from the gaseous, nebulous fluid into solid, t suns. La Place accepted Herschel's discoveries lusive proof of the truth of his theory, and it was ly accepted by the scientific world. Oddly , nobody seems to have noticed that those unces of *condensation toward the centre*, which to Herschel so strongly in favour of his theory nebulous fluid, were diametrically opposed to ce's requirements of *condensation at the circum-* ; and these two contradictory notions were sup- o support each other, and to furnish a solid basis Development Hypothesis.

theory, as stated by Herschel, and expounded holl, Dick, and other Christian writers, is not rily atheistical. On the contrary, they allege furnishes us with greater evidences of the power , and gives us higher ideas of his wisdom, to sup- system of creation by development, under natural an by a direct exercise of his will. Undoubtedly, d so pleased, he could somehow have made suns re mists, but not according to La Place's plan, shall presently see. Or he could have caused ents to grow from seeds, as forests do, according e sublime and uniform law of such celestial vege-

In such a case, we should have had the same evidence of his being, power, wisdom, and good- creation by natural law, which we now have from vidence by natural law, when he sends us rain even, and fruitful seasons ; and so much greater unt of it, as the heavens are greater than the

earth. The first creation of primeval elements demands a creator, and the contrivance of the law of development a contriver ; and the force, either of gravity, chemical attraction, or any other, by which it operates, must proceed from an agent. The Development Theory, then, cannot exist without God.

However, as it seems to remove him a few steps from his works, and as all ungodly men desire his absence, Atheists and Pantheists of all kinds have earnestly laid hold of it as the foundation of their system of the development of the universe from eternal, self-existent, homogeneous matter. All the Atheists and Pantheists, with one voice, assert the eternity of the matter out of which the universe made itself, as a simple, uncompounded, nebulous cloud of gas. It is quite indispensable to their system to allege that the nebulae was homogeneous ; for if they alleged that it was compounded of different ingredients, nobody would believe that it was eternal. They could not persuade a child that a plum-pudding, or a wall of brick and mortar, had existed just so from eternity ; much less a steam-ship filled with passengers, or a planet with a vastly larger crew and company. They therefore alleged that, though we see no homogeneous, simple, or uncompounded substance on earth, it was there, far away in the heavens. They thought it was so far away that nobody would ever get there to see whether or no, and so they were quite safe in asserting its existence.

Now, one does not see, even if the nebulae had been exactly what the Development men assert—simple, homogeneous matter—how they could ever have made such a compound world as this out of it ; or how they could have made anything at all out of it. No chemical actions, or reactions, or combinations, can begin in a simple substance : there must always be at least two different substances to make a compound. Heating or cooling a simple substance will never make it a compound. You may heat water in a boiler, and cool it again as often as you please, but your heating and cooling will never make coffee out of it, unless you put coffee into it. So you may heat and cool your simple nebulae to all eternity, but you will never get coffee out of it, much less coffee and coffee-pot, china and company, with the biscuits and butter—all which, and a great deal more, our philosophers continue to churn out of the nebulae.

But the progress of science has enabled us to show that the nebulae, far from being simple, homogeneous matter, are compounded of as many ingredients as the flame of your lamp or gas light, which is combined of half a score of different substances. In another place* I have discussed this subject fully, and have shown how, by the discovery of Spectrum Analysis, we are able to analyze the chemical composition of the most distant flames, to tell whether they proceed from solids or gases in a state of combustion, and what are the gases and

* Scientific Atheism, ch. I.

minerals consumed in them. As space forbids the details of this discovery here, I can only state the results,—namely: that some of the nebulae consist of clouds of small solid stars, of which the nebulae in Orion is an instance; but others consist of flames of gases, in all cases compound, and showing, besides the oxygenated flame, the lines which declare the presence of hydrogen, and of several metals. Thus it is proved that no such eternal, homogeneous nebulae are to be found in heaven, and consequently nobody could ever make worlds out of a substance which had no existence. To say that this notion was mere moonshine, would be far too favourable a judgment, for moonshine has an actual existence, and may be both seen and felt; but no such nebulae as this theory demands was ever seen or felt. It was a mere castle in the air. Indeed it never was pretended that anybody ever did see the nebulae scaling off into rings, and the rings breaking up into planets and moons, nor was it likely anybody ever would see such a phenomenon. Its author merely put it forth as a probable theory, and no scientific man ever pretended to demonstrate it as a discovered fact. Among scientific astronomers it was *merely a notion*.

It was always an unsatisfactory notion. It made us no wiser about the origin of things. It gave no answer to the all-important questions: Where did the gaseous matter come from? How did it get to be so hot, while the space around it was so cold? Whence came the fire that heated it? Did it contain within itself all the principles of things now found in the resulting planets, such as attraction, repulsion, chemical affinity, animal and vegetable life, and intellect? If so, how came they there? If not, where did they come from?

Besides, it was an impracticable notion, contrary to the known principles of mechanics. The great requirement of the whole system—the power to work the engine—the motion of rotation upon which the whole world-turning business depends—never could, by any possibility, be raised either by La Place's, or any other mechanical plan. If he had the moving power, no doubt he could scatter off pieces of matter from his rotating sun, as drops of water are scattered from a rotating grindstone; but his theory is a plan to make the grindstone turn itself, and is precisely of the same value as any of the hundreds of ingenious schemes for a perpetual motion, whose inventors have dreamed of creating power by machinery, in defiance of the fundamental law of mechanics, that "action and reaction are equal." The power is to be raised by making his gas cool at one part of the surface faster than at another, and so make a vortex around that spot, which would set the whole revolving. No conceivable reason can be assigned why it should begin to cool at one place of the surface faster than another; or indeed why, if eternally hot, it ever should begin to cool at all. But to make the required vortex for the rotation of the mass, it should not begin to cool at any part of the surface, but near the middle, where, as every engine-driver who ever

saw a condenser, and every woman who has cooled a dish of mush, knows, it could not begin to cool at all; and so no motion could be produced. This is so well known in the machine-shops and dockyards, that it is very rare to find an intelligent millwright or machinist acknowledge the theory.

Even were the rotation and the cooling process to take place, as is supposed, no such results would proceed from these combined operations as the case requires; for, according to the theory, as the cooling and contracting rings revolve in the verge of a vortex of fluid less dense than themselves, one of these two results must take place: either, as is most probable, from their exceeding tenuity, the rings will break at once into fragments, when, instead of flying outwards, they will sink towards the centre, and as long as they are heavier than the surrounding fluid, *they will stay there*; and as the cooling goes on on the outside, so will the concentration of the heavier matter, till we have *one great spheroid*, with a solid centre, liquid covering, and gaseous atmosphere. A vortex will never make, nor allow to exist beyond its centre, planets heavier than the fluid of which it is composed. The other alternative, and the one which La Place selected, was the supposition that the cooling and contracting rings did not at first break up into pieces, but retained their continuity; but, contrary to all experience and reason, he supposed that these cooling rings kept contracting and widening out from the heated mass at the same time. The only fluid planetary rings which we can examine—those of Saturn—have been closing in on the planet since the days of Huygens, and in a dozen of years or so will be united with the body of the planet;* and every boy who has seen a blacksmith hoop a cart-wheel, has learned the principle that a heated ring contracts as it cools, and in doing so presses in upon the mass around which it clings. But according to this nebular notion, the fire mist keeps cooling and shrinking up, while the rings, of the very same heat and material, keep cooling faster, and widening out from it—a piece of schismatical behaviour without a parallel among solids or fluids, either in heaven or earth, or under the earth.

Plateau's experiment of making a globule of oil rotate and disperse into drops, by centrifugal force communicated by clockwork, while floating in a mixture of alcohol and water, *all of the same density*, is no illustration of the nebular theory, the essential condition of which is, that the cooling contracting rings be of a *different density* from the rest of the mass. Their divergence from the more fluid portion is supposed to arise from their growing heavier as they cool, and therefore capable of a greater centrifugal force; in consequence of which they rotate so much faster than the fluid from which they derived their motion, that finally they fly out of it. The only other instance of such a performance which I can

* Bond, of Cambridge, U. S., quoted by Sir David Brewster in "More Worlds than One," 35.

number is that of the Yankee's mill-wheel, which led three times as fast as the stream which drove it, while the latter was swift enough to make the saw fly up out of the water merely by the force of the current.

The nebular notion was always as contrary to astronomical facts as to mechanical principles. The orbits of the comets being inclined at angles to the Sun's equator, are often out of the plane of his rotation, and the way of the theory. The moons of Uranus revolve in a direction contrary to all the other bodies, and fly right into the face of the theory. According to the nebular theory, the outer planets first cast off from the Sun ought to be lighter than those nearer him, as had longer pressing near the middle of the mass; the Sun himself, having been pressed by the weight of the rest of the system, should be the densest body of the whole. And the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," in expounding the theory, manufactures a set of facts to suit it, and tells his readers that the system exhibits a progressive diminution in density from the nearest the Sun to that which is most distant. The solar system could not have lasted thirty years had it been the case. The Earth, Venus, and Mars are of the same density. Uranus is more dense than Earth, which is nearer the Sun. Neptune is more dense than either. The Sun, which ought to be the densest of all, according to the theory is only one-fourth the density of the Earth. Laplace himself has demonstrated that these densities and arrangements are indissoluble to the stability of the system. But they are wholly contradictory to his theory of its formation.*

The palpable difference of luminosity between the Sun and the planets, which, as they are all made of the same materials, and by the same process, according to the nebular theory, ought to be equally self-luminous, is in itself a self-evident refutation of the nebular hypothesis, or of any other process of creation by mere mechanical law. "The same power, whether natural or supernatural, which placed the Sun in the centre of the primary planets, placed Saturn in the centre of his five secondary planets; and Jupiter in the centre of his four secondary planets; and the Earth in the centre of the moon's orbit; and therefore, had the Sun been a blind one, without contrivance or design, the Sun would have been a body of the same kind as Saturn, Jupiter, and the Earth—that is, without light or heat. Why there is one body in our system designed to give light and heat to all the rest, I know not, but because the Author of the system thought convenient." So says the immortal Newton.†

The great expounder of modern science—Humboldt—was equally explicit in enumerating the decisive marks of design and will in the construction of the solar system,

and in contemptuously dismissing the notion of development and creation by natural law from the halls of science.

"Up to the present time we are ignorant, as I have already remarked, of any internal necessity—any mechanical law of nature—which (like the beautiful law which connects the square of the periods of revolution with the cube of the major axis) represents the above named elements—the absolute magnitude of the planets, their density, flattening at the poles, velocity of rotation, and presence or absence of moons—of the order of succession of the individual planetary bodies of each group in their dependence upon the distances. Although the planet which is nearest the Sun is densest—even six or eight times denser than some of the exterior planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—the order of succession in the case of Venus, the Earth, and Mars, is very irregular. The absolute magnitudes do generally, as Kepler has already observed, increase with the distances; but this does not hold good when the planets are considered individually. Mars is smaller than the Earth; Uranus smaller than Saturn; Saturn smaller than Jupiter, and succeeds immediately to a host of planets, which, on account of their smallness, are almost immeasurable. It is true the period of rotation generally increases with the distance from the Sun; but it is in the case of Mars slower than in that of the Earth, and slower in Saturn than in Jupiter."*

"Our knowledge of the primeval ages of the world's physical history does not extend sufficiently far to allow of our depicting the present condition of things as one of development."†

4. Astronomy not only exposes the folly of past cosmogonies, but demonstrates the impossibility of framing any true theory of creation, and thus refutes all future cosmogonies.

The grand error of all cosmogonies lies in the arrogant assumption, on which every one of them must be founded, that the theorist is acquainted with all substances and all forces in the universe, and with all the modes of their operation; not only at the present period, and on this Earth, but in all past ages, and in worlds in widely different and utterly unknown situations; for, if he be ignorant of any substance, or of any active force in the universe, his generalization is avowedly imperfect, and necessarily false. That unknown force must have had its influence in framing the world. Its omission, then, is fatal to the theory which neglects it. A theory of creation, for instance, which would neglect the attraction of gravitation, would be manifestly false. But there are other laws, as far-reaching, whose omission must be equally fatal; for instance, the power of repulsion.

A conviction of this truth has given rise to a constant effort to simplify matters down to the level of our ignorance, by reducing all substances to one, or at most

taking water as the unit of density, Mercury is 6.71; Venus, Earth, 5.44; Mars, 5.21; Saturn, 0.76; Uranus, 0.97; Neptune, 1.37. — *Cosmos*, iv., p. 447.
Newton's "Optics," iv., p. 438.

* *Cosmos*, iv. 425.

† *Cosmos*, iii. 22.

two, simple elements, and all forces to the form of one universal and irrational law; but the progress of science utterly blasts the attempt. Instead of simplifying matters, the very chemical processes undertaken with that view revealed new substances; and every year increases our knowledge of nature's variety. No scientific man now dreams of one primeval element. In the same way, astronomy, which, it was boasted, would enable us to account for all the operations of the universe, by reducing all motion to one mechanical law, has revealed to us the existence of other forces as far-reaching as the attraction of gravitation, and more powerful; and substances whose nature and combinations are utterly unknown. But every cosmogony is just an attempt to simplify matters, by ignoring the existence of these unknown substances and mysterious forces; a process which science condemns, as utterly unphilosophical and absurd.

The Sun's heat, at its surface, is 300,000 times greater than at the surface of the Earth; but a tenth of this amount, collected in the focus of a lens, dissipates gold and platinum in vapour. When the most vivid flames which we can produce are held up in the blaze of his rays, they disappear. If a cataract of icebergs, a mile high, and wider than the Atlantic Ocean, were launched into the Sun with the velocity of a cannon ball, the small portion of the Sun's heat expended on our Earth would convert that vast mass into steam as fast as it entered his atmosphere, without cooling its surface in the least degree. "The great mystery, however, is to conceive how so enormous a conflagration (if such it be) can be kept up. Every discovery in chemical science here leaves us completely at a loss, or rather seems to remove further the prospect of probable explanation." * Yet, the Sun is the nearest of the fixed stars, and by far the best known, and most nearly related to us. In fact, we are dependent on his influences for life and health. But if the theorist cannot tell his substance, or the nature and cause of the light and heat he sends us, how can he presume so far on the world's credulity as to present a theory of his formation?

"Astronomical problems accumulate unsolved upon our hands, because we cannot, as mechanicians, chemists, or physiologists, experiment on the stars. Are they built of the same material as our planet? Are Saturn's rings solid, or liquid? Has the moon an atmosphere? Are the atmospheres of the planets like ours? Are the light and heat of the Sun begotten of combustion? And what is the fuel which feeds these unquenchable fires? These are questions which we ask, and variously answer, but leave unanswered after all."† But, till he can answer these, and a thousand questions like these, let no man presume to describe the formation of these unknown orbs.

Comets constitute by far the greatest number of the bodies of our solar system. Arago says seven millions frequent it, within the orbit of Uranus.* They are the largest bodies known to us, stretching across hundreds of millions of miles. They approach nearer to this Earth than any other bodies, sometimes even involving it in their tails; and generally exciting great alarm among its inhabitants. But the nature of the transparent luminous matter of which they are composed is utterly unknown. As they approach the Sun, they come under an influence directly the opposite of attraction. The tail streams away from the Sun, over a distance of millions of miles, and yet, the rate of the comet's motion towards the Sun is quickened, as though it were an immense rocket, driven forward by its own explosion.

Further: while the body of the comet travels towards the Sun, sometimes with a velocity nearly one-third of that of light, the tail sends forth coruscations in the opposite direction, with a much greater velocity. The greatest velocity with which we are acquainted on Earth is the velocity of light, which travels a million of times faster than a cannon ball, or at the rate of 196,000 miles per second; but here is a substance capable of travelling twenty-three times faster, and here is a force propelling it, twenty-three times greater than any which exists on Earth. Its existence was first discovered by the coruscations of the comet of 1807. "In less than one second, streamers shot forth, to two and a half degrees in length; they as rapidly disappeared, and issued out again, sometimes in proportions, and interrupted, like our northern lights. Afterwards, the tail varied, both in length and breadth; and in some of the observations, the streamers shot forth from the whole expanded end of the tail, sometimes here, sometimes there, in an instant, two and a half degrees long; so that within a single second they must have shot out a distance of 4,600,000 miles.† Similar exhibitions of this unknown force were made by the comet of 1811, by Halley's comet, and several others.

In these amazing disclosures of the unknown forces of the heavens, do we not hear a voice rebuking the presumption of ignorant theorists, with the questions: Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? Hear one of the most distinguished of modern astronomers expound the moral hearings of such a discovery: "The intimation of a new cosmical power—I mean, of one so unsuspected before, but which yet can follow a planet through all its wanderings—throws us back once more into the indefinite obscure, and checks all dogmatism. How many influences, hitherto undiscovered by our ruder senses, may be ever streaming toward us, and modifying every terrestrial action! And yet, because we had traced one of these, we have deemed our astronomy complete!

* Herschel's Outlines, vi., § 400.

† Dr. George Wilson, F.R.S.E., in Edinburgh Phil. Journal, v., 53.

* Somerville's Connection of the Physical Sciences, 300.

† Dick's Sideral Heavens, chap. xx.

Deeper far, and nearer to the root of things, is that world with which man's destiny is entwined.*

We can have no reason, save our own self-sufficient arrogance, to believe that the discovery of these two forces exhausts the treasures of infinite wisdom. Humboldt thus well refutes the folly of such an imagination: "The imperfectibility of all empirical science, and the boundlessness of the sphere of observation, render the task of explaining the forces of matter by that which is variable in matter, an impracticable one. What has been already perceived by no means exhausts that which is perceptible. If, simply referring to the progress of science in our own times, we compare the imperfect physical knowledge of Robert Boyle, Gilbert, and Hales, with that of the present day, and remember that every few days are characterized by an increasing rapidity of advance, we shall be better able to imagine *the periodical and endless changes which all physical sciences are destined to undergo. New substances and new forces will be discovered.*"†

Thus, all true science, conscious of its ignorance, ever leads the mind to the region of faith. Its first lesson, and its last lesson, is humility. It tells us that every cosmogony which the children of theory so laboriously scratch in the sand, must be swept away by the rising tide of science. When we seek information on the great questions of our origin and destiny, and cry, "Where shall wisdom be found, and what is the place of understanding?" the high priests of science answer, in her name, "It is not in me; the measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea."

We receive this honest acknowledgment as an inestimable boon. We are saved thereby the wearying labour of a vain and useless search after knowledge which lies not in her domain. We come down to the Bible with the profound conviction that science can give us no definite information of our origin, no cer-

tainty of our destiny, and but an imperfect acquaintance with the laws which govern this present world. If the Bible cannot inform us on these all-important questions, we must remain ignorant. Science declares she cannot teach us. The Word of God remains, not merely the best, but absolutely the only—the last resource of the anxious soul.

The Bible gives us no theory of creation. It simply asserts the fact, that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," but does not tell us *how* he did so. The knowledge could be of no use to us, for he never means to employ us as his assistants in the work of creation. Nor could we understand the matter. The force by which he called the worlds into being, and upholds them in it, exists in no creature. "He stretches forth the heavens alone. He spreadeth abroad the earth by himself." "He upholdeth all things by the word of his power."

But it presents anxious, care-worn, humbled souls with something infinitely more precious than cosmogonies: even an explicit declaration of the love towards them of him who made these worlds.

"Thus saith the Lord, **THY REDEEMER,**

"And he who formed thee from the womb:

"I am the Lord, who maketh all things;

"Who stretcheth forth the heavens alone,

"And spreadeth abroad the earth, by myself."

Yes, the Creator of heaven and earth, who upholds all things by the word of his power, became a man like you, and dwelt on earth, and suffered the sorrow, the shame, the pain, the death, that sinful man deserved; and when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. From that heavenly throne his voice now sounds, reader, in your ear, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I will give you rest.*"

The Children's Treasury.

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

FOUNDED UPON FACT.

CHAPTER III.

"**G**OOD morning, uncle dear!" said Flora, bounding into the rector's study in a most unceremonious manner on the following morning. A privileged visitor at all times was she.

"Good morning, mad-cap," said Mr. Sanar, returning her kiss. "What has brought such colour to these

cheeks?" added he; as, placing his hand affectionately under her chin, he tried to raise the little face to his own. "What! no breath to answer with? You must not run so fast another time."

With an arch smile, Flora looked into her uncle's kindly face and said, "Oh, it will come back again soon. I ran fast because I have a favour to ask—will you grant it me?"

"First tell me what it is."

"It is to go and see my sweep, and to help him be-

* Nicholl's Solar System, 76.

† Cosmos, III. 27.

cause he has such a bad cold and cough. He can't go to school because his mother is too poor to send him, so I want you to teach him—will you?"

"Stop, stop, my pet; one question at a time. Who is this sweep in whom you are so suddenly interested? Sit down quietly and explain all."

Thus urged, Flora sat down, still holding the hand of her uncle, and repeated the history of yesterday as calmly and connectedly as her excitement would allow.

"And now, uncle dear, won't you help me, because I am a little girl and cannot help him, you know?"

"Not so. I know nothing of the kind, Flora dear. No little follower of the Lord Jesus is without power to help another. Once brought to him, even a little child has work for him to do, *that none other can do*. Therefore there is work for you, with this little boy, and you must ask your Master to show you what it is."

"Oh, uncle! do you really think so. I am glad if you do."

"Yes, darling, I do think so. Even now I think that you have begun to do it, in seeking him and bringing the case before me; but remember you must pray as well as work. Prayer, even from a child—if one of faith—moves the great God to draw nigh to such, while it brings down an answer of peace to the pray-er. Yes; wonderful is the thought that *prayer* can bend the Ruler of the universe to stoop at the voice of a little child! Does your little friend know the Saviour?"

"No, uncle; that is why I wanted your help."

"Very well, dear. Then remember to pray that he may be brought to know Him. At present, that is work enough for you to do. I will go to see Charlie to-day. Though I have been here only a few months, I thought I knew all my people. But it seems that I do not."

"Ah, uncle! that is because they used to go to a church nearer to them. They have only come to Swan Alley lately, and he has not been well enough to go to school—but that reminds me. Papa says he will pay Charlie's school-fees for one year."

"All right. Now, unless you mean to dine with us, you must start at once, for it is just one o'clock, pet."

"No, thank you, I must not stop to dinner. So good-bye, dear, good uncle."

"Good-bye, little flatterer," was Mr. Sanar's answer, as his little niece ran out of the room, shaking her head reprovingly at him for this last epithet.

The afternoon found Mr. Sanar seated by the fireside of the widow, in conversation with Charlie, and making arrangements for his regular attendance at school. Willingly had his mother given her consent, for she felt that the little he earned, though a loss to her, would be nothing compared with the gain of having her boy educated. Gratefully, therefore, she thanked the clergyman for his interest, and promised that Charlie should be at school on the following Monday. As for Charlie, his joy knew no bounds when he heard the good news. In his own mind he called Flora a "little angel;" but he was too shy to express his thoughts before the clergyman.

Before the latter left, he read a few verses from the Bible, and besought Charlie to thank the great God, who had brought such a blessing within his reach. Mr. Sanar then left the cottage, followed by the blessing of the widow. A woman of few words, she ever felt more than she could express to man. Not so with God, however; to *him* her heart spoke out of its abundance, and gratefully did she thank him now for this unlooked-for answer to prayer.

On his way home Mr. Sanar called upon his sister, and told her that one difficulty in the way of Charlie was the lack of suitable clothing. Flora, who was present, looked grave at this announcement; but her mother relieved her at once by promising to give him some of her brother's, which had lain by ever since his death. Fully did Mr. Sanar and Flora appreciate this sacrifice and effort on the part of Mrs. Westmore; for both well knew that the loss of Fred had been so keenly felt by his mother, that the sound of his name, or the sight of aught belonging to him, tried her to the uttermost. Even now, as she spoke, her face paled and her voice faltered. Was this the first step in a new and hitherto untried path in the "narrow way"—that which excludes *SELF*—was it? Was this a step taken, perchance, in the dark; guided by an unseen hand, yet the *first* in the right way? Was this the *first link* in the chain which should afterwards bind the soul of Mrs. Westmore to her Saviour? Who can say? for God alone knows the exact moment when his child *begins to live*. He only hears the *first* feeble wail which proves the life of his infant. But this we do know, that from this very morning, little by little, was Mrs. Westmore led to walk with God, following in the footsteps of a little child, who showed her the way to Jesus;—that child was Flora! Already had her Master shown to her the work she was to do for him, in answer to her own prayer.

Swiftly flew past the remaining days of the week. On Saturday the suit of clothes was given to the grateful widow, with the promise of one shilling a week, in future, to make up the loss she would sustain in allowing Charlie to attend school regularly. Flora looked forward to Sunday for the pleasure of seeing her protégé at church among the school children; but she was doomed to disappointment. Clear and fine as the day proved, no Charlie appeared either morning or afternoon. Keenly did Flora feel her disappointment—so keenly, that it evidenced to others how much this disappointment was needed in order to teach her that her will was not yet bent to the will of God. Eagerly had she seized upon a piece of work to do for him, with a heart full of love. But she was ignorant of the fact that her heart must do God's work in his own time and manner. This she had to learn from her uncle in the afternoon, who wisely put it before her as they walked home from church together.

"God is teaching his little one to be patient, Flora dear; asking her to give up her own way, to trust him to do what is best for his little wanderer, Charlie. Shall

in vain? Will his child turn away and sulk this morn-
ing, because she cannot have all she wanted done
at once?"

Mr. Sanar ceased speaking, he looked down kindly
at the little child at his side. For a few moments no
word came; then he felt his hand gently pressed, and
he turned into the face now raised to his, he read the
question in the answer before he heard the whispered, "No,
won't fret; I will leave Charlie to God."

It is right, my pet. You have still the way of
open; take it for to-day, and to-morrow we will
talk between us, what has come to Charlie."

Mr. Sanar told its tale. Charlie's cough was so much
that he could not leave his bed. The doctor de-
clared he should not do so for some days. All parties
felt the disappointment and delay in Charlie's
absence at school. None felt it so keenly as the
widow herself, however.

Time passed rapidly. Charlie did not improve; yet
his presence in every form found its way into his room
as a "big house," as it was still called by him.
Daily as all was received, the strength of Charlie
returned. Mr. Sanar visited the cottage daily, and
he built upon the foundation of texts and hymns
which had been stored in the boy's memory, even while
he was untouched. But in this case no fruit ap-
peared, though Charlie would listen respectfully to
what he yet showed no interest in the subject of
religion. This was a great trial to the good clergy-
man, as well as to the poor widow. "Persevere in
thy good woman," were Mr. Sanar's words to her
sister, when she had followed him to the end of
the way to tell out her *heart trouble*. "Persevere,
for God's time a blessing will surely come."

What of Flora all this time—was she forgetful of
her protégé? No. Daily in her own small cham-
ber she kneel and pray for Charlie, that God would
enable him to learn to love Jesus; that if he did not wish
to get well, and go to school, then that he would
urge of him and teach him himself; teach him,
without their help in any way, if only he were
in the light of God.

And the Hearer of prayer turn a deaf ear to the voice
of the Holy Spirit rising from the heart of a little child?
No, and the result will prove that he did not.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

"May I stay and speak with Charlie all alone
to-day?" Such was the request of little Flora some
time after the decision given by the doctor that Charlie
should leave the house during the winter months.
The day was now set in, and though the morning was cold,
it was a day to delight in for a brisk walk. Flora stood
before her mother, anxiously waiting for the answer
to her petition.

This came at last. "Yes, pet. If Miss Prescott do not
mind, perhaps she will kindly wait outside for you, while
you speak with Charlie. I cannot let you walk there
alone, remember."

"Oh no, mamma, that would not do, it is so cold;
but if Miss Prescott would take me to Mrs. Astlake,
and then go on into the town, and call for me on her
way back, that would do nicely;—don't you think so,
mamma?"

"It would, therefore you may ask her."

Permission obtained, Flora found herself soon after in
the room of the widow, standing all alone by the bedside
of Charlie. For a time both children were too shy to
speak; then recollecting that Miss Prescott would soon
return from the town, Flora conquered her timidity, and
anxious to disburden her heart of its load, she turned
to Charlie with the question, "Do you love the Lord
Jesus?"

"Don't know, miss; not much, I fear."

"But why not, when you know all he has done for us,
Charlie?"

"Yes, I know the story; but somehow I don't care
much about *him*, 'cause he is so far off."

"O Charlie, don't speak so. He is not far off. He is
close to us now, and hears all we are saying. I wish you
did love him!" added the little girl, while tears came
into her eyes as she spoke.

"Oh! don't take it to heart like that, little miss. I'll
try to love him, if it bothers you so. If he'd only take
away this cough, and let me go to school now, I'd love
him then, and no fear."

"No, Charlie, I do not think so, because the Bible says
we cannot love him of ourselves. If you do not love
Jesus for dying to save you and make you good—dying
to open a way for you to go to heaven—then, I do not
think you could love him, even if he let you get well
and go to school. No, Charlie, I think you want what
uncle calls the 'new heart;' that means God's Spirit in
it, making you quite different from what you were born,
and able to love God!"

Turning restlessly in the bed, Charlie looked away,
while a fit of coughing prevented him speaking for a few
moments; then he said, "But, miss, I want to go to
school; and when it was all so near. Everything square
for me to go, too; *why*, if he loves me, did Jesus go and
upset it all?"

A sudden thought flashed across Flora's mind. "I
think I know, Charlie: it is this,—I think you *have been*
at school all this time, only you didn't know it."

"Oh, miss, how do you make that out, when I ain't
left this bed for months, except to sit in the chair by the
fire?"

"This way, Charlie: I think God has put you to
school to himself. This bed is the school-room. He is
going to be your teacher; and the lesson you have to
learn, is to *love him* though he will not give you your
own way. There now, Charlie; I am sure I have *made it*
out, and all right, too! And just think,—you have tho

Lord Jesus himself for a teacher, instead of Mr. Baynes ; and learn quietly here, instead of going to school among other boys. I daresay it is hard to lie still, and cough ; but if he be your teacher, all will and must come right. Do listen to what he says ; and oh, Charlie, do ask him to make you love him ; do, will you ?”

The pleading eyes and earnest voice won the boy ; scarcely was the promise, “I will,” given, when Miss Prescott returned.

Charlie did not forget his promises. Daily he asked God for his Holy Spirit, to make him “like Miss Flora.” Nor did he ask in vain ; little by little the light dawned upon his young mind, unknown to others, almost unknown to himself. All Charlie knew was this, that he loved the visits of Mr. Sanar better and better, that his mother’s prayers at night soothed him, while an earnest wish had sprung up within his heart (how, he knew not) to be *different from his former self*. He continued to pray, though like a child feeling its way in the dark.

Weeks passed on, and Easter was close at hand. A few bright, mild spring days seemed to work wonders in Charlie ; but it was only a temporary change for the better. Very soon his cough returned, with greater violence than before, while his weakness was so much increased in consequence, that he had to remain in bed altogether. The doctor spoke of rapid decline. Poor Mrs. Astlake sorrowed in secret ; she could not bring herself to tell her boy ; and not until Ned insisted upon knowing the whole truth, would she tell even him. What could the poor widow do, but pray ?”

Two days before Easter Sunday, Charlie called his mother to the bedside and said : “Mother, I think I love the Lord Jesus now, better than all ;—won’t Miss Flora be glad ?”

“What makes you think this, my boy ?”

“Because I’ve asked him over and over again to help me to love him ; and now I feel in my heart that I do love him. Even if he don’t let me get well and go to school, still I can love him, *because he loved me*, and gave himself *for me*. O mother, think of that—*me*, a poor ignorant little sweep ! I do indeed love him now, better than Miss Flora, or even *you*, mother dear. So God must have answered my prayers. You won’t mind, mother dear, my loving Jesus best, will you ?” added Charlie quickly, mistaking the tears in his mother’s eyes.

“Mind, mind ? Charlie, my boy, why, you have filled my heart with joy !”

“That’s right, mother. And oh ! I do think Miss Flora was right in what she said. *I have been at school all this time, and none of us knew it*. Yes, at school in this bed, with Jesus for my teacher. He made me feel tired, and cough too, because I only wanted to get away from his class, that I might learn what I liked. But, mother, it wouldn’t do. He said I was *to learn to love him* ; and he’s kept me at the lesson, till I have learned it. I had to give in at last, you see ; but oh ! mother, I know it *now*, and I am so happy.”

Exhausted, the boy sank back upon his pillow, while

his mother, overjoyed, hastened to get some nourishment ready for him.

Overjoyed at this unexpected disclosure, there was little room for sorrow in the heart of the poor widow, when she observed the increasing bodily weakness in Charlie.

Easter dawned, with its news of a risen Saviour, bringing with it brightness and sunshine to earth ; to many souls joy and strength, in that it told them of a *seal set to the work of the Saviour for them*, for all sinners, and in that it declared that the victory over sin and death, those bitter foes of man, was won by the sinner’s *Substitute*, Christ Jesus. On the home of the widow in Swan Alley, Easter dawned upon hearts filled with love and gratitude to God for his unspeakable gift. The little invalid was much weaker, yet able to rejoice even in his weakness ; no longer irritable and fretful, but patient under suffering, and gentle to all who approached him, thankful for every effort made to alleviate his pain. No theme of conversation now was so pleasing to him as that of the Saviour’s love. Therefore the Easter news of a risen Saviour, heard by him for the first time on this morning, was doubly welcome.

All hope of recovery had left the hearts of Ned and his mother now ; even Flora, determined to hope to the last, was now quite sure that Charlie was passing away from this world. All human means available had been tried, but in vain. And now the end was in God’s hands alone.

During the afternoon of this Easter Sunday Charlie called his brother Ned to the bedside, and said : “Do you remember, Ned, our last morning together at the big house, when we stood so long at the gate ?”

“Yes, well.”

“And do you recollect my calling it *hard and cruel* ?”

“Yes.”

“Ah, Ned, that was the *best* thing that could have happened to us, wasn’t it ? All that time God was watching us, Ned ;—meaning *good* all the while, *even* while we were murmuring. O Ned, if it hadn’t *been* happened so, where should I be now ? That cold waiting at the gate was the first step to my finding the Lord Jesus. Oh, it is wonderful !”

A fit of coughing prevented any further conversation ; but when it had subsided, his mother said, “Ah, Charlie, my boy, it is with you as it was with Jacob, when he lost heart under trouble. You were thinking and saying, that morning, as he did, ‘*All these things are against me* ;’ when all the while *these things* were really *for* you, not *against* you. We all mistake God’s dealings with us.”

In reply, Charlie only smiled, and soon fell asleep.

During the next few days Charlie sank so rapidly, that his death was now expected at any moment. Flora obtained permission to visit him once more, in order to take leave of him. Very few were the words which passed between them, but these were enough to convince Flora that her thought was correct—that “*Jesus had*

taken little Charlie to school to himself." And oh, how much better he had been trained than would have been the case had she found her own way! How thoroughly had he learned the *great lesson* of life on that sick-bed; namely—the love of God in Christ Jesus; whom to know is life eternal! Tears filled the eyes of poor Flora when she said good-bye to her little friend. And so they parted for time, these two friends, so differently placed on earth—the one the child of luxury and of wealth, in the full bloom of health—the other the child of poverty and hardship, dying upon the couch of the cottage; and yet both one—children of one Father—heirs of one kingdom—one in hope—one in plea—one in purpose—in a word, one in Christ Jesus. Therefore they parted now but for a time, in full assurance of meeting again in Christ's kingdom. Well might Flora's heart sing for joy as she returned home. Had she not found work to do for God! and had she not, in his strength, done it!

Charlie did not live many hours after taking leave of Flora. His last words were, *Jesus, I want you—I do!*"*

In the arms of his mother he fell asleep, to awake in the arms of Jesus, to find his want satisfied to the full.

To Flora Westmore, his death brought the following message: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!"

To poor Widow Astlake it said: "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint;" therefore pray without ceasing.

To the writer of this sketch it has also spoken, saying: "Go thou and work for God,—in his way, his time, his place of choice." "Be ready to take up or to lay down his work at his bidding." "Unite work and prayer." "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." Never listen to the tempter's artful suggestion, that the Lord has said in vain to any soul, "Call upon me in the time of trouble, I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify me."

Reader! what does this slight sketch of the Little Sweep, with his death, say to you? W. D. F.

THE STAR BOYS.

TRANSLATED FROM "STORIES OF THE PFALZ," BY KARL OTTO THELEMANN.



HE "Sternbuben," or "Star Boys" of the Pfalz, have something of the nature of the English Christmas carollers, mingled with the guizards of old days in Scotland. The tendency of most of these old Christmas customs, begun at first probably with a reverential desire to keep holy events in remembrance, has ever been to degenerate into mere frolic and beggary; so it is well, perhaps, when they die out, as belonging to days gone by. But among Christian people in Germany, the Christmas-tree is yet a much more serious and religious thing than with us.

We have borrowed that Christmas custom from them, but we have been unable, apparently, to transplant the reverential feelings which form the best part of it. A foreign lady, herself born and brought up in a German pastor's house, expressed to me her surprise at the light way in which we view the whole thing. She told me of her remembrance of what a gladly solemn thing the Christmas-tree was to the young flock who gathered round it. It was not merely a time and opportunity for friends and relatives to exchange gifts and remembrancers, and so knit together more closely the bonds of family love. It was much more. It was a solemn religious festival, where the young ones were taught that the birth of Christ, followed by his life and death, was to them the origin of all true joy. Then they learned that without him earthly blessings are empty and vain, and that he alone is the source of all good gifts, temporal and spiritual.

To us it sounds irreverent to talk of sweets and toys as gifts from the "Christkind"—the "child Christ"—for the little ones; and with us such talk would undoubtedly be irreverent; but in Germany, where the old Christmas language is filled up by true Christian feeling in those who use it, it is quite a different matter. There, it only leads the very youngest members of the family with child-like faith to associate all the joy and brightness of their life with Him who was born and died to save them. They learn thus to see that all they have and do, even in their play, is under the eye, and may be full of the presence and blessing, of the Lord, who loved them so as to become a child for their sakes.—*Translator.*

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE SHALL WE GET BREAD?"

THE outer spurs of the Vosges Mountains extend from Alsace into the Pfalz, and cover part of it with a network of hills, among which, here and there, a higher one rises prominent, such as the Donnerberg and Potsberg. As they spread out from south to north, these hills are intersected with valleys, which serve as paths by which the mountain streams make their way eastward to the plain, and so reach the Rhine; that is, when they do not prefer to turn westward, and have a longer wander among the mountains before they join the company of the Saar or Moselle, who lead them down at last to old father Rhine.

* A fact.

This hilly part of the Pfalz is called the "Westrich." Old chroniclers tell us that this name is derived from "Vastum Regnum"—the waste or desert kingdom—a name which it well deserved at the time when Pirminius, "the apostle of Westrich," built his cell at Hornbach, and the herdsmen set up their tents around him. On that very spot the town of Pirmasens now stands, with its famous shoe-factories, which send their produce far and wide, even to Russia and America.

These old times are long gone by. The border-land of the Pfalz is no longer the savage district which it was in the days when the very mention of "the land of thickets and finches," as it was called, sent a shudder through the hearers. The offshoots of the Vosges are not so wild as the parent stock. Wide table-lands and broad valleys, filled with fruitful fields and rich meadows, alternate with stretches of woodland and with narrow deep gullies. Varied as is the land, so diversified are the people. Beside rude misculture one finds plain honesty and honourable industry. Close to wealth in the handsome dwellings of rich farmers dwells the deepest poverty in mud hovels and under thatched roofs.

If the rich farmers, named by the poor in bitter irony "Manschettenbauern" (ruffled-shirt farmers), spend their time with their fashionably-dressed wives and daughters in reading novels and taking their pleasure in the towns, the small farmers and day-labourers, on their side, too often find their greatest enjoyment in pernicious brandy-drinking. One must, alas! confess that brandy has set up its desert kingdom in Westrich, and has often turned that land into a real "Weh-strich"—a land of woe. There, not only the old drink their schnaps like water, and by the chopin, when they have money or can get credit, but even the youngest children are accustomed to the deadly drink. Many an unhappy child there goes to school in a morning, and his only breakfast has been a bit of bread and a glass of schnaps! No wonder that the children are not like green olive-plants around their father's table, but much more resemble the miserable twisted twigs of the gnarled pines which grow out of the rifts of the rock up there, and hang between heaven and earth, having too little nourishment for full life, and too much for death. There is much of sad shadow in the life among these hills; but now and then one meets with men of a powerful stamp of national character, who would be right leal men of strength in the kingdom of God, if they were but once taken hold of by God's Word, and had the darkness of their minds dissipated under the light of everlasting truth.

Towards the French frontier, to the left of the road that leads from Landau by Annweiler to Pirmasens, among wooded hills, a very poor district of Westrich is to be found. It is dotted with a number of lonely villages, whose inhabitants are, with few exceptions, Roman Catholics. As they can draw but little from the stony soil, they have devoted themselves to different poor branches of handicraft. This is the home of the broom-makers, who supply all the country round with

specimens of their industry. Others, especially gipsies, are skilful carvers, who will cut kitchen utensils and images of saints from the same piece of wood. Others, again, travel the country, summer and winter, as chapmen, with kirchwasser, pictures, &c. There are also many who do nothing but poach in the neighbouring forests. In every way they try it, life is a difficult matter with them. When the hard winter is past, as soon as the snow begins to melt and the roads are open, whole bands of poor half-starved children come trooping down from these villages to the plain, and appear at the doors of the well-to-do Pfälzera.

In one of these villages, which had originally been Protestant, but had been brought back to the Roman Catholic Church by strength of hand, there lived two neighbours, the only people of the evangelical faith in all the place. They were not a remnant of the old Protestantism of the village, but had both settled there lately. Master Klund the joiner had worked there as a journeyman, and on succeeding to his late master's workshop took to himself a wife—not of the daughters of the land, but from his old home in the Pfalz. Their marriage was unfruitful, so it was all the more easy for the mistress to befriend her neighbour Flinner, the poor broom-maker, whose wife had died early, leaving him the care of two motherless children. The boys were now pretty well grown. Christian, at whose baptism Master Klund and his wife had, from Christian love and friendship, acted sponsors, was now thirteen; Friedel was eleven years old. The boys regularly took a two hour's journey to the nearest evangelical church and minister's class for their religious instruction, while for their common education they went to the village school. In their holiday-time they accompanied their father to the forest in search of birch twigs, or carried his brooms to the neighbouring villages for sale.

It was the evening of the first Sunday in Advent 1834. Father Flinner and his boys sat by the dim light of a pine splinter at the table in the corner of their one room. Outside it was cold November weather: everything was already hard frozen up. Within the little cottage a bright wood-fire crackled in the stove. But at the table and in the boys' faces things did not look so bright. Before them there lay only a few heaps of potato peelings, a small remnant of bread, and somewhat on an earthenware dish. They had just finished their very frugal supper, and given thanks.

"See, my boys," said the father after a while, "what is weighed and measured is soon eaten. The bread and potatoes are finished, and we have no money, for the brooms which you took out yesterday to sell came back with you unsold. What do you think, Friedel? Where shall we get bread?"

The boy did not ponder long, but, looking trustfully up to his father with his great blue eyes, said,—

"If Aunt Klund knew about it, she would help us right gladly, and Uncle Klund would say nothing against it."

It is the kindly custom throughout the Pfalz, that not only relations, but also master and servant, neighbours and neighbours' children, call each other "cousin" and "aunt."

"I believe it, my little man," answered the father. "Our good neighbours have truly studied the apostle's saying, 'Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith;' and they have practised it too, diligently, on our behalf. But mark me, my lads—we must not be a burden to other people. As long as a man has sound health and all his limbs, he should try to stand on his own legs and walk on his own feet. What do *you* think, Christel? Where shall we get bread?"

Christian was embarrassed, and remained silent. He had an answer, indeed, all ready in his heart, and it was even at the tip of his tongue; but he did not trust himself to utter it.

"Ah, what counsellors you are! Well, I was only beating about the bush to try you, and see if you had attended to the sermon this morning; but I can get nothing out of you. Have you forgotten it all already?"

"No, father, no!" they both cried out at once.

"Well, then, Christel, what pleased you the best in it?"

"Ay, it was how the Lord Jesus went riding into Jerusalem upon an ass, poor and mean, and yet a helper and a King. All the way home it has been running in my head whether he would not be a helper to us too. We are poor enough, I am sure, and the rich folks do not trouble themselves about us; and I have been thinking that, as he was so poor when he was in this world, he must know how it feels."

"Well does he know it," answered the father. "For that very purpose did he become man, that he might be 'in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.' And did you not notice in the sermon that comforting word about the poverty of the Lord Christ? Children, that was said just for us poor folks."

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," began Christian, and little Friedel joined in, "'that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.'"

"That's it. If we have him for our friend, we need ask for nothing more in heaven or earth. With him we have all things, and we need no other earthly riches than those of the apostle, 'Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.' We know that we shall have these; and how we shall get them we know also. How? By prayer and labour. Thus God gives always what is needed. If he does let us begin this new week without any prospect of supplies for it, still, don't let us be down-hearted, and 'take thought for the morrow.' The Lord will hold his Advent-season in our hearts, as we have heard to-day. We certainly do not shut the door against him by gluttony and drunkenness. He has taken care of that; let us take care that we do not shut him out by anxious care about the morrow."

After speaking these words the father rose and went to the window, through which they could see the windows of the living-room of their neighbour Klund. The two houses stood a little apart from the village, on the edge of a wood, and were only divided by a small garden. Flinner turned back to the children, and said,—

"Christel, clear up the table and wash the dishes. And you, Friedel, stick up a fresh pine splinter, and put another fagot on the fire. We shall go over to the neighbours presently, but I see they are still at their supper."

When Christel had finished his task, and come back from the out-house, which served as a kitchen, his father and Friedel were sitting by the stove. He sat down beside them on a block of wood that stood in the corner, and all of them for some time kept a silence that was only broken by the ticking of the old smoke-browned Black-Forest clock which hung on the wall. But Christel fidgeted occasionally, as if he had something on his mind, and did not quite know how to give it utterance to his father in a discreet manner. At last he satisfied himself, and began.

"Father!"

"What, my son?"

"What does it mean by saying that we become rich through Christ's poverty?"

"Ay, that refers to spiritual riches, as the verse of the hymn says—

'He who is the Lord most high,
Once was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.'

His poverty consists in that he laid aside the glory which he had with the Father, and took upon him our poor flesh and blood; yea, took upon him the form of a servant. Thus he won for us, by his poor life, and through his bitter sufferings and death, the riches of the heavenly kingdom, forgiveness of sin, righteousness in God's sight, and eternal life. So I learned in old days from the answer in the Heidelberg Catechism to the question, 'What dost thou understand by the words, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate"?'"

The father had in his explanation risen too high for the boy's purpose in the conversation, and Christel did not know at first how he was to bring it back to what he had on his mind; so he was silent again. But he could not be quiet long, and soon began once more.

"But, father, I think we could, through the poverty of Christ, gain something even for the life of our body."

"What do you mean?"

"To-morrow the 'Star Boys' of the villages near here are to set off down to the Gäu, as they do every year. They sing of the poverty of Christ—how the Lord Jesus was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. Then people give them many gifts for the sake of the remembrance of Christ's poverty."

So he had at last got a beginning made with what he

wanted to say, and each word came more easily than the last. Yet still he stuck fast.

"What more?" said the father, who had a pretty good idea of what he would be at.

"Ay, we two boys"—and his tongue went fast enough now—"want to go with them for once, and we might bring enough back with us to help us on through the winter. We have already learned the 'Star Boys' carols; and Gipsy Andrees says he will be our third—the comrades with whom he went last year are going no more."

"I would not be greatly against it," said the father; "but how about the dress? and where are you to get a star?"

"Father," broke in little Friedel, "Aunt Appel has promised us two new shirts as Christmas gifts; I dare say she would give us them now. And Uncle Klund would make us the star."

"Hem! We must sleep upon the subject," decided the father. "Come now, we shall go across."

There they found Master Klund sitting at the table, with the large Basle Bible in front of him, of which he was turning over the pages. He was waiting for his usual Sabbath evening guests, who now walked in. As the two houses were neighbours in their separation from the village, so their inhabitants, as being the only villagers of the Evangelical Church, were good companions and helpers of each other's faith, and generally gathered together round the Bible on Sabbath evenings. Flinner, after their greeting, seated himself with his boys beside Aunt Klund at the fireside; while the master stuck his spectacles on his nose, and proceeded to read a chapter, which they afterwards talked over. It was the history of the flight of the child Jesus into Egypt.

"It is wonderful, comrade," said the master, as he at last shut the brass-bound Bible, and laid it away on a shelf in the corner—"it is wonderful how the gipsies have used this history for their own purposes. But it has been all lying and deceit with them all along; and it is just the same with that race yet. Every race has its own nature; and 'nature goes further than teaching,' as the farmer said when his cat ran through the room after a mouse. One should not compare human beings to beasts; but it is true all the same. I have often said it. These gipsies in the valley down there are nought but heathens yet, were they baptized ten times over. I have been reading about them to-day in an old book which the master with whom I worked at Heidelberg gave me as a keepsake, and there are wonderful stories in it of what our fathers attested of them in old days."

While speaking, he took down from the shelf an old chronicle bound in pig-skin, and opening it, began to read without waiting for a reply. He read out an account of the first appearance of the gipsies in Germany in the fifteenth century. The chronicle related how they gave themselves out as Egyptians, who must wander the world constantly as a punishment because their fore-

fathers refused shelter to the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus. It also told how some learned men supposed that the gipsies were Jews, who for fear of persecution tried to hide their nationality; and it described their thieving, begging, fortune-telling ways.

"One sees there," added Master Klund, "the origin of the brown folks; and their fingers are just as long now as of old, when they first came from Egypt."

"One could almost believe," said his neighbour, "that there may be some connection between them and the Jews, who also are so obstinate in their own ways. Though the gipsies do profess to be Christians among us, yet, as you say, the waters of baptism have not washed the old heathenism out of them. It may be that their forefathers did indeed in old times sin against the child Jesus, and so brought down punishment on them; just like the Jews, who, we know, because they hung the Lord of glory on the tree, still bear the curse, and are a people without heart or courage."

"That may be—that may be. Any way, I trust none of them."

"They have very queer ways. Down there in the valley behind Landstuhl, a troop settled down near the mill, and made themselves holes in the ground like foxes, and roofed them with tiles. A few years ago they had an old woman among them called Liz, whom they honoured greatly, as they generally do their old women, who know most of their evil arts. She went about begging with her two boys. When she was dying she called them to her, and divided the Pfalz between them, as she said. To the oldest, called 'One-eyed,' she promised the Vorder Pfalz; to the other, the 'Officer,' the Westrich. And her will was held good: each keeps to his inheritance, and still goes round his territory gathering contributions at the doors."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the master, "that is not bad. But let them be; I trust none of them."

Little Friedel had sat listening with the greatest attention. He would willingly have put in his word, but did not venture, for father Flinner kept up good discipline with his boys. But now, when the old folks were silent for a moment, Friedel began respectfully:

"But, father, Gipsy Andrees, at the beadle's, is not like the other gipsies; he is quite to be trusted."

"Nay, I will say nothing against your standing up for your companion, and if he proves an exception to the others I shall be the better pleased; but seeing 'is believing."

"You should hear him sing hymns, father—so devoutly, and with all his heart. You would believe him then."

"What sort of companion is that you have got?" broke in Master Klund.

"A few weeks ago," answered father Flinner, "a poor gipsy woman died down in the valley there, and left a boy behind her whom she had picked up somewhere. As she belonged to these parts, he has fallen a burden on the parish; and, as is their use, or rather

abuse, they put him up to auction in order to see who would keep him for the least money. Nobody offered for him; so the beadle took him for a small sum, and makes him carry wood and herd the goats. The gipsy lad has put it into my boys' heads to go down with him, carrying the star and singing carols. They have been at me this evening already to get me to give my consent. What do you think of it, godfather?"

"Indeed, it is not at all to my mind that the boys should wander the country in that way. It's nothing but pure beggary; and, besides, it is strictly forbidden by the police."

"But I don't see why it should be forbidden, if the lads go about quietly, and do harm to no one. They are real Christian songs that they sing, that can only edify pious hearts."

"I have nothing to say against the carols, but only against the disorderly conduct of some of these 'Star Boys.'"

"That should be restrained, certainly; but an old proverb says, 'We should not throw out the baby along with the bath-water'—reject the good with the bad. I am just as much against an equality of that kind as against the 'equality' the French brought us in the '90."

The master gave in at last, saying,—

"Well, if Andrees is really an honest lad, perhaps there is no harm in the matter. But you must not take it ill of me, comrade, that I am rather doubtful on the subject. I always think of what I promised before the Highest at Christel's baptism, and which I must hold to. My hand, as well as yours, must do its best for him."

"Nay, let the boys have their way," said Aunt Klund gently; "they will do no ill."

"But have you got a star?" said the master, turning kindly to the boys.

And when they said "No," he promised to make them a real beauty.

During all this talk, time had passed so quickly that it was now bed-time, and father Flinner and his boys went home, after Master Klund had read their evening prayer from his book of devotions. But that night sleep was long of coming to the eyes of the boys. They turned and tossed on their bed, for their minds were too full of their project to let them sleep. Sometimes they conned over the necessary preparations; sometimes they imagined themselves already in one of the villages of the Gäu. Their child-like notion of the poverty of Christ, as they sung of it, being made the means of gaining their bread, was lost sight of in the desire which took hold of them to see more of the world than the mountain villages where they had carried their father's brooms for sale. They had often looked down longingly to the fertile plain between the mountains and the Rhine. They had gazed over the Gäu, as it is called, when in early summer the wind rippled the waving fields of corn, and the rape in full bloom looked so bright in the sunlight; or when in harvest the heavy-headed wheat, bending

with its full grain, shone golden in the sunbeams. Their desire to wander forth there was by no means checked by the thought that all this beauty and richness was past for the present, and that snow would be just as cold in the plain as in their woodland village. The year 1834 had been a year of plenty—like one of the fat years which follow each other by sevens, but seldom indeed anywhere but in Egypt—and so they hoped that down there in the plain they would find a Joseph who at God's bidding would have an open storehouse for them. At last they both were wearied out, and fell asleep; but even in their dreams they were with the "Star Boys," far away from their father's cottage.

Two days sufficed to prepare the boys for their expedition. On Monday it was seen that their father's trust in God was not a vain one. Though last week they could not sell one broom in the neighbouring villages, to-day they had not been out two hours before they found good sale with the countrywomen. This appeared very astonishing to the young folks, but not at all so to father Flinner: it was by no means the first time that he had received wonderful help in time of need. Everything else, too, went according to the boys' wishes. Their Aunt Apollonia of Annweiler, sister of their dead mother, at their desire gave them the promised shirts; and Uncle Klund kept his word about the star. They themselves glued together their tall caps of coloured paper in the master's workshop. They had also been industrious in practising the carols. So on Wednesday morning Christel and Friedel, with their comrade Andrees, stood ready, as fully equipped "Star Boys," to take leave of their father.

The woodland villages of Westrich are the special home of the so-called "Star Boys," who, from the beginning of Advent till Epiphany, wander the country by threes, to represent the wise men of the East, singing real folk-songs of the birth of the Saviour. They come before the houses, or into the farmyards. The one who carries the star spins it round, full in view, and they begin their carols. When they pause, a gift is bestowed on them, for which they then return thanks in another verse.

Grave father Flinner could not forbear a smile when he saw his boys in their disguise, though he had often enough before seen the dress of the "Star Boys." They had pulled Aunt Appel's white shirts over their clothes, and had lent Andrees an old one that he might do the same. On their heads were tall caps covered with stripes of white and coloured paper. Besides that, the brown gipsy had touched up his complexion with soot, for there must always be a black man among the "three kings of the East." The others had only given themselves beards with burned cork. Christel carried a money-bag, which he hoped to bring home full; Andrees had a large linen bag at his side, to hold any provisions that might be given them; and Friedel bore the wooden star, which was stuck upon the top of a stick, and could be spun round by a touch of the hand.

"We are ready now, father," said Chystel, who was now to be called Kaspar. Andrees was Melchior, and Friedel, Balthazar; for Kaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar are the names under which the wise men of the East travel in all the legends of the Pfalz.

"Then go, in God's name, my sons. Take good heed, so that you may come back to me with a good report. Keep God ever before your eyes and in your hearts; and

have a care that you indulge in no sin and do not break any of God's commandments while away from under my rule. Do not stay too long away from me. And now God be with you, and keep you."

With these words father Flinner gave each his hand; and with a hearty "Adieu, father!" the two brothers and Andrees went out at the door, and set off merrily down the road.

CHARLEY'S DILEMMA.

CHARLEY BRIGHT sat on the door-step late one evening, looking very dissatisfied. This was rather unusual, for he was such a good-natured, merry little fellow, that at school he was as often called "Bright Charley," as Charley Bright.

"Why, what's the matter with my boy?" asked his Aunt Fannie, as she came up the steps with a basket of fresh-gathered flowers.

"Nothing much, Aunt Fannie," was the reply. But Aunt Fannie evidently saw that all was not right. Drawing his attention to her pretty flowers, Charley became interested in their tasteful arrangement, and his warm heart soon lost its reserve.

"Aunt Fannie," said he, after a little pause, "what is the use for anybody to try to do right? This morning all the boys were going fishing, and Mrs. Phifer told Frank he might go; but Mrs. Brown told Rob that he was too little, and he must not go. Rob stole off and went with the boys; and while he and Frank were fishing together in the boat, they were overturned, and came very near being drowned. Now, one boy *mind*ed, and the other *didn't*, and they both got a ducking just the same. That's just the way all the time, and I don't see any sense in it!"

"Well, I'll tell you what I think of it," said Aunt

Fannie. "You know God sends blessings on the just and unjust; the bad, worldly man fares just as well as his good neighbour, and sometimes better. But mark this, Charley: the result will be different. As for Frank and Rob, I happened to know something about their case. Frank went home with a good conscience, for the accident was an unavoidable one, and he was not in fault. Rob went home sad and guilty, and his mother punished him severely for his disobedience. I was at Mrs. Phifer's when Frank came in dripping, with streaks of mud on his face; and his mother actually drew him to her bosom while he told his story, and kissed him repeatedly as she thanked God for sparing his life. Now, I've no doubt Rob's mother loves him just as dearly. But instead of both boys deserving or receiving the same, Frank will go to bed to-night peaceful and happy, and poor little Rob will go repentant, I hope; but there is a great stain on this day for him. Don't you see, Charley boy, that though good people and bad people may seem to get the same reward, that it really isn't so! Time will show."

And as Aunt Fannie and Charley went in to tea she whispered to him,—

"God sees us every day, and every minute of the day. We ought to do right for his sake, and the rewards and punishments will take care of themselves."

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

THE way to my school led across the river by a bridge. The river had frozen early in the season, and many schoolboys would cross the stream on the ice. My mother thought the ice was not safe, and told me not to cross it. The next morning I came, with another boy, to the crossing place. "Come, John," said Robert to me, "let us cross on the ice." "No; I do not want to go," said I. "Why not?—ah, I know; you are afraid of your mother! Never mind her whims—come along; I would not be such a coward." Oh, what a struggle I then had in my mind! I was ashamed to be called a coward; I knew the ice was strong, and I thought it was strange that my mother should tell me not to go. While this

struggle was going on in my mind, Robert cried again, "Come along; your mother cannot see you, and I will not tell of it." Then rose the thought which saved me—"Thou God seest me."

"Robert," said I, "if my mother cannot see me, God can—I will not go." So saying, I turned and went by the bridge to school; and that was a happy day. I went home at night feeling happy. I never was more glad to see my mother than that night.

Now, dear children, would you be happy, remember always to obey your parents. The disobedient child is always unhappy. And when your parents cannot see you, remember that God can. Let the truth ever be impressed upon your mind, "THOU GOD SEEST ME."



ON PILGRIMAGES: POLITICAL USES—FRANCE.

BY THE REV. J. A. WILLIE, LL.D.

VORN-OUT soils, which no longer are able to nourish plants fit for the use of man, may nevertheless yield weeds in plenty. It is so with France. The soil has ceased to produce patriotism; but it retains the power of producing pilgrimages. Fables, legends, holy shrines, and troops of ardent devotees, spring up upon it in abundance. Once France was a land of genius—of genius satiate, penetrating, playful, trenchant, and wonderfully imaginative: now its sun is set; it is smothered under the monk's hood, or only breaks out in lurid and destructive flashes in the anarchist's torch and the mountebank's hag-gue. The race of legislators, historians, poets, warriors, that made France glorious in days gone by, is at an end. Their names live only in story: they have no successors; nor has their greatness perpetuated itself in the enduring monuments of their country's institutions and laws; and however mournful, it is nevertheless true, that though the French people were this year to become extinct, and pass utterly away from their place in Christendom, and though the duties they have so long occupied were to become empty, no one interest connected with the religion, the liberty, the literature, or the progress of the world, would thereby vitally suffer. There would be a terrible gap, a solemn silence at the heart of Europe; that would be all. A nation of thirty millions that could be lacking, and yet so little missed, must have sadly run down. This reflection inspires one with no very sanguine anticipations as to what Providence may have in store for that people.

The outburst of Popish superstition which the present year has witnessed in France, has, we may say, taken most people by surprise. They

were taught to believe that Romanism was dying in that land, and they waited to see it borne to the tomb, with Philosophy, if not Protestantism, following its bier, and acting the part of chief mourner. Instead of a burial, there comes a revival. The moribund superstition starts up with all the mustiness of the Middle Ages upon it, but with all the vigour of a second youth; and in a somewhat gruff tone it bids both Philosophy and Protestantism stand aside and make way for it. But extraordinary as this may seem, there is nothing in the least extraordinary in it. No miracle has been wrought. The laws of the world have not been suspended to permit this apparition from the Middle Ages to come back upon us. What has happened is simply the result of causes which have been some time in operation. What are these causes?

The lesson of 1848 was not thrown away upon the Jesuits. They had been reposing confidently upon the world's immobility. Since our fathers fell asleep, said they, or rather since they died on the scaffolds of the Revolution, the world has been shaken by no such shock as that of 1789: that was an abnormal convulsion; it occurred once, but will not occur over again; we shall have no such second earthquake; the era of 1789 cannot come back; the easy-going times of our great-grandfathers have returned, and may be expected to continue for some centuries. So the priests in France, and throughout Popish Christendom, reasoned.

But the convulsion of 1848 upset all these reasonings. They saw that the Revolution was not an abnormal fit, but a chronic distemper, destined to recur at regular intervals in the future; and therefore they must not rest on the surface, let it look ever so solid,—they must dig

down, and plant the foundations of their system in the lower depths, so that when the next convulsion should come, it might stand, and be, perhaps, the only fabric left standing.

NEW TACTICS.

Accordingly, the first moment the skies cleared up after the tempest of 1848, the Jesuits set to work to get hold of the conscience and heart of the youth all over western Christendom. In addition to old and stereotyped agencies—in use in the Romish Church from time immemorial—they pressed into their service a variety of modes of working of recent device. They did not disdain to borrow a leaf from Protestantism. They knew how widely the Sabbath school had been worked in Protestant lands, and with what results. They did not delay a day in adopting the same machinery for propagating the faith of Rome. They opened Sabbath classes everywhere. The present writer chanced to traverse Italy and France at the period now referred to, and had an opportunity of witnessing the new tactics. These he found in vigorous operation in Rome, in Venice, in Paris, and in other great cities. When the service in the cathedral had ended, the youth of both sexes were gathered into church, ranged in classes of tens and twenties, each under a lay or clerical teacher; and there they stood, with the little catechism in hand, occupying the vast expanse of the cathedral floor, and answering the interrogatories of their masters. Rarely could the youth forming these classes read: they were not taught their letters, on purpose that they might be shut out from books, and be entirely in the hands of the priest. They were taught their catechism by rote from their teachers' lips; and in the same way were trained to repeat hymns to the Virgin, prayers to the saints, and initiated into all the mysteries of the Romish system, so far as it was judged fit to indoctrinate them therein. To this was added early communion, early confession, the education of thousands of young women in convents, and all the other appliances which that Church adopts to stunt the intellect, bend the will, enthrall the conscience, and nourish a blind belief in superstition. The boys and girls of that period are the men and women of the present day. Hence the

extraordinary spectacle—extraordinary only when not explained—of the grand-children of the men who dragged the priests of France to the scaffold, following the priest wherever he chooses to lead them; bowing down to kiss his feet, or the sacred heart, or to worship anything that he tells them deserves their veneration. The priest may be excused, surely, if with a pardonable vanity he marshals on the streets and highways those whom, with great pains and art, he has fashioned to his purpose. They are the trophies of his victory over his age and over his country.

PILGRIMS BECOMING CRUSADERS.

But Rome does not generate enthusiasm only that it may run to waste, like vapour blown into the air. She has always a practical end in view, and never fails to find fitting work for the masses she has fanaticized. An age of pilgrimages has generally been followed by an age of crusades; in other words, of persecutions. The men and women who set out for the Holy Sepulchre in the character of pilgrims, were easily transformed into warriors: giving over to recite their *pater-nosters*, they began to shout, "Death to the infidels!" The crowds whom St. Dominic led to the shrines in the south of France, after having their devotion stimulated by canticles, relics, and priestly benedictions, returned with fresh ardour to burn the dwellings and kill the persons of the Albigenses. Sixty thousand fell victims in the town of Beziers alone. The state of Europe at this day, happily, does not permit of the literal imitation of these historic precedents; but may it not be possible to bring back a state of things that may admit of it? and beyond doubt the pilgrimages of France are intended to help towards this end. "How will these pilgrimages end?" asks the *New York Tablet*. "Thus far these pilgrims do but pray and say their beads, confess their sins, and receive holy communion;"—very silly were it all to end there, thinks the *Tablet*; but that is only the beginning,—prayers and bead-telling are but a means to an end. And so the *Tablet* goes on to ask, "Can it be that the pilgrims of peace may somehow be transformed into ranks of warriors against those who hold the Faith captive? Can it be that the hands of those who hold rosaries to-day, may yet in

battles soon to come wield swords for Faith and Church and God?" With what fondness does the *Tablet* gloat over the picture, soon it hopes to become a reality! "Such things have happened," it exclaims—sanguine all the while that they will happen again. "But whatever may be the result of this awakening of Catholic faith, these pilgrims are a grand proof of the enthusiasm that still throbs in Catholic hearts. The faith that seemed to sleep is suddenly aroused, and confronts this age in all the glory of its strength and simplicity."

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

The first and immediate object to which these pilgrimages have respect, and which they are designed to further, is the restoration of Henry V. This miserable spawn of royalty, who believes himself the viceroy of God in the second place—for the first he must ever reserve for his master, the Pope—and who thinks that he will regenerate society by simply waving a white flag above it, is the tool and nominee of the Jesuits. His elevation to the throne of his ancestors is the first step to the realization of the Jesuit programme. That programme, at this hour, is a long and a grave one. They have the world to put all right. But first they must mount the throne in the person of the Count de Chambord. This would give them the arms, the treasures, and the whole appliances of the kingdom of France, which they would energetically wield for "the salvation of society," as their phrase is. Such an acquisition might well console them for the loss of the petty sovereignty of the Roman States. It would afford them the means of recovering that sovereignty, and much more besides. Undoubtedly it would stir them up to make the attempt; and the very attempt would infer great disasters to Europe, and many woes to France. The late Professor Kortum of Heidelberg, in his lectures on the Condition of France during the Second Empire, made the following pertinent remark: "By this time the French have exhausted all possible forms of government. They have in turn had a kingdom, a republic, and an empire; and then again another kingdom, another republic, and another empire. Should they abolish the Second Empire too, the only thing that re-

mains for them to introduce would be a Papacy." Twenty years ago, when this sentiment was uttered by the sarcastic scholar, it elicited not a little laughter from the audience. Now, however, the *dictum* is likely to become a tangible reality; for the day that sees Henry V. on the throne of his ancestors, sees France a Papacy, and a Papacy of the worst type, a kingdom of Jesuits—for the real King of France would be the General of the Jesuits.

Already these holy deeds of pilgrimages have borne fruit, and fruit of the kind so ardently contemplated by those who have planned and fostered them. The prayers offered at the shrines visited have not been in vain. Some months ago the *Univers* edified its readers by informing them that the fall of M. Thiers was an answer to these intercessions. It is something to know that the toil and sweat of these holy palmers—it was in the dog-days they made their journey—have not been thrown away, but that, on the contrary, they have reaped the substantial reward of hurling from power an anti-Jesuit ruler. And if they can cast one politician down, why may they not lift another up: why may they not install the man who stands so unflinchingly by the divine right, and the white flag, and the unrestricted power to do whatever the Jesuit shall bid him?

THE CRUCIFIX OF ST. SALVATOR.

We know not whether the images of France have yet spoken to any of their votaries commanding them to elect the Count of Chambord as King, but as wonderful things have happened in former times; and sure we are, that were the rumour to go abroad that some one of these wooden deities had opened its lips and found articulate speech, there is faith enough in France at this hour to credit it. In the cathedral church of St. Salvator in Spain, there was an old image of Jesus Christ crucified, which lay behind the choir in a small chapel filled with lumber. Nobody took the smallest notice of that image. There was an exception, however, to the general neglect, in the case of a devout prebend or canon of the church, whose wont it was every day to kneel down before it, and pray fervently to it. His plight was not unlike that of the image: he

had been neglected, and passed over in the matter of church preferment. But though now well stricken in years, he was ambitious of advancement, and thinking the image from fellow-feeling likely to befriend him, he betook himself to that quarter. One day, when on his knees before the image, praying with more than usual fervour, that it might find for him, if not a red *hat* or a rich abbacy, at least a bishop's mitre, to his inexpressible delight he heard the image speaking to him, and saying, "Well, father, you see me here, in the midst of all this lumber; what have you done for me?" For many a day after, the image wore these words, *Y tu que me ves a qui, que hazes por mi*, round its crown of thorns as its motto. The suppliant, struck with remorse, most penitently confessed his fault, and promised amendment. "Then," said the image, mollified by the father's assurances that it should not remain a day longer in this nasty place, "thou shalt be a bishop." As the image had promised, so it came to pass; the prebend soon became a bishop. Meanwhile it was noised abroad that the crucifix of the cathedral had spoken. The image had no longer any cause to complain of neglect. People flocked from all quarters to see the image which had spoken. Of course they did not come empty-handed, for the offerings of the first six years were reckoned worth a million of crowns, and the good deed done the worthy prebend was amply repaid the image itself. If the canon had got a mitre, the crucifix had got a million of crowns, and as much popularity as would bring it ten times that sum in years to come.

The history of the miracle places this occurrence in the year 1562, and further says that the chapter had intended to build for the image a beautiful little chapel in one corner of the cathedral, in which it might stand with becoming decency and veneration. But for some reason or other the image did not approve of this purpose of doing it honour. It spoke again to its old friend, and said: "My pleasure is, to continue where I am till the end of the world." Its wish was sacredly complied with, but the canons set about gorgeously adorning the little chapel in which it was pleased to make its abode; as well they might, considering what sums it daily brought them.

But though the image put its decided negative upon any permanent change of residence, it is by no means averse to an airing upon occasion, or when some great emergency demands its presence. For example, should it happen that the drought is severe, and the harvest in danger of perishing, the crucifix may be brought out of its chapel and carried in procession, and rain will follow. But certain conditions have been inexorably prescribed in order to this ceremony. The archbishop and chapter must give their consent; the viceroy and magistrates are to assist at the procession in robes of mourning; the priests and friars are to follow, with marks of repentance and public penances; and last, but not least, the day must be a cloudy one—a thing that rarely or never happens in Spain unless when it is going to rain—lest the good fathers should sweat too much.

A traveller who witnessed the procession in the year 1706 says: "I saw upon this occasion as many as six hundred disciplinants. Their blood ran from their shoulders to the ground. Many others with long heavy crosses, others with a heavy bar of iron, or chains of the same, hanging round their necks, were in the procession. In the midst of these dismal objects were twelve priests, dressed in black ornaments, bearing the crucifix on their shoulders, and with great veneration carrying it through the streets, the eunuchs singing the litany." The miraculous powers of the image are very great, and in the opinion of the people of Saragossa beyond cavil, seeing they have again and again been proved before their very eyes. They never have a procession without a miracle following; nay, sometimes it begins to rain before the ceremony is well ended. On these years the chapter is sure to receive double tithes; for everybody willingly gives two out of ten of the fruits which he has gathered, seeing that, but for the image, the harvest would have been wholly lost.

To come nearer our point, and touch on the political uses to which such images are sometimes turned: When the war between King Philip and King Charles broke out, the crucifix of St. Salvator and the Virgin of the Pillar took different sides! It is not recorded that the crucifix spoke a third time, but somehow it came to be

noised that it was a *Butiflero*; that is, that it had declared itself on the side of King Philip. Straightway all the admirers and worshippers of the crucifix were on the side of King Philip too. But the Virgin of the Pillar, what of her politics? She was proclaimed an Imperialist, and carried all her devotees over to the party of King Charles. The two rivals thus received each very important and celestial succours; for the deities of the Papal empyrean, like the gods of the Pagan firmament, have their favourites, whom they help in battle. It was now a trial of strength, not so much between Philip and Charles, as between the two deities of Saragossa. It was not who was the better warrior, but who was the more powerful god. The crucifix of St. Saviour could give rain; that was no mean proof of strength. But the Virgin of the Pillar had been seen fighting in the air with the Moors, and she claimed to have, on one occasion at least, put them to rout. This would seem to say that from the Virgin might be expected the more efficient aid, and that her favourite would be the successful competitor for the crown of Spain. It did not, however, so turn out. The day remained with Philip and the crucifix of St. Saviour. The confidence of the Spanish people, however, despite this untoward occurrence, was not materially shaken in Mary. She continued, and still continues, to be the supreme tutelary of their country. She is the "Lady of Victories," the "Mother of Providence," the "Supreme Beauty," the "Fountain of Celestial Light," &c. Do we not fancy we hear the Pagan poet—

"Hominum divinique æterna potestas.
Alma Venus!"

The spirit of Paganism breathes through all those effusions addressed to the Lady of Victories and the Supreme Beauty. M. Michelet has quaintly observed, that "God became a woman in the middle ages." France accepts the inheritance, and strives at this hour to place its whole territory under the guardianship of the Virgin. This is what they call, doubtless, remaining "true to the faith of their fathers."

MARIE ALAQUE.

Our readers do not now need to have recounted to them the particulars of the legend on

which this new devotion of the "Sacred Heart" is founded. A few sentences will suffice to refresh their memory. The scene of the legend is laid in the centre of France, at the little town of Paray-le-Monial, on the banks of the Loire. In that town there lived, two hundred years ago, a poor visionary of the name of Marie Alacoque. The Saviour appeared to her one day, as she thought, and asked her to make him a gift of her heart; not the love and homage of her soul, which is the Scripture meaning of the phrase, but the fleshly organ. This she at once did, though how the operation was performed the legend leaves us ignorant. When Adam's side was opened, a "deep sleep" was made to fall upon him from the Almighty. Whether Marie Alacoque was wrapped in a similar slumber, we are not told. But in whatever manner the operation was accomplished, Marie's side was opened, her heart was extracted, and received into union with the heart of Christ. Of this Marie had ocular demonstration; for the Saviour opened the old wound in his side, and permitting the devotee to look within, Marie saw the heart of Christ as it were a blazing furnace; and she could discern her own heart floating in the flame—undergoing, doubtless, a process of refinement—and being for the time one with the heart of Jesus. We behold a new sort of incorporation, or metamorphosis, or transmigration; for we are at a loss to say which is the proper phrase by which to designate the very extraordinary and unwonted occurrence. It is difficult treating such themes without an apparent air of levity, and it may be of profanity; but for this we must not be held responsible. The Greek legends were at least distinguished for their beauty. When their gods and goddesses changed their form, and underwent metamorphosis, it was into the loveliest of flowers or the noblest of animals. Not so the Romish legends; beauty they have none; they retain only the grossness. Their gods and goddesses are always redolent of the cell, being only monks and monkesses, standing very much in need of the cleansing and healthful applications of soap and water.

After undergoing this incorporation with the heart of Christ, the heart of Marie Alacoque was given back, and replaced within her breast. But

it was no longer the same; it had been taken into union with the Saviour; it was in a sense the heart of Christ, and so was to be worshipped. As the flesh and blood of the Saviour are worshipped in the consecrated wafer, so the fleshly heart of Christ is worshipped in the person of Marie Alacoque. This is the new devotion.

The phrase is selected with the usual felicity and tact of Rome. It is not the "new idol," but the "new devotion." First of all, there was a religious reason for wakening Marie Alacoque and her legend from their sleep of two centuries. The scoffers in France had taunted the priests with having quite forgotten the Son, in their universal and absorbing worship of his mother. Their reply to the taunt is the worship of the "Sacred Heart." They enshrine the heart of Christ in the person of this ecstatic devotee, and then they say that in worshipping Marie Alacoque they are worshipping Christ. It remains, nevertheless, the undeniable fact that their worship is paid at the feet of a woman. It is before her that they bow down; it is her they kiss in adoration—or would, did the glass frame in which she is enclosed permit them; and it is her intercession with God for which they make request, with supplications, with tears, with alms. The pilgrims who, rosary in hand, and singing canticles, have found their way to the little town of Paray-le-Monial, have been made to pass in solemn procession before Marie Alacoque. "What!" our readers ask, "the veritable Marie?" Not altogether. Her bones have been disinterred—we hope there has been no mistake, as has sometimes happened in the case of bones which have been long in the grave, or as when bones, not even human, have been mistaken and made to do duty for those of the saints—her bones, we say, have been disinterred, and embalmed in a beautiful image of wax, which, gorgeously appressed, and bedecked with jewellery, and wearing the benign countenance of Marie Alacoque—at least, it is presumed so, for there is no one now living who saw her—is set up upon a throne, that the pilgrim may bow down to it and worship it. The reader inquires further, "Is the 'heart' enclosed in this image?" This is a point of some moment; for the devotee is taught that he is worshipping the "sacred

heart," and if the "heart" be not present, he is worshipping simply the dead bones and the wax. We know of no one who can answer this question, and the pilgrim is forbidden to look within and satisfy himself. He cannot be assured that the "heart" is there; he cannot be assured that even the dead bones are there. He is sure but of one thing—that he is standing before an image of wax. Pitiable and sad it surely is to see at this day thousands upon thousands—nay, crowds from Christian England—bowing down in worship before such a thing as this. When will men hear the voice of the angel who cried, saying, "Worship Him who made the earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters"?

RENAN AND THE PRIESTS.

It is instructive, further, to mark how these scenes at Paray-le-Monial bring strikingly and most affectingly out the unconquerable and incurable inclination of Rome to turn away from the "one Mediator." Even when forced, by the taunt of the infidel, to come back in a fashion to the worship of the Son of God, it is with equivocation and delusion. The priests deftly and cunningly substitute a woman, after all. They will run the risk of laying themselves still more open to the infidel's scoff, as going the longer the deeper into materialism, rather than permit their flocks to come to God by "the man Christ Jesus." Renan gave the priests of the whole Roman world mortal offence, ten years ago, by his "Life of Jesus." Do our readers know why? His book put prominently before his Romanist readers the fact that Christ was true man. Our Lord's humanity has been hidden from the members of the Romish Church—deeply, profoundly hidden. The priests always speak of him, and teach their flocks to think of him, only as God. True, they have his flesh and blood in the sacrament; but as "the man Christ Jesus," at the right hand of the Father, he is never seen or thought of. With what, then, do they replace the humanity of our Lord? Mary supplies the human side of Christ. Mary is the fountain of grace, of compassion, of fellow-feeling, of forgiveness. Christ occupies the throne of judgment; Mary sits upon the mercy-seat: Christ thunders against the sinner; Mary says, "Come

unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The former holds the bolt of vengeance, and stands with uplifted arm, ready to launch it; the latter throws herself between that uplifted arm and the trembling sinner, and shields him from the stroke. At Mary's feet, then, is the penitent taught to throw himself. She is the mediator between God and men. Over the portal of one of the churches in Rome, in the neighbourhood of the Vatican, is written on marble the words, "Let us come boldly to the throne of the Virgin Mary, that we may find grace to help us in our time of need." The writer read them there but a few years ago, and he does not doubt that they are there still.

PILLAR OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

But there is worse in Rome. The present Pope erected a pillar in the Piazza di Spagna to commemorate the decree of the Immaculate Conception. There it stands, topped by an image of the Virgin, with, of course, the glory round her head. But the blasphemy at the summit is completely eclipsed by the blasphemy at the foot of the column. The choice prophecies spoken of Christ have been culled from Holy Scripture, and woven into a chaplet, and laid at the feet of Mary. Engraven upon the pedestal of the pillar are the predictions in Genesis, in Isaiah, and the other prophets, which relate to the coming and the work of Christ, but all applied to Mary. She is the "divine woman," she is the "promised seed," who was to "bruise the head of the serpent," and to accomplish the redemption of the

world. Anything more daring than this it is impossible to imagine. Moses and all the prophets are compelled to assemble, as it were, at the foot of this pillar, and to avow that it was of her whose image crowns its top that they all spake; that it was Mary, and not Christ, whose incarnation, and victory over Satan, and redemption of lost men, were the theme of their prophecies. It is an attempt to make prophets and apostles partners with Rome in her awful guilt. Not only men on earth does she strive, by her screws and racks, her axes and burning piles, to cause to blaspheme; but the very saints in glory, the spirits who are now casting their crowns down at the feet of the Lamb, does she think to compel to join her in the horrible affront which she offers to the Son of God. With what emphasis does the Holy Spirit, when portraying by the Apocalyptist the awful scene of her overthrow, pause to utter these words: "Rejoice over her, ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her."

Whether the blasphemy has been thrown down since the Italians entered Rome, we cannot say. We trust it has not, and that it stands there still, and that it will survive even the system itself, and be to coming ages an incontestable monument of the otherwise incredible impiety and wickedness of Rome, and form, as it were, the justification of God in the terrible plagues with which he has already visited that system, and the yet greater, constituting the final stroke, by which he will sweep Rome and all her abominations from the face of the earth.

Syrian Missions.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, DAMASCUS.

V.

TURKISH MISRULE IN SYRIA.



THE death of Mousa Elias was a great blow to the Rasheiya Mission; especially as, in a young mission like that of Damascus, the supply of men whose teaching and example would be profitable was very limited. And it is a rule of the mission, founded on experience, and tested by time, to employ no agents who are not sincere Christians and decided Protestants, as well as competent scholars.

Thus the twelve natives whom we have now officially engaged as teachers and colporteurs, are all members of our Church, and in the full enjoyment of all her ordinances. Indeed, we prefer to leave places unoccupied, rather than to have in them men who would not fairly represent us, or, rather, those who sent us. Rasheiya, however, could not be left unoccupied; and so we removed Abdulla from the 'Ain esh-Shara School on the

east of Hermon, and made him successor to Mousa Elias.

Abdulla had neither the physical nor mental powers of his predecessor, nor his ability to rouse the enthusiasm of his followers, and rally them around him; but, nevertheless, he has proved himself, in many respects, admirably fitted to succeed the valiant Mousa. He had little scholarship; but he had received in early life a course of theological instruction, and he had a profound knowledge of the Scriptures, not gained from commentaries or other critical apparatus, but from a patient, prayerful study of the bare Word of God. He was a man not made to dazzle by fits and starts, or to become brilliant in a crisis; but to shine and guide, in sunshine and in storm, by the steady glow of a blameless and benevolently-active life. He is still our honoured evangelist in Rasheiya and the region round about.

The Protestants of Rasheiya thought they had some claim on the church they had left, or, at least, that they had a right to their vaults in the cemetery. But, foreseeing endless disputes, we advised them to give up all their claims; and we subscribed to buy them a cemetery and build new vaults. The formal withdrawal of the Protestants from their claims, being interpreted as a sign of weakness, became the signal to their enemies for making a murderous onslaught upon them, as they considered them entirely unprotected. I shall never forget the feelings of indignation and pity with which I saw the Rasheiya Protestants—men, women, and children, bruised and bleeding, pouring into my court in Damascus. Their former co-religionists resolved that they would drive them from their homes. And when the infuriated mob fell upon them, the Turkish authorities would give them no protection whatever; and they were only shielded by the Druzes while they escaped to Damascus. For thirty miles, hungry and torn, and weak from loss of blood, they made their way to us in Damascus through sleet and rain. Their enemies had gained their point. The Protestants had closed their shops and locked their doors, and apparently abandoned the place. The school was closed, and the Sunday services and weekly prayer-meetings were no more; for the teacher was beaten with his flock, and, with his flock, was driven from the village.

Our position was most distressing. Here was a body of poor, industrious people, who, chiefly through our instrumentality, had been brought into such antagonism with their brethren, that they had driven them from the homes of their fathers. I confess that more than once I had grave doubts as to our right to bring these people into difficulties from which we could not extricate them. But my want of faith was rebuked by their resignation, and, I might say, by their joy to be counted worthy to suffer for Christ.

There are many passages of Scripture in which we have delighted, which try us sorely when they are opened up to us in all their bearings. Every day of our lives, since we were able to lip the words, we have

prayed, "*Thy will be done,*" and we have given our full assent to the petition. And it is a most comfortable prayer so long as God's will coincides with our own, and all things go well with us. But when the merchant sees the white-winged carriers of his wealth broken on rocky shores; and when the husbandman looks over his trim hedges, and sees his crops blighted, and his herds melt away before the angel of the plague; and when the strong plough of adversity bears down through the budding hopes of men—tearing up, and crushing down, and covering over, with its relentless share, the things on which their hearts were most proudly set; and when furrow follows furrow, until nothing is left to the empty, desolate heart,—then it requires the strong faith of the Christian to say, "*Thy will be done.*" So, when we read one of Christ's sayings—such as, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you"—we think of the noble candour of the Saviour, who would have no disciples under false pretences. But the passage assumes a new meaning when we see men bleeding for their attachment to their Saviour, and remember that persecution is a condition of Christian living. "All who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution," is an unaltered canon of the changeless Word of God. But yet the reality, especially in a barbarous state of society, comes to us with a new and unpleasant force.

Our difficulty in getting any redress for our poor people arose from the utter and absolute corruption of the Turkish Government. We could not expect the Turks would do justice, unless we outbribed the arch-enemy of the Protestants, the man who had twice visited Europe. And, as we had come to the country to teach the people a more excellent way, we could not, even to obtain justice, resort to their ways. We were also naturally averse from going to the British Consul, as we did not wish our people to think that, by becoming Protestants, they would be entitled to English protection. And, besides, the Consul could not interfere *officially* on their behalf; and even an unofficial interference might bring down a rebuke from the British Government. I am happy to say that we have now a Consul at Damascus who, in such a crisis, would do his duty and risk the rebuke—preferring to act in accordance with the sentiment of his nation, and with the approval of his conscience, than in accordance with instructions framed by superiors, who merely sought their own aggrandizement and ease. In those days, English influence and interest in Turkey were intrusted to a Bulwer; and in Damascus we had a man of the same stamp. We, however, requested the Consul to intercede with the *Waly* on behalf of our people, not on the ground that they were Protestants, but because they were men, and had a right to protection in a state protected by England. The Consul readily promised to use his good offices in the matter, and made a note to that effect. But after waiting nearly three months, we had again to urge upon him the same petition, and with the same results. At last the people, weary of waiting idle

in Damascus, and not daring to return home, petitioned the *Waly* for permission to settle in some other village. The petition was simply rejected. Things having thus become desperate, we resolved to go to the *Waly* ourselves. The *Waly* of Syria was then Rashid Pasha, the present Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs. We were introduced to him, sitting squatting on a large red divan. Pipes and coffee were served in form, and we made a preliminary trial of what languages we had in common by a few compliments, in which we showed a becoming solicitude for each other's personal comfort and prosperity generally. It was a relief to find that he spoke French; and the dialogue was carried on in turns in French, Arabic, and Turkish.

A very ridiculous mistake occurred at the opening of our interview. When we were ushered in to the *Waly*, we found him in earnest conversation with the Syrian Jacobite bishop, "Peter the Humble," known in England as the man who was supposed to have consecrated Jules Ferette, Bishop of Iona, a few years ago. The *Waly*, who had a horrible squint, was reproaching the bishop in very strong language,—at the same time, owing to his infirmity, apparently looking straight at our interpreter, while in reality he was looking at the bishop. The interpreter, a spirited and independent English subject, got very red, started to his feet in confusion, and, with considerable warmth, said, "Is it to me your excellency is addressing such language?" The mistake was good-humouredly adjusted; the bishop escaped in the confusion; and we commenced our interview. We pointed out to his excellency that the Protestants were Turkish subjects, and entitled to his protection; that they had been beaten and driven from their occupations and homes, for no offence against the laws of their country, and for no injury done to their neighbours; and that his officials not only connived at their cruel treatment, but were, most of them, accomplices of the ruffians who assailed them. That the only cause for assaulting the Protestants was, that they preferred to worship God according to his Book; and that his excellency knew that the Hatti-Humaiyom and Hatti-Sherif secured to every Ottoman subject absolute religious liberty.

The *Waly* listened to our statement with Turkish passiveness, and feigned to be convinced by our arguments. Two considerations, however, influenced him: First, he saw, from the warmth with which we had taken up the matter, and from a hint that we would not let it drop, that the question might get publicity, and become prejudicial to his plans of one day assuming the portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs. Secondly, he knew that the officials of Rasheiya had been bribed to act as they had done; and that, by pretending displeasure, he could get the money from them, in case he permitted them to retain their offices. With these considerations, he dismissed us politely,—promising that the affair should be inquired into, and that justice should be done. An officer was accordingly

despatched to Rasheiya, and he, from his *inner consciousness*, but without collecting evidence, or asking a question, brought back a wholesale verdict of guilty against all the Turkish agents in Rasheiya. This finding was ostentatiously communicated to us, with the additional information that the chief (that is, richest) functionaries had been removed from office, and ordered to report themselves in Damascus.

The *Waly* rose immensely in our estimation. The world had said Rashid Pasha had inaugurated a system of bribery far surpassing anything of the kind ever known at Damascus; but the world might be wrong, for here he had proved himself true to his word and his sense of justice. He had humbled the rich and proud, and shown mercy to the poor and downtrodden. We had proof of the fact; for very soon the friends of the dismissed officials, and agents from the native churches, began to approach us in the most winning manner, and to coax us to use our influence with the *Waly* to have the dismissed officials restored to office. They used such arguments as these:—"Everybody knows that you are merciful. Does not the gospel tell you to be merciful even to your enemies? And you surely would not willingly deprive a number of men of their bread," &c. We told them they were just three months too late in thinking of that argument, and that it was because we were merciful we had used our influence with the *Waly* in order that a number of people, who had been three months deprived of the means of living, might be able to return to their homes and occupations; that our sympathies were with the cruelly oppressed exiles, and not with the miscreants who oppressed and persecuted them. Then they delicately hinted at the most potent and most common argument in the country; but when I told them that Englishmen did not sell justice, and that it was only a commodity of barter in Turkish courts, I was met by a knowing wink, which said, "Do not be too sure."

The friends of the dismissed officials then withdrew, and used their arguments elsewhere, and with better success; for after a few days we heard that all the guilty and dismissed officials had been restored to their offices in Rasheiya. We returned to the *Waly* with our mouths full of arguments, and found him squatting on the same red divan. His eyes seemed to have retreated even further from each other than when we last saw them; in fact, those organs of the face that seem most sensitive to shame had almost withdrawn to his ears on each side, and were all but invisible. When we opened the subject, he interrupted us with,—“I am arranging that matter with the English Consul, and I would rather you would not speak of it to me.” We replied that his excellency's promise was given to us, and not to the English Consul. He replied, “Yes; but pray let me and the Consul arrange the affair.” We again said, “We hear that those men whom you told us you had found guilty and dismissed have been again restored to office by your excellency.” The *Waly* then

with a little warmth repeated, that as he and Her Britannic Majesty's Consul were arranging the matter, he could not discuss it with us. And so, seeing that the matter was settled, we departed, expressing to his excellency our regret that he had broken faith with us, and failed in carrying out, according to his promise, a simple act of justice. I have related fully this incident in the history of the Rasheiyia Mission, not as showing the manner in which English consuls act usually, but as a fair specimen of Turkish misrule, or no rule, in Syria; and it is attention to this kind of affairs that is by far the most harassing part of a missionary's duty in a district like Damascus, remote from the influence of public opinion. In India, where British law is administered, the missionary can protect his converts from cruel wrong; but here there is no law except "filthy lucre." The evil, however, of administering justice by a money standard has in Damascus certain compensations. The Moslems have influence and prestige, and the Jews and Christians have money; and so, in the general adjustment of affairs, the Christians and Jews are generally as favourably dealt with as the Moslems. It is thus we may account for the fact, that both Jews and Christians hate with a perfect hatred a governor who will not take bribes. I believe, also, that the cruel injustice by which converts are here treated has also its compensations of a higher character. It is easy to be a Christian when Christianity is a synonym of respectability, or when Christianity can be made a ladder to wealth and influence; but nothing less than the grace of the Omnipotent can make a man a Christian when Christianity is a badge of odium, and when the Christian convert becomes a *pervert* in the eyes of all acquaintances, and must submit to injustice and scorn and contempt. The testing power of such a trial has a tendency to keep a Church pure; and the purity of even a small community has an enormous influence on the surrounding corruption. Under the persecutions of Nero and Diocletian, the Church of Christ grew in purity and strength; but under the imperial patronage of the Constantines, she became effeminate, corrupt, dead. And so it happens that the unsatisfactory termination of the Rasheiyia affair, by the denial of justice to the Protestants, "has fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel."

There is no commoner delusion among those who attach themselves to the missionaries, than that by so doing they become "*English*;" and you often hear the converts calling themselves "*Ingliz*." This delusion is encouraged by some foolish people who try to attract converts by the magic of the English name; and it is encouraged also by the enemies of the Protestants, who know that the alien name will injure them in the sight of the Government. The Rasheiyans found by experience that their only consolation was in Christ—that he who was *Saviour* was also *Lord*; and they learned to call themselves by that name first applied to the disciples at Antioch—"Christians."

Their enemies also learned a very salutary lesson, for they had to pay heavy bribes in order to regain their situations; and of all deterrents from crime, a money-fine is the most effective. Major-General Cotton once told me that they had found money-fines more effective in India in the repression of crime than capital punishment. "You cut off a man's head, and his crime and its punishment are over and forgotten; but when you take from a criminal a sum of money, he feels the effects of the fine as long as he lives, and the remembrance of the punishment recalls its cause." This was the first check experienced by the enemies of the Protestants in Rasheiyia, and it came in such a way as to prevent either side from enjoying a triumph. The authorities returned under promise of good conduct, and the Protestants returned quietly to their occupations. The Government had also, in a sort of way, recognized the Protestant community, by granting them a piece of ground for a burial-place; so that for the future they were to have peace to live, and a resting-place when dead.

The school was immediately opened, and it was found that no house that we could rent would be sufficiently large to contain the pupils. It was thereupon resolved to erect a building, to serve for a church on Sundays, and to be used as a school-house during the remainder of the week. The Protestants strongly urged the necessity of having a building of their own erected for the pure service of God; and in accordance with the Arab proverb, which says, "The deed is stronger than the word," they showed the strength of their zeal by contributing according to their means for its erection. A grant from my mission board, supplemented by contributions from Christian tourists who passed through Rasheiyia, swelled our fund to about £100, and with this sum we resolved to commence the building in the spring of 1870. It was on a balmy May morning that we proceeded to commence the work. Before sunrise, we assembled in the house of Mousa Dawood, and spent an hour in reading the Scriptures and in prayer, especially in asking God's support in the arduous undertaking in which we were about to engage. We then all repaired in a body to the spot where the church was to be erected, the women carrying little straw-baskets, and the men armed with picks and shovels. I immediately marked off the foundation in the presence of a sullen, silent crowd; and then throwing off my coat, and seising a pick, I began digging the foundation. The Protestants, who had been threatened with an attack on commencing the work, hung back very dispirited-looking while I was laying off the foundation; but immediately I began to dig, they all rushed at the work with all their might, the men tearing up the soil, and the women filling it into the baskets with their hands, and carrying it away. Like most of the towns in Syria, Rasheiyia stands on a heap of accumulated rubbish; but in less than an hour we had parts of the foundation sunk through the débris to a depth of six or seven feet.

The crowd that had assembled for the purpose of preventing the Protestants from commencing the work, were so disconcerted by my beginning the work myself, and by the earnestness of my followers, that they withdrew, and employed two old women to come and scream at us, for the purpose of drawing some of our men into a quarrel; for men in Syria do not hesitate to strike a woman.

I had, however, bound my whole party to keep the peace. The Protestants were not to return railing for railing, or even blow for blow, on pain of forfeiting for ever my friendship; and the other workers were to be perfectly neutral, on pain of instant dismissal. One workman, stung by being called "*the father of fourteen dogs*," retorted by attributing to the old crone a progeny of the same number of donkeys; and for this breach of discipline he was instantly and ignominiously dismissed.

At the same time I addressed myself to the old ladies, and so successfully, that they wound up by calling the missionaries "*the friends of the orphan and the widow*."

Thus was commenced the first building ever erected on Mount Hermon for the spiritual worship of the true God. Dozens of mighty temples encircle Hermon, and mark the crest of every hill; but they are all now silent as the grave, and only reveal from fragmentary inscriptions the names of the impure deities, or forces of nature, to which they were erected. Christian churches, too, were raised on the ruins of the idol temples of Hermon; but they were dedicated to a worship little less corrupt than that of the temples which preceded them.

21 STRAIGHT STREET, DAMASCUS.

(To be continued.)

Within Iron Walls.

A TALE OF THE LATE SIEGE OF PARIS.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

"And lo! the joy that cometh with the morning,
Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care!
I have not watched in vain, serenely scornful
The wild and busy whispers of despair!"—MRS. HEMANS.

THE next three days brought no change to us, except that Nina was more languid, and that Dr. Vaud insisted on her relinquishing all work, or the result might be serious illness. But the 10th of February was to be an ever-memorable day to us.

That morning Augustine had gone, I think, to Versailles, on business connected with a committee for the distribution of relief, and had told us that he should not be home till late at night. Nina and I were alone in the drawing-room when our kind old friend, Colonel Labaudière, was ushered in. He asked for Augustine, and was evidently disappointed at finding him absent.

Noticing something unusual in his manner, I asked him was it anything of particular moment. Nina startled us both by saying, in a calm, quiet voice, "Colonel Labaudière, you have some tidings that concern us!" Her face was very pale, but perfectly calm.

The colonel hesitated, fidgeted, and finally

said, "You are partly right, Mademoiselle Nina. But—but—I fear to raise your hopes upon so very slight a foundation. Had—"

"You have heard something of Léon," Nina said again, in the same quiet manner; one that might well have deceived a more observant person than Colonel Labaudière, who was, of course, ignorant of her true feelings.

"Well," he said, "the truth is this. Mademoiselle Renée,"—turning to me, as to the most interested person; he knew what Léon was to me—"I was to-day speaking to a German officer, who informed me that the friend about whom I was making inquiries was lying wounded in an ambulance at Dugny; and he casually mentioned that there was there also a young French officer of the name of De Laborde. He did not know his Christian name, and was under the impression that he came from the south. So, dear Mademoiselle Renée, you must not be too sanguine. Indeed, were there not such strange chances in

war, I should hardly have thought this worth mentioning, and should not have named it to you, but for Mademoiselle Nina's astuteness. But as I was going to Dugny to-day, I thought Augustine might have liked to have accompanied me."

"Take Renée with you instead, colonel," said Nina, still calmly, though her colour went and came. The same request had risen to my lips, but I repressed it.

"With pleasure," he replied; and after finding Nina over-ruled all objections as to being left alone, I consented to go; and he left, to procure a carriage and the necessary permit, promising to return in less than an hour.

When he had gone, Nina and I grasped each other's hands, and looked into each other's faces. The quick flushing and fading of her cheek and the wild light in her eyes alarmed me. "Nina, dearest," I said as steadily as I could, "you must not hope too much from this. The chances are most against us. This young officer is from the south; there are many families of De Labordes."

"I know," she answered quietly. But her calmness was more alarming than violent agitation; and again I pressed to stay with her, and leave Colonel Labaudière to make inquiries and let us know the result. But I saw opposition was useless; it was not her old wilfulness, but her nerves were wrought to such a pitch of excitement, it was best to yield. So I left her under charge of Justino and Arnaud (the latter was quiet and thoughtful, and gentle as a girl in those sad days), with many misgivings as to the result of the long hours of terrible suspense she would have to endure, whatever the end might be.

Before the appointed time, Colonel Labaudière arrived, and we drove off. Did I hope? Did I fear? I scarcely know. My mind was in a whirl; my heart throbbed with heavy muffled beats. I seemed incapable of thought, and with that strange abstraction which at times of such intense, high-wrought feeling, comes over us, I noticed minutely every trivial detail in the carriage—in the colonel's person and dress—in the streets; at the same time hearing and replying to his rapid flow of question and remark, intended to divert my mind from the subject which he

naturally supposed to be engrossing it, as in a strange dream-like fashion it was.

But when we had passed through the Vincennes gate, no *trivial* sights met my gaze as we drove slowly on. Burned and battered villages, ruined homes, scathed woods, ravaged fields and gardens; and ever and anon, thickly scattered round the road along which we passed, rows and rows of long brown mounds. No need to ask what *they* were, or what rested beneath them. Under one such lay our Victor's bright young head. But not among these. That unmarked grave was far away behind us, somewhere on the fatal plain of Champigny. Upon us, from time to time, frowned the batteries that had robbed us of our best and bravest. Constantly we were stopped on our weary way by German sentries to each of whom our papers must be exhibited. In the distance we saw the enemy still hard at work in their artillery trenches, as though the conflict were not yet over. "They fear us yet," Colonel Labaudière said, triumphantly pointing to them. On we passed through the blackened ruins of the village of Grand Drancy, past Le Bourget, of melancholy fame, whose gray stone walls had been crimsoned with so much gallant blood. It seemed as if the journey would never end.

At last we crossed the Soissons railway, and came in view of the ambulance, a little outside the village of Dugny. At sight of the row of long low buildings, half tents, half sheds, a swift sudden flash of realization of what might await me there burst upon me; my heart stood still, my limbs turned cold, a sickness as of death seized me. But the carriage drew up at the door of the central tent, and Colonel Labaudière helped me out and whispered, "Courage, my child!"

And desperate courage came. With set teeth and clasped hands I stood by and listened while the colonel questioned the brisk, lively little Swiss doctor, who had come out to meet us. How his easy, cheerful tones jarred on my quivering nerves! "Yes; there was a young man named De Laborde in the ambulance."

"An officer?"

"Yes—a colonel. No, he did not know his baptismal name. Did not think he was from Paris. He had come thither from Orléans. But

would Mademoiselle come into the ward and see for herself?—the patient was asleep a few minutes ago, probably was so still; she could thus satisfy herself without disturbing him."

Yes; Mademoiselle would go.

But nothing is clear to me except that I followed the doctor into a long tent-like room, on each side of which were beds with wan, suffering occupants. But I saw nothing, noticed nothing, till my conductor stopped before one half up the room. For an instant my eyes were dark; then one look at a worn, pallid face, rendered more ghastly by a white bandage over the brow—at a wasted figure whose maimed outline was only too visible under the light covering—and my senses failed. I was conscious only of a soft hand laid on mine—a gentle arm thrown round me—a low, sweet voice in my ear, saying, "Come with me a moment, till you recover yourself."

I found myself presently in a small room, or rather closet, with my head on the breast of a pale, sweet-looking girl, who held a glass of water to my lips.

"Do not try to move," she said tenderly; "your friend is asleep still;" and she drew my head back to its resting-place.

The bewilderment of joy and anguish kept me still for a time. For that pale sufferer was Léon, but changed—oh, so changed! And over me swept like a flood the remembrance of the bitter, bitter tidings which I should bring him. Of that I had not thought before. I could not think then. That keen, sudden mingled joy was agony.

Presently that sweet voice spoke again: "Mademoiselle need not fear for her friend. He has suffered much, and suffering leaves deep traces. But all danger is past. The bandage round his head makes him look worse; but it is only to relieve a violent headache, the result of an old wound, which still comes on at times. He is now almost well."

"Thank God!" I murmured; "oh, thank God!" Then a burst of tears relieved my overcharged heart, and enabled me to tell my sympathizing companion who Léon was, and how we had deemed him lost for long weary months. I found that he had sent in a message as soon as the gates of Paris were opened, but it had never reached us; and receiving no reply, he had con-

cluded that we had left the city before the commencement of the siege.

"You are his sister Renée," she said; "he has spoken often of you. The sick ones always love to talk of their home and friends, and I have heard much of yours. Are they all well—your mother, and brothers, and uncle?"

I covered my face with my hands. "Oh!" I moaned, "how shall I tell him, Mademoiselle? Our mother is dead, our Victor in a soldier's grave, our Uncle Lucien a prisoner in Germany; and I fear, oh, I fear, that one, dearer to him than all, is sinking broken-hearted into the grave!"

"But he will return to her; she will yet live."

"Ah!" I said mournfully, "love cannot conquer death."

A spasm of anguish passed over that fair face, and the low voice thrilled with pain as she answered, "No, Mademoiselle; but Christ can!"

"Yes," I said. "We have learned that."

"And your dear brother too!" she replied. "Mademoiselle, that knowledge cannot be too dearly bought, even in time.—'And those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him,' " she murmured as if to herself.

As I write, how plainly she rises before me!—this sweet, gentle helper in need. The small drooping head with its closely braided masses of dark glossy hair; the pale oval face, with its delicate features and large mournful eyes—eyes that met mine with such a fulness of tenderness, of comprehension, of sympathy, yet bore far down in their liquid depths the abiding presence of a mighty grief; the patient sweetness and gentleness of the small sensitive mouth; the low, plaintive music of the quiet voice, soft and thrilling as some master-melody set in a minor-key—often and often came back to me close and real as then. Not without reason.

"I must go back now," she said, after a short pause. "Will you come? Your brother will probably be still asleep. Or shall I tell him you are here?"

"Will not the shock of seeing me at once be too much for him?" I asked.

"I think not. He is stronger than *you suppose*. The change is doubtless *startling to you*;

but had you seen him a month ago, you would find it less difficult to believe how well he is—comparatively. And if you are beside him when he wakes, he will take in your presence gradually, before his perceptions are fully alive. If you are returning to Paris this evening, your time will be but short."

I rose, and again that little soft hand was laid on mine. Its touch affected me curiously even then, and often recurs to me now. It was such a timid, clinging clasp, as of one who craved and needed a strong, loving hand, to hold it fast through life's sunshine and storms.

Léon still slept. My companion motioned me to a seat that stood at the head of the bed; and then with light, practised hand, removed the bandage without disturbing the sleeper; and once more I gazed, through a mist of thankful, happy tears, on the dear familiar face. Now the high pale forehead was uncovered, with the dark hair falling from it in its accustomed curve, the change was less startling, though my tears fell fast as I thought of the sufferings of which that hollow cheek and crippled frame spoke with mute eloquence. He slept so long that I feared our time would pass thus. The city gates closed at five, and the wretched, half-starved horse, that had with difficulty dragged us thither, would with still greater take us back over the muddy, worn-out roads. But after what seemed to me an age of waiting, the beloved eyes, that we had so long deemed sealed in death, opened, and fixed themselves at once on my face. Another moment, and we were clasped in a long, close embrace, in which each learned how sore had been the other's heart-hunger. Life gives us few such moments of crowning bliss. But even that was tempered. Soon back upon my shrinking spirit rushed the remembrance of the anguish in store for Léon.

"Let me look at you, Renée," he said at last. How those loved tones thrilled through my heart! How the loving light of those dark eyes filled it with rapture that was almost pain! "My poor darling," he said tenderly, "you must have suffered sorely. You are changed, my Renée; your dear face looks sadly pale and worn." If he thought me changed, what would he think of Nina?

"And you have been in Paris all this time?"

"Yes."

"And it has fared hardly with you?"

I could not answer. Then his eye fell on my black dress, and the light faded from his face. "Which is it, Renée?" he whispered. "Our mother?" I bowed my head.

For a moment he turned away his face, then laid his hand on mine and said, "This is no shock to me, Renée dear. I knew it must be so." And he listened calmly while I briefly told him how she had faded and died. "She died rejoicing in Jesus," I finished by saying. "Léon, we have learned to know Him as 'the way, the truth, and the life.'"

A lightning flash of gladness shot from his eyes as he said, "All, Renée, all?"

"Yes," I answered; "all, unless, indeed, Uncle Lucien." And for a moment we were silent while Léon's unspoken thanks went up to God. Then he said, "Now tell me of the rest. Are all well?"

"Nina will be when she has you back again," I answered evasively.

"Will be! Is she ill now, then?"

"No; but, O Léon! her heart has been almost broken for you, and for what she said and did that last unhappy night."

"Does she care so much, then?" he asked brokenly.

"Caré! O Léon, she *loves* you!" I answered. "When you see her, you will know how she has suffered and repented."

"My Nina!" he murmured with infinite tenderness; then, withdrawing his hand from mine (his only one, alas!) he covered his eyes for a few moments, and when he replaced it, they were moist with tears, but full of a soft, happy light.

"Now tell me of yourself, Léon," I said hurriedly; "we have mourned you as lost since Sedan."

"You have not told me yet of the rest at home, and you see me here now, Renée. There is something more—Augustine?"

"Is well, and at rest in Christ, Léon."

"Then it is Victor?" I could only answer with my tears. Over his untimely fate and Uncle Lucien's captivity we wept together; and I had barely time to hear the outline of Léon's

story before Colonel Labaudière returned. But that is all I need to record here. He had indeed fallen desperately wounded in one of those heroic cavalry charges at the close of the fatal day of Sedan. When he recovered consciousness, more than a fortnight after the battle, he found himself tenderly watched and cared for by a farmer and his wife, upon whose land he had fallen, for the sake of an only and beloved son who was with Bazaine's army. They had found him the day after the battle, and conveyed him home, secretly, lest he should fall into German hands. They were simple, ignorant people, and the idea of endeavouring to communicate with his friends never occurred to them; and when his senses returned, it was too late—the Prussian army lay between him and Paris. Thanks to the kindness and skilful nursing of the good farmer and his wife, he recovered sufficiently—though still suffering from the ball, which had lodged in and partially shattered his ankle—to make his way across the country and join the army of d'Aurelles de Paladine. There he was appointed colonel of a battalion, and fought through the brief campaign of the Loire, falling, again desperately wounded, at the battle of Beaune-le-Rolande, on the 28th of November. His right arm was amputated, and a few days after he was brought up to Lagny, the dépôt for transport to Germany. There the ligatures of his arm broke, and his case was considered so desperate that he was placed in the ambulance, then at Lagny, to die. "And I should have died, René," he said, "but for her,"—indicating the fair, pale girl, whose slight figure, in its simple black dress, came out in strong relief against the white beds as she flitted in and out among them.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"An angel in goodness and sweetness, a woman in tenderness and sympathy," he answered. "Her name is Léonie St. Hilaire. Beyond this, and that this horrible war has rendered her homeless and friendless, I know nothing."

At this moment Colonel Labaudière came in. Tears stood in his eyes, and his voice was husky, as he grasped Léon's hand, and stammered out a cordial greeting. He grieved, he said, to hurry me away; but time pressed, and he understood

from the doctor that there was now no objection to Léon's being brought home, as soon as arrangements could be made with the Prussian authorities: these he would undertake himself. So with a lingering embrace, and a few whispered words of love from Léon for Nina and the brothers, we parted—I with the hope of returning next day. But before I left the ward—and of this I have been glad ever since—I went up to Léonie St. Hilaire, and, with faltering voice, thanked her for her care of my brother. Very deep and full was the sympathy in those soft, mournful eyes; and with a heart too full for speech, I clasped her slight frame to my breast, and pressed my quivering lips to those sweet, sorrowful ones.

"God is very good, to let me be a help and comfort to any one, Mademoiselle," she said; "but the work and the power are his own. I thank him for your joy, from my heart."

Yes, and that heart a broken one, crushed by a life-long bereavement. I know her story now. But from the depths of her own grief came forth that tender sympathy, like the odour from a bruised rose, to soothe and cheer other hearts.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low;
While in her breast the wave of life
Kept ebbing to and fro."

Hood.

THAT homeward journey seems to me like a dream; it was really longer and more tedious than that of the morning, but I did not feel it so. Indeed, I saw nothing with my outward eyes, heard nothing with my outward ears. Joy, joy unspeakable, for the brother that was lost but was found, that was dead but was alive again, mingled with mournful yearnings for those who should have shared it, with anxious gladness for Nina. But joy never kills, I told myself, as I hurried along the labyrinth of narrow streets through which Colonel Labaudière led me, the nearest way home; the poor jaded horse having positively refused to drag us past his stable. At the door we parted, and I entered the house to which I was bearing the stranger-guest, Joy. Justine was the first to receive the glad tidings. *Nina* was in the drawing-room, she told me. *It did*

not occur to me that she would be listening for the carriage, and I wondered she did not meet me:

With beating heart I opened the door. It was already dark, and the room was but dimly lighted by one large lamp. But it showed me Nina's figure crouching, rather than lying, on the sofa, with Arnaud on a low ottoman beside her. Both started up, and Nina came forward with a face so agonized with apprehension, with eyes so wild with mingling hope and fear, that I was terrified. "My darling," I said, at once taking her cold outstretched hands in mine, "God has been very merciful to us!"

"Oh, it is Léon! our Léon!" Arnaud cried.

"Yes, Nina darling, he lives; God has spared him to us," I said.

But she stood like a statue; then raising her hands to her head with a low cry, as of intense physical pain, she tottered, and would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms and laid her on the sofa. All our efforts failed to restore her to consciousness, and, greatly alarmed, I sent for Dr. Vaud. "What I feared," he said; "nerve and brain overtaken for weeks—fever has set in!" And when at last her blue eyes opened, they were wild and vacant with delirium. Oh, the agony of those hours, when Augustine and I stood by her bed, and listened to her incoherent ravings! Had Léon only been spared for this?

The next day brought no change, nor many days. Augustine bore the sad tidings to Léon on the second day; and on the third, thanks to Colonel Labaudière's exertions, he was allowed to come home. Poor Léon! what a home-coming! I cannot dwell upon it even now. Yet, perhaps, anxiety for the living subdued the anguish of our sorrow for the dead. Dear, dear Léon! what must he not have felt as he stood once more beside the home-hearth, with only Augustine, Arnaud, and me to welcome him! What a conflict of pain and joy filled our hearts as he feebly and with difficulty ascended the stairs up which his free elastic step passed so lightly of old! But he was back; he was ours still; our Léon, our long-lost and deeply-mourned; and that strong overflowing joy had the mastery. Crippled and worn with suffering and sorrow, but our own Léon—another, and yet the same.

He was much exhausted with the long, tedious transit from Dugay; and for the first few days he was unable to leave his room; but towards the end of the week he rallied sufficiently to move about the house—feebly, oh, so feebly! Tears would gather as I contrasted the change from his old proud bearing, and lithe active frame. They do so even yet.

I had little time with him that first week. Nina continued in the same distressing state, and I was obliged to leave him to Augustine's tender care. Nina's consciousness had never even momentarily returned; long fits of heavy stupor alone alternated with paroxysms of delirium. The latter were not violent, but harrowing in the extreme in their plaintive mournfulness, and revealing to my aching heart a depth of conflict and suffering at which I shuddered, past as I knew it to be then, were the issue of her illness life or death. All the old darkness of those first sad months, before the light of Christ's love had illumined it, rested upon her burdened spirit; and that haunting dread of Léon's displeasure and alienation, the strength of which, baseless as it was, I had little understood, weighed upon her with a fearful oppression. It was piteous to see her wring her small wasted hands, and beseech him not to look so sternly upon her—not to turn away from her so coldly—to speak one word, only one word of forgiveness, before she died. She always spoke of him as *alive*, but her mind seemed only to have retained the impression of his being spared to us, to give added intensity to her suffering.

Once only Léon saw her. She was lying with her violet eyes half closed and dim, with the flush of fever on her wasted cheek. Her rich brown hair had been cut closely round her burning temples, and fearful indeed must have been the change he saw in the Nina of the present from the blooming, radiant Nina of the past. I could not bear to see the look so full of love and anguish with which he watched her. And when the fevered lips began to moan, and the voice, usually so low and sweet, then so high-pitched and thin, to utter those mournful pleadings to the Léon who stood unrecognized beside her, even his fortitude failed, and he left the room,—to return no more till the last terrible night of agonized watching. The

violent headache and prostration that followed drew forth a strong protest from Dr. Vaud against his seeing her again as she then was; and under promise of being at once summoned if any change took place, and that, should the worst come, he should be allowed a last farewell, he submitted.

Sometimes, when she lay in stupor, Justine took my place beside her bed, and I had thus a few half-hours with Léon—all too brief for what we had to tell each other. But in them I learned how blessedly and truly Léon and Nina were one in faith and hope. The words spoken by the young Bavarian officer on the battle-field of Wörth had been Léon's hope and stay, when he lay stretched for weary weeks on his bed of suffering at the farm-house of Frenois. He had not been able to procure a copy of the Holy Scriptures during the few stormy weeks of the Loire campaign; but the Living Word above supplied the lack of the written Word below, and gave him hope and peace. But the work commenced by Conrad von Edelstein, Karl's almost idolized friend—for he indeed it was—was finished by the gentle Léonie St. Hilaire. From her sweet lips he drank in streams of living water, drawn fresh from their fountain in God's Word of life; and from her hands he received, when able at last to read from it for himself, a French Bible—a plain, roughly bound one, but with which she parted with such evident pain, that he had scrupled to accept a gift that some secret and tender association rendered so costly. But she answered: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me." The one who gave me that Bible, for whose sake I prize it, would have done the same." She never spoke of herself, he said, save to testify to the love and sympathy of Jesus in the midst of utter desolation. What she had been to many in that ambulance, eternity alone would reveal.

Very full and deep was the sympathy and affection between Augustine and Léon in those trying days. One gleam of outer sunshine reached us—a letter from Uncle Lucien. He was at Frankfort, had been ill, but was then better, and looking forward to being amongst us again in a few weeks. No shadows clouded the pleasure with which we anticipated his re-

turn; for, with the exception of dear little Lillian's death, he knew the worst for us; unless, indeed, as seemed so fearfully probable, we lost our Nina too. But his loyal heart was sore for France. Of course Augustine at once sent him the glad tidings of Léon's safety.

At last the crisis of Nina's illness came. It was a battle between fever and death and youth and life—that we knew. And the odds were fearfully against her. Exhausted with long privation, and labour, and sorrow, naturally fragile and delicate, the thread of hope was very feeble.

It was the evening of the ninth day. She had lain for hours in a heavy stupor; the fever flush had faded from the sunken cheek, but the pulse was failing, the sands of life ran low. Dr. Vaud signified his intention of watching with us through the night, and bade me call Léon. That message smote my heart like a death-knell. A few minutes Léon lingered, looked in his own room—I knew for what purpose—then entered, pale, but calm and firm. He sat one side the bed, I the other, Dr. Vaud in a large arm-chair the other end of the room, but in full view of the sufferer. By his directions I continually poured a spoonful of cordial between the pale lips, which was mechanically swallowed; and while the latter was done, hope remained. He knew the state of things between Nina and Léon, of course, and cautioned the latter to draw back behind the curtain, in case consciousness should return suddenly, lest the shock should be too great.

In breathless anxiety we watched and waited. The doctor had told us it would be a hopeful sign if she woke up conscious; safety, if she then dropped into a quiet sleep. The midnight chimes rang out softly in the deep silence; still she moved not. Hour after hour was pealed forth from the city towers; still no change. But, at what nurses call "the turn of the night," the dark blue eyes opened, and Nina looked up at me once more. At me, not at him who watched with such intensity of agonized suspense the other side her bed. He drew back into the shadow of the curtain, as I bent over our darling, and spoke her name.

A faint smile lighted her sweet pale face as she

whispered in her own dear voice—but, ah! so weak and low—"Have I been ill, Renée?"

"Darling, yes," I answered, as I gave her some nourishment.

"Ah! I remember," she said, and closed her eyes wearily. For a few seconds, perhaps—they almost seemed hours—she lay still; then opening her eyes, and fixing them searchingly, steadily on my face, she said, "Have I been dreaming, Renée, or did we hear of Léon?"

"It was no dream, darling," I answered. "God has indeed given him back to us."

A troubled look swept over her face for a moment, then passed, and she continued, in faint yet clear tones: "When he comes home, Renée, and I am gone, tell him that I loved him always—first and last. And ask him to forgive me. I have so longed to hear his own voice tell me he did so, before I died! But that cannot be."

"Dearest Nina, it can!"

A bright glad light came into her large soft eyes, and she breathed rather than said, "Is he here, then, at home?"

"Darling, yes; can you bear to see him now?"

"It *must* be now," she answered.

"He is here, dear one, beside you."

"Lift me up," she said. As I did so, Léon rose and stood by the bedside. She saw him at once. "Léon," she said, "forgive me! oh, forgive me!" and stretched out her hands towards him. But as he took them in his own, and bent low over her, the pale lips quivered, the white eyelids dropped, the head fell back heavily on my arm. Léon passed his round her, as I withdrew mine, and laid her back on the pillow. Dr. Vaud came forward hastily, as I turned towards him in despair. The rigid, stone-like anguish of Léon's face I shall never forget. Dr. Vaud himself poured a spoonful of cordial between the white lips. In vain; the unswallowed liquid flowed back.

"She has fainted," he said. "Speak to her, Léon. Your voice may rouse her yet."

"Nina!" Léon called; "Nina!" in his own deep, clear tones, piercing and tremulous with unutterable agony and love. And at the first sound of that beloved and long unheard voice, the blue-veined lids quivered, a faint sigh heaved the bosom.

"Nina! my Nina!" he said again; and then those large wistful eyes opened once more. Léon had sunk upon his knees beside the bed, and bent his face close over hers. She gazed into it a moment with a full, sweet look of perfect content and peace, and then whispered softly, "Kiss me, dear Léon."

His warm tears fell fast as he did so again and again. But they were tears of thankful joy; for from that moment he knew his treasure was spared to him. *Her* thoughts were of a last farewell; *his* of two severed lives blended thenceforth in one, for time and for eternity. She closed her eyes in exhaustion; and in a few moments Dr. Vaud whispered softly to Léon, "She is asleep; lay her down gently. Thank God, she is saved!"

Yes, from that moment our fears for our darling's life were at rest. The strife had been sore, the victory hardly won, but youth and life had gained it. For some hours she slept, and woke at last to find the face of her found lost one still bending tenderly over her. Then she understood, and a glad calm look of love and peace beamed from her dear eyes as Léon whispered, "My Nina! my darling! my own! God has spared us to each other. We shall thank and serve him together yet."

When she slept once more, Dr. Vaud peremptorily ordered us both to bed; she would need nothing, he said, but sleep that night, and he meant to watch the rest of it himself. We must not have such pale, worn faces when Nina should be enough awake to see them. So we went, with hearts overflowing with thankful joy, first to bring the glad news to Augustine, and then to unite in his burst of gratitude and praise.

For many days Nina was too weak to speak, or even to listen, passing almost all her time in sleep, or in gazing with a fulness of content at Léon, who rarely left her side except at night. No explanation was given or needed; the two tried, loving hearts had met—they were one.

But Nina's strength soon began to return rapidly, and Léon improved daily. Yet even the deep joy of Nina's recovery could not take away the anguish of those vacant places, or fill the void left by those hushed voices. But those days were very sweet, and calmly happy; and at

length, when Nina could be lifted from her bed to the sofa, and she, Léon, and I talked of the blessed truths that had been our comfort through the past mournful months, we grew even cheerful.

Dr. Vaud objected to Nina's mind being drawn to the past; but she loved to speak of mamma, of Victor, of little Lilian. Yet it was long before she could bear any allusion to what had befallen Léon during those six long weary months of absence and suffering. The most distant reference to that, or to our own feelings about him, blanched her lips, and brought a look of distressing trouble to her dear face. So we carefully avoided it.

She never in any way alluded to Léon's bodily loss. I had dreaded its effects upon her at first; but the only token of her feeling about it was her tender solicitude and consideration for him in all things, lest his still feeble strength should be overtaken.

They were a touching sight, those two lovers, so long and bitterly parted, so sorely tried and changed,—Nina with her small sweet face, pale almost as the petals of a lily, with the large violet eyes still languid with weakness, and the short locks of glossy brown hair curling slightly on the fair forehead, giving her a look of almost child-like innocence, which made the traces of past suffering yet more mournful; Léon with deep lines of pain and sorrow on his handsome face, the sad evidences of long-endured agony in the halting step and crippled frame. So much loss of outward beauty in both, so much inward gain. Happy tears would spring to my eyes, sometimes to Augustine's too, he told me, as we watched them; and our hearts would rise in grateful adoration and thankfulness to Him who had so wonderfully spared them to each other. Very deep and tender, almost solemn in its strength, was their chastened affection. No cloud, no doubt, no question, shadowed the trustful love of the sweet, restful face, ever turned towards Léon's. How could there, when such a fulness of unutterable love and tenderness beamed from those dark eyes, and thrilled in every tone of that beloved and long-silent voice!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SEVERED TIES.

"And what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me, no second friend."—TENNYSON.

MEANWHILE, what was transpiring without? We scarcely cared to know. Of the result of the negotiations Léon and Augustine were agreed and assured. It was not likely that the victorious enemy would be less exacting now that the prize was in his grasp. France was at his mercy; nothing remained to her but to bow her neck to the chain. Léon considered it a deadly error that peace had not been concluded after Sedan. The Prussian king had declared he fought not against the French people, but against their ruler. And the struggle had even then been proved to be so fearfully uneven.

But I will not write of the "might have beens" and the "oughts" and the "ifs" with which Paris rang at that time. Instead of accepting the past as a most bitter but salutary lesson, and conning its painful teachings, the people of France looked round, as usual, for scape-goats, and found them in plenty. Divided councils, heartburnings, and recriminations, among our leaders—discontent, sullenness, and rebellion, among the masses—roused the apprehensions of the thoughtful gazers from the watch-towers.

It was wonderful how quickly the city resumed, in measure, at least, its normal aspect—even before that dark day when the hosts of the conqueror entered her gates. The armistice was twice extended,—for five days on the 16th, in return for the capitulation of Belfort, our one unconquered fortress; and again on the 22nd, when the preliminaries of peace were signed. The National Assembly met at Bordeaux, and M. Thiers was appointed head of the Government.

On the 1st of March peace was signed,—that peace for which we had so longed, which cost France so dear. Signed amidst the tears of statesmen, the indignant protest of individuals, the mournful wail of a nation's despair, it yet did not save us the brimming drop in our cup of humiliation, the entry of the German troops into the heroic city, which had kept them at bay.

for more than four long months. Historians will too faithfully record the terms of that peace, which cost France two of her fairest provinces and millions of her gold. But we reck little of the latter. What is gold to blood—to dishonour—to death?

With the exception of Augustine, who had occasion, on one of his errands of mercy, to pass up part of the Champs Elysées, where the Bavarian troops had picketed their horses, piled their arms, and lighted their fires, we saw and heard nothing of the German occupation. The quarter of the city they occupied was remote from our own, and our hearts swelled with indignation when we heard how large a proportion of the population of Paris had made a holiday sight of the humiliating spectacle. The papers had entreated the people to let the Prussians find only a city of silence,—of deserted streets and closed shutters; but the Parisians ever rush to extremes. Some battalions of Belleville National Guards had seized some guns and conveyed them to the heights of Montmartre, threatening to defend the city against the dishonour of the hostile occupation; but all passed off quietly. The Germans retired as they had entered, unmolested, except by a jeering crowd of *ouvriers*, gamins, and women.

Of outward things in those days I took little heed; my mind turned wearily from the dreary contemplation of the troubled sea of public events, the giant billows of which had indeed sunk low, but on whose troubled breast floated the weeds and wrecks of the cruel storm, the last wailing echoes of which had not yet died away. In the spell of Léon's beloved presence the broken charm of home returned, and mind and body had been too sorely strained for rest not to produce a reaction of weariness and depression. I was not ill, but Léon and Augustine insisted on considering me so, and treating me with all the care and tenderness that affection lavishes on a beloved invalid. But I was only weary, and perhaps a little weak and overworn. Still the rest and the tenderness were very welcome, and I was quite well enough to do all the services my darling needed. She was gaining strength daily, though still looking painfully weak and frail.

The day of the evacuation of Paris by the German troops is chiefly marked in my calendar as the one on which Nina first left her room, supported by the arm that was to be her earthly stay through life. I feared that her solicitude lest I should overfatigue myself was making her try to seem too well; but the next day she was still better and brighter, and from that day she improved rapidly.

On the afternoon of the 14th of March, she, Léon, and I were together in the drawing-room, when we heard the sound of a carriage approaching slowly, and a noise as of many feet and loud angry voices. We rose and went to the window. Our ears had told us correctly: within a few yards of the house was a hired carriage, surrounded by a mob, some clinging to the horses, some climbing the steps, and all yelling, "*A bas les Prussiens*," and other stronger and more objectionable expressions.

Nina trembled, but Léon laughed, and said: "There is nothing to be alarmed at, Nina; only some foolhardy Prussian receiving an unpleasant testimony of Parisian regard. I can see a blue uniform in the carriage."

At this moment the wearer of the uniform pushed back the man that stood on the step, and attempted to open the door.

"It is Karl Erhardt!" we exclaimed simultaneously. "Léon turned at once, saying, 'I must go and speak to these foolish fellows.'"

But Nina clung terrified to his arm, and raised a white imploring face. Léon smiled as he gently unloosed her clasping hands, saying tenderly, "There is no cause for fear, love; but Karl is fiery, and a word from me may prevent him further annoyance." In another moment he was in the street.

The crowd ceased shouting; and listened to him with the respectful sympathy his appearance, and that of others who had been similar sufferers, never failed to excite, while he said, in a clear, pleasant tone, "My friends! this gentleman was my friend long before the war broke out. When I was a stranger and ill in his country, his mother nursed me as tenderly as my own. And to one of his countrymen on the battle-field I owe what is dearer to me than life itself. True Frenchmen can never be ungenerous, even to their enemies!"

A Parisian mob is ever fickle, swayed by the impulse of the moment, and, except when goaded to a pitch of savage fury, good-natured. They at once made way. Karl sprang from the carriage and grasped Léon's hand with both his. Some of the crowd even cheered feebly as they came into the house.

Karl's wonder and delight at finding Léon restored were of course very great, and at first I thought he looked as well and animated as of old. But when the excitement of the first greetings had subsided, and we had to tell him of our losses, the bright colour faded from his dark cheek, and I noticed lines round his mouth, and a shadow under his bright dark eyes that spoke rather of sorrow than of pain. He had been slightly wounded, he told us, by the accidental bursting of a shell while he was superintending the removal of some guns about a week previously; but the hurt had been nothing, only invaliding him for three or four days, and preventing him returning home with a detachment of his division that had been the first to leave. His family had much to be thankful for, he said, as his uncle and his three brothers were, like himself, returning home safely and speedily. This brought the conversation back to our bereavements, and Karl listened with deep interest while we told him of the gathering and the breaking of that dark cloud above us, and of the heavenly light that illumined them.

And then I did a very foolish thing. Before the noise in the street distracted us, we had been looking at some photographs that Léon had in his pocket-book. In his haste he had left it open on the table, and while he was speaking to Karl of the hope upon which his own soul was anchored, I took from it Conrad von Edelstein's card; and when Léon had finished speaking, I placed it in Karl's hand, saying, "You must tell your friend how much we owe him, Karl!"

I had thought to kindle a flash of glad surprise. I lighted instead the smouldering anguish of a bitter grief. The card dropped from his hands, as he buried his face in them with a smothered groan. And if he wept, they were tears that did not disgrace his manhood.

Too well we all understood what this meant; but it was only for a moment. Karl took his

hands from his face when I said brokenly, "Oh! forgive me, Karl; I did not know!"

"Pardon rather my weakness," he said hoarsely; "but the wound is fresh and deep. You thought to give me pleasure,"—his voice failed, but presently he went on, "and the thought of the joy it would have been to me to have done your bidding, to him to have received your message, was too much.—I fear I am over-agitating you," he said, turning to Nina, who was weeping bitterly.

"No," she said; "but I am sorry, oh! so sorry. But Karl, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them!' Is it not so truly with your friend?"

"It is indeed, Mademoiselle Nina," he answered earnestly; "but there is not one on earth who can take his place with me. He has been three months in his grave," he added, "but I did not know it till a day or two ago."

"His poor mother," I said, "and Thekla."

"My poor Thekla," he answered, "keep your pity for her, mademoiselle. His mother is not parted from him. They are both with Jesus. Strange to say, no letter from Thekla reached me till the day after I heard of Conrad's death. I have been constantly on the move in the north and west, employed in various ways."

"Is she well?"

"Yes, thank God; but in bitter sorrow."

We were silent for a time, and then Karl said, "You will like to hear of my friend. The news came to me strangely. I knew his regiment was in the south, and hoped he was with it, and well; but on the evening of the accident that caused my wound I was placed in an ambulance at Dugny. Directly afterwards, a fair, sweet-looking girl entered the ward, in place of a Sister of Charity who had been there when I was brought in. I saw pale agonized faces light up as she went from one to the other. I felt strangely drawn to her; indeed, it was scarcely possible to be otherwise. She attended the doctor on his rounds, and afterwards, taking a small Bible from her pocket, went from one pallet to another, reading beside each for a few minutes.

"At last she came to me. Her gentle face, in its patient sadness, looked so worn and weary that I could not bear her further to fatigue her

evidently overtaken strength; but before I could say so, a poor dying fellow the other side the room feebly called to her, and I asked her to lend me her Bible, as I was quite able to read for myself. A moment she hesitated, then placed it in my hand. Judge of my astonishment when I recognized in it Conrad's Bible,—his mother's parting gift! It was some time before the lady was released, and my heart was torn with anxiety and fear. And when at last she came I learned all. In the bitterness of my own grief I was blind, and sorely must I have tortured the crushed heart of that gentle girl. For Conrad's death had left her desolate in life and widowed in heart. This I learned afterwards. Early in October my friend had been quartered for ten days at her father's house, and that was time enough for two such hearts to meet. A few weeks afterwards Conrad was shot by a franc-tireur in a wood near the village in which she lived. There she sought and found him. He was brought to the house of her father, who died a day or two afterwards. And there, after some weeks of suffering, my Conrad died too."

As I listened, a conviction grew upon me that the destined bride of poor Conrad von Edelstein was no other than Léonie St. Hilaire. And it was even so. Karl was deeply moved at the strange coincidence by which her lonely hands had finished the work begun by him she loved so well. How our hearts yearned over that gentle, sorrowful girl, as Karl told us of the terrible catastrophe that had completed her desolation—the burning of her home, and the death, by a ball in the temple, of her last surviving friend and protector, a faithful old servant. Since that dreadful day she had lived only to minister to the needs and sufferings of others. But now her strength had failed utterly, and the next day she was to accompany Karl to Munich, where she would find a home with her fellow-mourner, Thekla von Edelstein. I can only give the outlines of this sorrowful story here, but the names of Conrad von Edelstein and Léonie St. Hilaire are written in letters of gold upon our hearts and memories.

Karl's time was short, but he could not leave, he said, without seeing us once more, and thanking us for our past kindness. It was the first

day he had been allowed to travel. Before he left, he begged of Léon an account of what had befallen him during the months we supposed him dead. Léon looked apprehensively at Nina; but she said calmly, "Tell Karl, Léon;" and he did so as briefly as possible.

Augustine, who had come in soon after Karl, accompanied him to the city gates, lest he should again be exposed to annoyance—the people of Paris were so terribly jealous of strangers just then. Poor Karl!—I recalled my old fancy of David and Jonathan. The picture was then complete, only it was the David that had fallen.

That evening, after the long rest which we had insisted upon her taking, Nina surprised us by saying suddenly, in a low, calm voice: "Renée, you must not mind any more speaking to me of the time we thought we had lost Léon.—And, Léon, I want you to tell me to-night *all* that happened to you. When Karl spoke of the patience and sweetness of that poor Léonie St. Hilaire under her terrible grief, I felt ashamed of my morbid weakness. So tell me *all*, Leon!"

"My darling! can you bear it?" he asked.

"I can bear anything here," she said, as he drew her head upon his breast. "O Léon! how good God has been to us!"

And since that night we have known all; not indeed all the suffering of mind or of body—that was, and still is, veiled from us as much as possible. Later we learned with great joy that the good farmer of Frenois and his wife had been blessed with the return of their only son, safe and uninjured.

Only the day after Karl's visit, I was crossing the vestibule when the outer bell rang. Why did I tremble? Who can explain those subtle influences that affect our frames so marvellously, so incomprehensibly? During Nina's illness Augustine had brought in a boy, whose parents and friends were dead, to assist Justine and Louis. It was his duty to open the door; I drew back into the library while he did so. An elderly gentleman entered, without speaking. It was almost dark, and at first I did not recognize the figure. But when a voice said, "Where is Mademoiselle Renée, boy?" I sprang forward and was clasped in the arms of Uncle Lucien!

We had thankful hearts that night, and the

dark shadows of bereavement did not fall so heavily upon them as they did when Léon came home; for it was only dear little Lilian's place that was freshly vacant to him, and the deep joy of seeing Léon's filled once more, and his much-loved Nina's sad face bright with happy love, lit up the foreground of the Present, bringing it vividly out from the darkness and gloom of the Past. Even the pain of Léon's personal loss was softened; yet it was perhaps a greater blow to Uncle Lucien than to any of us. He had been so proud of Léon's soldierly bearing and talents. And now, just when France needed such as he so much, his career was ended. Poor Uncle Lucien! the snows of ten winters seemed to have fallen on his head in that last melancholy one. His figure was bowed and his step feeble, but his heart still high, and true, and sanguine as of old. Bitterly as he mourned the degradation and desolation of France, his faith in her future was still undimmed.

His captivity had been less trying to him than our fears had anticipated. He spoke with candour and gratitude of the kindly and courteous treatment he had everywhere received from the Germans; and admitted that the charges of gross neglect and monstrous inhumanity to their prisoners were wholly undeserved. That some of them, especially in the early stages of the war, had suffered cruelly, was undoubtedly true; but such sufferings, owing to the wholesale natures of the catastrophes which threw tens of thousands of men on their captors' hands at once, were inevitable. He had had a severe illness at Frankfort, brought on by grief, chagrin, and the privations and exposure of outpost duty, but had received every kindness and attention.

There were two things, however, which he could not forgive the Germans, of which he could not speak without burning indignation: these were, the bombardment and the occupation of Paris. The inhumanity and superfluous barbarism of the one, the ungenerous and humiliating exercise of triumph and insolence in the other, stung him to the quick. And most of his friends shared these sentiments. Yet every Frenchman at the commencement of the war reckoned upon a triumphal entry of Berlin as its crowning glory! But that was quite another thing, they said. I

confess I could never quite see it to be so. I suppose because I am neither a politician nor a patriot.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CROWNED HOPE.

"Oh, weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles, spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!

"God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed,
The best fruits load the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed."

GERALD MASSEY.

WITH the return of Uncle Lucien, the calmly happy, restful time that followed Nina's deliverance from death came to an end. How it was I can scarcely tell, but a weight of vague anxiety and depression seemed to settle down upon us, and Nina's recovery came to a standstill. Uncle Lucien at once threw himself with impetuous eagerness into the troubled sea of politics, and our house and table became a gathering-place for political conflict. The anxious questionings of the present, the veiled answers of the future, and the dark memories of the past, were thus unavoidably brought home to our weary hearts and minds.

And there was cause enough for disquiet over and above the hostile occupation of so many of our provinces and forts, the crippled state of our national resources, and the misery and desolation of our country. These bitter fruits of war's Upas-tree were mingled with others even more deadly. A spirit of unrest, of insubordination, of discontent, ever smouldering among the working classes of Paris, had been gathering in force and extent during the siege, and now seemed ready to burst into a flame. The voice of the dreaded "Reds" was again raised, with the baleful watchword, "La Commune." Apprehensions of a coming storm lay heavy on all thoughtful minds.

Dr. Vaud had proposed our leaving Paris, as soon as Nina should be able to travel, long before this; and the only thing that deterred us from doing so was the dislike we felt to the idea of separation after our recent reunion. From the receipt of Uncle Lucien's letter we had

waited for his coming, and we knew him too well to dream of his quitting Paris when he deemed his presence might be useful to her and to France. And that he would not do so in the present state of things, was very certain. Augustine, too, would scarcely leave the ministry he had received from no earthly hands or anointing, but from the pierced hands and sealing Spirit of Him who had spoken in his opened ears the words, "Follow thou me." Whom he was following by "going about doing good" in his name, by preaching through him, and him alone, "the gospel to the poor, healing to the broken-hearted, deliverance to the captives, recovery of sight to the blind, liberty to them that are bruised," and to all "the acceptable year of the Lord." So still we lingered.

One morning late in March, Dr. Vaud had a long conference with Léon in the library. When it ended, the latter came to me, with an agitated face, and told me its import. We had all noticed with anxiety and regret that Nina had ceased to gain strength, though she had taken her usual place in the family, and that Léon suffered increasingly from prostrating headaches. Arnaud, too, was thin and pale, and painfully unchildlike in his ways; and I could not altogether conceal the weariness and depression that weighed overpoweringly upon me. So I was quite prepared to hear that Dr. Vaud had insisted on our leaving the scene of so much sorrow and suffering, for a time, and I said so.

"Yes," Léon said; "but that is not all, Renée."

His manner was so agitated, that my nerves, which are not so easily controlled as they used to be, thrilled with terror. "Do not be frightened, dear Renée," he said, with a troubled smile; "but—but—he has proposed—nay urged, insisted on—on what I scarcely dare to think of, much less to hope for!"

I was silent; and after one or two hasty paces of the room, he paused before me, and with eyes that seemed as if they would read my very soul with their anxious questioning, said, "Renée, Dr. Vaud wishes me to ask Nina to marry me at once."

"And then take her away into the country?" I said quietly.

"Of course; that must be done at any rate."

"I think it would be best, Léon," I answered, "for you and for her."

His eyes flashed with glad surprise. "Do you indeed, Renée? For me, of course; but for her;—oh, Renée!"

The sadness of his last words brought tears to my eyes. "Dear Léon, yes; perfect rest and quiet, and freedom from all anxiety and excitement, are so indispensably requisite for Nina: these she can scarcely feel while there is any possibility of a second separation from you; and you know now how fully, how entirely she is your own, how devotedly she loves you!"

"My precious darling! Yes," he answered; "but oh, Renée, how can I ask her to link her fate with mine; she so young, so beautiful, so tenderly nurtured? How can I ask her to share my ruined fortunes, my blighted prospects—shattered in health, maimed, disfigured—"

I laid my hand on his shoulder, and looked in his face with a smile. "Ah, Léon," I said, "what was the whole world to Nina without you? Would she love you more if the roll of the past could be unfurled, and all you have lost given back? Would she, or you either, be without the deep teachings, the earthly trial and loss, through which you have both been led, by ways that you knew not, into a closer union, a holier fellowship, a more enduring partnership than that of mere earthly love, in which you stand as 'heirs together of the grace of life'? No, my brother, I know you would not!"

Léon folded me to his breast, saying, "God bless you, my Renée, and make me worthy of you and of her!" For a few minutes he remained silent; then I said, "Now, go and tell Nina what Dr. Vaud says."

An hour afterwards, when I joined them, I saw at a glance that all was right. My darling threw herself into my arms, with her sweet eyes shining through happy tears, her lovely face quivering with shy, tremulous joy.

"So you are willing to take the worn-out old soldier," I said. The look with which she laid her hand in Léon's was beautiful in its humility and trustful love. So it was all settled.

On the third bright morning of April she and Léon stood together before God's altar, and the

words were spoken that made them one in life, as they already had been so long in heart. Deep, and sweet, and sacred was the pure chastened joy of that bridal. Did no electric thrill of sympathy pass through the azure sky into the loving hearts of those whose presence and blessing were so yearned for that day? This we know not. But we do know that, at a bridal feast to come, we shall yet sit down with them, knowing, rejoicing, and loving for ever and for ever.

Very simple and quiet was the marriage ceremony. It was performed in a small and simple Protestant church; for Léon could no longer take part in an idolatrous rite and pretended sacrifice that dishonoured and blasphemed Him whose "one sacrifice," "once offered," and that for "ever," was the only trust of himself and his beloved bride. This was of course a trouble to Uncle Lucien; but his love was too strong to let his annoyance cast a shadow on Léon and Nina's bridal-day. Dear Uncle Lucien, so loyal and true of heart, yet still, alas! clinging to the shadow and rejecting the substance. But perhaps not wholly so; the memory of my mother's unshaken trust in the authority and divine claims of the Church, while she clung in simple faith to the cross of that crucified Saviour whose free grace and infinite love are veiled and hidden behind the hollow pomp of its imposing and gorgeous ceremonial, gives me hope for him, and for many such as he.

The only guest was Colonel Labaudière, and he at his own request. Very lovely did Nina look, in her pure white dress and transparent veil; her sweet colourless face, and deep violet eyes full of love and peace, and the short clustering curls round the pure calm brow, giving a look of almost childish youthfulness to the small fragile figure;—and Léon, with the deep traces of suffering and sorrow in his noble face, softened and almost effaced by the calm brightness of proud and happy tenderness that beamed from the dark earnest eyes that were bent with such fullness of love on the sweet face of his fair young bride, and remaining only to give deeper meaning to the solemn joy of that hour.

The bright spring sunshine fell in a flood of living light on Nina's snowy robes and veil and pure upturned face, and on Léon's dark hair,

and earnest, thoughtful brow, as they knelt together and received the pastor's final blessing. The night had been stormy, the morning cloudy, the city agitated and noisy, but now the darkness was passed, the doubting, the unrest. In the little sanctuary no distant murmur of earth's disquiet reached us—only heaven's sunshine and God's own words of grace and peace. Happy omen for the coming life of those who had now but one between them. As such we accepted it.

"The Lord bless you, and keep you: the Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you: the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace," were the words that fell from the aged lips of the gray-haired minister. Full and deep, and strong in hope and trust, were the *Amens* that sealed that blessing.

But afterwards came the parting. It was to be but a brief one, for Augustine was to take Arnaud and me to join them the beginning of the following week; it having been arranged that we were all to spend some weeks at one of the farms that had formed part of the De Laborde estate, which was still tenanted by its old occupant, a worthy man whose forefathers had tilled the same acres for generations past, and whose wife, an old and attached servant of the family, had nursed Léon and me. The strong personal attachment of the latter, the almost feudal reverence of the former, for all of the name and blood of De Laborde, insured a joyful acceptance of our proposal, that they should let part of their large old house, which in bygone times had been a place of some pretension, to us for a time. It was near the village of St. Claude, some twenty miles east of Rennes, situated amidst the lovely woods and hills we remembered so well; for it was within a mile or two of the dear old home of our childhood. The journey would be rather long for Nina, but our hearts turned to the well-known and beloved haunts of other days, and it would be worth something to go where no traces of War's desolating footsteps were visible. The good couple were overjoyed to receive us, whom they still persisted in regarding as the rightful owners of the soil.

Léon and Nina were to start at once, and

ling by easy stages, lest the journey should be too fatiguing for the latter. There was little time, and perhaps little need, for farewells and parting tears. Nina changed her white bridal robes for the sables, which she would not discard; our bereavements were too recent and too deep, and other hues ill-beseemed the daughters of France, it appeared to us, in those days of general mourning.

But though our parting was to be so brief, my darling clung to me with a clasp that seemed as if it would never untwine; and when at last Léon gently unloosed the clinging arms, and drew one through his own to lead her to the carriage, her quiet composure gave way, and she burst into tears. It was little wonder. Partings had been fearful things to us of late. "It will not be *quite* home till you come, Renée," were her last words. "Oh, come soon; the first day you can. Promise me, Renée, my sister, now!" and Léon echoed them.

I stood on the steps and watched them off. Nina's sweet face, on which smiles contended with tears, pressed close against the carriage window till the corner of the street was turned. Augustine had preceded them to the railway station, and Arnaud had begged to accompany him. Uncle Lucien and Colonel Labaudière had waited to see them off; then they both hurried away to attend a political meeting of importance, and I was left alone. Oh, how alone!

For a few moments I remained standing at the door; no one was astir in the quiet street, and I seemed to shrink instinctively from entering the silent, empty house. Then I turned and went up-stairs, slowly, wearily. I did not know I was so weary before; certainly it was a day on which I ought to have been glad with an exceeding great gladness,—gladness for the crowning, in light and life, of a hope long shrouded in the mists of gloom and the grave—a hope I once wrote dead, buried.

And for Léon and Nina I was glad. But as my slow footsteps fell in the deserted rooms, and the heavy folds of my black dress swept with a muffled sound against the old familiar furniture, a faintness, a sickness, a horror seized me,—of the heart, not of the body. Yet my head swam, and my limbs failed. Everywhere, everywhere

mementoes of the dead rose before me. Each common object of daily life and ordinary use stood out with new meaning,—new and yet old. With a vague longing for some refuge from the tide of harrowing memories of suffering and loss that overwhelmed my sinking spirit, I passed with tottering step from room to room. In vain. An oppression as of death, a hush as of the grave, weighed like lead in the haunted atmosphere. I sank down at last on the floor in my mother's dressing-room, burying my face in the cushions of the couch on which the beloved fragile form had reclined so much in those last sad weeks of sorrow and decay.

I shall never forget the might of anguish with which the past rolled its torrent force of desolation and suffering over my shivering heart. Before me rose with terrible distinctness all the sad scenes of those mournful months. Looks, and tones, and touches of those who were not, thrilled my soul. All the long agony of my mother's slow decay, the sharp anguish of Victor's untimely fate, the mournful pathos of little Lilian's violent death, seemed compressed in that dark hour. I did not weep; I could not. But it seemed to me as if every flower, every bud of promise, had been gathered from my earthly path. For in my bitterness of spirit I counted Léon and Nina as lost to me too. Ungrateful, thankless as it was, with my darling's tears scarcely dry upon my cheek, with Léon's clasp yet lingering upon my hand, with the loving tones of their mingling voices yet freshly in my ear, breathing the same tender words, "Sister, come home!" I counted them lost to me, even as the dead. But I will not write of the sinful thoughts and feelings of that dark hour. In the presumptuous impatience of reckless pain I sinned grievously. Surely the remembrance will serve to keep me humble. I, who had so much to be thankful for—I, whose dearest earthly wish had that day been crowned—I, in whose clouds of sorrow so bright a bow of divine hope had been set, called upon Him whose patient grace and perfect love had been our stay through the fearful past, to take away my life, even as he had taken all that made life precious!

But His compassions fail not. "He knoweth

our frame. He remembereth that we are dust." "We have not an High-priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our *infirmities*." "Very pitiful and of tender mercy," for my sin he sent grace; for my sorrow, healing; for my rebellion, love; for my murmuring, peace. It was through Augustine he sent them.

The weary hours wore on, but I moved not till I felt two gentle hands laid upon my shoulders, and heard the words, "My poor, poor Renée!" spoken with a depth of tenderness that broke the spell that bound me, and unsealed the fountain of my tears. Very tenderly Augustine raised me, and placing me on the sofa, drew me closely to his breast. I felt his warm tears on my face, and clasping my arms round his neck, I wept long and unrestrainedly. Never till that hour had I fully appreciated the riches of tenderness and sympathy and affection that lay deep at his heart, like precious gems beneath still, dark waters. The quiet reserve of character and grave thoughtfulness of manner, that contrasted strongly with Léon's frank geniality and Victor's impetuous warmth, when added to the gloom and depression that had gradually gathered round him for years past, had raised a barrier between my heart and his. It was broken down that evening, never to rise again. The words he spoke to me then I have never forgotten, I never shall forget. I have heard him speak many such since, but no draught will ever taste like the crystal flood borne to the lips of him that was ready to perish in the fiery heat of the sandy desert, by one who meets him unsought in that hour of sorest need and peril.

And as such came the living waters borne to my parched and failing lips by Augustine's hand that day. Would that I could record them here; but these pages have already grown too long, and to do so would be but to tread again, as we did in memory that evening, the chequered path whose mournful landmarks I have already traced in them. But on all, the dark places and the fearful, the light of the Sun of Righteousness shone then, and there was healing in His wings.

I do not know how it was. I suppose I was less strong than I thought, and that while anything remained to do for Léon and Nina I had not felt it; but I could not throw off the depres-

sion and prostration that followed the violent agitation that had overpowered me that evening. I had, or thought I had, many things to arrange and settle before leaving Paris; it had been the wish of both Léon and Nina that we should all have gone away together immediately after their marriage. But as Uncle Lucien intended remaining, and there would be a considerable amount of packing to be done, I had determined to wait at least a week. But all my plans were frustrated. I was really unable to do anything; and Dr. Vaud insisted on my keeping quite quiet for a day or two, and then going to St. Claude at the end of the week.

And this not only on account of my health. The state of affairs in the city daily became more alarming. The dispute between the Government and the Belleville battalions respecting the cannon seized by the latter was still unsettled; the dreaded Reds became each day more audacious; and those upon whose judgment and foresight we most relied augured ill for the distracted city. Among these was Dr. Vaud. The cool sense and shrewdness he brought to bear upon passing events had made him more than once a true prophet when the terrible Past was as yet the unveiled Future. And when, with calm yet persistent earnestness, he insisted upon our leaving at once, before the bursting of the storm with which the air was heavy, and acknowledged that it was the firm conviction that such a tempest was inevitably impending that had made him urge and insist upon Nina's hasty marriage, we at once decided upon following his advice. And on the Friday we left Paris—Augustine, Arnaud, and I.

It was with strangely mingled feelings of relief and pain that I saw the walls of Paris recede from us as the train bore us onward. If the scene of our sorrow, it was also the shrine of our precious dust. As we passed on through the outskirts, more than once I caught sight of those long rows of unmarked mounds, beneath one of which Victor slept, and everywhere were traces of the recent strife. My heart sickened and failed me, and then Augustine made me lie down in the carriage, which we alone occupied, and I knew no more of the scenes through which we passed except from Arnaud's exclamations, which I would not let Augustine repress. From them

I knew the vestiges of war were constantly traceable, and I was weak enough to give way to the repugnance I felt by not once looking from the window. But at Le Mans, where we stopped for the night, spiked helmets were everywhere.

The evening of the following day we reached our destination. Leaving the train at Rennes, we proceeded by diligence through a lovely, peaceful landscape, decked in all the delicate beauty of spring, to the village of St. Claude, where the good farmer Benoit met us. The sun had set, blue mists were rising from the valley, the crescent moon and one or two stars gleamed like silver in the clear sky, and the soft rustle of the young leaves, as the scented evening breeze swept gently through them, alone broke the sweet stillness, as we threaded the wooded lanes that led to our resting-place.

At last the old house rose before us, peeping through bowery masses of trees laden with snowy blossoms. At the gate stood Léon and Nina. The light was dim, but clear; and I saw the glad bright look of love and joy in my darling's face, as she stood quivering with impatience till I had descended from the quaint conveyance in which we had come, and she was held to my heart once more. I saw too the light of welcome and affection in Léon's happy eyes, and heard the tremulous thrill of emotion and tenderness in his deep tones and her clear silvery voice as they spoke the first words of welcoming love.

And I had called them lost to me! Only to myself—and for one brief hour. Never since that night. But the memory of my unworthy distrust was the bitterest of the many that swept over me that evening.

Nina was much better, and happy—oh! so happy—with a deep, sweet, chastened happiness, in the new life opening before her; for her life was Léon's life. And for him—ah! she was to him more than all he had lost.

CHAPTER XXX.

BROKEN THREADS.

"Hasten to a close
There, centring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet."—COWPER.

THE weeks that we spent at the pleasant old farm were very sweet and peaceful ones, but of

them I will not stay to speak. For now I must bring my records to a close, only pausing to gather up a few of the broken threads. On the doubly fearful events of the second siege, the terrible fulfilment of Dr. Vaud's prophetic forebodings, the awful havoc and ruin that followed the rearing of the Commune's hideous hydra-head, I will not dwell. With deep thankfulness we rejoiced that only the far-off echoes reached us in our quiet retreat. Of course, such deeds and scenes, which thrilled even alien hearts with horror, could not fail to kindle sharp pain in ours. But we were sheltered and safe, and we thanked God for the mercy that had saved us from participating in their actual endurance. Our one great anxiety was Augustine, who remained in Paris during the second siege. But he was about his Master's work, and to him we trusted him, if not confidently, at least submissively and hopefully. Uncle Lucien had fortunately gone into the provinces on a political mission when the cloud burst at last, and afterwards he spent most of his time with us.

It was many weeks before I could recover anything of my usual tone and spirit; and when at first I told Léon of my purpose of writing down briefly and simply, as best I could, a few gleanings from the chequered pages of the past, he earnestly endeavoured to persuade me to give up undertaking what could not fail to bring past sufferings and fears, and present bereavements, so vividly before me. But I told him I thought it would be a relief to give vent in that way to the thronging thoughts and teeming memories which so haunted my brain and heart, sleeping and waking, and of which I cared not to speak after Augustine's departure. It was our mutual wish that dear Nina's overwrought nerves and fragile frame should not be taxed by any allusion to the dark days in which she had borne and felt so much, except when she herself reverted to the subject. And that was seldom, except indeed to dwell with reverence and love upon the dear names that were household words no more; and yet still so blended with our thoughts, with our lives, with our memories. Her sunny nature loves to bask in the sunshine—that made the deep shadow in which we dwelt so long so very terrible to her. And it appeared to me that often an oppressive

dread, an imaginary terror, or an anticipated evil, sinks like some long-buried form, apparently real and substantial in its fast-sealed recess, at the first breath of outer air into a heap of powdery dust—into nothing. The repression of, and silent brooding over, even actual and crushing sorrows, only tend to morbid exaggeration of pain and regret. So it seemed that the mere writing of the past would be the laying down of a load that pressed too heavily upon my mind. And, with his usual quick comprehension and sympathy, Léon let me take my way. I was right. I lay down my pen now with very different feelings from those with which I took it up.

Two months have passed since I began to write: the bursting buds have swelled and escaped from their gummy casings, the perfume of new-mown hay, the scent of rose and honeysuckle, is in the air now, instead of the breath of violets and the delicate odours of early spring. The buds have become flowers, the flowers fruit, some of them. And the buds of hope and promised happiness that were struggling feebly into life in my heart through the chilling gloom of grief's winter, have done likewise. Watered by the soft dew of healing tears, fanned by the gentle breezes of tender human love, expanded by the warm sunshine of God's tenderness and grace, they bloom now.

But the fruitage will not be yet. There are still hours when life seems very blank—my heart's most sacred shrines very empty, and the longing for those who left us in the shade, to return and walk with us in the sunshine, very strong and deep. But we can think and speak calmly of them now, as "not lost, but gone before;" and are learning more and more, I trust, to look forward to the glad meeting in the Father's house above. It is no longer painful to speak those beloved names; though the strong heart-yearning of undying affection will never cease to wake through the years yet to come before that glad and eternal reunion, when aught brings back those looks and tones which once made the fairest sunshine and sweetest music of our lives.

Perhaps, even yet, I must make one reservation. It is easy to think with melancholy plea-

sure of our precious mother's suffering frame and weary spirit being at rest for ever in the joy-diffusing presence of Him to whom her crushed heart turned so imploringly and trustfully amidst the deep mists and shadows that had gathered round the path of her earthly pilgrimage; of her meek expression of patient endurance being changed for one of unshaded peace and joy; of the worn face and silvered hair shining with a beauty such as they never wore in the bright freshness of their earthly youth;—and our angel Lillian ever seemed less of earth than of heaven. But Victor, our Victor! our joyous, happy, brilliant Victor! Death and the grave for him! When I recall the lithe gracefulness of that young active form, the flashing light of those dark laughter-loving eyes, the gay tones of that clear ringing voice, whose thrilling echoes are to me the saddest of all memory's mournful music, it is hard even yet to say, "Thy will be done." Life was so fresh and strong in him, his hopes so bright, his future so full of promise—and the grave has taken all!

Yet not so, O faint and faithless heart! Not all! not the undying spirit. No; our trust is strong that He who does not "despise the day of small things" has gathered that into his own safe keeping. What the night stars that alone watched its parting witnessed we *know* not, but we believe pleading eyes upturned to Him who says, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." And before that trust the floods of our anguish sink low. What if the laurel or the bay of earthly renown may not garland that bright young brow! Upon it will be set a blood-bought crown, not of his winning, "of glory that fadeth not away."

It is not I alone that feel thus, I know well. The others cannot trust themselves to speak of him, except in low tones, and when tears may fall unchecked.

I am not finishing my story where I began it, in the low, quaintly-furnished chamber of the old farm-house. No, I am writing now in a new home. A new and yet an old one. For the room in which I sit was once my mother's boudoir, and the garden terraces down which I look are those over which I bounded joyously in childhood's happy hours!

Léon's inheritance has come back to him. Very strangely. When we had been a few weeks at the old farm, a lawyer from Rouen brought him the astounding intelligence that the eccentric and childless old man who had bought the small remnants of the De Laborde estate had died, and by his last will had restored the whole to Léon. I remembered well how, what I then considered the impertinence and curiosity of the strange old man, had brought the fire to Léon's eye and the hot blood to my face the day on which the final arrangements were made five years before. Léon had frequently met him since, and had detected under a most cynical manner the existence of a kindly and generous heart. But his conduct was wholly inexplicable to us until we heard the will read, in which he stated that he knew no better way of disposing of the property than by bestowing it on the rightful heir, in appreciation of the noble devotion which had prompted him to sacrifice his own interest for that of his family.

The property came back to him unchanged in extent, not so in value—the land had been drained and improved—the chateau, farms, and cottages thoroughly repaired. It was with a heart full of thankfulness to the Giver of all good gifts that Léon installed the fair young bride, who had linked her fate with his in the time of adversity and sorrow, in the home of his fathers; and was enabled to give a substantial proof of his gratitude to his kind and generous preserver at Frenois, who would otherwise have been totally ruined by the war. But no one rejoiced more than the good old farmer of St. Claude and his wife.

The light has come back to Nina's eyes, and the rose to her cheek. She is still a delicate flower, needing careful tending and sheltering from every rough and chilling blast. And these she has in our love, Léon's above all. Her fairy-like lightness of step, her old sweet gaiety and brightness of voice and manner, shed sunshine round her, as before the storm that had so nearly laid her young life low; but no clouds of caprice, and waywardness, and wilful temper mar it now. And the brightness is softer, the sweetness deeper, the gaiety chastened and subdued. A stamp is set on that fair brow, a light shed on that lovely face, a seal impressed on each step of that gentle

life that marks her as the child and follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

And Léon: the hue of health has returned to his face, and the deep lines on the brow and round the mouth only serve to deepen the earnest manliness of thought and purpose that stamps his noble countenance; his step is light and firm once more, and the doctors say all traces of the limp which still fetters it will wholly disappear in time; and had he still his good right arm, he would choose to use it in another service now, though then indeed that service, and his country's defence, might be linked together. As it is, the sword with which he trusts to fight and conquer now is one that needs no human arm to wield it. And there will be much for him to do among and for the ignorant and miserable peasantry around, and it may be for France too.

Uncle Lucien is in Paris. The deadly doings of the Commune were a heavy blow to him: but his crushed spirits have risen once more, and his hopes for France seem to soar higher as she sinks lower. But the worst is surely, surely over now. France *will* rise, phoenix-like, from her own ashes, and rise to a newer and better life. So we hope and believe.

Augustine is with us once more. From him I have learned much of what occurred under the fair May sky of this fated year, in poor, unhappy Paris. And one sad tale I must briefly notice here. Marie Fournier—bright-eyed, laughing Marie—was led—how or when, we know not—to take part in the fearful deeds of the Commune. She and her husband are prisoners at Satory still. Augustine accidentally saw her on her way thither, wounded and bleeding, in a group of prisoners that were being conveyed thither by the brutal Marquis of Gallifet. Afterwards he sought and obtained an interview with her; but she appeared wholly stupified with terror, or grief, or shame—it was hard to tell which; and all he could do for her was to procure her some physical comforts. What her fate will be, we know not. Her unfortunate husband's doom is, alas! only too certain. Poor, poor Marie! Uncle Lucien will use every effort to obtain her release; and perhaps care and kindness may restore her shattered intellect, and heal her poor bruised heart.

Augustine looks worn and thin; but peace sits in every line of those once harassed features, and dwells in the quiet depths of his dark, serious eyes. He seems to have but one aim, one object in life; and that is the spreading of those glad tidings of gospel grace and divine love which have been life and peace to himself, and the preaching of that One Name under heaven by which alone sinners can be saved. What his earthly career will be, where his lot will be cast, he knows not yet; except that it will be to follow where Christ leads. This eventful year has changed the course of many lives; of none, perhaps, more than his, certainly none more entirely for the better. His life-work was to have been the bondage of oath-bound service in a false, corrupted Church; it will now be the free, Spirit-taught ministry of the glorious gospel of the blessed God; and for the perilous, dreary way of a blind leader of the blind, he will have the light-sown path of a worker together with God. For "He is faithful that hath promised."

And God's chosen instrument in this mighty change was only a simple, loving child, over whose golden head but twelve summers had passed. Darling Lilian, her death, terrible as in itself it was, seems to me but an "expected end" of a life so short and yet so full; for from her its terrors were veiled, and her work was done. Yet not so. As I said before, none can tell how far the circling eddies will extend over the tide of time. "*That Day*" alone will reveal it.

As soon as communications were opened with England, Augustine sent an advertisement to the *English Times*, offering information as to the fate of Mrs. Leonard Gray and her child, and giving the initials of her maiden name and childhood's home, in a way that could not fail to be understood by those connected with her, while to the general public it would be an enigma. These names we learned from the fly-leaf of Lilian's Bible, a father's gift to her mother. We scarcely expected an answer, and it was not till my every thought was engrossed by Nina's illness that one came—a few cold, formal lines, requesting the favour of the information promised, from Mr. Howard, Mrs. Gray's proud, stern father.

In reply, Augustine sent a detail of Mrs. Gray's

sad fate and Lilian's tragic death. He put the papers into my hand, and I read them in one of the still night-watches by Nina's bed. Briefly, but with the touching eloquence of deep feeling, Augustine had told the mournfully pathetic story. None could have done it so well as he; to none, not even to me, was Lilian dearer; and with affectionate tenderness and gratitude he related all she had been to us—all the blessing, under God, she had brought to us. Enclosed he sent a tress of her golden hair; and about the same time, by the hand of a humble but trustworthy Englishman, who was returning to his country after the long captivity of the siege, the Bible that was literally the only relic of the unfortunate Lilian Mary Howard and her child—with the exception, indeed, of her husband's portrait; and that we thought would but awaken bitter memories, and did not send.

Many weeks passed, and then Augustine received another letter from Mr. Howard. The handwriting was tremulous, the words few and broken; but they breathed a late repentance for a cruel harshness—a heartfelt gratitude for love and shelter given to the orphan child of his unhappy daughter—a yearning hope for a meeting above, when the sins and errors of earth will be all forgiven, and come into mind no more. It concluded with a pressing invitation for Augustine and myself to visit Howard Chase. One day, perhaps, we may do so; but the time will not be yet. Augustine has written to the remorseful father, and I know how he would write. I trust the daughter's prayers are answered at last, and that the proud man is "sitting, clothed and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus."

We hear constantly from Karl Erhardt. He and Thekla von Edelstein were married soon after Léon and Nina. His letters are full of happiness and love; but one deep shadow rests upon them—one void in his life is unfilled yet, and ever will be. Such a friendship as existed between him and Conrad von Edelstein is formed but once in a life-time; and the breaking of such a bond gives the heart a wrench from which it ever thrills. But it almost seems as if Conrad's mantle had fallen upon Karl—so much deeper are his thoughts, so much higher his aspirations, so much more earnest his faith and

hope. Perhaps, though he knows it not, his friend's death has been more to him than even his life could have been.

Léonie St. Hilaire is with them still, in the home that should have been her own; for they live in the old Von Edelstein mansion that has devolved on Thekla. Tenderly, reverentially, sadly, Karl writes of her. For weeks after her arrival at Munich, they almost feared that gentle heart was breaking under its heavy grief. She made no moan or complaint, but the very springs of life seemed broken. White and still, she lay on her couch, or glided like a spirit through the rooms, each object of which seemed to speak to her of her beloved one; for from him she had heard detailed descriptions of each, as she watched by the bed she at that time little deemed to be one of death. But now she is rallying in health, and they no longer fear losing her; though, as Karl says mournfully, life is sadder than death for her.

But, through all her sadness and deep depression, she was ever ready with her sympathy and interest, not only in the sorrows, but in the joys of others. Karl will never forget, he says, the look of holy calm and peace that filled her sweet, tearless eyes, as she stood beside Thekla at the marriage altar. Those dark, mournful eyes, how often their pathetic, wistful sadness, blending with deep, unselfish sympathy and interest, returns to my memory! And the clinging clasp of that little hand, the sorrowful sweetness of that low, soft voice,—tears ever gather and fall when I think of them. My heart yearns strangely over her. Yet scarcely strangely, when to her, and still more to him she has lost, Léon owes all of hope and comfort that sustained him through his long dark hours of weary and lonely suffering; that hope and trust without which, he believes, his fainting spirit must have failed. One day, perhaps, we may meet again, here or in Germany, when the last echoes of this hateful war have died away in the far distance.

One more name remains for me to mention, and I have done. Poor Herman Brandt returned to Paris as soon as the serried ranks of the iron wall opened a passage for outsiders.

He found a desolate house alone awaiting him. General Blanchard had fallen in one of the wholesale murders men called *sorties*, and his wife soon followed him to the grave in which her Adèle had been laid a few weeks before. He had left a prosperous business, a happy home, kind parents who had filled the void of an orphaned life, and a fair young wife with a glad hope in her breast. He returned, to find himself ruined in life and desolate in heart. He remained in Paris only long enough to visit the grave of his wife and child, and then went—whither, I know not exactly, but I believe to the Far West, where perhaps life may bloom again for him. Men are not like women, and he is very young.

And now reluctantly—it almost seems ungratefully—I lay down my pen. I seem to have said so little of the mercies and blessings which are ours still. And God has been so good to us—to me especially, the feeble, faithless, doubting one! But my task is ended, and I will not yield to the temptation that impels me to linger still over it.

Through the bowery masses of rose and honeysuckle round my open window, the soft summer air floats in, bearing with it the countless sweet sounds of a balmy June day; and ever and anon the merry tones of Arnaud's joyous voice, which often makes my heart quiver and shrink by its likeness to the one death silenced in the crimsoned snow of Champigny.

I think Arnaud will be very like Victor; not so bright or so talented, but with the same dark, flashing eyes, full of mirth and love; the same fair, regular features, and dark, glossy hair; the same quick, eager spirit, and warm, impulsive nature. May he indeed carry out the fair promise of Victor's last days, when the dark time of trial pressed forth the latent strength and beauty of his character!

Léon and Nina are coming down the garden-path, her little hands clasped over his arm, her fairy figure looking smaller and slighter by his stately height; and her sweet face, radiant with happiness and love, upraised to the earnest, thoughtful one bending so tenderly over it.

They see me; they call me.—Yes, Léon, I am coming, for my work is done!

APOLLOS OF ALEXANDRIA.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

CONSIDERING the value of the service done to the Christian cause by Apollos, it is rather surprising to find that tradition has so little to report about him, especially since the scene of his labours lay in Churches so important as those of Corinth and Ephesus. It would seem that the traditions of the Churches are unable to furnish us with any reliable information, in addition to the facts supplied by the Pauline Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles. These facts, however, are so interesting, that it would be difficult to name one of the minor biographies of the New Testament which affords a pleasanter study than that of the man who was honoured to water famous Churches which Paul had planted.

That Apollos was by birth a Jew might have been assumed almost as a matter of course, even if the circumstance had not been recorded. With a few doubtful exceptions, all the first preachers of the gospel belonged to the stock of Abraham. In this respect, also, the saying of our Lord holds true, that "salvation is of the Jews." The promise to Abraham that in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed, after it had received its chief fulfilment in the person of Christ himself, received a secondary fulfilment in the devout Jews who first carried the message of his salvation to the nations. The remarkable thing about Apollos was that he belonged to a Jewish family settled in Alexandria. This fact possesses so much significance in relation to his subsequent history, that it deserves to be carefully noted.

APOLLOS AT ALEXANDRIA.

Of Alexandria it might have been affirmed, even more emphatically than of Tarsus, that it was "no mean city." Its ancient renown has revived in our own time. No other city of such antiquity sees so many of our countrymen in its streets. Since the opening up of the "overland route," Alexandria is the principal station on the highway to India. It possesses the only good harbour in Egypt on the side of the Medi-

terranean. As the current along the northern coast of Egypt runs steadily eastward, it carries in that direction the turbid waters which the Nile pours into the Mediterranean. The consequence is that the coast lying east of the Delta is a continuous mud-bank, and was unapproachable by large vessels till the French engineers threw out the long piers which guard the entrance of the Suez Canal. Westwards from the Delta the coast is favourable to navigation, and at Alexandria affords a capacious and secure haven. Under the Pharaohs the Egyptians had no taste for maritime commerce. Their principal cities rose among the palm-groves of the Nile, far from the sea. The harbour of Alexandria lay neglected; its capabilities were unknown, and the place is not once mentioned in the Old Testament. Its origin is commemorated in its name. Alexander and his Greeks were the first to appreciate the advantages of the site. It was he who built the city, and called it after his own name, rather more than three hundred years before Christ.

The Jews were much favoured by Alexander, and special inducements were held out to them to settle in the new city. The same privileges and immunities as were enjoyed by the Macedonians were conceded to them. The consequence was that they flocked in great numbers to the place. Of the five quarters into which the city was divided, two belonged to the Jews; and there is evidence in abundance to show that these Jewish quarters were very different from the squalid lanes where the Jewish communities of our modern cities are chiefly to be found. They were the abodes of opulence and refinement. The synagogues in which the people worshipped were splendid edifices. As Alexandria was a very large city, its Hebrew inhabitants must have constituted a little nation by themselves. It may be doubted whether Jerusalem itself contained so many Jews, during the period of the Greek dominion, as could be mustered in the Egyptian capital. As the Ptolemies were great patrons of

learning, the city was as famous for its schools as for its commerce; and the Jews equalled the Greeks themselves in the avidity with which they took advantage of the opportunities for mental cultivation thus provided. There was amongst them a body of very learned and accomplished men. One happy fruit of this was that the first Translation of the Bible was executed at Alexandria. Certain Jews of the city—the tradition calls them the Seventy Interpreters (whence their Bible is usually cited as the LXX.), but the number is quite uncertain—translated the Scriptures of the Old Testament into Greek, for the benefit of their countrymen, who, having settled in Egypt, had forgotten the language of their fathers. As the early Christian Churches were, for the most part, beholden to this version for their acquaintance with the Old Testament, they gave a ready ear to the suggestion that the men who executed it were guided by infallible inspiration. There is no warrant for such a notion. The work bears on every page marks of the imperfection characteristic of a first attempt. Nevertheless, it was a bequest to succeeding ages for which the Hebrew scholars of Alexandria will always be held in grateful remembrance. Alone, of all translations of the Bible, it can claim the honour of having been constantly used by the Apostles in preaching the gospel, and of having been ordinarily employed both by them and the Evangelists in their quotations from the Old Testament. These facts are worth remembering in connection with Luke's statement that Apollos was "a Jew of Alexandria." If Paul owed great part of his aptitude for being the Apostle of the Gentiles to the happy Providence which gave him his birth in the literary city of Tarsus, it may well be believed that the Alexandrian birth and education of Apollos was of essential importance in fitting him for coming after the great apostle and continuing his work.

How much he profited by the educational advantages afforded by his native city, is apparent from the description of him in the Acts—"an eloquent man, and mighty in the scriptures." The Greeks were the great masters of eloquence, and we shall not err if we trace the eloquence of Apollos to their instructions and the influence of their literature. The circumstance that he was

also "mighty in the scriptures," reminds us of the special and distinctive place which God in his providence had assigned to the Alexandrian Jews. The authors of the Septuagint were men in whom the two very diverse streams of Greek literature and divine revelation had met and commingled their waters. There were in Alexandria men who, though familiar with the best products of the secular genius of the Gentiles, retained an unabated love for the law of the Lord, and devoted their lives to its study. It was at the feet of such that Apollos sat in his youth, till, like a younger Ezra, he became "a ready scribe in the law." As there is no hint of any spiritual revolution in his case, such as befell Paul on the way to Damascus, I am much inclined to think that he was one who knew the Lord from his youth; and that from his youth it might have been said of him, as of the "ready scribe" of the older time, that he "had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments" (Ezra vii. 10). However this may be, the circumstance that a stock of Biblical erudition, acquired in the school of Alexandria, formed part of Apollos's equipment for the ministry to which Christ designed to call him, deserves to be carefully pondered. It is doubtless possible to overrate the value of such acquirements as universities can bestow—eloquence and an erudite knowledge of the letter of God's Word; but it is more easy and more usual to underrate it. Learning and the power of eloquent speech are not by themselves a sufficient preparation for the ministry, but some tincture of them is indispensable; and, other things being equal, the more of them a young minister has, so much the better. It is remarkable that the two men whom Christ employed to plant and to water the Churches of Corinth and Ephesus were "college-bred" men. The interests of pure religion and of the Church of Christ are seriously imperilled when care is not taken to secure that the rising ministry shall consist of men well imbued with the best learning of their time, both secular and sacred.

One is almost startled to find that Apollos belonged to the circle of John the Baptist's disciples. How this came about we are not told. What makes it so surprising is the fact that John

was in his grave five-and-twenty years before the date of Apollos's arrival at Ephesus. Did Apollos, when he was still a lad at school or college, make a journey to Jerusalem on occasion of some solemnity? Might his young face have been seen amidst one of these excited crowds which flocked out into the wilderness of Judea to hear John preach and be baptized of him in Jordan? If so, he must have been a man past middle life before he began his work as a Christian minister. This is not likely. That Paul was the junior of Apollos is certainly not the impression left on one's mind by the way in which the two are mentioned in the Acts and the Epistles. There may be no very tangible warrant for speaking of Paul's friend as the "young Apollos," yet the words come very naturally to one's tongue. Assuming that the popular impression is well founded, we must suppose that Apollos's acquaintance with the Baptist was at second hand, through some relation or friend who had heard him preach. It is evident that although the great majority of John's true disciples joined themselves to Christ and the Christian Church either during their master's ministry or immediately after his death, there were others who retained the position marked out by his baptism far longer than we should have thought possible. Apollos was one of these, and his case was by no means singular. Luke mentions a company of about twelve persons, all of them disciples of John, whom Paul fell in with at Ephesus,—men who knew the baptism of John, and nothing more (Acts xix. 1-7).

This circumstance, that Apollos, while he was at Alexandria, knew only the baptism of John, marks at once the extent and the limit of the knowledge he possessed regarding Christ. Not only did he know, from the Old Testament, that the Messiah, the Hope of Israel, was coming, but he knew that the Messenger who was to prepare the way before him had already appeared—that he himself, therefore, was at the door. Probably he knew also that Christ was come, and that John, in pointing him out to the people, had made the memorable proclamation, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and had added, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." That

John's preaching included these two great heads of Christian testimony, is a fact of great significance in connection with Luke's description of Apollos and the other twelve disciples of the Baptist, as men who "knew only the baptism of John." It plainly proves that a Jew who knew only John's baptism might possess a very tolerable acquaintance with certain all-important doctrines belonging peculiarly to the gospel dispensation. Those who had listened with any intelligence to John's preaching must have got some inkling of the truth regarding the Atonement and the Mission of the Spirit. Besides announcing that the Lord had come, and that Jesus was he, the Baptist spoke of him as the Sin-bearer, and as the giver of the Holy Spirit. This will explain how it was that Priscilla and Aquila when they met with Apollos, and the Apostle Paul when he met with the other twelve disciples of the Baptist, did not hesitate to embrace them as Christian "*disciples*." Luke expressly designates them by that title in Acts xix. 1.

APOLLOS AT EPHESUS.

It is at Ephesus that Apollos makes his first appearance in the narrative of the Acts. What led him to that city is not known. The most of his countrymen came in pursuit of commerce; it is more likely that he came as a Teacher of some kind. Anyhow, he found in the city a considerable Jewish population and a synagogue. His knowledge of Christian truth was by no means extensive; but the truth which he did know had taken full possession of his heart. We have seen reason to conclude that even in Alexandria he was a genuine believer. His conduct on his arrival in Ephesus harmonizes with that conclusion. "Being fervent in spirit, he spake and taught diligently [or exactly] the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John." More particularly it is said that "he began to speak boldly in the synagogue." It would not be safe to press very far the statement that he taught the things of the Lord "*exactly*." Still, it is well to bear in mind that an intelligent disciple of John the Baptist was able to discourse about the Messiah and the Redemption he was to accomplish for Israel with a great deal more of exactness and precision of statement than

would have been possible to one who knew only Moses and the prophets. It is pleasant to see that what Apollos knew he laboured to communicate. He had only one pound; but he did not, therefore, with the slothful servant, hide his Lord's money in a napkin. He laid it out with diligence in his Master's service; and it speedily gained him more.

As he was serving Christ at Ephesus to his best ability, he suddenly found himself promoted to a more perfect knowledge of the truth. How this came to pass every reader of the Acts remembers well; but the story is one that will bear to be often told.

Among the Jewish residents in Ephesus when Apollos came to the city were two persons of great note in what may be styled the *domestic* history of the apostolical Church—the tent-maker Aquila and his wife. A few years previously, having been obliged, by an edict of Claudius, to leave Rome, they had taken up their abode in Corinth. They were in that city when the Apostle paid his first visit to it. They heard him preach Christ in the synagogue; they believed; as he was of the same craft, he lodged in their house and wrought in their workshop. During the eighteen precious months of his stay they profited by his teaching both in public and at home. When he left Corinth and took ship for Syria, they were the companions of his voyage as far as to Ephesus, where they settled for a season. Aquila and Priscilla were both of the stock of Abraham, and accordingly, when they came to Ephesus, they began to frequent the synagogue. It happened on one of the Sabbaths when they were present that Apollos was the preacher. What was the scope of his sermon we may guess from what has been already said. The tent-maker and his wife were struck with admiration. "What burning zeal; what eloquence of speech; what strength of judgment; what a copious and exact knowledge of the Holy Scriptures! Here is a man of excellent gifts. What a pity that he knows only the rudiments of Christian truth! Let us invite him to our house, and unfold to him those ample stores of truth we gathered from the teachings of our illustrious guest at Corinth." So they thought, and so they did. Taking Apollos home with them,

they "expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly." They told him how the predictions of John the Baptist had been fulfilled in Jesus; how he had died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and thus had shown himself to be the true Sin-bearer, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. They told him, moreover, how he had risen from the dead according to the Scriptures; and how, after ascending to the right hand of the Majesty in heaven, he had sent the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, thus baptizing his disciples with fire as John had foretold. Thus, in the workshop of a humble tent-maker at Ephesus, the eloquent Alexandrian was enriched with a better erudition and higher style of scholarship than the schools of his native city had been able to impart.

This transaction, it has often been remarked, was exceedingly creditable to both parties. One is at a loss which to admire most. Many people in *Aquila and Priscilla's* place would have taken occasion, from their being able to set the accomplished Alexandrian right on many points, to gain for themselves a little renown in the congregation as persons of superior information. They would have been ready to call him (as Matthew Henry says) "a young, raw preacher, not fit to come into a pulpit." Not so did Aquila and Priscilla. They saw at a glance that Apollos possessed gifts far excelling any with which they had been endowed. They counted it a joy and honour to communicate to him the information he still lacked, and so to do something in the way of furnishing him more perfectly for the work to which the Lord had evidently called him. The good feeling manifested by *Apollos* is equally observable. He could not but perceive that the strangers who had invited him to their house were less amply gifted than himself. Nevertheless he had the modesty and good sense to perceive also that they possessed treasures of knowledge which had hitherto been hidden from him; and he was well content to sit at their feet and be a learner again.

APOLLOS AT CORINTH.

Apollos did not remain long at Ephesus after meeting with Aquila and Priscilla. Crossing the Ægean, he set to work in Achaia, and especially in Corinth. It is easy to see that the tent-maker

and his wife had something to do with this movement. They had just come from Corinth. They knew that after Paul left the city there was no man in the newly-gathered Church who was qualified to take up the work where the Apostle had left off, and carry it forward with the requisite vigour. More than any other of the early Churches, the Corinthians required the presence among them of a man of commanding ability, to harmonize conflicting elements, and guard the Christian cause against errors on either hand. In their new friend Aquila and Priscilla recognized the right man for the place; and they not only urged him to go, but brought the matter before the disciples at Ephesus. Accordingly, when Apollos departed, he carried with him a letter of commendation from the Church at Ephesus to the brethren at Corinth. It is the earliest instance on record of a kind of letters which have ever since been in use between the Churches of Christ. It is right that those who have approved themselves sincere and useful members of the Church should, when they remove to another place, bear with them such credentials as shall ensure for them an immediate and cordial welcome into church-fellowship and private friendship. It is especially expedient and becoming that when men, coming into a place where they are personally unknown, profess to be evangelists or ministers of the Word, they should be required to produce letters of commendation from the Churches to which they formerly belonged; and that, till this is done, they should not be suffered to discharge any public service. On the margin of Luther's Bible, over against the verse which speaks of Apollos's letter of introduction, the Reformer has this pungent note, in his own hand: "The men who sneak about without letters let no man trust." Attention to that plain and scriptural rule would prevent many scandals.

The Corinthian ministry of Apollos is mentioned in several places, especially in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. From these places and the narrative in the Acts we can form a sufficiently accurate conception of its general tenor. Two characteristics deserve notice.

1. His ministry was the complement of Paul's. This is expressed by the Apostle himself in the

oft-quoted words in which he tells how "Paul planted and Apollos watered." Paul's work was to lay the foundation; Apollos's work was to build thereupon. Luke's statement is to the same effect: "He helped them much which had believed this grace." The gifts which Christ distributes among his servants are exceedingly various. Some are fitted for gathering in unbelievers; others are fitted rather to edify those who through grace already believe. It is sufficiently obvious that the second was the mode of service to which Apollos was specially called. He watered what had been already planted. It is well for any Church, if it is furnished with both kinds of gifts; doubly well when the members are enabled to give God thanks for both, instead of being puffed up for one against the other. Apollos's function, though it may not equal Paul's in regard to peril or honour, equals it in regard to necessity. The principal intention of the stated ministry of the Word is "the edifying of the body of Christ till we all come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

2. Apollos was signally useful in defending the gospel against the objections of the unbelieving Jews. "He mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly"—that is to say, he confuted their errors with great power, delivering what we should call controversial lectures on the subject, "showing by the scriptures that Jesus was the Christ." It may be well supposed that the various learning he had acquired at Alexandria, especially his thorough knowledge of the Old Testament, would be of the greatest advantage to him in this kind of service. Controversy has its dangers. Those who engage in it do well to remember that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God," and that "the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves." Still it must not be forgotten that there are times when controversy cannot be declined without sin—times when one who would be found faithful must stand forth for the defence of the gospel. If men will attack the truth, their attacks must be repelled. The wolf must be beaten off, that Christ's flock may feed in the green pastures in safety.

The circumstance that Apollos took such a prominent part in confuting the unbelieving Jews, and that he brought to the controversy a great store of Alexandrian erudition, with great power in the Scriptures, has led some to think that he must have been the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Luther favoured this supposition, and he has been followed by many of the modern expositors. It can hardly be necessary to explain that the Epistle to the Hebrews is anonymous. The title in the English Bible attributing it to Paul is of no authority, and there has been from the first a great variety of opinions regarding the real authorship of the epistle. No one supposition is free from difficulty. That which makes Apollos the writer, if it removes some difficulties, involves us in more. For my own part, I cannot divest myself of the feeling that the epistle must be Paul's. At the same time, it is far from impossible that Apollos may have had a hand in it also. Luke's gospel is an example in Scripture of double authorship. Internal evidence concurs with ancient tradition in testifying that, though from the pen of Luke, it was written under the eye of the Apostle Paul. It is quite possible that the Apostle may have associated Apollos with himself in framing the great epistle, in which he makes it his business

to do in writing what Apollos did with the living voice at Corinth,—to confute the Jews mightily, showing from the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, the High Priest after the order of Melchizedek.

The history of Apollos after he left Corinth is quite unknown. We cannot tell where he died, or by what manner of death he glorified God. From a brief notice in 1 Cor. xvi. 12, we gather, that after having laboured for a good while in Corinth, he left the city: "As touching our brother Apollos, I greatly desired him to come unto you with the brethren: but his will was not at all to come at this time; but he will come when he shall have convenient time." Whether the convenient time the Apostle looks forward to ever did come, we cannot tell. One of the parties into which the Corinthian Church was divided called itself after Apollos. But the very cordial way in which he is mentioned in the passage just quoted is sufficient proof that he had no hand in the unchristian contention. His name is mentioned only once after this. As the mention of it occurs in the Epistle to Titus, he must have lived a good many years after leaving Corinth; but the passage does not afford us any definite information regarding his movements.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

BY ANNIE LUCAS.

[WHEN some of the companions of Cortez entered one of the gates of Mexico, the ancient Tenochtitlan, after a long and heroic resistance, during which its devoted inhabitants suffered all the horrors of famine, they were met by an old man, who hailed them as "Children of the Sun," and reproached them for the miseries they had brought on his country and people, and with their want of resemblance to their Great Father. It is well known that the Indians regarded the Spaniards as possessed of supernatural powers.—See Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico."]]



Ye are Children of the Sun, he cried,—
Ye are Children of the Sun!
From the far-off world o'er the waters
wide,

Where he rests when day is done.
Ye came—his light on your gleaming hair,
His strength in your weapons-dread,
And a fearful power in your faces fair,
Like the calm looks of the dead.

Ye are Children of the Sun, he cried,—
Ye are Children of the Sun!
In blood and fire have our high hopes died;
The victory ye have won.

In vain o'er his altar's crimsoned stone
Has the warm life-tide gushed free,
For our mighty War-god well hath known
Ye were stronger e'en than he.

Ye are Children of the Sun, we own,—
Ye are Children of the Light!
In his palace hall, by his golden throne,
Ye have met your Father's sight.
With the death-fire from the thunder-cloud,—
With the fierce earth-shaker's tread,—
He hath sent you forth; and our hearts are
bowed,
For our glorious Past is dead.

Ye are Children of the Sun, we know,
For ye have your Father's might !
But we look in vain on the children's brow
For the Father's gentle light,—
For the gushing streams from the mountain-side,
And the gorgeous forest bowers,
And the smiling fields of the valleys wide,
And the rainbow-tinted flowers,—

And the glowing fruits, and the ripening corn,
And the deep mine's precious things,
With the fair, sweet light of the rosy morn,—
Your Father's presence brings.
But, oh ! Children of that glorious One,
Ye are dealing not like him !
For ye leave, where'er your will is done,
Mournful eyes, with weeping dim ;

Black ashes where once our glad homes stood,
Dark stains upon fount and plain ;
Your swords are dyed with the noble blood
Of our best and bravest slain.
We have striven long, but our day of fate
Is come, and our last hope gone ;
Then enter ye Tenochtitlan's gate,
And swift be the death-work done !

Enter ! There wait your high behests
But the dying and the dead ;
March in with victor plumes and crests,
With conqueror's haughty tread.

We murmur not ; for our time of pride—
Our course of joy is run.
And ye're Children of the Sun, he cried,
Ye are Children of the Sun !

* * * * *
"Ye are Children of the Sun !" Thus spake
Those heathen lips of old ;
An echo in my soul they wake ;
Deep solemn thoughts unfold.
Are we not children of the Sun,
And children of the light ?
How brightly should our course be run
Before man's watching sight !

Children of Him who pours His light,
His blessed light, o'er all !
How surely should a radiance bright,
Like sunbeams round us fall !
How gently on each human flower
Our influence should be shed ;
What holy, gladdening, ripening power
Should round our pathway spread !

Father, before Thy golden throne,
We ne'er have stood as yet,
But One who makes our cause His own
Is in its brightness set.
Oh, for His sake, and in His might,
Give us to live and shine,
As children of the Sun, whose light,
Whose power, whose deeds are thine !

Apologetics for the People.

BY DR. R. PATERSON, CHICAGO.

VIII.

ANTIQUITY OF CREATION.

IN the last paper we saw Astronomy demonstrating our need of a revelation from God. In this we shall see how it illustrates and confirms that revelation. Seen through the telescope, the Bible glows with celestial splendour. Even its cloudy mysteries are displayed as clouds of light, and its long-misunderstood phrases are resolved, by a scientific investigation, into galaxies of brilliant truths, proclaiming to the philosopher that the Book which describes them is as truly the Word of God as the heavens which it describes are his handiwork.

If, once in a century, a profound practical astronomer is found denying the inspiration of the Bible, he will either acknowledge or discover himself not familiar with its contents. For the most part, the charges brought against the Bible, of contradicting the facts of astronomy, are based upon misstatements and mistakes of its teachings, and so do not fall within the range of

the telescope, or the department of the observatory. The Sabbath-school teacher, and not the astronomer, is the proper person to correct such errors. A few months' instruction in the Bible class of any well conducted Sabbath school would save some of our popular anti-Bible lecturers from the sin of misrepresenting the Word of God, and the shame of hearing children laugh at their blunders.

A favourite field for the display of their knowledge of science, and ignorance of the art of reading, by our modern infidels, is the Bible account of creation, in the first chapter of Genesis, which is alleged to be utterly irreconcilable with the known facts of astronomy and geology. Leaving the latter out of view for the present, the astronomical objections may all be arranged under four heads. First, that the Bible account of the creation of man, only some six or seven thousand years ago, must be false, because the records of astronomical ob-

servations, taken more than seventeen thousand years ago, by the Hindus and Egyptians, are still in existence, and have been verified. Second, that the light of some of the stars now shining upon us, and especially of some of the distant nebulae, must have left them millions of years ago, to have travelled over the vast space which separates them from us, and be visible on our globe now; whereas the Bible teaches that the universe was created only some six or seven thousand years ago. Third, that the Bible represents God as creating the sky a solid crystal or metallic sphere, or hemisphere (they are not agreed which), to which the stars are fastened, and with which they revolve round the earth, which every school-boy knows to be absurd. Fourth, that the Bible represents God as creating the sun and moon only two days before Adam, and as creating light before the sun, which is also held to be absurd.

1. The first of these objections—that the Hindus and Egyptians made astronomical observations thousands of years before Adam, and that the accuracy of these observations has been verified by modern calculations—is *simply untrue*. No such observations were ever made. The pretended records of such have been proved, in the case of the Hindu astronomy, to be forgeries—and in the case of the Egyptian records, blunders of the discoverers. There is not an authentic uninspired astronomical observation extant for three thousand years after Adam.

The objection, however, is worth noticing, and its history worth remembering, as a specimen of the way in which ignorant men swallow impudent falsehoods, if they only seem to contradict the Word of Truth. When the labours of Oriental scholars had made the Vedas and Shasters—the sacred books of the Hindus—accessible to European philosophers, a wonderful shout was raised among infidels. “Here,” it was said, “is the true chronology. We always knew that man was not a degenerate creature, fallen from a higher estate some few thousand years ago, but that he has existed from eternity, in a constant progress toward his present lofty position; and now we have the authentic records of the most ancient and civilized people in the world—the people of India—reaching back for millions of years before the Mosaic cosmogony, and allowing ample time for the development of the noble savage into the cultivated philosopher. These records have every mark of truth, giving minute details of events, and histories of successive lines of princes; and, moreover, record the principal astronomical facts of the successive periods—eclipses, comets, positions of stars, &c.—which attest their veracity. Henceforth the Hebrew records must hide their heads. Neither as poetry nor history can they pretend to compare with the Vedas.”

The Hindu Shasters were accordingly, for a time, in high repute among people who knew very little about them. Even Dr. Adam Clarke was so far led away with the spirit of the age, as to pollute his valuable commentary by the insertion of the *Gîtâgovinda*, after the

Chaldee Targum on the Song of Solomon, where the curious reader can satisfy himself as to the scientific value of such Pantheistic dotings. By the infidels of Britain and America they were appealed to as standard works of undoubted authority; and hundreds, who declared that it was irrational credulity to believe in the Bible, risked their souls on the faith of the Vedas, of which they never had read a single sentence!

Now, when we remember that these veracious chronicles reach back through *maha yugs* of 4,320,000 years of mortals, a thousand of which, or 4,320,000,000, make a *kalpa*, or one day of the life of Brahma, while his night is of the same duration, and his life consists of a hundred years of such days and nights, about the middle of which period the little span of our existence is placed; that among the facts of the history are the records of the seven great continents of the world, separated by seven rivers and seven chains of mountains, four hundred thousand miles high (reaching only to the moon); of the families of their kings, one of whom had a hundred sons, another only ten thousand, another sixty thousand, who were born in a pumpkin, nourished in pans of milk, reduced to ashes by the curse of a sage, and restored to life by the waters of the Ganges;—and that among the astronomical observations by which the accuracy of these extraordinary facts is confirmed, are accounts of deluges, in which the waters not only rose above the tops of earth's mountains, but above the seven inferior and three superior worlds, *reaching even to the Pole Star*,*—we may well wonder at the faith which could receive all this as so true, that on the strength of it they rejected the miracles of the Bible as false. Even Voltaire ridiculed these stories.

But a visionary man, named Baillie, calculated the alleged observations backwards, and found them sufficiently correct to satisfy him that all the rest of the story was equally true. It never seems to have occurred to him that if he could calculate eclipses *backwards*, so could the Hindus. It is just as easy to calculate an eclipse, or the position of a planet, backwards as forwards. If I watch the motion of the hands of a clock accurately, and find that the little hand moves over the twelfth of a circle every hour, and the large hand around the circle in the same time, and that the large hand, now at noon, covers the little one, I can calculate that at sixteen minutes and a quarter past three it will nearly cover it again; but then, it is just as easy to count that the two hands were covered at sixteen minutes and a quarter before nine that morning, or that they were exactly in line at 6 A.M. If my clock would keep going at the same rate for a thousand years, I could predict the position of the hands at any hour of the 29th of March of the year 2857; but it is evident that the very same calculation applied the other way would show the position that the hands would have had a thousand years ago, or five thousand years ago, just

* Duff's "India," p. 127.

as well. And if I were to allege that my clock was made by Tubal Cain, before the Flood, and for proof of the fact declare, that on the first of January 3857, B.C., at 6 o'clock P.M., I had seen the two hands directly in line,—and some wiseacre were to calculate the time, and find that at that hour the hands ought to have been just in that position, and conclude thence that I was undoubtedly one of the antediluvians, and the clock no less certainly a specimen of the craft of the first artificer in brass and iron, the argument would be precisely parallel to the infidel's argument from the Tirvalore Tables, and the astronomy of the Vedas.

But suppose my clock ran a little slow—say half a minute in the month, or so—or that it was made to keep siderial time, which differs by a little from solar time, and that I did not know exactly what the difference was, it is evident that on a long stretch of some hundreds or thousands of years, I would get out of my reckoning, and the hands would not have been in the positions I had calculated. Now, this was just what happened with the Brahmins and their calculations. The clock of the heavens keeps a uniform rate of going, but they made a slight mistake in the counting of it, and so did their infidel friends. But our modern astronomers have got the true time, set their clocks, and made their tables by it; and on applying these tables to the pretended Hindu observations, find that they are all wrong, and that no such eclipses as they allege ever did, or possibly could have happened, in our solar system.* So the Hindu astronomy is now consigned to the same tomb with the Hindu chronology and cosmogony,—except when a missionary, on the banks of the Ganges, exhibits it to the pupils of his English school, as a specimen of the falsehoods which have ever formed the swaddling-bands of Pantheism; or when some Louisiana planter astonishes a Yankee schoolmaster in search of employment, with an exhibition of the profound philosophy sheltered among the cane-brakes.

Failing in the attempt to substitute Brahmanism for Christianity, infidels beat a retreat from India, and went down into Egypt for help. Here they made prodigious discoveries of the scientific and religious truths believed by the worshippers of dogs and dung-beetles, recorded upon the coffins of holy bulls, and the temples sacred to crows and crocodiles. The age was favourable for French discoveries.

Napoleon and his savans cut out of the ceiling of a temple at Dendera, in Egypt, a stone covered with uncouth astronomical, astrological, and hieroglyphic figures, which they insisted was a representation of the sky at the time the temple was built; and finding a division made between the signs of the crab and the lion, and marks for the sun and moon there, they took it into their heads that the sun must have entered the Zodiac at that spot on the year this Zodiac was made; and calculating back, found that must be at least seven-

teen thousand years ago. Hundreds of thousands visited the wonderful antediluvian monument in the National Library in Paris, where it had been brought, and where infidel commentators were never wanting to inform them that this remarkable stone proved the whole Bible to be a series of lies. A professor of the University of Breslau published a pamphlet entitled *Invincible Proof that the Earth is at least ten times older than is taught by the Bible*. Scores of such publications followed, and for forty years infidel newspapers, magazines, and reviews kept trumpeting this great refutation of the Bible. From these it descended to the vulgar, with additions and improvements; and it is now frequently alleged as proving that "ten thousand years before Adam was born, the priests of Egypt were carving astronomy on the Pyramids." There is scarcely one of my French or German readers who has not heard of it.

It did not shake the sceptic's credulity in the least that no two of the savans were agreed, by some thousands of years, how old it was—that they could not tell what the Egyptian system of astronomy was—and that none of them could read the hieroglyphics which explained it. Whatever might be doubtful, of one thing they were all perfectly sure,—that it was far older than the Creation. But in 1832 the curious Egyptian astronomy was studied, and it appeared that the sun and moon were so placed on the Zodiac to mark the beginning of the year there; and the dividing line fenced off one half of the sky under the care of the sun, while the other was placed under the moon's patronage. Then it was discovered that the positions of the stars were represented by the pictures of the gods whose names they bore—Jupiter, Saturn, &c.—and by calculating the places of these pictures back, it was found that this Zodiac represented their places in the year of our Lord 37—the year of the birth of Nero, a great temple-builder and repairer. Finally, Champollion learned to read the hieroglyphics; and the names, surnames, and titles of the emperors Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, and Domitian, were found on the temple of Dendera—and on the portico of the temple of Esneh, which had been declared to be a few thousand years older than that of Dendera, the names of Claudius and Antoninus Pius—while the whole workmanship and style of building have satisfied all antiquarians that these buildings were erected during the declining days of art in the Roman Empire. The Roman title, *autocrat*, engraved on the Zodiac itself, attests its antiquity to be not quite two thousand, instead of seventeen or twenty-seven thousand years.

But, not satisfied with merely demolishing the batteries of infidelity, astronomy has been employed to ascertain the dates of numbers of events recorded on Egyptian monuments to have happened to one or other of the Pharaohs, "beloved of Ammon, and brother of the Sun," when such a star was in such a position. Mr. Poole has spent years in gathering such inactive

* "Connection of the Physical Sciences," p. 83.

tions, and in calculating the dates thus furnished. The astronomer-royal at Greenwich, Mr. Airy, has reviewed the calculations, and finds them correct. Wilkinson, the great Egyptologist, agrees with their conclusions. And the result is, that *the astronomical chronology of the Egyptian monuments sustains the Bible chronology.*" Geology comes forward to confirm the testimony of her elder sister, and assures us that the alleged vast antiquity of the Egyptian monuments is impossible, as it is not more than 5000 years since the soil of Egypt first appeared above water as a muddy morass.† The learned Adriaan Balbe thus sums up the whole question: "No monument, either astronomical or historical, has yet been able to prove the books of Moses false; but with them, on the contrary, agree, in the most remarkable manner, the results obtained by the most learned philologists and the profoundest geometricians."‡

2. To the second objection—that astronomers have discovered stars whose light must have been millions of years travelling to this earth, and that, consequently, these stars must have existed millions of years ago, and therefore the Bible makes a false declaration when it says that the universe was created only some six or seven thousand years ago—I reply by asking, *Where does the Bible say so?*

"What!" says our objector, "is not that the good old orthodox doctrine of Christians and commentators? Do they not unanimously denounce geologists and astronomers as heretics, for asserting the vast antiquity of the earth?"

We shall see presently that no such unanimity of denunciation has ever existed, and that some of the most ancient and learned Christian commentators taught the antiquity of the earth from the Bible before geology was born. But that is not the question before us just now. We are not asking what the good old orthodox doctrine of Christians, or the unanimous opinion of commentators may have been, but what is the reading of the Bible—*What does this book say?*—not, "What does somebody think?"

"Well," replies our objector, "does not the Bible say, in the first of Genesis, that God created the heavens and the earth in six days, and Adam on the sixth? And are not chronologists agreed that that was not more than seven thousand years ago, at the very utmost?"

If the Bible had said that God created the heavens and the earth in six days, and that the end of that period was only seven thousand years ago, it would by no means follow that the beginning of it was only a few hours before that; for every Bible reader knows that the most common use of the word *day* in Scripture is to denote, not a period of twenty-four hours, but a period of time which may be of various lengths.§ In

this very narrative (Gen. ii. 5) it is used to denote the whole period of the six days' work. "In the day the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." Does it mean just twenty-four hours there? In the first of Genesis, its duration is defined to consist of "the evening and the morning." Before our infidel chronologist finds out the Bible date of creation, he must be able to tell us of *what length was the evening which preceded the first morning*, and with it constituted the first day. God has of set purpose placed stumbling-blocks for scoffers at the entrance and the exit of the Bible, as a rebuke to pride and vain curiosity (Dan. xii. 10; Job xxxviii. 4; Col. ii. 18). He nowhere says that the first of the six days of Genesis was the *first* day, absolutely, of the earth's existence. And lest any one should think so, from the use of the ordinal adjective *first*, he does not use that word. But, while each of the other days is called "*day second*," "*day third*," &c., the first of the series is distinguished by the cardinal numeral; as, "*day one*;" literally, "*And evening was and morning was day one.*" The first day and the last day are hidden from man.

But if our objector had read the Bible attentively, he would have seen that it *does not say that God created the heavens and the earth in six days*. Before it begins to give any account of the six days' work, it tells us of a previous state of disorder; and, going back beyond that again, it says, "*In the beginning*, God created the heavens and the earth." It is as self-evident that this *beginning* was before the six days' work, as that the world must have existed before it could be adjusted to its present form. How long before, the Bible does not say, nor does the objector pretend to know. It may have been as many millions of years as he assigns to the stars, or twice as many, for anything he knows to the contrary. He must have overlooked the first two verses of the Bible, else he had never made this objection; which is simply a blunder, arising from incapacity to read a few verses of Scripture correctly.

But it is replied, "Does not the Bible say, in the fourth commandment, 'In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is,' &c.? True. But we are speaking just now of a very different work,—the work of *creation*. If any one does not know the difference between *create* and *make*, let him turn to his dictionary, and Webster will inform him that the primary literal meaning of *create* is, "to produce; to bring into being from nothing; to cause to exist." The example he gives to illustrate his definition is this verse: "In the beginning God *created* the heavens and the earth." But the primary meaning of *make* is, "to compel; to constrain;" thence, "to form of materials;" and he illustrates the generic difference between these two words by a quotation from Dwight: "God not only *made*, but *created*: he not only made the work, but the materials." Both words are as good translations of the Hebrew originals, *bara* and *asah*, as can be given.

* Poole's "Horns Egyptiacæ." † Henri, "L'Égypte Pharaonique."

‡ "Atlas Ethnographique," Eth. I.

§ See Cruden's "Concordance," Art. *Day*.

If any of my readers has not a dictionary, he can satisfy himself thoroughly as to the different meanings of these two words, and of their equivalents in the original Hebrew, by looking at their use in his Bible. Thus, he will find *create* applied to the creation of the heavens and the earth, in the beginning, when there could have been no pre-existent materials to make them from—unless we adopt the Atheistic absurdity of the eternity of matter; that is to say, *that the paving-stones made themselves*. Then it is applied to the production of animal life—v. 21—which is not a product or combination of any lifeless matter, but a direct and constant resistance to the chemical and mechanical laws which govern lifeless matter: “God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth” (Gen. i. 21). Next it is applied to the production of the human race, as a species distinct from all other living creatures, and not derived from any of them. “God created man in his own image” (Gen. i. 27). It is in like manner applied to all God’s subsequent bestowals of animal life and rational souls, which are directly bestowed by God, and are not in the power of any creature to give. “Thou sendest forth thy spirit: they are created.” “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth” (Ps. civ. 30; Eccles. xii. 1). In all these instances, the use of the word determines its literal meaning to be what Webster defines it—“to bring into being from nothing.”

The metaphorical use of the word is equally expressive of its literal meaning, for it is applied to the production of new dispositions of mind and soul utterly opposite to those previously existing. “Create in me a clean heart;” which God thus explains: “A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh” (Ps. li. 10; Ezek. xxxvi. 26). The Hebrew word *bra* has as many derivative meanings as our English word *create*; as we speak of “creating a peer,” “long abstinence creating uneasiness,” &c. But these no more change the primitive idea in the one case than in the other.

From this word *create*, the Bible very plainly distinguishes the words *make* and *form*, using them as the complement of the former, in many passages which speak of both creation and making. Thus man was both created and made. His life and soul are spoken of as a creation; his body as a formation from the dust. His deputed authority over the earth also implies a primal creation, and subsequent investiture; and so both terms are applied to it. So the words *make* and *form* are applied to the production of the bodies of animals from pre-existing materials, while animal life is ever spoken of as a product of creative power. But, that we may see that these processes are distinct, and that the words which express them have distinctive meanings, the Author of the Bible takes care to use them both in reference to this very work, in such a way that we cannot fail to perceive he intends some distinction, unless we suppose that he fills the Bible with use-

less tautologies. For instance: “On the seventh day, God rested from all his work, which God *created* and *made*.” “These are the generations of the heavens and the earth, when they were *created*, in the day the Lord God *made* the earth and the heavens.” “But now thus saith the Lord that *created* thee, Jacob, and he that *formed* thee, O Israel.” “For thus saith the Lord that *created* the heavens, God himself, that *formed* the earth and *made* it: he hath established it; he *created* it not in confusion; he *formed* it to be inhabited” (Gen. ii. 1-5; Isa. xliii. 1-7; xlv. 1, 2). In all these passages *creation* is clearly distinguished from *formation* and *making*, if the Bible is not a mass of senseless repetitions. If *create* and *make* and *form* have all the same meaning, why use them all in the same verse? These and many similar passages show that the Bible teaches the work of *creation*—calling things into being—to be previous to and distinct from the work of *making*—forming of materials already created.

Between these two widely different processes—of the original creation of the universe, and the subsequent preparation of the habitable earth, by the six days’ work—two intervening periods are indicated by Scripture, both of indefinite length. The first of these is that which intervened between the original creation and the period of disorder indicated in the second verse. The second is that disordered period during which the earth continued without form and void.

The original chaos which some would find in the second verse, never had any existence, save in the brains of Atheistic philosophers. It is purely absurd. God never created a chaos. Man never saw it. The crystals of the smallest grain of sand, the sporules of the humblest fungus on the rotten tree, the animalcules in the filthiest pool of mud, are as orderly in their arrangements, as perfect after their kind, and as wisely adapted to their station, as the angels before the throne of God. And as man never saw, so he has no language to describe a state of original disorder; for every word he can use implies a previous state of regularity: as, disorder tells of order dissolved; confusion, of previous forms melted together. So the poets who have tried to describe a chaos have been obliged to represent it as the wreck of a former state.

Both the Bible language and the Bible narrative correspond to the philosophy and philology of the case; for, by the use of the substantive verb in the past tense, implying progressive being, according to the usual force of the word in Hebrew, we are told literally, “the earth *became* without form and void.” God did not create it so; but after it was created, and by a series of revolutions not recorded, it became disordered and empty. The Holy Spirit takes care to explain this verse, by quoting it in Jer. iv. 23, as the appropriate symbolical description of the state of a previously existing and regularly constituted body politic, reduced to confusion by the calamities of war. Again: he explains both the terms used in it in Isa. xxxiv. 11, by using

them to describe, not the rude and undigested mass of the heathen poet, but the wilderness condition of a ravaged country, and the desolate ruins of once beautiful and populous cities: "He will stretch out upon it the line of *confusion*, and the stones of *emptiness*." In both these cases the previous existence of an orderly and populous state is implied. And, finally, we are expressly assured that the state of disorder mentioned in the second verse of Genesis i., was not the original condition of the earth—Isa. xlv. 18—where the very same word is used as in Genesis i. 2, "He created it not, *ten, disordered, in confusion*." The period of the earth's previous existence in an orderly state, or that occupied by the revolutions and catastrophes which disordered its surface, is not recorded in Scripture.

The second period is that of disorder, which must have been of some duration, more or less, and is plainly implied to have been of considerable length in the declaration that "the Spirit of the Lord moved"—literally, *was brooding* (a figure taken from the incubation of fowls)—"upon the face of the waters." But no portion of Scripture gives any intimation of the length of this period.

If, then, astronomers and geologists assert that the earth was millions, or hundreds of millions, of years in process of preparation for its present state by a long series of successive destructions, and renovations, and gradual formations, there is not one word in the Bible to contradict that opinion; but, on the contrary, very many texts which fully and unequivocally imply its truth. But as the knowledge of the exact age of the earth is by no means necessary to any man's present happiness, or the salvation of his soul, it is nowhere taught in the Bible. God has given us the stars to teach us astronomy, the earth to teach us geology, and the Bible to teach us religion, and neither contradicts the other.

This is no new interpretation evoked to meet the necessities of modern science. The Jewish rabbins, and those of the early Christian fathers who gave any attention to criticism, are perfectly explicit in recognising these distinctions. The doctrine of the creation of the world only six or seven thousand years ago is a product of monkish ignorance of the original language of the Bible. But Clemens of Alexandria, Chrysostom, and Gregory Nazianzen, after Justin Martyr, teach the existence of an indefinite period between the creation and the formation of all things. Basil and Origen account for the existence of light before the sun by alleging that the sun existed, but that the chaotic atmosphere prevented his rays from being visible till the first day, and his light till the third.* Augustine, in his first homily, represents the first state of the earth, in Genesis i. 1, as bearing the same relation to its finished state that the seed of a tree does to the trunk, branches, leaves, and

fruit. Horsley, Edward King, Jennings, Baxter, and many others who wrote during the last two centuries, but before the period of geological discovery, explained the second verse substantially as did Bishop Patrick one hundred and fifty years ago. "How long all things continued in confusion, we are not told. *It might have been, for anything that is here revealed, a very great while.*"*

Some persons, however, have supposed that the chaos of the second verse succeeded immediately to the creation of the first, and that the six days' work in like manner followed that instantaneously, or at least after a very brief interval, because the records of these cycles are connected by the word *and*, which, they think, precludes the idea of any lengthened periods or intervals. But the slightest reflection upon the meaning of the word will show that *and* cannot of itself be any *measure* of time, its use being to indicate merely *sequence* and *connection*. When used historically, it always implies an interval of time; for there can be no succession without an interval, but the length of that interval must be determined from the context, or some other source. A very cursory perusal of the Bible, either in English or Hebrew, will show that very often in its brief narratives the interval indicated by *and* and its Hebrew originals is a very long time. The descent of Jacob and his children into Egypt is connected with the record of their deaths in the very next verse by this word *and*, which thus includes nearly the lifetime of a generation. That event, again, is connected with a change of dynasty in Egypt, and the oppression and multiplication of the Israelites there, recorded in the next verse, by the same word *vai, and*; while the period over which it reaches was over two hundred years (Ex. i. 5, 8). So in the brief record of the family of Adam, after reciting the birth of Seth, the historian adds in the next verse: "And to Seth also was born a son, and he called his name Enos;" while the interval thus indicated by the word *and* was a hundred and five years. The command to build the ark, recorded in the last verse of the sixth chapter of Genesis, is connected with the command to enter into it, in the first verse of the seventh chapter, by this same word *and*, although we know from the nature of the case that the interval required for the construction of such a huge vessel must have been considerable; and from the third verse of the sixth chapter we learn that it was a hundred and twenty years. So the births and deaths of the antediluvians are connected by this same word *and* throughout the fifth chapter of Genesis, while the interval, as we see from the narrative, was often eight or nine hundred years. The descent of the Holy Spirit upon Christ, to qualify him for judging the world, is connected with the actual discharge of that office in the destruction of Antichrist by the breath of his mouth by this word *and* (Isa. xi. 3, 4), although the interval has been over eighteen

* Wiseman's Lectures on the Connection of Science and Revealed Religion.

* Commentary on Genesis i. 2.

hundred years. If, in the records of the generations of mortal men, the word *and* is customarily employed as a connecting link in the narrations of events separated by an interval of hundreds of years, it is quite consistent with the strictest propriety of language to employ it, with an enlargement proportioned to the duration of the subject of discourse, to connect intervals of millions in the narrative of the generations of the heavens and the earth.

The Bible uniformly attributes the most remote antiquity to the work of creation. So far from supposing man to be even approximately coeval with it, the emphatic reproof of human presumption is couched in the remarkable words: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" In majestic contrast with the frail human race, Moses glances at the primeval monuments of God's antiquity, as though by them he could form some faint conceptions even of eternity, and sings: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the universe, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God" (Ps. xc.).

The very word here used, *the beginning*, is in itself an emphatic refutation of the notion that the work of creation is only some six or seven thousand years old. Geologists have been unable to invent a better, and have borrowed from the Bible this very form of speech to designate those strata beyond which human knowledge cannot penetrate—the *primary formations*. But, with far greater propriety, the Holy Spirit uses this word with regard to ages, compared with which the utmost range of the astronomer's or geologist's reasonings is but as the tale of yesterday. For this word, in Bible usage, marks the last promontory on the boundless ocean of Eternity; the only positive word by which we can express the most remote period of past duration. It is not a date—a point of duration. It is a period—a vast cycle. It has but one boundary: that where creation rises from its abyss. Created eye has never seen the other shore. It is that vast period which the Bible assigns to the manifestations of the Word of God, "whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting." Carrying our astonished gaze far back beyond the era of his creature man, and ages before the "all things" that were made by him, the Bible places this *beginning* on the very shore of the eternity of God when it declares, "*In the beginning* was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" (John i. 1). Thus, both by the use of the imperfect tense *was*, denoting continued existence, and by the connection of this *beginning* with the eternity of the Word, does the Bible teach us to dismiss from our thoughts all narrow views of the period of duration employed in manifesting the glory of the self-existent Eternal One, and to raise our conceptions to the highest possible pitch, and then feel that far beyond the grasp of human calculation lies that *beginning*, which includes the years of the right hand of the Most High, and is even used as one of the

names of the Eternal: "*I AM THE BEGINNING and the Ending, saith the Lord, who is, and who was, and who is to come—THE ALMIGHTY*" (Rev. i. 8).

In another Bible exhibition of the eternity of the Son of God, we are conducted from that *beginning* downward, stage by stage, from those periods of remote antiquity prior to the formation of water, the upheaval of the mountains, the alluvial deposits, the subsidence of the existing sea-basins, and the adornment of the habitable parts of the earth, to that comparatively recent event, the existence of the sons of men. Our ideas of the eternity of the love of Christ are thus enhanced by the vastness of the ages which stretch out between the human race and that beginning when he was, as it were, "The Lamb slain from before the foundations of the world."

"The Lord possessed me *in the beginning of his way,*
Before his works of old.
I was set up from everlasting,
From the beginning, or ever the earth was.
When there were no depths, I was brought forth;
When there were no fountains abounding with water.
Before the mountains were settled,
Before the hills was I brought forth:
While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields,
Nor the highest part of the dust of the world.
When he prepared the heavens, I was there:
When he described a circle upon the face of the depth:
When he established the clouds above:
When he strengthened the fountains of the deep:
When he gave to the sea his decree,
That the waters should not pass his commandment:
When he appointed the foundations of the earth:
Then was I by him, as one brought up with him:
And I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him;
Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth;
And my delights were with the sons of men."—(Prov. viii. 22-31.)

Let the geologist, then, penetrate as deeply as he can into the profundities of the foundations of the earth, and bring forth the monuments of their hoary antiquity,—we will follow with the most unfaltering faith, and receive with joy these proofs of his eternal power and Godhead. Let the astronomer raise his telescope, and reflect on our astonished eyes the light which flashed from morning stars on the day of this earth's first existence, or even the rays which began to travel from distant suns millions of years ere the first morning dawned on our planet,—we will place them as jewels in the crown of Him who is the bright and morning star. They shall shed a sacred lustre over the pages of the Bible, and give new beauties of illustration to its majestic symbols. But never will geologist penetrate, much less exhaust, the profundity of its mysteries; nor astronomer attain, much less explore, the sublimity of that beginning revealed in its pages: for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, either the antiquity, or the nature, or the duration of

The things which God hath prepared for them that love him. Human science will never be able to reach the Bible era of creation. It is placed in an antiquity beyond the power of human calculation in that sublime sentence with which it introduces mortals to the Eternal: "*In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth.*"

3. The third objection we have named is equally unfounded. *The Bible nowhere teaches that the sky is a solid sphere, to which the stars are fixed, and which revolves with them around the earth.* I know that infidels allege that the word *firmament* in the first chapter of Genesis conveys this meaning. It does not. Neither the English word nor the Hebrew original has any such meaning. As to the meaning of the English word, I adhere to the dictionary. Infidels must not be allowed to coin uncouth meanings for words different from the known usage of the English tongue, for which Webster is undeniable authority. His definition of *firmament* is, "the region of the air; the sky, or heavens. In Scripture, the word denotes an expanse; a wide extent: for such is the signification of the Hebrew word coinciding with *regio*, *region*, and *reach*. The original, therefore, does not convey the sense of solidity, but of stretching—extension. The great arch or expanse over our heads, in which are placed the atmosphere and the clouds, and in which the stars appear to be placed, and are really seen." The word *firmament*, then, conveys no such meaning as the infidel alleges, to any man who understands the English tongue.

No Hebrew speaking man or woman ever did or ever could understand the original Hebrew word *regio* in any other sense than that of *expanse*; for the verb from which it is formed means to extend, or spread out, as even the English reader may see, by a few examples of its use, in the following passages of Scripture, where the English words by which the verb *rego* is expressed, are marked in italics. "Then did I beat them small as the dust of the earth, and did stamp them as the mire of the street, and did spread them abroad." "The goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold." "Thus saith the Lord: He that created the heavens, and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth." "I am the Lord, that maketh all things; that stretcheth forth the heavens alone, and spreadeth abroad the earth by myself." "To him that stretcheth out the earth above the waters." "The censers of these sinners against their own souls, let them make them broad plates, for a covering for the altar. And they were made broad." "Hast thou with him spread out the sky" (2 Sam. xxii. 43; Isa. xl. 19; xlv. 24; xlii. 5; Ps. cxxxvi. 6; Num. xvi. 38; Job xxxvii. 16); or, in Humboldt's elegant rendering, "the pure ether, spread (during the scorching heat of the south wind) as a melted mirror over the parched desert."* We might refer to the opinions of lexicographers, all unanimous in

ascribing the same idea to the word; but the authorities given above are conclusive. The meaning, then, of the Hebrew word rendered firmament, is so utterly removed from the notion of compactness, or solidity, or metallic or crystalline spheres, that it is derived from the very opposite: the fineness or tenuity produced by processes of expansion. Science has not been able to this day to invent a better word for the regions of space than the literal rendering of the original Hebrew word used by Moses—the *expanse*.

The inspired writers of the New Testament, though they found the world full of all the absurdities of the Greek philosophy, and their Greek translations of the Bible contiguously using the word *sterewosa*, which expressed these notions, *never used it but once*, and then not for the sky, but for the *steadfastness of faith* in Christ. Their thus using it once, shows that they were acquainted with the word, and its proper meaning, and that their disuse of it was intentional; while their disuse of it, and choice of another word to denote the heavens, proves decisively that they disapproved of the absurdity which it was understood to express. Now, whether you account for this fact by admitting their inspiration, or by alleging that they drew their language from the Hebrew original, and not from the Greek translation, it is in either case perfectly conclusive as to the scriptural meaning of the word. Indeed, it is marvellous how any man who is familiar with his Bible, and knows that the Scriptures usually describe the sky by metaphors conveying the very opposite ideas to those of solidity or permanence—as, "stretched out like a curtain," "spread abroad like a tent to dwell in," "folded up like a vesture," and the like—should allow himself to be imposed on by the impudent falsehood of Voltaire, that the Bible teaches us that the sky is a solid metallic or crystal hemisphere, supported by pillars.

Those beautiful figures of sacred poetry in which the universe is represented as the palace of the Great King, adorned with majestic "pillars," and "windows of heaven," whence he scatters his gifts among his expectant subjects in the courts below, have been grossly abused for the support of this miserable falsehood. We are assured, that so ignorant was Moses of the true nature of the atmosphere, and of the origin of rain, that he believed and taught that there was an ocean of fresh water on the outside of this metal hemisphere, which covered the earth like a great sugar-kettle, bottom upwards, and was supported on pillars; and at the bottom of the ocean were trap-doors, to let the rain through; which trap-doors in the metal firmament are to be understood, when the Bible speaks of the windows of heaven. Now, the bottom of an ocean is an odd place for windows, and a trap-door is rather a strange kind of watering-pot; and if Moses put the ocean of fresh water on the outside of his metal hemisphere, he must have changed his notions of gravity materially from the time he planned the brazen hemisphere for

* "Cosmos," v. 2, p. 60.

the tabernacle, which he turned mouth upwards, and put the water in the *inside*.

While such writers are quite clear about the metal trap-doors and the ocean, they have not yet fully fathomed the construction and arrangement of the pillars. Whether the Bible teaches that they are "pillars of salt," like Lot's wife; or of flesh and blood, like "James, Cephas, and John;" or such "iron pillars and brazen walls" as Jeremiah was against the house of Israel—whether they consisted of "cloud and fire," like the pillar Moses describes in the next book as floating in the sky over the camp of Israel; or are "pillars of smoke," such as ascend out of the wilderness—whether they are those "pillars of the earth which tremble" when God shakes it, or "the pillars of heaven which are astonished at his reproof"—whether they are the pillars of the earth and its anarchical inhabitants, which Asaph bore up; or are composed of the same materials as Paul's "pillar and basis of the truth," or the pillars of victory which Christ erects "in the temple of God" (Gen xix. 26; Ex. xiii. 20; xxxiii. 10; Jer. i. 18; Gal. ii. 7; Song of Sol. iii. 6; Job ix. 6; xxvi. 11; Ps. lxxv. 3; 1 Tim. iii. 15; Rev. iii. 12),—they have not yet decided. Whether the Hebrews understood these pillars to be arranged on the outside of the metal hemisphere, and if so, to imagine any use for them there; or in the inside, and in that case whether they kept the sky from falling upon the earth, or only supported the earth from falling into the sky,—these learned men are by no means agreed. Having trampled the pearl into fragments, their attempts to combine them into another shape are more amusing than successful; and it is hard to say which of the seven opinions ascribed to the Bible by infidel commentators is least probable. That opinion, however, will, doubtless, after more vigorous and protracted rooting, be discovered and greedily swallowed amid grunts of satisfaction: an appropriate reward of such laborious stupidity.

The absurdities of the Greek philosophers were not drawn from the Bible. Had the Greeks read the Bible more, they would have preserved the common sense God gave them a great deal longer, and would not, while professing themselves to be wise, have become such fools as to adore blocks and stones, and dream of metal firmaments. But they turned away their ears from the truth, and were turned unto such fables as infidels falsely ascribe to the Bible. A thousand years before the cycles and epicycles of the Ptolemaic astronomy were invented, and before learned Greeks had learned to talk nonsense about crystal spheres, and trap-doors in the bottom of celestial oceans, the writers of the Bible were recording those conversations of pious philosophers concerning stars, and clouds, and rain, from which Galileo derived the first hints of the causes of barometrical phenomena. The origin of rain, its proportion to the amount of evaporation, and the mode of its distribution by condensation, could not be propounded

by Humboldt himself with more brevity and perspicuity than they are expressed by the Idumean philosopher: "He maketh small the drops of water; they pour down rain according to the vapour thereof, which the clouds do drop and distil upon man abundantly. Also, can any understand the spreadings of the clouds, or the noise of his tabernacles?" (Job xxxvi. 29). The cause of this rarefaction of *cold water*—the clouds are not steam—is as much a mystery to the British Association as it was to Elihu; and even were all the mysteries of the electrical tension of vapours disclosed, "the balancings of the clouds" would only be more clearly discovered to be, as the Bible declares, "the wonderful works of Him who is perfect in wisdom." But the gravity of the atmosphere, the comparative density of floating water, and its increased density by discharges of electricity, were as well known to Job and his friends as they are to the wisest of our modern philosophers. "He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven, to make weight to air, and regulate waters by measure, in his making a law for the rain, and a path for the lightning of thunder" (Job xxviii. 24—literal reading). Three thousand years before the theory of the trade-winds was demonstrated, or before Maury had discovered the rotation and revolutions of the wind-currents, it was written in the Bible: "The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about to the north. And the wind returneth again, according to his circuits" (Eccles. i. 6).

Thousands of years before Newton, Galileo, and Copernicus were born, Isaiah was writing about the "orbit of the earth," and its insignificance in the eyes of the Creator of the host of heaven (Isa. xl.); Job was conversing with his friends, on the inclination of its axis, and its equilibrium in space: "He spreadeth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing" (Job xxvi. 7).

The "waters above the heavens," which the Holy Ghost harmonizes with other cosmical bodies—Sun, Moon, Fixed Stars, and distant Galaxies, Heavens of Heavens—in his arrangement of choristers for the grand anthem of the universe, have no reference to, or connection with, our earth. They refer to such phenomena as are indicated by the atmosphere loaded with vapours of Mercury and Venus, the "polar snows" and "greenish seas" of Mars, the trade-winds of Jupiter, and the rings of Saturn, "composed of a fluid a little denser than water" in our own system, and to analogous collections of water in more distant firmaments.* (Ps. cxlviii.)

So far from entertaining the least idea of the waters of the atmosphere being contained either on the outside or the inside of a metal or solid hemisphere, the writers of the Bible never once use, even figuratively, any expression conveying it. On the contrary, the well-known

* Herschell's "Outlines," §§ 509, 510, 512. "Annual of Scientific Discovery," 1842, p. 316.

scriptural figures for the fountains of the rain, are the soft, elastic, leathern waterskins of the East, "the bottles of the clouds," or the wide, flowing shawl or upper garment wherein the people of the East are accustomed to tie up loose, scattering substances (Ruth iii. 15). "He bindeth up the waters in his thick cloud, and the cloud is not rent under them." "Who hath bound the waters in a garment;" "As a vesture thou shalt change them;" or the loose, flowing curtains of a royal pavilion; or the extended covering of a tent: "His pavilion around him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies;" "The spreadings of the clouds, and the noise of his tabernacles;" "He spread a cloud for a covering" (Job xxxviii. 37; xxvi. 8; xxxviii. 9; xxxvi. 29; Ps. cv. 39; lxxvii. 17). Instead of the notion of a single ocean, the "number of the clouds" is proverbial in the Scriptures (Isa. xlv. 22; Jer. iv. 13; Job xxxviii. 37; Prov. xxx. 4) for a multitude; and in

direct opposition to the permanence of a vast metallic arch, the chosen emblems of instability and transitoriness, and of the utmost rapidity of motion, suitable even for the chariot of Jehovah, are selected from the heavens (Eccles. xi. 4; Ps. civ. 3; Matt. xxiv. 30).

In short, there is not the slightest vestige of any foundation in Scripture for the notions long afterwards introduced by the Greek philosophers. Yet Christians, who have read these passages of Scripture over and over again, allow themselves to give heed to infidels who have not, asserting, without the shadow of proof, that Moses taught absurdities which were not invented for a thousand years after his death. The Bible gives hints of many profound scientific truths; it teaches no absurdities; and, *instead of countenancing the notion that the sky is a solid metal hemisphere, it teaches, both literally and figuratively, directly the contrary.*

JACOB'S WRESTLING AND VICTORY.

AN OLD TESTAMENT STUDY.

GENESIS XXXII.

BY THE REV. J. C. MOORE, HAMBURG.



OF Jacob, tending the flocks of Laban the Syrian, comes a message from God. He is to arise and return to his own land, to his own people—to the home and kindred of his youth.

His sojourn in the strange land whither he had fled from the face of his deceived and wrathful brother Esau, has extended over many long and weary years. In his exile, as the heir of the promise, he has been richly blessed by the God of his fathers. His teeming herds have filled his tent with wealth and comfort. He is surrounded by a stately group of sons, in each of whom he recognizes a pledge of the faithfulness of the covenant God who had promised that his seed should be as the stars of heaven for number, and as the sand that is by the sea-shore innumerable. Thus, whilst earthly goods have been heaped up around him, his inner wealth of faith has been growing likewise; for the presence of the sons in his tent was a sign that God was beginning to fulfil the covenant he had made with his father Abraham.

The hour has now arrived when the divine purpose and revelation of grace are to receive a new development, in which Jacob and his seed

have a mighty part to play. Therefore he must now return to Canaan, in order a few years later to pass thence with his house into Egypt, where, in sore bondage, under the lash of the oppressor, Israel is to learn its high mission among the nations, and be trained in tribulation for its noble vocation—to be the conscience of humanity, the true Messianic race.

He is obedient to the call of Heaven. Gathering his wives and sons around him, he explains to them the divine command, and takes counsel with them regarding their departure. Then follows the stealthy flight from the dangerous neighbourhood of his father-in-law, the pursuit of the fugitives, God's intervention on their behalf, and the final amicable parting and covenant between Laban and the patriarch.

Hardly has he escaped from this danger, however, when a new and more threatening one arises before him. A great fear falls upon Jacob when his mind, freed from the thought of the vengeance pursuing him from behind, turns to the contemplation of that which lies before him, and which he is journeying to meet. He remembers the wrong he had done his brother long years before. In ceasing to be a fugitive from

the wrath of the Syrian Laban, he awakes to the consciousness of that old debt of vengeance which Esau had sworn should one day be wiped out in blood.

This brings us to what must be regarded as the great crisis of the patriarch's life, when his faith is to be educated to its highest grasp, when the heel-grasper Jacob is to become Israel the prince, mighty with God to prevail. And, remembering the position occupied by Jacob and his house in the divine economy of grace and redemption, may we not say we are here face to face with one of the greater crises in the history of our race? For, humanly speaking, had Jacob's faith now failed him—if, fearing to meet his brother, he had turned aside from the path God had called him to follow, and sought pasturage for his flocks and a safe retreat for himself and his family in some of the rich plains that lay along his route—Israel would never have passed into Egypt, the law would never have been given on Sinai, and the glory of the Lord would never have appeared in the temple at Jerusalem.

We shall perhaps best appreciate the nature and issue of this crisis in Jacob's and Israel's history, if we glance briefly at the three stages in its development that are unmistakably discernible in the narrative we are studying.

The first of these is described in verses 3-8. It marks the period of Jacob's great dread, when he awakes to the consciousness of the magnitude of the approaching danger. His fear overcomes him, and yielding to its impulse, he seeks to extricate himself from danger by means which his terrors suggest. And verily he had cause for dread. No message from his mother had come to say that Esau's wrath had been mitigated by the influence of time. We can imagine how the patriarch's heart must often have yearned, during the long years of his exile, for some token of remembrance, some message of peace, from the home of his childhood. We can picture him to ourselves seated at the door of his tent at eventide, the twilight shadows darkening over the Syrian plain, gazing wistfully in the direction from which he knew such a message must have reached him. But he had watched and waited in vain. None of the herdsmen had been called in haste from the flocks of Isaac, and sent

forth on the swiftest camel, with a sure token from Rebecca that the way was now open for the wanderer's return to his kindred and home. No dust-stained messenger had entered the Syrian tent to tell him there was peace in Canaan, for that Esau had spoken of his absent brother, and, forgetting his ancient wrongs, had desired to be reconciled with him ere the sun of their father's life should set. On the contrary, all the information he had been able to gather had gone to show a gloomier picture than his worst fears had drawn. In prudent strategy, he had sent out messengers to inquire how the land lay, and bring him word as to his brother's feeling towards him. And very terrible was the report these envoys had brought back to the patriarch: "We came to thy brother Esau, and also he cometh to meet thee, and four hundred men with him." More than a score of years have passed, and even yet the wrath has not died out of the brother's heart. The old wrong is still fresh and rankling in the memory of the wronged one, who is, moreover, now in a position to take ample vengeance. And then, apart from all external grounds for fear, Jacob bore within his own breast a secret monitor whose still small voice kept telling him, in tones he could not choose but hear, that his sin deserved the heaviest stripes that could be laid upon him. There is truth in the poet's philosophy, "'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all." Man carries about with him, in his own bosom, an agent for judgment and retribution whom he cannot deceive, and from whom escape is impossible. The condemnation of one's own heart is hard to bear. It is not compensated for by heaped-up wealth, by glittering power, by any lapse of years since the dark deed was done.

Sometimes, wandering in the picture-gallery of an old ancestral mansion, the visitor lights upon a portrait whose features are hidden from his scrutiny. It hangs in its place among the others, but its face is turned to the wall, as if its fellows disowned its relationship and shrank from its society. There is a dark tale of crime and dishonour connected with it that, when whispered amid the lengthening shadows of the twilight, still causes the old shame to flush anew over the heart, though generations may have

passed away, and the outside world have long since forgotten the sin. The memory is the picture-gallery of the individual past. In most men's lives there are pictures turned to the wall, whose features they shrink from gazing upon—dark, secret cupboards that they fear to open and explore. But conscience is an unscrupulous, unrelenting showman, that lays bare before the sinner's gaze his most secret faults. His fellow-men may hold him in high esteem for wealth, for goodness, for piety; but the scarred memory refuses to be healed. In the hour of solitude conscience asserts its power; phantom voices out of the past ring in the sinner's ears the old tale of shame. The sins and faults of youth may have been long since repented of; they may have been long since wrapped in sackcloth, and laid at the feet of the Lord; but still there come those dark hours when in memory we relive the past, when conscience reads to us the story of our lives backwards, and we shrink from the face of our fellows in utter shame.

At such times there is but one path that can lead the distressed heart out of darkness into light, and bring the trembling sinner up from the depths of the guilty past to the clear heights of faith, where the soul can gaze unblinkingly on the face of God. That path leads straight to Calvary. There let him cast himself at the foot of the cross, crying anew with the old earnestness, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and putting himself, his sin, his fate, in the hands of Jesus. He will accept the trust. He will bury anew the dead past of his life, and make the present and the future luminous in the light of the Father's love.

This seems to have been the experience of Jacob at this first stage in the great crisis of his life; for when we contemplate him entering on the second stage, in the development of our narrative, we find the suppliant before the throne of grace.

This second period is embraced in verses 9–12. What follows then till the end of verse 22 is mainly intended to illustrate the efficacy of the means to which Jacob turned for help in the hour of his sore distress, and to show the happy results that flowed from his prayer.

In this earnest cry to God for help in the hour

of the patriarch's despair, we note some features that are common to all believing prayer.

He bases his supplication on promises of God, expressly given and special to his case. He feels that in the covenant between Jehovah and Abraham he has a personal interest. He realizes that it is a covenant God with whom he has to do. Here we discover a trait found in all believing prayer. The Christian approaches God in the consciousness of the covenant with Christ. He has a personal interest in all the promises made by the Father to the Son.

Then again: how strongly marked is the feature of confession of unworthiness in the patriarch's approach to God. He has the promise, he knows that God's covenant shall be fulfilled; but at the same time, even when claiming that fulfilment, and basing his claim on God's faithfulness, he is penetrated with a deep sense of his own unworthiness. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him? I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies. Such is, in every case, the soul-speech of the praying Christian.

But, mingling with his humility, and underlying all his supplication, note how strong a confidence in Jehovah's power and willingness to help pervades his address; and it is a confidence based on and justified by experience. God had blessed and helped him in former trials, therefore now he will not desert him. As he had before helped him out of danger, so now he will be a shield unto him against the vengeance of Esau.

His prayer ended, we have in the following verses the blessed result that flowed from it. The distressed and anxious mind has laid its heavy burden at the feet of God. The heavy heart has sought lightening at the throne of grace, and the Lord has heard the wail of his servant. He has poured balm into the wounded spirit. Peace of mind and assurance of the love and protection of Jehovah, a disposition to be still and wait upon God's doing,—this is the form of the answer given to his prayer. And in his whole demeanour, on emerging from that intercourse with God, we can trace the results of his confidence. It is no longer an escape from Esau's vengeance that occupies his thoughts and directs his efforts. On the contrary, he is now

mainly concerned how to effect a reconciliation with the brother he had wronged. His plans of strategy are abandoned. A new arrangement is made of his flocks and progress. The valuable presents sent on in advance are not bribes to purchase safety, but are intended as restoration, so far as lies in his power, of what he had once unjustly acquired by robbing his brother of the birthright—of the first place in the tent of their father; for the spiritual meaning of the promise had not yet become clear to the patriarchal consciousness; and in the minds even of Abraham and Isaac the idea of the birthright was always connected with the possession of the external blessing that marked it. Jacob was now to pass from the sign to the thing signified. He was to attain to a higher platform of faith and discernment of the divine purpose. As a necessary step in his training for this higher revelation, he now voluntarily restores what he formerly laboured to acquire—the wealth that was the outward sensible sign of the inner and spiritual birthright.

We now approach the last stage in the development of Jacob the heel-grasper into the prince mighty to prevail with God. It is presented to us in the record of the mysterious night-struggle. This is the decisive moment in the history. Let us therefore examine it with somewhat closer attention than we have bestowed on the earlier parts of the narrative. Four points fall to be considered in order to gain a clear and vivid conception as to the nature of the struggle and the issue involved in it.

In the first place, the *cause* of the wrestling must undoubtedly be sought in the subjectivity of Jacob himself. There can be no question but that he entered on the fearful night-conflict, that lasted till daybreak, on account of a great overmastering *fear* that had taken possession of his mind; not, however, the old dread of Esau's vengeance—that had been dispelled and dissipated for ever by his prayer and its answer; but in making restitution to his brother, the idea suggests itself—"Must not the surrender of the external sign of the blessing involve also the loss of the internal spiritual birthright?" Has he not acted too hastily in his efforts for reconciliation? In making the formal restitution, has he

not abandoned the promise and voluntarily cut himself loose from the covenant? The terrible thought—if we may use the phrase—that he has committed spiritual suicide, like Esau, who for the mess of pottage bartered the birthright, overwhelms him with despair, drives him to solitude, prompts anew strong yearning cries to Heaven for light and peace. In one word, the dread that in seeking to propitiate his brother by restoring the outward birthright he has despised the spiritual blessing, and cut himself loose from Jehovah's favour—this terrible fear is the *cause* of the struggle. It is, as we have already remarked, the crisis of his history. What passes in his soul during this eventful night is typical of a future crisis in the history of his seed, when the Lord appeared in Shiloh, and the earthly theocratic kingdom became merged in one that is not of this world, but spiritual and eternal. For Abraham, it was enough to distinguish in his faith between the present and the future; Isaac had to learn the distinction between waiting and ruling; Jacob shall now learn to distinguish between the external attribute and the internal *essential* possession of the birthright and the blessing. Thus he is to rise to a higher platform of faith than either of his predecessors had attained. But in proportion to the heights he is to attain is the struggle that shall land him on the eminence. Like Abraham, he must be ready to sacrifice all, in order to gain all by a new and stronger title. His sacrifice must be made, for it is the pledge of his repentance; but the blessing must be assured to him, for it is the pledge of his faith. Thus he is driven to a wrestling with Jehovah in prayer such as he has hitherto never experienced. The intensity of the inward struggle increases till it assumes outward shape and subsistence. Weird, unearthly forms surround him, fiendish shapes mock and gibe him in his agony; but at length help is given him from above: there comes and wrestles with him a *man*.

This brings us to the second point that falls to be examined—namely, the *form* of the struggle, or the elements engaged in it.

As to its form, it cannot on the one hand have taken place in a dream or vision of the night; nor, on the other, can it have been a physical

struggle, as between two human combatants: ethical conflicts and decisions are rarely the results of dreams or visions. A physical contest is incompatible with Jacob's weeping and prayers.*

Some have curiously supposed that the "man" with whom Jacob wrestled was a midnight assassin from the camp of Esau. Others again, an evil demon, or a good angel.

The true explanation is, it was none other than the constant Mediator of the old Covenant, the Angel of the Lord; the same who at sundry times and in divers manners made known the will of Jehovah to other old Testament patriarchs and saints,—the Angel of the Face, the ancient type of the Incarnation.

There is, however, a marked difference between the other Old Testament appearances and this in the case of Jacob. In no other instance is the humanity so emphasized, or the incarnation so clearly typified. This is sufficiently accounted for when we remember the peculiar circumstances of Jacob's case.

Let us try to realize the matter in this way. Jacob's struggle is at the outset subjective,—a war with the doubts and fears that have arisen in his own breast. It grows in intensity till his whole being—that is, his former self—is up in arms against the faith that would abandon the sensible and cling only to the spiritual. Still more earnest and real does it become until the angel of the Lord comes to his aid. It is humanity's blindness and weakness of faith that have caused the conflict. Therefore the heavenly visitant takes the form of man. The Incarnate One himself comes before his time to educate his own progenitor into Israel, mighty with God to prevail. In one word, Jacob's own doubts and fears drove him to prayer, his prayer intensifies itself into a vision, Jehovah appears in the character of his angel, and the angel of the Lord anticipates his own future incarnation, and takes for the moment the form of man, identifies himself with weak humanity, and wrestles with the

despairing Jacob in order to drive him to a full surrender of himself to the love and power of God.

Is not this the meaning of the twenty-fifth verse: "When he saw that he prevailed not, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him"? In other words, the typical Incarnate One had to show the patriarch his utter helplessness in his own strength before he was conquered into full submission. He took away from him the very ground he stood on, weakened the foundation on which his whole strength rested. Then only was his task done. Only then could he say, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." Thou seest now that without me thou canst do nothing, but that to faith in me nothing is impossible. The light streamed into the patriarch's soul; and, recognizing his own weakness and God's almighty strength, he prays for yet a further blessing that shall be a crown and seal to the now triumphant faith: "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me."

The *intensity* of the struggle has already been sufficiently indicated in what has been advanced regarding its elements. We therefore pass on to the fourth and final point—namely, the *fruits* of the victory.

Of these we have a twofold description in our narrative: one from the divine, and the other from the human, stand-point.

From the divine point of view the fruits of victory are thus characterized: "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and men, and hast prevailed." His faith has risen to its highest level. It has raised him to the dignity of royalty. It has made him a prince with God and men. And with the change of name there has come a change of his entire nature. Throughout his whole after-history we find no more the old deceitful, treacherous, heel-grasping Jacob nature. But in its stead there rises up before us the noble picture of a kingly man, a real patriarch, able to inspire kings and princes with respect for his simple dignity, and to bring them to seek his alliance and blessing. Look upon the picture of his old age, and then upon that of his youth: the hoary-headed patriarch blessing

* Hosea xlii. 4, 5—where, however, our English version hardly conveys the right sense. Bunsen's rendering is preferable:—

Verse 4. Im Mutterleibe hielt er seinen Bruder an der Ferse: und in seiner Manneskraft kämpfte er mit Gott.

Verse 5. Er rang mit dem Engel und siegte, ob er weinte und sah zu ihm.

Pharaoh, and taking leave of his family, waiting for the salvation of the Lord; and then remember how in his youth he appeared with a lie in his right hand before his blind and aged father, and plotted and sinned to accomplish his ends. Verily, we must exclaim, great is the victory of grace—marvellous the power of faith that has transformed Jacob into Israel the prince!

Easier, perhaps, to our conception of the wondrous victory, is Jacob's own description of it from the human stand-point: "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."

I have seen God! In the misery of the dark hour of his soul's agony thick clouds had risen up and obscured the face of Jehovah. But when his need was sorest, there appeared One to help him whom after-ages have learned to praise as the Son of Man. Jehovah revealed himself; not as the inscrutable awful Being who taketh vengeance on the sins of men, but in man's own guise, taking humanity's form, sympathizing and

identifying himself with human weakness and human woe, raising the sinking human heart above its sins and sorrows, and inspiring it with fresh courage to lift up its eyes to the everlasting hills whence come mercy, and peace, and joy. This is true salvation, when the penitent heart is enabled to rise above the miserable contemplation of its own weakness and guilt, and to look on the face of God in the person of Christ. That man hath perfect blessedness who has looked away from himself, and beheld by the eye of faith the face of God in the man Jesus.

And my life is preserved—that is, by beholding the face of God my soul has recovered its health, its peace, its elasticity. It was sick unto death; heart and flesh were failing; but when the cry for mercy went up to the living God, he revealed himself, and death fled at his approach. Light and gladness dispelled gloom and woe. I have seen God face to face, and my soul has recovered from its death-faint, my life is preserved.

GEORGE BOWEN, AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN BOMBAY.*



ERE is a missionary, still surviving and working, of the same type as the late William Burns of China. He has laboured twenty-five years in the same sphere, beloved and revered by all classes and all sects. He is not in connection with any society, but is in sympathy and co-operation with all Christians. He employs the preaching and the press as conspiring forces to advance the kingdom of Christ. In his newspaper, the *Bombay Guardian*, he has long been in the habit of giving religious meditations from week to week. This volume consists of a selection of these papers. As might be expected from their natural history, they are tender and fresh and high-toned.

We give from Dr. Hanna's preface some portions of Mr. Bowen's own account of the circumstances attending his conversion:—

"There was a young man, very fond of reading, who, at the age of seventeen, was led to doubt the truth of Christianity by that chapter of Gibbon in which he attempts to account for the spread of the Christian religion in the world. He was acquainted with several modern languages, and read in these the principal works in which Christianity is assailed,—Volney, Voltaire,

Diderot, and a number of others. He soon persuaded himself that Christianity was not a revelation from God, that there was no revelation, that there might be a God, and probably was, but there was no life to come, and there could not be a more futile employment than prayer. His mind, once made up on the subject, remained absolutely unshaken and unwavering in unbelief for eleven years. He occupied himself with literature all these years, and naturally read a great deal that tallied with his views. Whatever did not, made no impression upon him, and he only wondered how people could be so simple as to believe things so preposterous and baseless. With a single exception, no one ever addressed him on the subject of personal religion; it being thought by those that knew him that the fixity of his views was such as to make the task hopeless. To a friend that once addressed him on the subject of religion, he replied by a letter, the character of which may be gathered from the quotation which he placed at the head of it: 'Think'st thou, because thou art virtuous, that there shall be no more cakes and ale? Ay, by St. Anthony; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.' At a later period Strauss came in his way, and what surprised him was that the German should take such prodigious pains to disprove that, the falsity of which lay, as it seemed to him, on the very surface.....

"After eleven years of profoundest infidelity, he had his attention drawn to the career of the apostles, and to

* From "Daily Meditations." By the Rev. George Bowen of Bombay. With Introductory Notice by the Rev. W. Hanna, D.D., author of "The Last Day of Our Lord's Passion." Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

the evidence afforded by the extraordinary labours, sufferings, successes of these twelve men, that Jesus of Nazareth had actually risen from the dead and ascended up on high. His attention had, however, been previously drawn to a remarkable fact, which seemed to show that the same Jesus who was crucified many centuries ago had power to accomplish things upon the earth at this day, which no mere man could accomplish.

"There was a young lady dying of consumption in a certain city. She was surrounded by all that could make life attractive, and it seemed, especially to one who was much bound up in her, one of the saddest of all conceivable things that she should go down to a premature grave. She herself would have gladly lived: there was a hope in life that death could not offer. There was in the same city a lady in whose school she had been a pupil. This lady incidentally heard that her former pupil was dying, and not prepared to die. She went to see her, but was not allowed access to the invalid. She would not, however, be denied, but persisted, and almost forced her way to the sick-chamber. The Lord blessed her ministrations, and she was enabled to show the patient her need of the Saviour, and to lead her to Christ. Then was all fear of death removed; the desire to live left her; the hopes that seemed to irradiate this life shifted to the life to come, but elevated and enriched a thousand-fold; a sweet peace possessed her soul, and she died rejoicing in the assured conviction that she was going to be with Christ. Whatever grace and beauty seemed to belong to her in health, were eclipsed by the spiritual grace and loveliness that invested her last hours as with a halo. There was one who would have given all his interest in life to impart the least alleviation to her pain, to have diminished in the least the sting of death; but he was made most painfully conscious that this was utterly beyond his power to accomplish. Now the fact that arrested his attention was, that that Jesus of Nazareth, who had been so long disregarded and scorned by him, should come to the dying one and give her peace and sweet content and joy in the assurance of a blissful immortality: here was something marvellous and inexplicable. He was bewildered. The effect wrought corresponded with that which only the sublimest truth, in connection with a present divine power, could accomplish; it was the removal of the sting from death, the bringing of life and immortality to light, the opening of a door into a glorious and holy heaven; and all this heightened by contrast with his own utter impotency and total penury of help.....

"A Bible, bequeathed to him with a dying request that he would read it, he received with thankfulness, and proceeded to obey the injunction. He read it, and found much to admire in it; valued it for the comfort it had bestowed upon another; but he never for a moment doubted that he was right in his views regarding it, or suspected that it was really a revelation from God. One night, just before retiring, he said aloud in his room,

'If there is a God that notices the desires of men, I only wish that he would make known to me his will, and I shall feel it my highest privilege to do it, at whatever cost.' He had been brought to see that there was nothing more desirable than for a man to be conformed to the will of an all-wise Creator, and also to feel that there must be some divine guidance in order that he might know that will. But immediately after that ejaculation the thought arose, How foolish to suppose that God will occupy himself with our desires! However, the sequel showed that God was pleased to hear that bewildered cry, that could scarcely be called a prayer. Two or three days after he went to a public library from which he was accustomed to get out books—asked for a book—receiving one, put it under his arm, and returned home. The distance was about two miles. When nearly home, he looked at the book, and found, to his surprise, that it was Paley's 'Evidences,' a very different book from the one he had asked after. He could not go back to the library that day, and had to keep the book till he could get an opportunity of returning it. He would not read it; he knew all about the evidences of Christianity; he had long ago finally settled that question. Before putting it away, however, he glanced at the first sentence, and was arrested by it. He read one page, and another, and another, was pleased with the style and the candour of the writer, and at last sat down and read a good portion of the book. To his surprise, he found that he was beginning to take a new view of the evidences; and then shut up the book, and put it aside, afraid of being surprised into any change of belief. He went away for a few days in the country, and on his return resolved to read the book carefully and calmly, and see if there was really any reason to believe the Bible to be from God. When about half-way through the volume, he offered the prayer, 'Help thou mine unbelief.' When he had reached the last sentence, his doubts were all removed; he was perfectly convinced of the truth of the Scriptures.* He turned to Gibbon, and read again the chapter which had first led him astray, and saw its sophistries and the weakness of its arguments most clearly. The Bible was now God's book, but he did not believe that it contained the doctrines that men pretended to find in it. He would read it for himself, and by himself, and see what it really taught. But he had had a great lesson, and felt that humility best became him. He would read it in a humble spirit, and whatever he found there he would receive, no matter how repugnant it might be to his own ideas. Day after day, alone in his room, communicating to none the change he had experienced, he read it, and by degrees found there the very doctrines that he had

* Upon this incident Mr. Bowen makes the following judicious comment: "Paley's 'Evidences' has been the means of bringing many unbelievers to the knowledge of the truth. We say not that it is the book best adapted to all phases of scepticism; we do not think that it is; but to an out-and-out unbeliever, of a logical turn of mind, we believe it well adapted."

so much disliked. He found that he was a sinner; that he needed a Saviour; that a Saviour was offered him. He took this Saviour, yielding himself up to his entire direction. He was led on to profess publicly his faith in Christ, and after some years to become a missionary in India."

The Children's Treasury.

THE STAR BOYS.

TRANSLATED FROM "STORIES OF THE PFALZ," BY KARL OTTO THELEMANN.

CHAPTER II.

"OH THAT I HAD A LODGING PLACE IN THE WILDERNESS!"



THE first day of December brought fresh snow. All day the sun had cast his beams from a cloudless sky over the snowy fields, so that they glittered as if sprinkled with diamonds; but in the dusk, thick flakes began to flutter about again in the air. In the parsonage of Theuringen, pastor Lenthold sat by the stove in his arm-chair, rocking his little daughter of three years old on his knee. The mother had set off to town in the forenoon in the sledge, to buy the many things wanted for Christmas; and little Marie had already, as the day faded, inquired at least ten times whether mamma would not soon be home. She had played happily all day, or been contented with the reply that the mother had gone to see after presents for Marie for Christmas. But now the father had sung her all his songs; had repeated the stories of Goose Mamma and her seven goslings; had told the name of each gosling; had also related the history of Red Riding Hood and her grandmamma, and the wicked wolf; and did not know what more to tell. The child wanted something new; she had heard all these so often. The father sang again for a while, cogitating all the time; for, right or wrong, something new was demanded. At last he took the two skirts of his house coat, and made them represent two little birds. First they fluttered about here and there, then they settled down on the child's lap; and the father began improvising:—

"See two little birdies flying,
Swiftly to the window hieing;
Marie loves to see them flying,
Cries, 'Whence come ye swiftly hieing?'
'We have wandered far and near,
By hill, and dale, and streamlet clear.'
Then, birdies, you the world have seen;
Come tell me all where you have been.'
So Robin, with his breast so red,
Thought a while in his puzzled head,
Then hopping lightly to her side,
Flirted his wings, and thus replied:
'Last winter so drear,
In the forest near,
I lived with my children three.
The wind it did blow
O'er the frozen snow;
It was cold as cold could be.
But God is so kind,
Keeps us ever in mind,

Gives us coats and hoods so warm,
That the wind and snow
Might freeze and blow,
But we did not mind the storm.
But though warm our coats,
And ruffs round our throats,
We still had our cares and sorrows:
Father Winter old,
With his snow so cold,
Had covered our food for the morrow.
We peered about,
Hopped in and out,
Through woods and hedges hunting;
Not a single grub,
Nor worm that we love,
Could we find with all our searching.
They were all, you know,
Hidden under the snow,—
Not a seed nor a grain uncovered;
As my children three,
And I, you see,
When hungry and sad discovered.
So to them I said,
With a shake of my head:
'We cannot stay here and perish;
To Theuringen we'll go,
There are farmers, you know,
Who sure will us pity and cherish.'
But at many a door,
Though full was their store,
They drove us away still pining.
At last I descried
A cot hard by,
With a fire through its window shining.
So, quite in despair,
We hop down there,
And peck at the small pane lightly;
Behind it I see,
Looking out at me,
A child with a face so sprightly.
Her eyes so blue,
Looked sweet and true,
And kindly she smiled upon us;
Then away she ran,
As fast as she can,
To bring back something for us.
The window so small
With a friendly call
She opened, some crumbs to scatter;
And to us she said,
With a look so glad,
'Dear birdies, you need not flutter.
Be not in alarm,
I would not you harm,
I love you too well altogether.
I know very well
What Jesus doth tell,
How you sow not, and reap not, nor gather

But our God so good,
 He cares for your food,
 He sent you to me to borrow;
 So eat it up fast,
 You have it at last,
 And come back for more to-morrow."
 So every day
 While the snow still lay
 The little maid fed us duly;
 Till winter was past,
 And long it did last,
 Before our food we found freely.
 And now, Marie dear,
 Again we are here;
 Be like the kind child in the cot,
 And give us some bread,
 And when we are fed,
 Your kindness shall ne'er be forgot.'
 So ended at last
 Sir Robin Redbreast
 The story of how he was fed.
 The lark, who stood near,
 Said, 'Now it is clear,
 You must hear, too, how I have sped.
 Trillill, trillill,
 So happy we are,
 In summer when all is so green;
 We fly up so high
 To the bright blue sky.
 And soar till we scarce can be seen.
 'Tis a happy lot,
 With no anxious thought,—
 God gives us our dally bread;
 So we sing his praise,
 And an anthem raise
 To him by whom we are fed.
 But though when on high,
 So near to the sky,
 All is bright, and happy, and free;
 When down we stoop,
 And our wings we droop,
 Then care and sorrow we see.
 In the fields, you know,
 Where the grass doth grow,
 God hath taught us to build our nest;
 Behind a big clod,
 Or amid the sod,
 Low down in the earth is our rest.
 And there we should be
 Still happy and free,
 Did no reaper with scythe come near;
 For a lowly lot,
 By the world forgot,
 Is peaceful, and free from fear.
 But, alas! one noon
 In the month of June,
 When the grass was ready for hay,
 There came down by
 Where my young ones lie
 A mother with children at play.
 They run about,
 And search all out,
 At last my nest they spy.
 In great delight
 At this new sight,
 "A lark's nest!" they loudly cry.
 Then the boy he spake:
 "The young I'll take
 To hang in a cage in my room;
 And I'll daily there
 Feed them with care,
 And they will sing to me soon."
 But his mother cried:
 "Nay, nay, my child,
 You must not the young ones take.
 Pray how would you feel
 Were men you to steal,
 And leave me to weep for your sake?"
 So they left us there,
 Still trembling with fear,

But thankful the danger was past.
 And now I have said
 Enough on that head,
 So we'll bid you good-by at last.'

And so the birdies flew away, each to its place; which truly was not far off, seeing they were sewed to the pastor's house coat.

In the meantime it had become dark outside, and only the fire in the stove still sent little gleams of light through the room. The mother's long absence began to make even the pastor a little uneasy. He lighted the lamp, and then opened the window in order to shut the shutters outside. But first he looked down the village street and listened, hoping to hear or see something of the sledge. Whilst he was drawing in the second shutter, his eyes fell on the high steps before the door of the house.

"Now what can this be?" he exclaimed suddenly. "It must be some new trick of neighbour Fritz."

Little Marie had managed to get up on a chair beside her father, that she might look out also.

"Little snow-men! little snow-men!" she cried out in delight, as she saw three white figures on the broad landing at the top of the door-steps. That was the father's first thought also. But the little snow-men suddenly rose up, and a whimpering and sobbing sound came from the steps. Pastor Leuthold shut the shutter hastily, and went to the door. Here he found three half-frozen boys in white shirts whom he at once recognized as "Star Boys."

"Why did you not come in?" was his first question. And as one of them with chattering teeth gave the frightened answer, "We had not the courage to do so," he took the speaker by the hand and led him in, the others following.

He led them into the kitchen first, that the frozen snow with which they were covered might melt, and that they might get dried at the fire. In answer to his questions, they told him whence they came, and what was the motive for their journey. They were none other than Andrees with his two companions, Christel and Friedel. They had now been two days away from home, and had gone through several villages; but sometimes they had been so badly received, that the two brothers repented of their desire to wander the very first day they were out. They would have turned home that same evening, had not their father's question, "Where shall we get bread?" rung in their ears, and their own counsel in reply lain on their hearts.

They related how they had been hunted out of the courtyard of a rich farmer by the dogs, and pursued with snow-balls by the boys of a village the whole length of the village street. In another village, an insolent boy, the son of a rich man, fell on them with his whip as they went by. Andrees had not been slow to give him a box on the ear in return. His cries brought the village beadle, who seized our three kings by the nape of the neck, having not the least respect for their majesties.

He threatened to put them in the lock-up, begging being strictly prohibited by the police, and fighting not less so. Andrees would have submitted patiently, but the others wept and entreated so piteously that even the heart of a beadle had to yield. So he led them out of the village, and set them free, only warning them not to let him see them again, or it would be the worse for them. Not the least they had to endure was the constant mockery of the village boys, who would pursue them with the rhyme—

"The three kings from afar,
Are come with their star;
They eat and they drink,
But to pay do not think."

They had indeed received many gifts; but their suffering had far overbalanced the pleasure. They had spent the two past nights in barns, and been comfortable and warm among the hay; but this evening they had not succeeded in finding any such shelter, though they had inquired at many doors. If not expressed in the prophet's words, their minds had formed the prophet's longing desire, "Oh that I had a lodging place in the wilderness!" Now they had found the needed shelter unsought and unexpected. He to whose keeping their father had committed them when they set out, would not let his trust, or his own promise, come to shame. He who dwelleth in the high and holy place, and there has an abode for the holy angels, dwelleth also in the humble and contrite heart, and prepares a shelter for it on earth; and why not for a pair of poor "Star Boys" who do not know where they shall lay their head? It was the Lord who had prepared a shelter for them in the parsonage at Theuringen. It was under his providential guidance that they had sat down wearied on the house-steps there; and it was the duty of his servant who dwelt there to follow his Master's leading, and befriend the poor boys. Is it not written, "Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the poor that are cast out to thy house" (Isa. lviii. 7.)

The boys were relating their adventures to the sympathizing ears of the pastor and his little daughter, when he suddenly stopped them that he might listen. Yes, it was quite distinct now, the sound of the sleigh bells! He hurried out to the door just as the sledge drove up with the long-desired mother in it. A boy of about eight years old stepped out of it along with her. It was the orphan of a dead friend of pastor Leuthold. He had promised him that the boy, whose mother had also shortly before been taken home, should be regarded by him as his own child.

Soon everything was brought in, and little Marie had quite forgotten her "little snow-men" in her joyful welcome for mother and brother. After the pastor's wife had changed her clothes, and warmed herself a little, Leuthold began:—

"Only think, mother; we have got visitors, and distinguished visitors too! Guess now who they are."

The mother looked round amazed, for her husband

did not speak as if he were joking, but seemed in serious earnest. Little Marie had her mouth open to let out the secret, but a wink from her father was enough to make her put her finger on her lips to keep it in safe; but she could not suppress a low "I know." Adolphe, too, the pastor's adopted son, opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

"Nay, how can I guess, father?" said the mother. "What distinguished guests could wander out of their way to us at Theuringen?"

Yes, that is just it; they have wandered from their way in coming here. And no less than majesties too; and three of them!"

"You are talking riddles," answered the wife; "and I give it up. I never can guess riddles."

"Then listen. This evening came here the three kings from the east, who seek the infant Jesus. I could not say, 'He is not here,' and send them away, so I just took them in at once. And now come to the kitchen, where you will find our poor majesties drying themselves. You and Adolphe must make your obeisances to them."

The pastor's wife smiled kindly on him as he thus explained the riddle, and she and the children followed him to the kitchen. The "Star Boys" received them with a respectful greeting. They were now pretty well dried. After they had taken off their white shirts, and washed the beards from their faces, they followed the family into the parlour, where the table had meantime been set for supper.

A short hour after that, the little kings were safe in the warm bed prepared for them by the pastor's wife, having prayed their evening prayer before they lay down. In the room below, four happy hearts were rejoicing in the guests the Lord had sent them. The Bible ruled the pastor's house, and it says, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." And they did not forget, though sometimes it happened that they entertained some who were very far from being angels. They remembered also what the Lord Jesus said: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me." And again: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The next day was Saturday.

After morning worship and breakfast were past, the boys prepared to take their leave. They were quite disgusted with the idea of going any further, and entirely gave it up. Christel and Friedel were longing to be at home again with their father. They spoke their feelings openly to the pastor, and he advised them by all means to return home. They packed up their former kingly attire—otherwise called shirts—and their paper caps in a bundle, which Friedel took under his arm. When they had expressed their gratitude for the shelter that had been given them, and were on their way to the door, the pastor's wife stopped them and pointed to a small sack in the corner, in which she had packed a

pease, lentils, and meat, and told Christel he must take it on his shoulder. The pastor would not be behind his wife in upholding the hospitable reputation of the parsonage, so asked for Christel's purse, and put a piece of money in it—"For bread to eat with the meat," as he said.

Andrees' bag, too, was filled with the pieces of bread, &c., that they had got in their two days' wandering. The poor boys could hardly express their thanks, they were so amazed at so much kindness being shown to them.

"Just one thing more," said the pastor, as they were going. "Christmas will be here in four weeks; you must come back to us then. You have not sung us your songs yet; you must do it then. Now, greet your father for me, and God be with you and keep you."

They gladly promised to return, then shook hands with all, and went their way.

They found the way home much easier than the way out, though they were so much more heavily laden.

CHAPTER III.

"BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY!"

"WHAT can have become of our little majesties?" said the pastor's wife, on the afternoon of Christmas-eve. "They are long of coming." And the children of the house were in double expectation—of their guests, and of the presents they were to receive. They were long of coming, but they did come at last.

The pastor was still in the large upper room, occupied in decking up the Christmas-tree, and the mother was busy laying out the gifts, when they heard such shouts of welcome from the children, that they concluded their expected guests must have arrived. And so it was; the "Star Boys" were there, but incognito, for they carried their kingly state hidden in a bundle.

Evening had at last come, and darkness covered the earth; but it was a night which long ago was lightened by the glory of the Lord, which then arose upon the world; a night the remembrance of which is kept up among us by our national customs connected with the Christmas-tree. The children had sat for an hour with their new friends, who had put on their dresses, and Friedel had tried his star to see if it would spin round all right. They had many speculations as to what presents, sent them by the Lord Christ, might be awaiting them in that room, where for some days they had not been allowed to enter. At last the appointed signal was given by the clear sound of a bell. Then the mother came in and led the little band up-stairs.

What light, what splendour, burst upon them as the door opened before them! What devout astonishment and delight appeared on the young faces! Little Marie nestled up shyly to her mother, who took her up in her arms. Adolphe's eyes glanced with delight as soon as they caught sight of a glittering helmet, sword, and gun, which he felt sure were for him. The "Star Boys" re-

mained rooted in amazement at the door till the pastor came and took them by the hand. They had never seen, never once imagined, anything so splendid. There stood the beautiful pine-tree, with its top nearly reaching the roof of the room, and covered with lights!

The dazzled little eyes gradually became accustomed to the brilliance; then they perceived the large gilt angel on the top of the tree, and also saw that the boughs were bending under the weight of the sweet gifts that do not grow at all seasons, nor on every fir-tree.

At the foot of the tree was a garden, with bright green moss, fir-twigs, and creatures of all sorts. On one side were seen several shepherds, and a little flock of sheep; on the other was a thatched stable, with figures of Joseph, Mary, and the young Child laid in a manger. Of course an ox and ass were not wanting, which looked on with large eyes, the ass nodding his head over his manger.

When the first wonder was past, the children could observe more closely; and after looking, came touching. Little Marie had found a doll, and hugged, and kissed, and rejoiced over it. Adolphe was soon equipped in his military paraphernalia, and felt himself something like David in Saul's armour; but he was far from being willing to lay it aside, and would even have gladly gone to bed in it!

The "Star Boys" were not forgotten. There lay three full suits of clothes, and beside each stood a plate full of apples, nuts, and a large gingerbread heart. They scarcely knew where they were, when the pastor's wife took them to where these good things lay, and told them they were gifts from the Lord for them.

At last they were able to speak, and thanked her heartily. The familiar words went through Christel's mind: "That ye through His poverty might be rich." So it was indeed; for this love which covered the naked lived in the hearts of the pastor and his wife, because they themselves had had their nakedness covered with the robe of righteousness wrought out by Him whose birth as a child they this day commemorated.

"But now, children," said the pastor, "let us not forget the Giver while enjoying his gifts. We shall now sing our Christmas song to his praise." So they sang together Luther's child's hymn, "Down from the heavens high I come." Christel and Friedel had learned it from their father; Andrees joined low in the melody; and even Marie piped with her shrill little voice in a very devout manner.

After this song, Leuthold expounded to the children the beautiful custom of receiving all these gifts as from the child Jesus. "You are old enough now to know and understand something of the joy and good tidings which the angel proclaimed at Bethlehem, and not merely to rejoice in the sweet things and other gifts of the season. You boys, as forest children, are well acquainted with the pine-tree, and know how it remains ever green, even when winter with its shrill blasts has stripped all the other trees of the wood. The fir remains green and fresh, and

so is an emblem of that life that endures even in the midst of death.

"This green pine-tree may remind us of the 'tree of life' in the midst of the garden of Eden, from enjoyment of which Adam was cut off by his disobedience and sin.

"It may also point us to that better tree of life planted anew for us by God, that we may be grafted into it, and draw our life-springs from its sap. You know who that tree of life is?—the Lord Jesus Christ. As on this night the word of the prophet Isaiah was fulfilled: 'There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots.'

"This tree may also make us think of the happy time when God's people shall enter into the true paradise of God, of which St. John speaks at the close of his Revelation and says: 'In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the *tree of life*, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no night there: and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.' The fruit hung on this tree points us to the fruit of His life, sufferings, and death, whose birth we to-day commemorate; while the sweet things tell us of his many precious heavenly gifts. But not only do the stem and twigs bear fruit for us, in which we may rejoice, and for which we should praise him in fruits of righteousness, but the light that proceeds from the tree tells us of the 'Light of life,' that 'true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' and in whose light alone we can ourselves become the children of light.

"The single lights scattered over the tree remind us of the bright forms of the holy angels, who came down to earth in a shining band on the night we celebrate; while there, at the top, is the figure of the angel with golden wings, representing to us the leader of the heavenly choir. In one hand he holds the olive branch of peace; in the other the words of his message, 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy: unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'

"There, at the foot of the tree, we see how it once was in Eden, and how it will be again, in that day of which Isaiah writes: 'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.'

"There, too, you see the shepherds on the green hills of Bethlehem; and on the other side the stable with the child Jesus, whom the Wise Men of the East came to seek. Of that, you boys must now remind us by your carols."

So the three boys stood up together, and began to sing, sometimes all together, and sometimes one by one, the history of the Wise Men of the East:—

"Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son."

In Bethlehem born
A Babe I see:
He is my Lord;
His will I be
For ever, yea, for ever.

In his dear love
I will rejoice;
Give him my all,
Life, heart, and voice,
For ever, yea, for ever.

Through weal, through woe,
Lord, thee I'll love;
Here, more and more,
And there above,
For ever, yea, for ever.

I seek thy grace,
That so I may
Live still to thee
From day to day,
For ever, yea, for ever.

"We come, we come, the song to swell,
To Him who loved our world so well,
That, stooping from his Father's throne,
He came to claim it as his own,"

"Here come three wise men from the east afar,
Heaven-guided by the leading of a star."

"To Herod's house our way we quickly took,
And saw himself out of the window look.

"And Herod said, with voice deceitful then,
'What seek ye? Where away, ye three wise men?'

"We seek for David's city, where we hear
That Christ the Lord new-born must now appear."

"Then forth we went together down the vale,
Till o'er a house again the star we hail.

"Within that house so lowly, there we view
The Babe in manger laid by Virgin true.

"Our knees we bend in humble reverence low;
That Babe so poor and weak, as God we know."

"O Jesus, infant born!
Though thee the rude world scorn,
Before thee down I fall,
To own thee Lord of all:
I worship at thy feet,
A thousand times thee greet.

O wonder great! I see
The God of gods in thee!
Thy glory left behind,
And clad in humankind;
And all for love of me,
I poor sinner though I be."

And then the three sung the closing verse, in which the "Star Boys" express their thanks for the gifts they receive. They had indeed received good gifts.

"For gifts received our thanks we give,
And pray God you may happy live,
Both here and in the heavens high;
And so we wish you all good-bye.
And leave you now, for well you know
We and our star must further go."

But going further that night was not to be thought of, neither on the next day were they allowed to depart; it was only on the third day that they were permitted to leave the house where they had received shelter and such great kindness. The pastor's family, too, had been full of joy, for had they not had an opportunity of show-

ing kindness to some of those poor children of whom the Lord speaks as his representatives.

With what wondering delight did father Flinner look out, as he saw his boys coming along clad in their new warm jackets and caps!—he scarcely recognized them.

As they related all that they had seen, and heard, and experienced, during the last few days, his eyes were brimful with joyful and thankful tears.

"But hearken, boys," he said at length; "remember this has been your first expedition as 'Star Boys,' and it must also be your last; but see you keep in mind all that God has done for you; and never forget, through all your life long, the kind people through whom he has shown you such love and kindness."

B. W.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.



IF you ever examine a flea under the microscope, and see how marvellously the little fellow was made, and observe how quick and active he was?

Fleas come from tiny little eggs, which the mother flea laid, and placed in any secure corner she could find, but would desire most to have it warm. The first thing you noticed would be the little eggs wriggling and squirming, and looking just like white, transparent worms.

Would the mother flea now lay sufficient food near her offspring for their future wants, like the beetles? No. Would she forget all about them, or run away? No; she would remember her little ones; and just at the right time, when they woke up so hungry, she would go away, but not to stay, only to steal a drop of blood from some giant, though in danger of her life, and back she hops to pour it down one of those little hungry throats. Look now, and you may see it right through the skin of the little ones.

These cunning little things keep growing and eating, till they think it's quite time to begin to hop. Then they spin a quilt of pure silk, which they roll in till they are all covered up, and so fall asleep. After quite

a while, they begin to feel smothered, and so kick and stretch till they burst their little quilt—and, astonished, find they have turned black, and have legs just like their mother. Now we'll look through the microscope at one. I see a small head, round body, and such a bright pair of eyes. I count six legs, and two feelers, between which is a little pipe through which blood is sucked. Then his body is covered with little joints, made of some hard glossy material. Each joint laps over the under one, and ends in a fine bristling point; so woe to the enemy who has the audacity to attack him, or quickness to overtake him.

The legs, too, are many-jointed—not for protection alone, however, but so they may move easily. And the last two legs are twice as long as the others, to enable him to hop high and far, like the grasshopper or kangaroo.

But his strength is something wonderful. Had you or I as much in proportion, we might hop to the top of a steeple and think nothing of it. Fleas are sometimes trained to draw little carriages many times their own weight, but after the tiny chains are once on which fasten them to the carriage, never are they released: so it seems a little cruel.—*Christian Weekly*.







